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DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

By GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,' 'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.—BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.

WHEN any man tells you he doesn't know Petherton Episcopi, you may immediately conceive a low opinion of his character and intellect. For all the world, in fact, has been to Petherton. Not, of course, in the same broad sense that all the world has been to Margate and Great Yarmouth; nor yet in the same narrow and restricted sense that all the world has been to Brighton and Scarborough. The vulgar mob that frequents the first, the fashionable mob that frequents the second, would find in Petherton nothing to satisfy their essentially similar and gregarious tastes. Birds of a feather flock together in the crowded promenades of the Spa and the Pierhead. But the quiet, cultivated, nature-loving few, the saving minority who form the salt of the earth (according to Matthew Arnold) in these latter hurrying scurrying centuries, all of them seen by some native instinct or elective affinity to have picked out the very name of Petherton from the list of competing English watering-places at the end of Bradshaw.

You have been there yourself, I feel sure beforehand, so I needn't describe it to you. It is of a type, indeed, with Lyme Regis, and Sherringham, and St Ives, and Overstrand; with Newquay, and Aldeburgh, and Mundesley, and Budleigh Salterton; one of the many unspoilt nooks and corners in a broken gap of rockbound coast, shunned by the vast class of noisy tourists to whom the seaside means only a pier and an esplanade and a military band and a crowd of loungers—but dearly prized by simple old-fashioned souls, like you and me, to whom the seaside is synonymous rather with open cliffs and heather-clad heights and creeping snrf and

a broad beach, broken only by the fishermen's boats and the bare brown legs of the shrimpers in the foreground. Hence, when any man tells you he doesn't know Petherton, you may set him down at once with tolerable accuracy in your own mind as a son of the Philistines—a member of the Yarmouth and Scarborough contingent—and take his mental and moral gauge accordingly.

Charles Austen Linnell—he was careful to put the accent, himself, on the last syllable—found Petherton suit him to the very top of his liking. It lies surrounded, as you know, by high sloping hills, with a sea-front undescended as yet by the financial freaks of the speculative builder, and a tiny stone pier of Plantagenet antiquity, enclosing in its curve one of the quaintest and oldest coasting ports in all England. There are endless 'bits' to sketch in the neighbourhood; and Linnell, who loved to describe himself as 'a painter by trade,' found subjects ready to his hand at every turn of the picturesque old borough. He stood in front of his easel on the west cliff, that summer morning, gazing with ingenuous admiration and delight, first at the cottage with the creeper-covered porch, and then at his own clever counterfeit presentment of the same on the sheet of thick white Whatman's paper stretched out before him. And well he might; for it was a cottage of the almost obsolete poetic type, the thatched and gabled cottage with low overhanging eaves now being rapidly crowded out of existence in the struggle for life by the bare and square brick and slated workman's dwelling-house. Happy the farm-labourer, if only he knew his own good-fortune, the painter mur-

nured half unconsciously to himself (after the second Georgie), whose luck it was to dwell within those pretty, rose-clad, insanitary windows.

As he held his handsome head appreciatively on one side, and surveyed his own work with the complacent smile of the satisfied artist, an unexpected voice from behind startled him suddenly. 'What, Linnell!' the voice cried. 'You here, my dear fellow. I'd no idea of this. How lucky I met you.'

Linnell turned, blushing crimson like a girl. To say the truth, he hated to be caught in the obvious act of admiring his own poor tentative water-colours. 'Ha, ha, the prowling art-critic!' he answered, with a guilty air. 'Our avenging angel! We can never escape him. He dogs the trade like its own evil conscience. I didn't know, Mansel, you were looking over my shoulder and appraising my poor ineffective efforts.'

'Well, that's a nice way to welcome an old friend, after I don't know how many years that we haven't seen one another!' Mansel responded good-humouredly, grasping his hand hard with a friendly pressure. 'I steal upon you unawares from the middle distance, making sure it's you, in the full expectation of a warm reception; and I get called in return an avenging angel, and likened unwarrantably, out of pure wantonness, to the most hateful and baneful of created things, the crawling art-critic. For I, too, you know, have felt the creature bite my heel. I, too, have crushed the loathly worm. I, too, have suspended myself from a hook in Suffolk Street.'

Linnell wrung his old friend's hands warily, 'You took me so by surprise,' he replied in an apologetic tone. 'I'm afraid you must have thought me an awful fool, surveying my own handiwork with a complacent smirk, as if I were a Cox or a Crome or a Turner. But the fact is, my dear boy, every fellow on earth who paints at all must throw his whole heart into it; he must cultivate egotism, and believe in himself, or he'll never get other people to believe in him. Not that I believe in myself, for one moment, at bottom: I know I'm not worth a crooked sixpence, viewed as a painter. But don't think I didn't know you for a fellow-journeyman. I've seen your name at the Institute often, and admired your work, too, if you'll allow me to say so. It's queer, indeed, we've never knocked up against one another accidentally anywhere since we left Christ Church.'

'Well, not so queer,' the other replied, 'if you take into consideration the patent fact that you go and bury yourself for half the year in the wilds of Africa, and only come to England for the other half, when all the rest of us are hard at work in Cornwall, or the Highlands, or Norway, or Switzerland. Very few artists frequent the desert in mid December, and you never show up in winter in London.'

Linnell blushed again, this time with a faint flush of visible pleasure. 'You knew, then, that I spent the best part of my time in Egypt or Algiers?' he murmured timidly.

'My dear fellow, how could I call myself alive, I should like to know, if I hadn't admired those Moorish maidens with the wistful dark eyes and the Mohammedan voluptuousness, or those dim streets where veiled beauties mysteriously descend interminable steps of the native quarter, which testify to your existence in the Grosvenor annually? Not to know them would argue myself unknown with a vengeance. Everybody worth naming has seen and praised your glossy Nubians and your dreamy Arab girls.'

'No; have they, though, really?' Linnell echoed back with eager delight. 'I didn't know any one (except the critics, confound them!) ever took the trouble to notice my things. There's so much good work in the Grosvenor always, that one naturally expects the *lesser* men to be passed by unheeded.'

'Besides,' Mansel continued, without rising to the fly, 'I've heard of you now and again from our neighbours, the Maitlands, who keep a villa or something of the sort over yonder at Algiers, and made your acquaintance there, you remember, last winter.'

Linnell's too expressive face fell slightly. If the secret must out, he preferred to be tracked by his handiwork alone. 'Why, yes,' he answered in a disappointed tone; 'of course I know the Maitlands well. It's through them, to tell you the truth, that I'm here this summer. The old General knocked up against me in town last week, and asked me to run down and stop with them at High Ash. But I wouldn't accept the invitation outright, of course: I hate visiting—cramps individuality: I always like to be my own master. Besides, they've got a girl in the house, you see, and I bar girls, especially that one. She's a great deal too much up in the clouds for me, and she makes me fidgety. I prefer women who keep their feet planted on the solid ground. I was born on the earth, and I like to stop there. However, the old man's account of the place pleased me, and I've come down to stop at the Red Lion, accordingly, and do some sketching—or at least what I take, myself, for sketching—among the cliffs and cottages.—From what you say, then, I infer you abide here.'

'You infer like a treatise on deductive logic. We do abide here. We've got a bit of a *piet-à-terre* in a humble way on the hilltop yonder. A poor thing, but mine own. You must come and lunch with us this very morning.'

'Thanks. It's awfully good of you to think of bidding me. But you're married, I see. Inference again: you said *we*. Perhaps Mrs Mansel won't be equally glad to see a perfect stranger at a moment's notice. Ladies object to the uninvited guest, not unreasonably. I'm not

an old Oxford friend of hers, too, you know, my dear fellow."

Mansel laughed. "Oh, Ida won't mind, I'm sure," he answered hastily, though with the internal qualms of the well-trained husband. "She's quite accustomed to my Bohemian habits. I insist upon going out into the highways and byways and bringing home whomever I light upon.—That's a pretty sketch of yours. As smooth as usual. Your quality's so good! and so much depth and breadth in the shadows of the door-way!"

Linnell put his head on one side once more, with a dubious air. "Do you really think so?" he said, evidently reassured. "Well, that's a comfort. I'm so glad you like it. I was afraid, myself, the grays and yellows in the thatch were all wrong. They've bothered me terribly. Would you put a touch or so more of olive green for local colour in the dark corner by the deep red creeper there? I'm not quite sure I've brought out the complementary shades under the eaves distinct enough."

"Not another stroke!" Mansel answered decisively, eyeing it hard with his arms crossed. "Not a dash! not a tinge! not a jot! not a thought even! You'd spoil the whole picture if you altered a single bit of the colouring there, I assure you. That's the fault of your detail, I've always said, if you won't be offended at an old friend's criticism. You spoil your best work by over-elaboration. I can see at a glance in all your most careful pieces—oh, yes, I've studied them in Bond Street, you may be sure!—for Linnell had waved his hand deprecatingly—"that you do a good thing, and you do it to a turn, and then you're afraid to leave well alone; so you touch it up, and you touch it up, and you touch it up again, till all the breadth and force is taken clean out of it, and only the detail and the after-thoughts are left on your canvas."

Linnell shook his head with a despondent air. "It's too true," he said slowly. "I know it only too well myself already."

"Well, then," his friend answered with the prompt brusqueness of sound common-sense, "be warned by experience, and avoid it in future. Don't go and do what you know's an error. Have the courage of your convictions, and leave off in time. The minute I looked at this bit on the easel, I said to myself: "By George, I didn't know Linnell had it in him." The ease and verve of the thing was just what I liked about it. And then, at the very moment when I'm standing admiring it, you propose to go and spoil the entire effect by faking it up to get the local colour strictly according to Cocker. Local colour and all the rules be hanged! The picture's the thing; and the picture's a vast deal better without them. Besides, I want you to get this particular sketch good. You know, of course, whose cottage you're painting?"

"No; I don't," Linnell answered, surveying it carelessly. "John Noakes's or Simon Stokes's, I should say, most probably."

"Wrong!" Mansel cried, lowering his voice a trifle to a mysterious under-tone, for dim figures were flitting half unseen behind the high box

hedge opposite. "That poetical-looking cottage,"—and he sank to a whisper—"you'll hardly believe it, but it's Haviland Dumaresq's."

At that famous name, Linnell drew himself up in sudden surprise. If Mansel had counted upon producing an impression, he hadn't gone far wrong in his calculation. Linnell whistled a long low whistle. "No; you're trying to take me in," he exclaimed at last, after a short pause. "We always called you "The Wag" at Christ Church, I remember. You can't surely mean Haviland Dumaresq the philosopher?"

Mansel smiled a smile of conscious superiority. "You remind me of what Lewis Carroll said one evening at High Table," he answered quickly, "when we were all discussing the authorship of the Homeric poems. Everybody else had given his pet opinion on that endless problem, and while they all gabbled about it, Carroll sat and looked on grimly. At last somebody appealed to him for confirmation of his own special dogma. "Well," said Carroll, looking up in his dry way, "I've got a theory of my own about the Iliad and Odyssey. It is, that they weren't really written by Homer, but by another person of the same name." In Haviland Dumaresq's case, however, there's no room for any such doubt. No two people in the world could possibly be called by accident by such a singular combination of names as that—Don't shake your head. I'm quite in earnest. This is the original and only genuine Dumaresquian Theory. When you ask for the real Encyclopædic Philosophy, see that you get it. And here's the shop all the true stuff comes from."

Linnell glanced up at his old college friend in breathless astonishment. For a moment it was clear he could hardly believe his own ears. "Are you really serious?" he asked at last, gasping. "I've always believed in Dumaresq most profoundly; and I can't suppose he inhabits a hovel. The Encyclopædic Philosophy has almost put a girdle round the world in my own portmanteau. I never went anywhere that I didn't take it. And do you mean to tell me the man who wrote it—the philosopher who transcends space and time—the profoundest thinker of our age and nation—the greatest mathematician and deepest metaphysician in all Europe—really lives in a labourer's cottage?"

"Why not?" Mansel answered with a screwed-up face. "It's a very picturesque one."

"Picturesque! *Je vous l'accorde*. But convenient, commodious, suitable, no. And painters as we are, we must still admit a man can't live on pure picturesqueness. Dirt and discomfort, I've always maintained, are necessary elements of the picturesque. But dirt and discomfort are personally distasteful in their actual form. It is only when painted that they become agreeable. What on earth can make a man like Haviland Dumaresq bury himself here, in such a mere cramped outhouse?"

"Poverty," the local artist replied laconically. "Poverty!" his friend echoed, all incredulous, a frank indignation flashing from his eye. "You don't mean to tell me the man who first formulated that marvellous Law of Sideral Reciprocity is still so poor that he has to inhabit a ploughman's hut in a remote village? For the honour of our kind, I refuse to believe it."

I won't believe it; I can't believe it. It's a disgrace to the age. I knew Dumaresq was comparatively little read or known, of course—that's the natural penalty of extreme greatness—but I always pictured the philosopher to myself as a wealthy man, living in easy circumstances in a London square, writing his books in a luxurious library, and serenely waiting for future generations to discover the true proportions of his stature. Bacon left his fame by will, you remember, to the care of foreign nations and the after-age. Foreign nations have found out Dumaresq already: the after-age will find him out in time, as surely as it found out Descartes and Newton.

'You speak enthusiastically,' Mansel answered with a careless wave of his hand towards the rose-bond casements of the poetical cottage. 'I'm glad of that, for I'm always pleased when anybody comes here who has so much as heard poor old Dumaresq's name. The old man has led a life of continued neglect: that's the long and the short of it. All his hopes have been blighted and disappointed. His great work, though it's had here and there in all parts of the world a few glowing and fervid disciples like yourself, has fallen flat, for the most part, so far as public appreciation's concerned; and everything he expected to do he's failed in effecting. He seems to me always like a massive broken Egyptian pillar, rising among the ruins of Karnak or Luxor, as I see them rise in some of your own pictures.' Linnell's eye flashed with pleasure. 'And it's a great point for him to meet nowadays with anybody who sympathises at all with his aims and his methods. He's had so little recognition in life, in fact, that, old as he is, a word of encouragement, a single compliment, an allusion to his work in ordinary conversation, seems to thrill him through and through with surprised enjoyment. I've seen him as pleased as a child at praise. He acknowledges it with a singular stately courtesy, as a right deferred, and holds his head higher in visible pride for the rest of that evening.'

'How pathetic!' Linnell cried. 'Yet I can easily believe it. What I can't believe is that Haviland Dumaresq should still be living in absolute poverty. I hope, when you say that, you don't mean me to take your words in the literal acceptance that he wants for money.'

'But I do, though, my dear fellow. I do, every word of it. The man's as poor as the proverbial church mouse. He never made a farthing out of the Encyclopædic Philosophy: it was dead loss from beginning to end: and he lives to this day from hand to mouth by doing the merest scientific hawkerwork for London publishers—Popular Educators, you know, and that sort of clap-trap.'

With a sudden start, Linnell folded up his easel very resolutely. 'Come away,' he said in a firm voice. 'I can't stand this sort of thing, for my part, any longer. Haviland Dumaresq in want of money! Haviland Dumaresq lacking the bare means of support! Haviland Dumaresq buried in a pigsty! The thing's disgraceful. It's not to be endured! Why doesn't some rich person somewhere take the matter up and establish and endow him?'

'Some wealthy countryman of yours across

the Atlantic, for example?' Mansel echoed good-humouredly. 'Well, yes, Americans are always fond of that earthly-providence business. I wonder, indeed, they've never thought of it.'

Linnell's face clouded visibly to the naked eye. 'What,' he cried with unmistakable annoyance in his testy tone. 'That old mistake alive and green still! How often shall I have to correct the blunder! Didn't I tell you at Christ Church, over and over again, that I wasn't an American, and never had been—that I'd never a drop of Yankee blood in my veins—that my connection with Boston was a purely accidental one? My father merely settled there for—ur—for business purposes. We are not and we never were American citizens. I hate to be called what I'm not, and never will be. But that's neither here nor there at present. The question for the moment is simply this—Why doesn't somebody establish and endow Haviland Dumaresq?'

Mansel's face brimmed over with suppressed amusement. 'Establish and endow him!' he cried with a short laugh. 'My dear fellow, I'd like to see the man, American or otherwise, brave enough to suggest it to him for half a second. He'd better have a fast trotting horse and a convenient gig waiting round the corner before he tries; for Haviland Dumaresq would forthwith arise and slay him with his hands, as King Arthur proposed to do to the good Sir Bedivere, unless he evacuated the premises with all reasonable haste before the old man could get up and at him. He's the proudest soul that ever stepped this earth, is Haviland Dumaresq. He'd rather starve than owe ought to any man. I can fancy how he'd take the proposal to subsidise him. The bare mention of the thing would kill him with humiliation.'

By this time Linnell had finished folding up his easel and picture, and addressed himself vigorously on the road homeward. 'What are you going for?' Mansel asked with an innocent face.

'Going for?' Linnell repeated with profound energy. 'Why, *something* must be done, I suppose, at once, about Dumaresq. This state of things is simply intolerable. A man with a world-wide reputation for the deepest thought among all who can think—that is to say, among all except absolute dolts and idiots—there, there, I haven't even patience to talk about it. *Something* must be done, I tell you, this very day, to set things square for him.'

'Exactly,' Mansel went on, gazing up at the sky in a vacant far-away fashion. 'You're rich, we all know, Linnell, like the mines of Golconda. You drop as a universal provider from the clouds.'

He broke off suddenly, for Linnell had halted, and looked back at him half angrily with a sudden quick suspicious glance. 'Ah, rich!' the handsome young artist cried with an impatient snap of his long middle finger. 'Again one of those silly old exploded Christ Church fallacies. Who ever told you I was rich, I'd like to know? You never had it from *my* lips at anyrate, Mansel. I wish unauthorised people wouldn't make one against one's will into a peg to hang startling myths and romances upon. A painter by trade, whose pictures only sell by accident, can never be rich—unless he has private means

of his own, of course—works a gold mine or a Pennsylvania oil-well. I own neither. Still, for all that, I feel it a burning shame to the times we live in that Haviland Dumaresq—the deepest thinker of our age and race—should end his days in a ploughman's cottage.

CHAPTER II.—LINNELL'S MYSTERIES.

They turned aside into the deep-cut lane that led by tortuous twists towards the main road, and walked along for a second or two in solemn silence. Mansel was the first to break their reverie. 'Why, Linnell,' he cried, with a start of astonishment, pointing down to his friend's feet with an awkward gesture, 'you're all right again that way now, then, are you? You—you don't find your leg trouble you any longer?'

Till that moment, the new-comer to Petherton had been strolling along easily and naturally enough; but almost as the words passed Mansel's lips, the older resident noticed that Linnell was now limping a little with his left foot—an imperceptible limp to a casual observer, though far more marked within the last few seconds than it had been a minute or two before attention was called to it. Linnell glanced down and smiled uneasily. 'Oh, I hobble along rather better than I used to do,' he answered casually with an evasive laugh. 'They sent me to Egypt for that, you know. Dry as blazes in Egypt. The old affection was rheumatic in origin, it seems. Damp intensified it. I was told a warm climate might do me good. Sir Anthony Wraxall—astute old beggar—advised me never to let myself feel cold in my limbs for a single moment; and I've done my best ever since to follow out his directions to the letter. I've spent every winter for the last five years on the Nile or in Algeria. I've camped out for weeks together in the middle of the desert: I've dressed half my time like an Arab chief to give my limbs free play: I've ridden all day long on my horse or my camel: I've never walked when I could possibly get a mount of any sort: and in the end, I'm beginning to hobble about, I'm glad to say, in a way that remotely resembles walking. I suppose the treatment's getting me round at last a bit.'

'Resembles walking!' Mansel exclaimed with surprise. 'Why, my dear fellow, you can walk every bit as well as all the rest of us. To tell you the truth, you stood so firm, and turned about and walked off so naturally, that I'd almost forgotten at the first blush all about your old difficulty.'

'That was because I was excited and indignant about poor old Dumaresq,' Linnell answered hastily with obvious embarrassment. 'I always walk better when I'm emotionally roused. It takes my mind off. I forget I've legs. When I play lawn-tennis, I never think for the time being about my lameness. It's when my attention's called to the existence of my feet that I feel it worst. Self-consciousness, I suppose.—But don't let's discuss me. The empirical ego's always tedious. There are so many other much more interesting subjects than an individual man to talk about in the universe!'

'I'm not so sure of that,' Mansel replied reflectively. 'Man, says Emerson, is perennially interesting to man; and I always like to hear

about you, Linnell. I expect another winter or two I'll set you up completely.—Why, my dear fellow, where are you going off to? You're coming to lunch with us, aren't you? That's our little box, you see—up there on the hill-top.'

'Oh, thank you,' Linnell answered, glancing round him abstractedly. 'But I don't think I'll come in to lunch to-day, if you please. I've too much respect for Mrs. Mansel's feelings. If you'll allow me, I'll drop in upon you this afternoon, and pay my respects first in due form—and respectable clothes—to your wife and family. In England, you know, all things must be done decently and in order.'

'But not in Bohemia, my dear fellow: not in Bohemia.'

Linnell glanced down nervously upon the deep blue bay. 'Your Bohemia and Shakespeare's are much the same, it seems,' he answered, smiling. 'Each is provided with a sea-coast, gratis, by poetical license. But I won't avail myself of your kindness, for all that. I'll go back to the inn first and change my suit. These shabby old paintings things aren't fit company for ladies' society. This afternoon, if you'll allow me to call, I shall hope to come up, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, and leave my card respectfully upon Mrs. Mansel.'

A sudden thought seemed to strike the would-be host. 'You're a bachelor, of course?' he exclaimed interrogatively.

Linnell's eye wandered down once more, with a timid glance, towards his left foot. 'Do you suppose a painter whose works don't sell would be likely to burden any woman on earth with that?' he asked somewhat bitterly.—'Least of all, a woman whom he loved and respected?'

'Come, come, Linnell,' the other man cried with genuine kindness. 'This is too ridiculous: quite overwrought, you know. You carry your sensitiveness a deal too far. A fine manly handsome fellow like you—an upstanding man, who can ride, and swim, and play lawn-tennis—to talk like that—why, it's simple nonsense. I should think any girl in her senses would be glad enough, if she could, to catch you.'

'That's the way you married men always talk,' Linnell answered shortly. 'As soon as you've secured a wife for yourselves, you seem to lose all the chivalry in your nature. You speak as if every woman were ready to jump at the very first man who happens to ask her. That may be the way, I daresay, with a great many of them. If so, they're not the sort I'd care to marry. There are women and women, I suppose, as there are fagots and fagots. I prefer, myself, the shrinking variety: the kind that accepts a man for his own sake, not for the sake of getting married merely.'

'You know what the Scotch girl said when her parents represented to her the various faults of the scapegrace who'd proposed to her?' Mansel put in laughing. "'Oo, ay,'" she said; "but he's aye a man, ye ken." And you have there in a nutshell the whole philosophy of the entire matter. Still, setting aside all that, even, I know no man more likely'—

Linnell brushed him aside with his hand hastily. 'Well, here our roads part,' he said, with some decision in his tone, like one who wishes to check an unpleasant argument. 'I'll

see you again this afternoon, when I've made my outer man fit for polite society. Till then, good-bye.' And with a swinging pace, he walked off quickly down the steep hill, erect and tall, his easel and picture slung carelessly by his side, and no trace of lameness perceptible anywhere in his rapid stride and manly carriage.

Mansel gazed after him with a painter's admiration for a well-built figure. 'As good-looking a fellow as ever stepped,' he thought to himself in silent criticism. 'What a pity he insists on torturing himself all his life long with these meaningless apprehensions and insoluble mysteries!'

He strolled up slowly to his own gate. In the garden, his wife was busy with the geraniums—a pretty young girl, in a light summer dress and a big straw hat that suited her admirably. 'Ida,' he cried out, as he swung open the wicket, 'who do you think is stopping at the Lion? I met him just now, in Middle Mill Fields, doing a water-colour of Donnaress's cottage. Why, Linnell of Christ Church. You recollect, I've often told you all about him.'

'What, the lame man, Reggy, who had the dog that ran after the Proctor?'

'Well, he used to be lame once, but he isn't now a bit—at least not to speak of: you'd hardly notice it. Still, though the lameness itself's gone, it seems to have left him just as sensitive and nervous as ever—or a great deal more so. He's coming up here this afternoon to call on you, though, and you'll be able to judge of him then for yourself: but as far as I can see, there's nothing on earth left for the man to be sensitive about. Make much of him, Ida: he's as timid as a girl; but he's a nice fellow for all that, in spite of his little mysteries and mystifications.'

'He's a painter, too, isn't he?' Mrs Mansel asked, arranging a flower in her husband's button-hole. 'I think you showed me some things of his once at the Grosvenor or the Academy.'

'Yes; he daubs like the rest of us—does the Nubian girl trick and the Street in Cairo dodge; not badly either. But he's taken all that up since I last saw him. He was the merest amateur in black and white when we were at Oxford together. Now, he paints like a man who's learnt his trade, though he rather overdoes things in the matter of elaboration. Works at texture till you can't see the picture for the painting. But I don't believe he can live on his art, for all that. He's rich, I imagine, though for some strange reason he won't allow it. But that's his way. He's full of all sorts of little fads and fancies. He makes it a rule never to admit anything, except by torture. He's an American born, and he calls himself an Englishman. He spends money freely right and left, and he calls himself a pauper. He's straight and good-looking, and he calls himself a cripple. His name's Linnell, and he calls himself Linnell. In fact, he's all made up of endless little ideas and affectations.'

'There's a Sir Austen Linnell down our way in Rutland,' his wife said musingly as they turned towards the house, 'and he calls himself Linnell too, with the accent the same way on the second syllable. Perhaps your friend and the Rutland man may be some sort of relations.'

'Can't, my dear child. Don't I tell you he's American? No baronets there: republican simplicity. Boston born, though he hates to be told so. The star-spangled banner's a red rag to him. Avoid chaffing him, for Heaven's sake, about the hub of the universe.'

They had entered the drawing-room while they spoke by the open French windows, and Mrs Mansel in a careless way took up from the table by the corner sofa a Grosvenor catalogue. 'Ah, this must be he,' she said, turning over the leaves to the alphabetical list: 'See here—"329, The Gem of the Harem; 342, By the Edge of the Desert: Charles Austen Linnell."—Why, Reggy, just look, his name's Austen; and he spells it with an *e* too, exactly like the Rutland people. I don't care whatever you choose to say—American or no American, he and the Austen Linnells of Thorpe *must* be related to one another.'

Her husband took the little book from her hands incredulously. 'Not possible,' he murmured, gazing hard at the page. 'I'm not quite sure, but I fancy I've heard it said at Christ Church there was something wrong somewhere about the family pedigree. Linnell's father made his money out of a quack medicine or something of the sort over in America, and sent his son to Oxford, accordingly, to make a gentleman of him, and get rid of the rhubarb and sarsaparilla. They say Linnell would never go back to his native land again after he took his degree, because he hated to see all the rocks on the Hudson River and all the peaks of the White Mountains plastered over in big white letters with the touching inscription, "Use only Linnell's Instantaneous Lion Liver Pills." At least, so Gregory of Brasenose told me, and his father, I fancy, was once an *attaché* or *chargé d'affaires* at Washington.'

'But how does he come to be called Austen, then?' Mrs Mansel went on with true feminine persistency, sticking to her point like a born woman. 'And Austen with an *e* too! That clinches the argument. If it was only an *e*, now, it might perhaps be accidental: but don't go telling me Austen with an *e* comes within the limits of anything less than a miraculous coincidence.'

Her husband glanced over her shoulder once more at the catalogue she had seized and examined a second time. 'It's odd,' he said after a pause, 'distinctly odd. I see the finger of design in this, undoubtedly. It can't be accident, as you justly remark with your usual acumen: mere coincidence, as you observe, always stops short at phonetic spelling. And now you mention it, I remember Sir Austen does spell his name with an *e* certainly: I had a cheque from him once for "The Smugglers' Refuge"—that picture we let go too cheap, Ida.—But there are two ways of accounting for it, all the same: there are always at least two good ways of accounting for everything—except the action of a hanging committee. Either Linnell's descended from a younger branch of the Rutland family, which went out to America in the *Mayflower*—all good Boston people, I understand, made it a point of honour to go out in the *Mayflower*, which must have had accommodation for at least as many first-class cabin passengers as the whole fleet.

that came over with William the Conqueror—or else, failing that, his excellent papa must with rare forethought have christened him Austen in order to produce a delusive impression on the public mind in future years that he belonged to a distinguished and aristocratic county family. Godfathers and godmothers at one's baptism do often perpetrate these pious frauds. I knew a man once whose real surname was plain Dish; but his parents with great presence of mind christened him Spencer Caven, so he grew up to be Spencer Cavendish, and everybody thought he was a second cousin of the Duke of Devonshire.

Mrs Mansel, for her part, had been educated at Girtos. So superficial a mode of settling a question by pure guesswork offended her views of logical completeness. 'It's no use arguing *a priori*, Reginald,' she said seriously, 'upon a matter of experience. We can ask Mr Linnell about it when he comes here this afternoon. I've invited Mr Dumaresq and Psyche to drop in for a set of tennis, and your Christ Church friend'll be just in time for it.'

When Mrs Mansel got upon *a priori* and *a posteriori*, her husband, who was only a painter after all, knew his place too well to answer her back in the same dialect. He only stared at the catalogue harrier than ever, and wondered to himself in a vague way why Linnell should call himself Austen.

But at that very moment, at the Red Lion, the artist himself was sitting down at the little davenport to dash off a hasty and excited note to his agent in London:

DEAR MATTHEWS—Can you get some fellow who knows all about such things to give you an exhaustive list of all the public libraries or institutions in Great Britain, Ireland, America, or the colonies, to which a man interested in the matter might present a complete set of Haviland Dumaresq's *Encyclopedic Philosophy*? The bigger the number you can hunt up the better. Perhaps the people at the London Institution would put you in the way of finding it out. In any case, try to draw up a good big catalogue, and forward it here to me at your earliest convenience. But on no account let any one know why you want the information. I've sent a cheque for fifty guineas to that poor fellow you wrote about at Colchester: many thanks for calling my attention to his painful case. Only I could have wished he wasn't a German. Teutonic distress touches me less nearly. Never mind about buying in those New Zealand at present. I see another use for the money I meant to put in them. In breathless haste to save post.—Yours ever sincerely,

CHARLES AUSTEN LINNELL.

'There,' he said to himself as he folded it up and consigned it to its envelope: 'that'll do a little good, I hope, for Dumaresq. The only possible use of money to a fellow like me, whose tastes are simple and whose wants are few, is to shuffle it off as well as he can upon others who stand in greater need of it. The worst of it is, one spends one's life, in that matter, perpetually steering between the Scylla of pride and the Charybdis of pauperism. The fellows who really need help won't take it, and the fellows

who don't need it are always grabbing at it. There's a deal too much reserve and sensitiveness in the world—and I've got my own share too, as well as the rest of them.'

GOOD FORM.

'MANNERS maketh Man,' is the motto of Winchester School, bequeathed by its worshipful founder, William de Wykeham; and a more appropriate one for a great training-place of English boys it would be hard to find, for in spite of such specious ideas and cheap sentiments as 'A rough diamond,' 'The sham veneer of polish,' 'A man's a man for a'that,' behaviour and general bearing do more to make or mar our social position—social position being taken to mean daily intercourse with our fellows, and not the separate layers of humanity which go to build up what is termed Society—than any array of talent or amount of virtues.

Wherever men live together in communities certain well-defined regulations for conduct are in force, and indeed are a necessary part of the system, for social rules are needed to preserve harmony and decorum in daily life equally with codes of penal laws or statute-book enactments. Comprised under the head of 'Etiquette,' these rules are found ready drawn up for use, to be committed carefully to memory before one can venture to walk with ease and confidence along the social highway of life. And to the uninitiated the acquirement of this knowledge is no lightsome task, and to the late-in-life learner altogether a cheerless and confusing business.

But above and beyond etiquette there is a wider and loftier principle; more elastic, because its precepts are unwritten, and less irksome, because less exact and rigid, which we know by the somewhat vague and abstract term of 'Form.' Form, like Patriotism, Virtue, Honour, and even Love itself, is almost indefinable, and refuses to be described by clear-cut sentences or arbitrary distinctions—a word which, like clarity with regard to sins, covers a multitude of meanings and applications.

The racing man consults his text-book, 'Form at a Glance,' to note his favourite's wins. The oarsman rows in 'finished form,' but lacks power. The sportsman misses bird after bird because he is in such 'wretched form' to-day. Miss Dash is a lovely woman, but she 'has no form'; and Tom, Dick, Harry, may be a good-hearted fellow, but then 'he is such bad form.'

Form in its wide, general sense means some sort of standard, varying according to the nature of the thing to be measured, and in the foregoing senses may be considered as more or less concrete. Bring it into relationship with conduct and social and moral surroundings, and it at once becomes more or less abstract; and it is in this sense it touches Etiquette under the noun Good Form. Etiquette is a rigid line, to step over which is to transgress. Form is more flexible, and gives and bends to suit certain exigencies. Etiquette is the lamp lighting the high-road. Form is the lantern which the wayfarer carries to guide his steps when obliged sometimes to leave the beaten track and cross awkward bits of irregular country. Etiquette concerns itself

entirely with what ought to be done, whilst Form considers chiefly the way of doing it. Etiquette may demand what Good Form will forbid; and conversely, Good Form will ask what Etiquette vetoes. Strict Etiquette, for instance, insists that rank takes precedence; but Good Form would suggest that the peeress in her teens should give way to the white-haired vicar's wife. Good Form would hint that if by mischance some guests were at table in morning-coats, the host should be in undress also, to set them at their ease; but Etiquette would peremptorily bid him don the swallow-tail.

Whether or not we choose to scoff at the importance which is attached in the upper circles of society to the observances of Etiquette, we cannot but admit that there is something peculiarly attractive about those who are unostentatiously Good Form, and that they involuntarily exert a refining and improving influence upon all with whom they come into contact. The quiet well-bred man who is polite, courteous, and chivalrous, must leaven to a certain extent his fellows, and leave them better for his example. The gentle, high-toned woman with her easy grace, sure always to do and to say the right thing,

Grandly forbearing, lifting life serenely
Even to her own nobility of soul,

must reign a queen.

There is no surer index to the state of society than its ideals of Good Form; for, like fashion in dress and art, these change with the manners and ideas of succeeding generations, and therefore reflect the lives and thoughts of the men and women of the times. The coarse jests, the full-flavoured conversation of Sheridan's day—then quite Good Form—would shock the inmates of a nineteenth-century drawing-room. The roystering dicing blade of the reigns of the Georges, with his affectation and conceits, would be cold-shouldered by his successors of St James's and Pall-Mall. The gentleman who cracked his couple of bottles, and gracelessly fuddled himself at the dinner-table, would now be left to drunken solitude, whilst his disgusted fellow-guests sought tea and the ladies.

But though we have improved vastly upon the past in many matters of morals and behaviour, we have in some things lowered the standard of Good Form. True, it is not now the mark of a gentleman to get drunk, to swear before ladies or a parson, to be everlastingly parading his honour and standing upon punctilios; yet the present tone is distinctly low, and, alas, lowering in much; and one is inclined to hold with that 'sweet-voiced singer,' Fred. Locker,

The crops of dandies bud and bloom,
And die as fast as ever;
Now gilded youth loves enty pipes,
And slang that's rather scaring—
It can't approach its prototypes
In taste, or tone, or bearing.

In Brummell's day of buckles-shoes,
Lawn cravats, and roll collars,
They'd fight, and woo, and bet—and lose,
Like gentlemen and scholars.
I'm glad young men should go the pace;
I half forgive *Old Rapid*.
These louts disgrace their name and race,
So vicious and so rapid.

Be this as it may, it is indisputable that the

old-fashioned politeness and stately courtliness of our grandfathers have fled, and that, unless we quickly pull ourselves together and wake up to the needs of the moment, chivalry will soon become merely a word which will recall virtues of hygienic ages, and be associated only with the romances of yore.

No doubt, the changed conditions of life, the hurry and skurry of business, and the tussle for very existence, are largely responsible for this. We have not time to be polite, and if we stay to consider others, we ourselves may be jostled out of place. But is not the prevailing tendency of self-indulgence and luxuriousness equally to blame for this decadence of manners? To watch how the so-called gentleman of to-day elbows his way into theatre, train, omnibus, and everywhere else; to see him smoke in the presence of ladies; to note how he will remain seated and leave a lady to open the door for herself; and to listen to the free and easy conversation with which he favours the fairer sex, are but instances of the general style of behaviour to which we are becoming accustomed—behaviour for which, not many years ago, he would have had to answer with pistol or small-sword.

Of course, the plea put forward for him is that the girl and woman of the period are descending to his level, and therefore must not be astonished at being treated as equals; but that is merely begging the question, for the chivalrous knight does not lower his bearing, but carries himself nobly wherever he may be, renders due homage to womanhood whether in rags or silks, and does devoir to the milkmaid as well as to the queen. By the way, there is no truer test of Good Form, in its wider and best sense, than behaviour towards inferiors in station or advantages—a principle which was the first care of a gallant colonel of a certain dashing cavalry regiment, who used to send for each newly-joined 'sub' and say: 'You know, Mr So-and-so, that every regiment has its own traditions and swagger. Now, the swagger of the — Hussars is, that they have no swagger; and whilst you belong to us, sir, you will treat a ploughboy as courteously as you would a nobleman.'

Perhaps, after all, it is the negative side, or Bad Form, which exercises the greater influence upon our conduct; and many a one who would be utterly careless about doing a thing because it is Good Form, would shudderingly shrink from aught which ever so slightly seemed Bad Form. And yet, this is hardly to be wondered at, for the 'Thou shalt not's' are more forceful to most of us than the 'Thou shalt's,' and it is so much easier to 'leave undone' than to do—add to which, the 'must not's' are collectively much more certainly and unmistakably defined.

Form, Good and Bad, is a most important factor in the life of each and all, which, rightly appreciated and applied, keeps society fresh, vigorous, and wholesome. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' the sanitarian insists; but Good Form is surely an attribute and embellishment to godliness itself, to say nothing of its being largely part and parcel of the morality of Christianity. It would be impossible to dispute the fact that if Good Form was more carefully cultivated by sincerely good people, they would recommend religion far more strongly to the outside world

than they do; for who will say but that most folk prefer to hold intercourse and have dealings with a polite polished sinner—using the word in its conventional sense—rather than to associate with a rude ill-namered saint.

There is a story told of the hero of Khartoum which not only strongly emphasises the difference between Good and Bad Form, but also strikingly points the moral of all this. Gordon had taken his passage from the Mauritius to Cape Colony in a trading brig; and whilst waiting for the tide, a number of people came on board to say good-bye, amongst them an officer of 'high degree.' This individual strutted up to the captain, who with his wife was on deck, and without exchanging civilities, or even raising his cap to the lady, swung a cane, and peremptorily asked, 'Is the Colonel at home?' Gordon, who had seen the whole proceeding, came forward, treating the visitor very coolly and formally; and on the latter's departure, at once turned to the seaman and his wife, and warmly apologised for the other's rudeness, saying that if he had still been in command of the troops, he should have considered it his duty to tell the unmannerly fellow what he thought of his breeding—or rather want of it.

This paper commenced with 'Manners maketh Man;' it shall end with the complementary form of that proposition, 'The want of them the fellow.'

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

By WILLIAM ATKINSON.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE taut and trim Clyde-built steamer *Athabasca* was slowly steaming at the regulation speed through the peaceful waters of the broad 'Soo' Canal—the Soo, by the way, being usually written down in a geography or atlas as 'Sault Ste Marie.' The stiff white canvas with which the 'bridge' is draped, to protect the ship's officers from the exceedingly breezy breezes of the northern lakes, was for the time being tinted a bright crimson by the rays of the sun, which, like a huge disc of fire, was setting in the west. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of a clear November day, and the *Athabasca* was making her last trip of the season in the interests of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The steamer had just completed half her journey 'up,' having left Owen Sound the previous evening six hours late, owing to a snow-storm which had delayed the mail-train from Montreal. Provided no mishap occurred, she was due at Port Arthur, Thunder Bay, the next day at noon.

While November is a delightful month for yachting in the Mediterranean or for navigating the Nile, there is nothing particularly enchanting in steaming some seven hundred miles across the two most northerly of the great American lakes in the 'fall' of the year. As a consequence, the passengers on the *Athabasca* were few and far between. From Owen Sound there was only

one first-cabin passenger, but another had just joined the boat. The ship's officers being too much engrossed with their duties while in the Soo to permit of their entertaining the passenger from Owen Sound, that individual was amusing himself as best he might by gazing over the vessel's side at the weed-grown timbers forming the bank of the canal, and at the wild country in its sombre autumn garb beyond. He had arrived at that peculiar state of mind known as a 'brown study,' when he was joined by his newly-acquired—and as yet unknown—fellow-passenger, who had boarded the steamer at the lock.

'Howdy, pardner?' exclaimed the new-comer with much cordiality—his intentions being good, though his speech was unconsciously bad.

'How do you do, sir?' was the reply, spoken somewhat timidly.

'Kinder late in the season for touristin'!' remarked the new passenger, evidently with a view to ascertaining the true purpose of his fellow-traveller's presence in the *Athabasca*.

'Yes, I should think so: I am not a tourist myself,' was the quiet rejoinder.

This information rather non-plussed the interrogator, who felt that he would have to devise some other plan of campaign. To assist him, he took from his pocket a cigar, thrust it between his teeth, and without lighting it, commenced to chew the end rather vigorously.

Extreme types of manhood met in these two men thus suddenly thrown together. One was slight and frail; the other was a giant. The first was all intellect; the other was chiefly blood, bone, and muscle. One was evidently a gentleman by birth and education; the new arrival was a very rough diamond indeed. Both men were of much the same age, and both were passengers on the Canadian steamboat bound for the North-west. There the resemblance ceased; though, without reflection, one might have remarked that both spoke the same language. They did—with the marked difference, that one spoke the Queen's English, while the other indulged in Lake Superior English 'as she spoke' along the north shore.

The slight young man was a clergyman, an ordained priest of the Church of England. He had gained some repute at Oxford as a student and thinker, and had graduated from his Alma Mater with honours. All through his university career Digby Rockingham had been somewhat of a religious enthusiast. Aided, perhaps, by his surroundings at Oxford, he had developed into a pronounced ecclesiastical enthusiast. He was, nevertheless, a good and devout man, and so much in earnest that, when convinced of the need of church extension by means of missionary efforts, he at once closed his well-loved books, laid aside his pen, and entered the service of the Church which he so ardently revered. Leaving Africa and China to others, the almost equally benighted regions of the Canadian North-west enlisted the sympathies of the young clergyman; and he was at his own request set apart for missionary work in the wild and bleak district lying immediately to the north of Lake Superior. Being fortunate enough to possess a by no means inconsiderable private income, the Rev. Digby Rockingham was enabled to start

upon his mission well equipped with many excellent means of grace as well as several most appreciable bodily comforts. In other words, the hold of the *Athabasca* contained far more articles of baggage marked 'Rev. D. R.' than usually go to make up travelling outfits of the most extravagant tourists.

Now Mr Rockingham was not by any means of a sullen disposition, nor was he altogether unwilling to enter into conversation with a fellow-voyager. But no man whose musings have perchance carried him in the spirit thousands of miles away, cares to be rudely disturbed by a friend, much less by a stranger. Having been disturbed, however, he could not again engross himself in his brown-study, and he then thought him that he had been unintentionally impolite; so he pulled himself together, and, laying his hand gently upon the big man's sleeve, said: 'Pardon me; I am afraid I gave you a very poor impression of myself when you spoke just now. You will think I do not care to converse with you, when, indeed, the reverse is the case.'

The giant was evidently unused to accepting apologies, and only stared rather curiously at the speaker, who continued:

'The fact is, my thoughts were miles away, and I hardly knew what you asked or what I said in reply.'

Slowly the other removed his much mutilated cigar from between his teeth and nodded his head. 'I tumble,' he said. 'Sorter star-gazing, eh? I've been there myself. Well, put her there, Colonel, and let's get acquainted. There ain't a pile of passengers this trip, so we may as well be neighbourly.' As he spoke the man extended his massive hand, encased in a sealskin mitten, large enough to make a fairly good door-knocker, for Rockingham to 'put her there.' 'First of all, Colonel, I'll introduce your humble servant, Eli Brock, native of Michigan, United States of America, and at present foreman of the Gravenhurst Copper Mines, recently opened up on the north shore. I'm just going up, confound the luck, to stay over yonder all winter, as there's a sight of cleaning-up and fixing to be done afore the miners commence work in the spring.—You're going up to Port Arthur or Port William, I s'pose, Colonel?'

'Yes, at first. I cannot tell where I shall ultimately establish my headquarters. I am a clergyman—here is my card—and I intend at once to build a church at some place where there is not one already. Perhaps you can assist me, Mr Brock?'

'First and foremost, Colonel,' replied Brock, who twirled the card in his fingers as if doubtful whether the correct thing was to read it and then throw it overboard or consign it to his pocket—'first and foremost, Colonel, oblige by striking off the "Mister." Eli is good enough for me. The boys call me Eli, and I reckon they ain't gents like you, not by a long shot!—Yes, sir, I can help you this much. You can take any settlement along the north shore this blessed minute, and I'm derned if you'll find e'er a church or meeting-house in the hull lot, Colonel! So you can't go far wrong in locating a church.—You'll excuse me for calling you Colonel, sir? I see you've got a title; but I'll be switched if I know what

RE V means, and Colonel comes sorter easy and familiar.'

Digby Rockingham laughed heartily at the curious candour of his new friend, and as the supper bell rang at that moment, the two locked arms and walked to the dining-saloon together.

The travellers were afforded no opportunity of view from the lake the rugged & desolate 'north shore' of Lake Superior. Hours before they were due at Port Arthur, the steward—from Inverness—remarked dryly that there was a 'muckle mist'—a mist, however, which Mr Brock insisted was neither more nor less than a 'gold-drenched soaking rain-storm!'

The young clergyman had used his time to good purpose in improving his acquaintance with the foreman of the copper mines. If he had searched the whole of the Dominion of Canada he could never have discovered a man better acquainted with the territory adjacent to the north shore.

'I'm going to lay over for the night at Port Arthur,' he said, 'and you'd better do the same, Colonel. There's a tolerable good hotel in the town, where they will take care of your traps and truck. In the morning the stage sets out for Kincairdine, a tidy sort of settlement as near as we can travel to the Gravenhurst Mines. Little Pig—he's my Injun, and a blamed good feller for Injun trash—will meet me at Kincairdine, and you can go 'long of me if you so fancy.—What do you say, Colonel?'

'I think I shall avail myself of your company as far as possible, Brock. Yes, if you will be so good, count me your travelling companion as far as the mines.'

Towards sundown on the day after the arrival of the *Athabasca* at Port Arthur, the weekly stage was approaching the thriving settlement of Kincairdine. Let no one suppose that this stage was such a one as Charles Dickens loved to present to his readers in striking pen-pictures, or a specimen of the modern reproductions which, on summer mornings, roll away from the 'White Horse Cellar' in Piccadilly. It was an old lumbering vehicle which the London General Omnibus Company might reasonably have discarded half a century ago. There were no outside seats, which loss was not greatly felt during the cold months of the year, and those in the inside were far from comfortable. Upon the door of the stage, in the rear, some embryo artist in sign-writing had inscribed with very yellow paint, 'Royal Mail'—the mail on the present trip consisting of four or five letters thrust into the lining of the driver's hat, and a score or so of ancient newspapers, which were tucked away under the very much worn and flattened cushion of the box.

As to the passengers, there were three, two of whom have been introduced to the reader. The third was a young woman, who was evidently extremely shy and reserved, several overtures from Mr Brock having utterly failed to draw her into conversation. Even when the stage had stopped at noon for dinner at a wretched tavern, she had remained in her seat to eat the refreshment which she carried in a hand-bag, and had politely declined the glass of brandy-and-water tendered her by Rockingham, who knew that the girl must be well-nigh frozen.

By the time the stage came in sight of Kincardine, silence had reigned in the old bus for an hour or two, for all the passengers were completely tired out with the slow and dreary journey over forty miles of rocky road. Slowly they had travelled, it was with quite a jerk. "Hev had travelled, it was with quite a jerk," he hallooed his team in front of a huge one-horse shanty, which Rockingham rightly estimated must have covered almost half an acre of ground. This was a sort of western 'Whitley's,' or a 'Bon Marche' in the wilderness, and was the profitable emporium of an enterprising Scot, whose name, Dugald M'Dougall, had been painted by the artist of the 'Royal Mail' in letters four feet long upon one end of the log shanty. The legends inscribed upon the front of the place were many and various, among them being 'Hotel,' 'Post-office,' and 'General Store.'

Cold as was the day, Mr M'Dougall, displaying his shirt sleeves, came out to meet the stage, being sufficiently loyal to Queen and country to give his personal attention to Her Majesty's mails; his loyalty to his native land being proven by the fact that his grizzly hair was covered by a Glangary bonnet.

Dugald M'Dougall was a character, and a very important character in the community. Although the directors of the neighbouring copper mines at Gravenhurst were larger employers of labour, and really disbursed most of the cash which ultimately found its way into M'Dougall's till, they were non-resident, and were seldom seen at Kincardine. Their foreman and representative, Eli Brock, was both in the matter of wealth and social and political standing, far behind Dugald. M'Dougall was the only man who could furnish the necessities of life to the miners, and could give or withhold credit when ready-money was not forthcoming. He was agent for the Hudson Bay Company, which position gave him great prestige among the Indian hunters and half-breed trappers. Furthermore, besides being postmaster, he held Her Majesty's Commission of the Peace, and, as the only magistrate within a wide radius, could sentence miscreants to imprisonment in the jail at Fort William, and could punish them still more by refusing to issue licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Mr M'Dougall was evidently expecting the young woman, who now alighted from the stage, but was plainly at a loss to account for the presence of the clergyman. Brock perceived this, and at once introduced his companion.

'My friend the Colonel, Dugald,' he remarked, either forgetting Rockingham's name, or else thinking it unnecessary to mention it.

M'Dougall did not notice the omission, for he promptly responded: 'Glad to meet you, Colonel,' and then escorted the girl into the 'hotel.'

'Seen Little Pig around here?' asked Brock of a half-breed lad who was watching the stage-horses changed.

'Naw! Little Pig ain't been up yere since you went 'way.'

'Seen my rig, then?'

'Yaw!'

'Where?'

The half-breed was either too lazy or too busy with his chewing tobacco to make a verbal reply;

he jerked a thumb in the direction of M'Dougall's barn.

'Who drove it up?' asked Brock.

The boy grinned stupidly and then replied: 'Gal.'

'Look here, you leather-skinned pup!' shouted Brock, who hated half-breeds in general, and this lad in particular. 'If you don't know enough to speak civil when you *do* speak, I'll teach you, by thunder! Who are you calling a "gal"?' I'd like to know?'

The half-breed continued to grin, although his grin was not so 'healthy' as it had been at first.

'Don't stand there, showing your dirty teeth! I want you to tell me who brought my rig up here.'

Brock knew well enough, but his experience told him that he must not back down from any position once taken towards a half-breed. He was merely giving the youngascal a lesson.

'Madge,' said the boy sullenly.

'No; that won't do. Try again,' thundered Brock.

'Miss Madge.'

'Yes, you cross-bred cur; don't you ever forget to call a lady that is a lady "Miss." Listen! Go and find Miss Madge, and tell her I am ready to start. Hurry, now, and if I find that you ever forget the "Miss," I'll break your neck!'

Eli Brock was a queer mixture of humanity. He knew that there were certain terms of respect by which it is proper to address certain persons. But of their correct application he knew very little; so that to him Colonel was equivalent to Reverend, and answered the purpose fully as well; while, so long as a young woman was addressed as 'Miss,' it seemed to Brock to matter very little whether her Christian name or surname was added. For himself he did not care a snap of the finger. Miners and Indians alike were perfectly free to call him Eli or Brock, though they usually spoke of him as the Boss. But for his friends, and especially those of the gentler sex—who were few—he was very exacting in his notions of courtesy.

'Have to do it, Colonel,' he remarked apologetically to his companion.

But Digby Rockingham, inwardly noting his own physical insignificance, knew that he would have to devise some other method if he would successfully cope with Indians and miners.

HOME-LIFE IN NATAL.

There are certain peculiar characteristics pertaining to domestic life in every quarter of the globe, consequent on climate and other local influences. Life in an Indian station has of late years been made tolerably familiar to all; not so life in South Africa; and the following notes, penned from Pietermaritzburg (termed for brevity 'Pomburg'), the capital of Natal, apply generally to all other settlements in the colony.

It is a common thing to hear new arrivals, more especially if on their first tour of foreign service, remark that they are greatly disappointed with Natal, as everything is so thoroughly English; and so it undoubtedly appears at first

sight, the more so should the one hansom cab we boast chance to be at the railway station on their arrival. But a residence of only a few hours is sufficient to bring home to them the bitter reality that they are not in 'Merrie England.' The hotel at which they must perforce put up until they can find a home of their own first opens their eyes. There are at least a dozen hotels in the city, the difficulty being to choose between the 'Grosvenor,' the 'Langham,' the 'Imperial,' and the rest, bearing equally pretentious titles. The first twinge is perhaps felt on the vehicle that has brought them from the station pulling up before a small low shanty of the labourer's-dwelling order. Can this be the 'Grand?' Oh, what sacrilege! But it is, in very fact; and out they are bundled bag and baggage, wearied after their six hours' journey up our corkscrew line from Durban, into a tiny bedroom ten feet square, scantily furnished, and illuminated by one solitary dip, there to furnish up their travel-stained persons while awaiting the call to dinner, a meal that painfully recalls one's early school-days. But my intention is not to dilate on the so-called hotels out here, which are nothing more, except in name, than boarding-houses; and so I will pass over the dreary weeks often spent in one of them while waiting for some householder to vacate, and start from the time of entering the new home, merely mentioning in passing that rents are just now fabulously high on account of the newly-discovered gold-fields in the Transvaal, a poky little cottage of five tiny rooms fetching from seventy to eighty pounds a year.

Furnishing is no more difficult here than in England, as there are several large dealers, both new and second hand; and among a shifting population like ours, auctions are exceedingly numerous. The articles are naturally inferior, and much higher in price. One novel experience is, however, met with, since the landlords, an independent lot, do not, as at home, provide the kitchen range. One has therefore to be sought after, which in subsequent moves is carried about, a pursuit that opens one's eyes to the enormous variety of such articles that are thrown into the market, and one becomes perfectly bewildered in listening to the respective merits of the 'Mistress,' the 'Fortress,' the 'Plantress,' the 'Marchioness,' the 'Trafford,' and a hundred other kinds; after having mastered which, the size that will fit the opening in the kitchen has still to be considered, whether a No. 5, 6, 7, 8, or —

Having furnished the abode sufficiently for occupation, the troubles of housekeeping begin, and in this colony they really are troubles, more especially just now, when high prices are raging. The only cheap article of diet is meat, which is from 8d. to 9d. a pound; bread, 6d. per two-pound loaf; butter ranges from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a pound; eggs—and they are not always the freshest—from 2s. 6d. to 4s. a dozen; and all else in proportion—clearly showing that this is no country for a poor man.

For vegetables we are entirely dependent, outside the produce of our own little patch of ground, on the natives who have come over from India, an industrious population that has settled down in our midst; and so quickly are their

numbers increasing, that their immigration is one of the burning questions of the day out here. John Chinaman is also getting in the thin end of the wedge, and setting up little grocery stores here and there. The Kaffir detests manual labour, and never tills the ground or sows anything except a patch of mealies hard by his kraal, sufficient for his own need and to cover the amount of his hut-tax; and perhaps a little Kaffir corn from which to manufacture his beer, a beverage not at all unlike ours in taste, but in appearance resembling cocoa made with milk more than anything else I can think of. The natives of India—all of whom, for some reason or other, come under the generic term 'coolie' out here—hawk their wares round in the early morning, and the first shrill cries one hears are 'Nice fowl and eggis, Missis!' 'Nice beanis, Missis!' 'Nice carrots, turnips, tomatoes, Missis!' They all have three peculiarities—they convert all monosyllables, such as eggs, beans, &c., into disyllables; they only offer their produce to the 'Missis'; and all of it is *nice*.

No tradesman except the butcher, who rides round every afternoon to ascertain what is required for the next day, calls for orders. Our milkmen, or rather milk-boys, are unique, their sole garment consisting of an old piece of sacking, with pockets of like material—sometimes as many as sixteen in two tiers, sewn on back and front, somewhat like an enlarged cartridge belt. In each pocket is an old wine or beer bottle, containing the milk, which the boy empties at the house, eventually returning to the farm whence he set out with the same number of empties as he started with full.

The wages of Kaffir servants range from ten to twenty-five shillings a month, plus clothing, house, and food, which runs each up to from twenty-five to forty shillings, in addition to which it is customary to give each of them sixpence every Saturday to buy meat or tobacco. The most aggravating feature connected with them is that after they have been in service for a few months and are just getting into your ways, they want to return to their kraal and live for some weeks a life of complete idleness on their earnings.

A horse costs about three pounds a month for feed alone, and is for some months in the autumn liable to be carried off in a few hours by horse-sickness, an equine malady peculiar to this part of the world, concerning the cause of which little or nothing is known. It is no uncommon thing for the cavalry regiment stationed here to lose two or three horses a day from it. Dew is considered the main cause, and during the sick season, stringent regulations are enforced. No government horse is allowed to be out after 5.30 p.m.; the stable doors are not to be opened before 7.30 a.m., nor is any animal to be ridden at such a pace as to make him sweat; but whether these precautionary measures are really efficacious is an open question. Directly the frosts set in, the sickness disappears.

Society here, as in every other colony, is very mixed, and entertaining consequently limited; but there is one wrinkle connected with the social treadmill which, to use an Americanism, strikes a new-comer as decidedly 'cunning.' When we go out, or feel inclined for a siesta, or for some

other reason desire to remain undisturbed, we hang outside the front door a notice, 'Not at Home,' and below it a small basket or other receptacle for visitors' cards; and as but a very limited number of Kaffir servants have any knowledge of English, the advantage on that score alone is obvious. From this cause the door is frequently opened by the occupant in person.

Two daily papers, 'The Witness' and 'The Times of Natal,' are published in Maritzburg, and the following advertisements, culled from recent issues of which, prove that the Natalian is no whit behind his American brother in the science of advertising:

COOK.—Wanted, for a small hotel, in a very small village in the Orange Free State, a good-tempered, cleanly Female Cook. Wages, £40 per annum. A good home and kind treatment for a suitable party. Ladies, and parties with a taste for the piano and tailor-made dresses, need not apply to 'Pis,' office of this paper.

WANTED, a Young Lady as Lady's Companion, and to assist in teaching three children. Apply to J. P. J., Biggarsberg. *N.B.*—Three Eligible Bachelors kept on the premises.

WANTED, Three Husbands.—Three Good-looking Young Ladies of cheerful and sociable disposition, good housekeepers, &c., wish to correspond with good-looking young gentlemen of good character, good-tempered and sociable, with sufficient means to keep a wife comfortably.—Address letters to—XLZ, care publishers of 'Witness.'

CHALLENGE.—I will box any man in the colony at 10 stone, twelve rounds or to a finish, with small gloves, from a Hundred Pounds to Two Hundred a side.—W. KELLY, Standard, Church Street.

The way these papers are delivered at our houses is decidedly primitive—by a small boy, who rides round and throws them into the garden whatever the state of the weather, so that it behoves us during the rainy season (September to February) to be on the lookout for their arrival, or they are shortly reduced to a mass of illegible pulp.

The trade in matches to this colony must be prodigious, owing mainly to Boer tobacco, which is generally smoked, and which requires a deal of lighting. The medium-sized boxes of safety matches find most favour. Vesuvians or fuses one never sees, and wax matches but rarely. Corrugated iron, too, which forms the staple outside covering of nearly all buildings in South Africa, sometimes walls as well as roof, must form an enormous item of import.

Though we are highly civilised in certain respects, we are sadly behindhand in others. Our roads and pathways, for instance, would disgrace any community, abounding as they do in dangerous pitfalls, so much so that outdoor exercise after dark is attended with considerable danger. The streets after dusk are lighted by oil-lamps up to midnight, after which, save on moonlight nights, when the lamps are not lighted at all, the city rests in total darkness till daybreak following, which would be a serious matter were it not for the fact that any native found in the streets without a pass from his

employer after the 'Kaffir bell' has rung at nine *a.m.* from the Police Station is quickly run in.

Our system of drainage is primitive, the soil being collected twice a week by night-carts, which carry it out into the country, where it is buried. An old packing-case is our stock dust-bin, into which all rubbish is shot from Monday to Monday, on the morning of which day it is carried by the Kaffir boys into the road in front of the house, to be emptied into one of the scavenger carts that carries its contents away outside the confines of the city.

Our houses are devoid of bells, their functions being performed by the human voice divine. In only a very few of the newest houses is water laid on, a stand-pipe in the garden serving the others for all domestic purposes. We have no postmen, and consequently no house-to-house delivery of our letters, which we have to fetch or send for from the General Post-office. On the arrival of the English mail, generally on a Tuesday morning, two guns are fired from the camp, which is situated on rising ground at the upper end of the town, as a signal that its heterogeneous contents have been sorted and are ready for delivery. Then for a stampede! Whites, blacks, orderlies mounted and on foot, servants of all colours and shades, literally besiege the post-office for some hours as they would a bank that had suspended payment. One end of the building is fitted up with rows upon rows of little locked and numbered pigeon-holes, the private letter-boxes of those who care to pay a guinea a year for the luxury of avoiding the general scramble; and obtaining their letters and papers at leisure; and it will hardly be credited that in this widely-scattered city, boasting some twenty miles or more of streets, there are only two pillar boxes besides the one at the railway station. And there is a great peculiarity about these said streets, owing to which—an old Dutch custom, I believe—it was not until I had resided here for several months that I found out what street I was living in. This sounds absurd, but it is a fact, nevertheless. The plan of the city is simplicity itself—seven main streets, each two miles long, crossed at right angles by six lesser ones. The plots of ground between the main streets on which the houses stand are named; not the streets themselves. For example, our three main thoroughfares are called Church Street, Longmarket Street, and Loop Street. Now, in walking down Longmarket Street the houses on the right-hand side are in Loop Street, but those on the left in Longmarket Street. Similarly, in perambulating Church Street those on the right-hand side are in Longmarket Street, while those on the left are in Church Street.

We are well supplied with places of public worship; chapels of all denominations abound, including a Salvation Army barrack. We are not so well off for places of indoor recreation. A fabric dignified by the title of 'The Theatre Royal,' a hall with a raised platform at one end, where at intervals travelling companies take the boards, and amateurs, charitably inclined, cater for our amusement; a Skating Rink, just opened; and a well-managed Public Library, make up the list. The Oval, a level spot in the middle of the Park, furnishes outdoor amusement on most afternoons throughout the

year in the shape of either a cricket or football match, according to the season; and every Saturday afternoon, when one or other of the military bands adds its lively strains to the spectacle, the general public flock there in crowds. Every Monday afternoon, too, the Polo ground with its music and afternoon tea attracts a goodly number of both sexes.

It will thus be seen that in spite of everything being upside down with us, of a north wind blowing hot and a south wind cold, of Christmas day occurring in midsummer, of the flowers being without scent and the birds without song, and our dwelling beneath the Southern Cross instead of under the Polar Star, we manage to jog along and to make life more than a mere matter of existence.

RAILWAY PORTERS.

THE Railway Porter is a familiar personage to every one, and most of us have at times been able to appreciate his services. Go to a station when we may, whether there are trains about or not, we can generally find a porter somewhere, and very seldom do we find him idle. His duties are many and not always pleasant, and his hours of work are often very long; yet withal, his looks, with few exceptions, bespeak the contented man. Porters include several classes of men. There are goods porters, who do not often come in contact with the public; parcel porters; shunting, lamping, and carriage-washing porters; and platform porters. The last mentioned are best known by the public, and their position amongst the body of porters is most envied. Their duties are more varied and interesting than those of the other classes; they see the public in their joys and sorrows; and on one and the self-same day may see christening, wedding, and funeral parties. They also have the chance of increasing their weekly wages by a few gratuities. Though their duties all over the country may be similar, porters try to avoid certain stations, as much as tramps do certain workhouses. These hard stations are invariably large ones, and their bad character generally comes from the hard discipline of some inspector or foreman, who would have been a model slave-driver had his lot been cast in some of our colonies in days gone by.

Portering may be said to be the first step in railway life; some may begin their career in the service in a higher sphere, but many who have started as porters now hold very high positions on the railways in this country and in the colonies. At large stations, like the London termini, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., and such junctions as Crewe, York, and Rugby, the porter is hard worked. The perpetual moving about, shutting doors, loading and unloading vans, answering questions by the hundred a day, makes their work much harder than it appears to the casual observer; and most men after a time are glad to get to a good country station if there is no chance of a suitable promotion. The position of brakesman or goods guard is generally offered to porters of some experience; but men who have been years at a country station, who have a cottage and garden,

and a family into the bargain, are not over-eager to accept such a promotion. A few shillings a week more will hardly compensate them for breaking up their homes; so that as a rule porters at country stations remain porters, and do not fare badly. In London and the large provincial towns it is unusual to see the same faces amongst this class of men for many years together, as it is from the large stations that men are made brakesmen and goods guards, it not being often necessary for them to change their homes.

But let us look at the characters of railway porters. There are good, bad, and indifferent men amongst them, the same as in any other class of humanity, but the bad are in a decided minority. The lazy ones are soon spotted by their superior officers, and the uncivil will sooner or later be reported by the public; and in both cases their tenure of office will be short. The criminal calendar can show very few railway-men on its list, and those that are there are mostly thieves. In our travels we shall find that, in the matter of civility alone, porters are not all alike. At one station we may find he errs on the side of too much civility; at another he will be found disagreeable, or even rude; and at several stations the word indifferent will convey his character to one's mind. He has no interest in his work, and he therefore fails at it. The civil man soon finds out that his character is appreciated, that the longer he stops at a station the more friends he has, and that the public always seek his services in preference to others less amiable. If porters would but remember that civility costs nothing, and is often well rewarded, there would be no cause for one being favoured more than another; and irrespective of 'tips' and other favours, the civil and obliging man has that contented mind which is brought about by being at peace with all the world. The face reflects the man, and the happy face is approached by the timid, who would dispense with information if they had to seek it from a disagreeable-looking individual.

At one of the Leeds stations there is a man who has been a porter for many years; he attends in the booking lobby, and waits on passengers arriving by cabs, &c. He is an old favourite of constant travellers, and rumour says that he can retire any day on his past earnings. His little fortune has been made by civility; and there are probably many more all over the country that can say the same. It is certainly true that porters who are advanced in life get the lion's share of public favour; but they were young once, and have served an apprenticeship, which has taught them something to their advantage.

The indifferent porter is the hardest to deal with. He has no interest in his work; he would be the same sort of man in whatever occupation he was engaged in. His answer to most questions is, 'I don't know,' and we might add, 'and don't want to know.' Whatever is put before him to do, he does, but not willingly; he is a sort of labour machine which won't go without making. No special fault can be found with him, so that he does not generally get into trouble; but for all that, such men are a source of annoyance to inspectors and foremen,

who cannot always be at a man's back to see that he does his work; and who are not always sure that an important order will be executed when it is merely given. These sort of men do nothing without being told, and fill up their time with dawdling about, or playing with some such article as a knife or piece of string; when not even so much occupied, they sit down and muse over their hard life.

The unconvict porter is always in hot water; he is generally a sharp man at his work, and does it well; acts up to all orders, and is in every way but one a good servant. If he cannot be civil, he need not be rude or impudent, but his manner is just sufficient to make his questioner feel insulted. If he loses his temper, however, there is no doubt but that his language will be both rude and impudent, and he will then draw largely from the vocabulary of slang. But, as before remarked, this class of men soon have to move on. They will be sent from one station to another, so that they can have a fair trial, till the record against them is so black that they are requested to leave the service, or maybe allowed the option of resigning.

All railway companies are very particular about civility being shown to the public, with perhaps one exception, known to most railwaymen; but even that company has now improved in this respect, as well as in many others. A bald-headed director of this company was travelling with some strangers, and at one of the stations one of them asked the name of the place. A porter pointed to the name-board, remarking: 'Can't you read?' The director was somewhat vexed, but said nothing. At the next station, another of the passengers asked if there changed there for A—. 'Sit still, and don't bother; this ain't a junction,' the porter replied. The director, who was much surprised at the incivility of the porters, told the strangers who he was, and expressed regret that they had been so spoken to. 'I will see, however,' he said, 'if they will speak in the same way to me.' At the next station he put his head out of the window, but could get no one's attention till the train was moving off, when a porter came up and shouted to him: 'Keep your bald head in, old buffer, or you'll catch cold.' He fumed with rage; but the strangers seemed to enjoy his defeat.

There was trouble at those three stations the next day; and three faces were seen no more on those platforms.

There is a minimum height for porters; hence short men are not seen, neither are very tall men. There is, however, no regulation as to rotundity, but fat porters are scarce. Constant exercise, I should imagine, keeps the superfluous fat down.

The agricultural districts are the recruiting-grounds for porters; perhaps it would be more correct to say breeding-grounds, for no company has any official to do the recruiting. As a railway now runs within walking distance of every village throughout the country, men seeking employment on the railway soon find out all particulars necessary to get into the service. It is not unusual to come across half-a-dozen porters at our large stations, each plainly showing by his talk the county he comes from; and it would be highly interesting to get them together and

hear their conversation with one another. Raw recruits from Yorkshire, Lancashire, Northumberland, Norfolk, Somersetshire, and Cornwall, on a London platform holding a serious conversation would lead a Londoner to think that he was verily amongst strangers. They must go wherever they are sent, and before they are appointed, must be examined by a doctor. All things then being satisfactory, they are supplied with their uniform and a book of rules and sent where they are wanted. The new hand can generally be told by the look of discomfort he cannot help showing in appearing in corduroy and brass buttons for the first time. It is surprising how neat some porters can appear with one uniform a year, which includes two pairs of trousers; and equally surprising how slovenly some are before their clothes are three months old. It is very awkward for these latter individuals when their new uniform comes late. One of this class in the West Riding had to apply two or three times for his new clothes, which were overdue, but still they did not come. He knew that his garments were worse than seedy, and feared that they might fall to pieces; so, as a last resource, he wrote direct to the superintendent, telling him of his trouble, and adding, that should the uniform not come at once, he should have to adopt the charcoal system. A reply soon came back, asking for particulars of the charcoal system. The porter then replied, that as different parts of his body were becoming visible through his clothes, he intended rubbing them with charcoal for decency's sake. It is needless to say that the new things were soon sent.

Now, are railway porters as a body of men as well off as they would be in any other occupation for which they are fit? The answer must be 'Yes.' Four-fifths of them have been farm-labourers, labourers about towns, or men without a trade; and in such capacities they would seldom rise above the level of being able to keep body and soul together, whereas directly they join a railway they have regular wages and prospects of promotion. What regular wages mean, only those know who have had employment for part of a year and have had to make shift for the remainder. Every porter must belong to a Sick Fund; and if he is not a member of one at the time he joins the service, he must belong to the one carried on by the company, so that in times of sickness he still draws enough money to keep himself. It is very necessary that this should be compulsory, for there are many men who are quite indifferent about sickness till it comes, and it would not do for great companies to hear that their servants were dying for the want of attendance and the necessities of life.

As for promotion, it may be said of the porter, that the position of general manager is within his reach, as much as the bâton of a field-marshal is said to be within the grasp of a French soldier. Every man is allowed a short holiday in the year, and on most companies they are paid their wages during that time. They have free passes for their wives and family on these occasions. If they live away from a market town, passes are issued to their wives for the purpose of marketing. These are great consider-

ations. All the railway companies may not be so generous; but the great lines certainly are. The conclusion that must be come to, then, is, that a man with no trade or definite occupation can do very much worse than become a railway porter, and that he can easily get that situation, providing he can read and write and can get testimonials as to his character and respectability. With industry and ambition he then has a future before him, and that future will be his own making.

SOME SAVAGE CONTRIBUTIONS TO CIVILISATION.

Most savage tribes possess two things in common with one another—a national beverage, which they use at special seasons of rejoicing and festivity; and a poison of some description, which they employ to test the guilt or innocence of their offenders; or, in times of war, as an arrow-poison to ensure a fatal result to the wound inflicted by the weapon. Both of these are always composed of a very powerful product of the vegetable kingdom, and it is therefore not surprising that most of the known agents have been taken advantage of by doctors and hygienists, and form important additions to the science of medicine and dietetics.

Amongst the native beverages thus utilised may be mentioned the coca of the Peruvians, the kola of the West Africans, the kava-kava of the Fijians, the guarana of the Brazilians, and the maté of the Paraguayans; whilst amongst the poisons may be included the wourali or curare of the South American Indians, the onabain of the Somalis, the *Strophanthus hispidus* of the west coast of Africa, and the Calabar or ordeal bean of Calabar. The three first-named poisons are used by the natives as arrow-poisons; whilst the last, as its name implies, plays the part of a relentless judge, and very often of an executioner at the same time. No doubt, many of our readers are aware of the mode of procedure. A meeting of the tribe is called together under the presiding genius of the medicine-man, who, after sundry gesticulations and howlings, selects the victim, and forces him to partake of the poisonous beans. If report speaks truly, a favourable or fatal result rests entirely with the prisoner. The natives say that if the man has a free conscience he will not be afraid, but will eat largely of the beans, relying upon his fetish to preserve him; whereas, a guilty man will be fearful, and eat as sparingly as possible. Taken in quantity, the beans act as an emetic; whilst small doses ensure death. In this country, pharmacists extract the active principles, which are known to oculists and surgeons under the names of Eserine and Physostigmine, and are employed by them with most gratifying results in the various diseases to which the eye is subject.

The arrow-poisons proper, as a rule, act as muscular poisons; the minute quantity which finds its way into the blood from the arrow is hurried round with the corpuscles, and as soon as it reaches the heart, paralyses the muscles and stops its action. Their great importance, therefore, in medicine is in cases of heart disease. Curare is mainly used hypodermically in cases

of tetanus; strophanthus has also been used internally for the same complaint; but its name was made by its importance as a cardiac tonic. Onabain, the glucoside derived from the onabaia, has the same chemical and physiological properties as strophanthus, but is very much more toxic. In some experiments recently made in Paris upon frogs, it was found that after a subcutaneous injection of one-fortieth of a milligramme of crystallised onabain, the heart was stopped in six minutes; while the same quantity of strophanthin took twelve minutes. The injection of even so small a quantity of crystallised onabain as one-eighth of a milligramme stopped the heart in eight or nine minutes. Generally, the toxic dose of onabain for a rabbit is one-tenth of a milligramme per kilogramme of the weight of the animal, death ensuing in twenty-five minutes; whereas of strophanthin four-tenths of a milligramme are required to cause death in about fifty minutes.

Introduced by the stomach, the poison acts far less powerfully. A young dog weighing three kilogrammes two hundred and eighty grammes, being given eight milligrammes in thirty cubic centimetres of water, was seized with all the symptoms of onabain poisoning, but survived. Onabain was found to have an anæsthetic action on the eye, but produced at the same time irritating effects. The experiments were conducted upon rabbits; but subsequent experiments upon the cornea of man have not been sufficiently favourable to warrant its use for this purpose. The last complaint for which it has been tried is whooping-cough, and the infinitesimal doses given have produced marvellous results.

MY LOVE OF LONG AGO.

There are faces just as perfect;
There are eyes as true and sweet;
There are hearts as strong and tender
As the heart that's ceased to beat;
There are voices just as thrilling;
There are souls as white, I know,
As hers were when she went from me—
My love of long ago.

New lips are ever telling
The tale that ne'er grows old;
Life's grays are always changing
For some one into gold;
But amid the shine and shadow,
Amid the gloom and glow,
She walks with me, she talks with me—
My love of long ago.

When I think of all the changes
That the changing years have brought,
I am glad the world that holds her
Is the world that changes not.
And the same as when she left me,
She waits for me, I know—
My love on earth, my love in heaven,
My love of long ago.

M. HELDENWICK BROWNE.

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BAD TEMPERS.

THERE are some vices which possess what may be called a respectable exterior; they succeed occasionally in borrowing the garments of some neighbouring virtue and passing themselves off as relations of his. Even when their character as faults cannot be denied, people are found to palliate them and minimise their evil tendency. Among such sins are envy, jealousy, pride, and bad temper. To say that such a one has rather a hasty temper, or that he is difficult to get on with, or that he is too fond of having his own way, is hardly, in the opinion of many people, to say anything really to his discredit; yet, when we analyse that disposition of mind which is commonly called 'bad temper,' we shall find that it is neither more nor less than the malignant desire of making other people suffer pain. Even in the case of a 'hot' or hasty temper, this is true. No one would use angry words to another if he did not mean that they should wound, and intend to relieve his angry feelings by the suffering they may cause.

If the temper is a sullen or sulky one, its malignant character is still more apparent: the sulky fellow begins by feeling offended; probably he has some little cause for taking offence, or he has at least an opportunity for imagining that he has been slighted. He persuades himself that some one has been wanting in the affection or respect which is his due. He feels himself insulted, injured; and he has not magnanimity enough to pass over the matter without taking care that the slight offered should be expiated by suffering. His self-love demands that some one should suffer; and the suffering of the victim—although he might be shocked to think so, and might refuse to believe it—affords him a certain satisfaction and a certain pleasure. When the offender has been made to feel that it is no light matter to neglect the comfort of the ill-tempered man, or to prefer any other interests to his, when he or she has been made thoroughly miserable, the sulky man is appeased; he is per-

haps even penitent; his demon has been gratified, and is no longer hungry. The fact that the bad temper, with its symptoms of black looks, or harsh words, or sullen silence, was maintained until the suffering of the victim became evident, is enough to show that sulkiness is really a much worse kind of fault than people generally imagine.

The well-known fact that a man's temper very often depends on his physical state for the time being is often accepted as a complete justification for petulance or savageness of manner. A man of nervous temperament, or a person afflicted with a sluggish liver, can no more help feeling irritable or gloomy than a man with a wooden leg can help limping. He is entitled, therefore, to some degree of consideration from others on account of his natural defect; but after all, men are not entirely the slaves of their nerves or their internal organs. To feel irritation or despondency is one thing; to allow such feelings to master one and drive one whither they will, is quite a different matter. If a man has a weak heart or a tendency to gout, he generally thinks it a duty to take account of these physical infirmities, and avoid any indulgence in amusements or in food which may tend to confirm them; but few people think it worth while to attend to the state of their nerves, for the sake of sparing their families an outburst of temper. It may be as plain a duty for a man to eat a good dinner as it is for him to get through his day's work, or to vote—when he does vote—according to his conscience. If, after the agreeable remedy of dining, a man with a fairly good disposition still feels that the conduct of his friends and of the world in general is unbearable, or that he would rather continue to sulk than not, he may feel pretty certain that the blame is not entirely due to physical causes; but the probability is that he will be ready to put it on anybody or anything rather than on himself. When a man in a temper has got so far as to see that he has been unreasonable, he is in a fair way of recovery. The difficulty is to make him see

things in their true light; for a sulky temper induces a mental blindness which is quite as impervious to argument as the hottest passion. Concession is of no use—it is jealously suspected as having its root in the very proposition which is not to be borne for a moment, namely, that temper is at the bottom of the whole thing. The sulky man wants no forbearance, no sacrifices for the sake of peace; he will not be bribed back again into good humour, like a naughty child. In his heart he knows that he is unjust, morose, peevish, and childish; but his pride will not suffer him to believe it. He must therefore be approached with caution, for anything that seems to imply the truth increases the pain of the wound which his self-love has received. The injustice of an implied assertion, that the original slight was a mere trifle, naturally seems to him very great. Under these circumstances, it is a relief to the sulky man to speak his mind; and perhaps it is generally better that he should do so. Often, however, the only cure for his mental ailment is a period of solitude.

It is not an uncommon thing in this, as in more serious matters, for the world to make mistakes, and ascribe to some men better tempers, to others worse ones, than they actually possess. A man may not only be thoroughly selfish and exacting, but ready to fly into a passion at a small provocation, and yet pass for being good-tempered, simply because those around him are afraid to cross him, and give him no opportunity for breaking out. His likes and dislikes are always taken into account and considered beforehand; this is known to him, and the sacrifice is pleasing. The members of his family—for temper is chiefly a feature of family life—think that peace is cheaply bought at the price of their own inclinations; and congratulate themselves on the fact that papa or Uncle Richard is in such a good temper. The fact is that he is in an abominably bad one; he is probably quite unconscious of the fact, and unconscious, too, that in their hearts the other members of the family think him a nuisance, and breathe more freely when he is out of the house, more freely still when he is a hundred miles away.

On the other hand, a man may be so confirmed a grumbler that he may be universally voted a bore and a person of execrably bad temper, while in reality he is no worse off in that respect than many of his neighbours. He grumbles more as a matter of habit than anything else; and plays, as it were, with his temper. As a rule, he does not lose his self-control; he has nothing of that cruel love of wounding other people's feelings which is the essence of a really bad temper; he simply fumes and fusses about because he likes it. Occasionally, under a load of unusual aggravations, self-control gives way, and the grumble changes to a veritable storm; but as a rule, the croaker remains satisfied with making himself passively disagreeable. How disagreeable he is, he probably has little idea. It is his nature to find fault and look at the seamy side of things; and he has never set himself to counteract the natural bent of his mind. Yet he may be a very lovable kind

of man; his peevishness may be tiresome; but those who live with him know that it is mere habit, a habit which, from long indulgence, has come to be second nature; and they bear with him patiently, more patiently, perhaps, than he deserves. Nothing, indeed, is more surprising than the fact that not only habitually discontented people, but irritable, angry, bullying fellows may, and often do, retain the love of their fellow-creatures.

Some ill-tempered men are loved not only beyond their deserts but beyond what one might think possible. Perhaps this is because they make up for their defects by an unusual warmth of affection; but there is one description of ill-tempered man who is never liked, whether he receives a dutiful affection or not, and that is the man who always insists on having his own way. A passionate man is not always, perhaps not often, in a rage; a sulky fellow is not perpetually sulking; but an exacting man is continually irritating. There are people who quietly and perhaps good-humouredly, but with fixed determination, insist that other people's preferences shall give way to theirs; and who, if they are thwarted, make themselves infinitely disagreeable. A man of this stamp may have many good qualities; he may be respected, but he cannot be loved. Not even his nearest relations can avoid feeling a certain constraint in his presence, and a sense of relief when he is absent. The flower of love may live through many injuries; but it cannot survive in an atmosphere of perpetual frost.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.—LOVE—THIRTY.

WHEN Linnell appeared upon the Mansels' tennis-ground at half-past three that afternoon, it was in quite other garb from the careless painter suit he had worn on the hill-side in the incognito of morning. He was arrayed now in the correctest of correct gray tweeds, and the most respectable of round felt hats, in place of the brown velvetens and Rembrandt cap wherewith he had sallied forth, to the joy of all young Petherton, at early morn for his day's sketching. Yet it was difficult to say in which of the two costumes he looked handsomest—the picturesque artistic suit of the cosmopolitan painter, or the simple rough homespun country dress of the English gentleman. Linnell was tall, and very dark: his deep black eyes were large and expressive; and his rough beard and moustache, trimmed with a certain loose touch of artistic freedom, gave a decided tone of manliness and vigour to what might otherwise have seemed too purely cultivated and refined a face. As it was, nobody could look at Charles Linnell without seeing in him at a glance the best product of our English school and college training—a man first, and afterwards a gentleman.

As he crossed the lawn to where Mrs Mansel sat on a rustic chair under the shade of the big umbrella-like lime-tree, he saw that two other visitors were already before him, each of whom equally attracted at once the artist's quick

and appreciative eye. The first was indeed a noble presence—a tall and thin old man, gray-haired and gray-moustached, clad in a close-fitting light pea-jacket and slouch hat, which seemed to bring out in singular relief the full height and sparseness of his long little figure. No one could have passed that figure by unnoticed even in the crowded streets of London. The old man's face was full of vividness, fire, and innate majesty. Though close on seventy, he was young still in expression and bearing: he held his gray head proudly erect, and the light that flashed from his keen and deep-set eyes was instinct even now with youthful vigour and unquenchable energy. The high arched forehead, the projecting eyebrows, the sharp clear features, the strong and masculine chin, the delicate mouth, instinct with irony, the powerful lines scored deep on the thin cheeks and round the speaking corners of the acute gray eyes, all told alike of profound intellectual strength and subtlety. The very movements of his limbs were free and unrestrained: he stood aside two steps for Linnell to approach with something of the statuesque Greek gracefulness. The artist had no need to wait for an introduction. He felt sure instinctively it was Haviland Dumaresq, the Encyclopædic Philosopher, who stood in the flesh there visibly before him.

The other stranger, no less striking in her way, was a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, in the first flush of a delicate pink-and-white peach-like beauty. Linnell was so taken by her girlish face and graceful form that he had hardly time to bestow a passing glance upon the maturer and more maternally attractiveness of their common hostess. Even so, he was but dimly aware of a pair of soft and full round cheeks, mantled by a dainty suffused bloom, and with a temptingly rosy mouth set full beneath them, too simple as yet to be even comestical. Linnell was a shy man, and Haviland Dumaresq's presence at once overawed him. He was so much agitated by the stately courtesy—a courtesy as of the grand old courtly school—with which the great thinker had stridden aside two paces to let him pass, that he could fix his eyes steadily neither on Mrs Mansel nor on her pretty little visitor. The lawn swam in a vague haze of uncertainty around him, out of all which only the tall spare figure on the one hand, and that pair of rose-petal cheeks on the other, loomed distinctly visible through the mist of his own shyness on his perturbed and unsteady mental vision.

Happily Mansel came forward to his aid in the nick of time. 'Ida,' he said to his wife as she rose from her seat, to meet and greet the new-comer, 'this is my friend Linnell of whom you've heard me speak often.—Linnell, let me introduce you to Mr Dumaresq, whose work you know and appreciate so deeply already.—Psyche, this is a dear old Oxford friend of mine: he paints pictures, so you're sure to like him.'

Linnell bowed all round at each introduction with mechanical politeness. So many new acquaintances all at once, one of them distinguished, and two pretty, were far too much for his unstable composure. He muttered some inarticulate conventional phrase, and looked about him uncomfortably at the lawn and the garden.

Haviland Dumaresq himself was the first to break the awkward silence. 'Linnell,' he repeated, in a rich and powerful but very silvery voice: 'I hope I caught the name correctly, Linnell. Ah, yes; I thought so. One seldom catches a name right at a first introduction, because all hearing is largely inference; and here, where no context exists to guide one's guesses, inference is impossible. The world is all before one where to choose: any one name is just as likely to occur in an introduction as another.—You said Linnell, with the accent on the last, I notice, Mansel. I'm a student of names—among other things—and he looked the artist keenly in the face with a searching glance. 'I've only met the name, so accented, once before. Sir Austen Linnell was with me at Trinity—not the present man, of course—his father, the General. They're all Sir Austen Linnells in succession in the Rutland family—have been ever since the Restoration, in fact, when the first man was created a Baronet for welcoming King Charles the moment he landed.'

'Mr Linnell's name's Austen, too,' Mrs Mansel put in suavely, as she seated herself with Girtonian grace on the rustic chair.—'We happened to look you up in the Grosvenor Catalogue this morning, Mr Linnell—I couldn't recollect the name of that sweet picture of yours, The Gem of the Harem: Reggy and I admired it immensely this year on vernalising day. And there we found you set down at full length as Charles Austen Linnell, you know; and we wondered whether you mustn't be related to the Rutland people.'

'Austen with an e,' Haviland Dumaresq interposed with great gravity. 'Names of similar sound but different in spelling are almost always of distinct origin. Phonetic decay assimilates primarily unlike words. Turver, for example, is only plain turner, a man who puts wood in a ladle for chairs and tables; but Turver with an a, like the Turners of Norfolk, are really Tour Noirs, of Norman origin. There the assimilation is obviously late and obviously phonetic.' For it was a peculiarity of Haviland Dumaresq's mind, as Linnell soon learned, that he saw nothing—not even the merest small-talk—as isolated fact: every detail came to him always as a peg on which to hang some abstract generalisation. The man was pure philosopher to the core: he lived in the act of organising events by squads and battalions into orderly sequence. To Linnell himself, however, the timely diversion came very pleasantly: he hated his own personality, or his own name even, to form the subject of public discussion.

But he wasn't permitted to rejoice over the side-issues long. Mrs Mansel brought the conversation back again at a bound, with feminine instinct, to the purely personal and immediate question. 'Mr Linnell spells his Austen with an e too,' she said briskly.—'I suppose, Mr Linnell, you're a member of the same old Rutland family?'

Haviland Dumaresq turned round upon him once more with a strange display of earnest interest. Linnell hesitated. His face was crimson. 'Of the same family,' he repeated after a pause with obvious reluctance: then he added with a little, sidelong suspicious look; 'but the

younger son of a younger son only. I hardly even know my cousin, Sir Austen, the head of the house. Junior branches are seldom held of much account, of course, in an English family.'

'Primogeniture is a great injustice—to the elder sons,' Haviland Dumaresq murmured reflectively in his measured tones. 'It deprives them of all proper stimulus to action. It condemns them to a life of partridge-shooting and dinner-giving. It stunts and dwarfs their mental faculties. It robs them of all that makes life worth living. Still, it has its compensating advantages as well, in the long run, for the nation at large. By concentrating the whole fortune of able and successful families—judges, bishops, new peers, and so forth, the cream of their kind, who have risen by their own ability to the top, leaving the mere skim-milk of humanity at the bottom—on one single rich and useless representative, the scapegoat, as it were, of the family opulence, it turns the younger sons adrift upon the world, with their inherited intellect for their sole provision, and so urges them on to exceptional effort, in order to keep up their position in society, and realise their natural expectations and the hopes of their upbringing. I'm not sure that it isn't a good thing, after all, for an aristocratic community that a certain number of its ablest members should be left to shift for themselves by their own wits, and after having been brought up in comfort and luxury with a good education, should be forced at last to earn their own living in the hard struggle for life which is the rule of nature.'

'But all younger sons are not poor,' the girl they called Psyche put in blashingly.

Linnell turned to her with a quick keen glance. 'Not quite all, perhaps,' he said with a decisive accent; 'but so large a proportion of the total sum, that you may almost take it for granted about any of them whenever you meet one.'

His interposition turned the current of the conversation. They sat for a few minutes talking trivialities about the beauty of the place and Linnell's first impressions of Petherton Episcopi: then Mansel said, turning to the philosopher: 'Where do you think I picked up my friend this morning, Mr Dumaresq? He was at work on the slope yonder, sketching your cottage.'

'It's a pretty cottage,' Dumaresq answered with a slight inclination of his leonine head. 'So bright and fluffy. The prettiest place I've ever seen. I've always admired my own cottage.'

'Oh papa,' Psyche broke in, red-faced, incidentally settling for Linnell off-hand the hitherto moot-question of her personal identity, 'it's so very tiny.'

'For you, my child, yes,' the father answered tenderly. 'But for me, no. It exactly fits me. My niche in nature is a very humble one. In all those matters I'm a perfect Stoic of the old school. I ask no more from fate or fortune than the chances the Cosmos spontaneously bestows upon me.'

'It makes a very pretty sketch,' Linnell interposed gently, in his diffident way. 'Will you allow an old admirer of the Encyclopædic Philosophy—perhaps one of your earliest and most devoted adherents—to present it to you as

a memento—a disciple's fee, so to speak—when finished?'

Dumaresq looked him back in the face with an undecided air. He drummed his fingers dubitatively on his knee for a minute. Then, 'You are a professional artist?' he asked slowly.

'A professional artist? Well, yes, of course; I sell my pictures—whenever I can; and as far as I'm able, I try to live upon them.'

'Then I must buy the sketch,' Dumaresq answered with a quiet and stately decision in his manner. 'If you'd been an amateur, now, I would gladly have accepted it from you; but I, too, am a workman, and I have my principles. In art, as in literature, science, and thought, the labourer, we remember, is worthy of his hire. I should like to have a fitting presentment of our little home. It would be nice for Psyche to possess it hereafter.'

The calm dignity and precision of his tone took Linnell fairly by surprise. The man couldn't have spoken with more majestic carelessness if he had been the lordly owner of five thousand acres commissioning a Leighton or an Alma Tadema. Yet Linnell had only to look at his own studiously simple threadbare dress and the neat quietness of his daughter's little print to see that five pounds was a large matter to him. The picture when completed would be worth full fifty.

'We won't quarrel about that,' the artist said lustily, with a little deprecatory wave of his white hand. 'I'll show you the sketch as soon as it's finished, and then we may perhaps effect an equitable exchange for it. Or at least,' and he glanced shyly on one side towards Psyche, 'I may possibly be permitted to offer it by-and-by for Miss Dumaresq's acceptance.'

The old man was just about to answer a hurried refusal, when Mansel intervened with a pacificatory remark. 'Linnell was telling me this morning,' he said, dragging it in by all-fours, 'how greatly he admired and respected your philosophic system. He has all your doctrines at his fingers' ends; and he was quite surprised to find an ungrateful world didn't crowd to Petherton in its millions, by excursion train, to pay you the tribute of its respect and consideration. He means to have some royal confabs with you on Dumaresquian subjects whenever you can spare him an hour or two of your valuable leisure.'

'Papa sees so few people here who care at all for the questions he's interested in,' Psyche said, looking up, 'that he's always delighted and pleased when he really lights upon a philosophic visitor and gets a chance of exchanging serious opinions.'

The old man's face flushed like a child's with ingenuous pleasure; appreciation came so late to him, and came so rarely, that it went to his heart with pathetic keenness; but he gave no sign of his emotion by spoken words. He merely answered, in the same sonorous silvery voice as before: 'Philosophy has necessarily a restricted audience. Intelligence being the special property of the few, the deeper and wider and more important a study, the narrower must needs be the circle of its possible students.'

Mrs Mansel tapped her parol impatiently. Girton-bred as she was, she yet believed by long

experience it was possible to have too much of poor dear old Dumaresq. 'Psyche, my child,' she said, yawning under cover of her Japanese fan, 'shall we go on now and have our game of tennis?'

They fell into their places in the court as if by accident, Psyche and the new-come artist on one side, Mansel and his wife opposite them on the other. Dumaresq sat by observant and watched the play; it always interested him to look on at tennis; the run of the balls is so admirably pregnant with suggestive ideas for sibilant motions!

As for Psyche, she never before had enjoyed a game with any one so much. Linnell was so handsome, and played so admirably. In the excitement of the game, he had quite forgotten his lameness now, and remembered only the quick sight and nimble movement of his desert experiences. No man in England could play tennis better, indeed, when he managed to drop out of mind his infirmities; and that afternoon he was happily able to drop them altogether. He remembered only that Psyche was beautiful, and that to play with Haviland Dumaresq's daughter was something very different indeed from playing with the common nameless herd of squirrel femininity on the lawn of the vicarage in some country village.

For to Linnell, Haviland Dumaresq's was so great a name as to throw some reflected halo even around Psyche.

As father and daughter walked home alone, after five o'clock tea, in the cool of the evening, to their tiny cottage—the old man tall, erect, and grim; Psyche, one rosebud blush from chin to forehead—Haviland Dumaresq stopped for a second at the turn of the road, and gazing at his daughter with a lingering affection, said abruptly: 'I felt I must buy it. I was obliged to buy it. I couldn't take it from the man for nothing, of course. Whatever it costs, I shall have to pay for it.'

'How much is it worth, do you think, papa?' Psyche asked, half trembling.

'I know so little about this sort of thing,' the old philosopher answered gravely; 'but I shouldn't be in the least surprised to learn he wanted as much as ten pounds for it.'

'Ten pounds is an awful lot of money,' Psyche cried, affrighted.

'Ten pounds is a very large sum indeed,' her father echoed, repeating the phrase in his own dialect. 'Too large a sum for any one to waste upon a piece of paper with the image or simulacrum of a common dwelling-house scrawled in colour upon it. But there was no help for it; I had to do it. Otherwise, the man might have pressed the thing upon me as a mere present. And a present's an obligation I never can accept. We can save the necessary amount, perhaps, by giving up all needless luxuries for breakfast, and taking only tea and bread without butter.'

'Oh papa, Psyche murmured aghast.

'Not you, my child, not you!' the father answered hurriedly. 'I never meant you, my darling—but myself and Maria. I think the existing culinary utensil calls herself Maria.'

'But my dear, dear father!—'

'Not a word, my child. Don't try to interfere with me. I know what's best for us, and I do

it unhesitatingly. I must go through the world on my own orbit. The slightest attempt to turn a planet from its regular course recoils destructively upon the head of the aggressive body that crosses its cycle. I'm a planetary orb, obeying fixed laws: I move in my circuit undeterred and unswerving.'

They walked along a few yards farther in silence. Then Haviland Dumaresq spoke again. 'He belongs to a very good family, that painting young man,' he said with a jerk of his head towards the Mansels. 'The Linnells of Rutland are distinguished people. But he's a younger son, and worth nothing. A younger son, and got no money.—Lives on his pictures.—Worth nothing.'

'Papa!' Psyche cried, in a ferment of astonishment, unable to suppress her surprise and wonder. 'What a funny thing for you to say—you, of all men, who care nothing at all for money or position. He's very clever, I think, and very handsome, and I know he's read the Encyclopædic Philosophy!'

Dumaresq held his proud gray head prouder and higher still against the evening sky. 'I mean,' he said evasively, 'the young man's poor. An artist who hardly lives on his art. All the more reason, then (if it comes to that), to pay for his picture. His time's his money.'

But Psyche herself vaguely knew in her own heart that that was nothing more than an excuse and an after-thought. She knew what her father really meant. She knew and wondered. For never before in all her life had Psyche Dumaresq heard that austere philosopher reckon up any man by his fortune or his family. And why should he make so unfavourable an exception against so pleasant a person as this new young painter?

She didn't understand the simple and well-known human principle that no man is a philosopher when he has daughters to marry.

UNCLAIMED STOCKS, DIVIDENDS, AND BANK DEPOSITS.

By S. H. PRATER.

JUST one hundred years ago, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Pitt, being very anxious to replenish the Treasury, with the smallest possible friction to the long-suffering taxpayers, conceived the happy idea of utilising the accumulated unclaimed dividends on Government Stocks, then in the coffers of the Bank of England. Accordingly, a Return was prepared, from which it appeared that these unclaimed dividends had grown thus: In 1727 they amounted to only £43,000; in 1774, to £292,000; and in 1789, to £347,000. Mr Pitt proposed that £500,000 of these accumulations should be paid into the national Exchequer, and the Consolidated Fund made liable to recoup on claimants making good their title. The proposal was stoutly opposed by Mr Burke and Mr Fox, as well as by the directors of the Bank of England; but Mr Pitt carried it by a large majority.

The result of the discussions in parliament and in the press proved highly beneficial to many persons who, up to that time, were ignorant of the fact that stockholders or their representatives

could easily recover these long-forgotten funds. Innumerable claimants appeared, and instead of the Bank being able to advance to the Government £500,000, the actual sum handed over was only £376,739, 0s. 9d.

In 1791, the first official list of unclaimed dividends on Government Stocks was published, containing 'the names and descriptions of the proprietors of unclaimed dividends in the Public Funds, which became due before December 31, 1780, and remained unpaid on December 31, 1790, with the dates when the last dividends became payable, and the number of dividends due.' The list filled two hundred pages, and the information given proved invaluable to the public. Supplements were published annually for many years afterwards, but some fifty years since they were discontinued. These unclaimed dividends may therefore now fairly be classed as 'hidden moneys.'

Two hundred years ago, the national debt amounted to only £664,263, with an annual charge of £39,835. At the commencement of the American War it had risen to 130 million, and at its conclusion to 250 million. The great Revolutionary War cost the country the stupendous sum of 600 million; and in 1817 the national debt reached its highest point—namely, 840 million. During Her Majesty's reign it has been largely reduced, and now stands at about 700 million, with an annual charge of 26 million.

Owing to the enormous increase in the national debt, the unclaimed dividends mounted up rapidly, and in 1808 stood at £1,047,891. In this year a further sum of half a million was advanced thereon to the Government, without protest on the part of the Bank of England. In 1815 the unclaimed dividends had risen to £1,297,742.

The number of stockholders is now nearly 250,000, and, according to Mr E. W. Hamilton's highly-interesting pamphlet on Mr Goschen's wonderful Conversion and Redemption scheme, unclaimed funds are credited to no fewer than 10,900 accounts, which include more than forty holdings of over £10,000 each. The holding of one individual alone in Consols and Reduced Threes amounts to no less a sum than £187,593. The unclaimed redemption money amounts to £7,849,775, 9s. 7d.; unclaimed Stocks, &c., in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners on October 1, 1889, £576,365, 18s. 6d.; total amount of redeemed stocks compulsorily converted by Treasury warrants, £8,436,141, 8s. 1d.

It appears that out of 68,800 letters posted by the Bank of England authorities, notifying the conversion of stock, no fewer than 12,700 were returned through the Dead Letter Office, owing to change of address, and the Bank learned for the first time that hundreds of stockholders were dead and their representatives unknown.

It may here be convenient to state the mode in which unclaimed dividends on Government Stocks are ordinarily dealt with. After ten years' non-claim, the dividends are transferred to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt till claimants appear. On a claimant appearing, but not till then, the Bank of England advertise for further claimants, giving (1) the amount and denomination of the stock;

(2) the date of the transfer to the National Debt Commissioners; (3) the name, address, and description of the claimant; and (4) the name, address, and description of the person who originally held the stock, with an intimation that unless a better claim is made within three months, the stock and dividends will be re-transferred. The above particulars would be infinitely more valuable to many persons interested if published at the date of the transfer to the National Debt Commissioners, and afterwards as a schedule to the annual parliamentary Return on the subject, which at present gives very little information, as will be seen by the following extracts: On April 4, 1889, the dividends 'due and not demanded' amounted to £550,548, 2s.; on July 4, £419,959, 14s. 6d.; on October 4, £439,511, 17s. 3d.; and on January 4, 1890, £409,207, 11s. 4d.—the greater portion whereof being advanced to the Government.

It is curious to contrast this Return with a similar one issued ten years ago. The figures were then as follows: On April 4, 1879, the dividends 'due and not demanded' amounted to £923,822, 2s. 1d.; on July 4, £836,367, 17s.; on October 4, £868,435, 18s. 6d.; and on January 3, 1880, £856,010, 17s. 8d. It would therefore seem that the unclaimed dividends are lessening much more quickly than the national debt.

It is worth noting here, as an exemplification of the value of small things, that it is not customary to pay fractions of a penny on dividends on Government Stocks, and that some few years since these accumulated fractions amounted to £143,000! This nice little nest-egg was handed over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Bank of England is also custodian of a large number of boxes deposited by customers for safety during the past two hundred years, and in not a few instances forgotten. Many of these consignments are not only of rare intrinsic and historical value, but of great romantic interest. For instance, some years ago the servants of the Bank discovered in its vaults a chest, which on being moved literally fell to pieces. On examining the contents, a quantity of massive plate of the period of Charles II. was discovered, along with a bundle of love-letters indited during the period of the Restoration. The directors of the Bank caused search to be made in their books; the representative of the original depositor of the box was discovered, and the plate and love-letters handed over.

No complete list of these unclaimed boxes has ever been published; consequently, one often sees advertisements seeking clues to such deposits. The following are examples: 'Information required as to the whereabouts of a quantity of diamonds, jewellery, and plate belonging to the late Madame Marie —, who died at St Paucras, after a residence of fifty years in London. Apply to —, solicitors.'—'Bankers, brokers, solicitors, and others having any bonds, moneys, or other property of Sarah Ann —, deceased, of Great Marlow, Bucks, are requested to communicate with Mr —, solicitor.'

If all the boxes lying unclaimed for ten years or longer in the cellars of the Banks of England and Ireland, at Coutts', Drummonds', Child's, and other well-known bankers, were unearthed and their contents examined, wonderful treasures,

in the shape of plate, jewellery, and other valuables might be handed over to the representatives of the original depositors. Many missing title-deeds, wills, and other valuable documents might also be restored to their rightful owners.

The following extract from an advertisement issued in 1881, by order of the Court of Chancery, Ireland, with a view to discover the real owners of the following valuables deposited in a bank in Dublin, gives a fair idea of the valuable nature of unclaimed bank deposits:

'No. 1. Box containing a number of silver articles, coins, medals, and seals, and having on it a crest and the name "P. S. Cooper".—No. 2. Box containing a number of silver articles, of which several are crested with a coat of arms, supposed to be those of Viscount Netterville.—No. 3. Box containing thirty-nine articles of plate, some of them bearing a coronet.—No. 4. Box containing diamonds and articles of jewellery, lodged by Dr Andrew Blake and George Jennings on December 22, 1795.'

Sometimes it happens that deposits are made, and, strange as it may appear, totally forgotten by the owners. A remarkable case of this description came before the late Vice-Chancellor Malins, in which it appeared that a lady died at Marseilles at the great age of ninety-eight, who, although entitled to £36,000 in the Funds, and to more than £20,000 accumulated dividends, was constantly borrowing money from her relatives; from which it may be inferred that this large deposit had escaped the lady's memory.

It is not undeserving of notice that in a schedule to the annual parliamentary Return issued by the Supreme Court of Judicature (England), is given a list of unclaimed boxes and other miscellaneous effects deposited in the Bank of England, belonging to suitors or their representatives. The following are the more curious items: A bag of clipped money, in *Jones v. Lloyd*, August 1726; a box containing small articles of jewellery; a sealed envelope containing a promissory note for £400 in favour of John Spilman; a paper marked 'George Colman, Will,' a debenture dated 1799; *Bouverie v. Jacques*, plate, &c.; *Salm Kyrburg v. Pomansky*, said to contain bills of exchange for 25,000 francs; *E. A. Williams*, deceased, plate, jewellery, and presentation plate; *Lousada's* estate, diamond brooch bequeathed to wife of G. A. Lousada; *Joshua Blackburn*, a person of unsound mind, plate and jewellery (six wooden and four tin boxes); *Wade Gary v. Handley*, heirlooms (two boxes).

The suitors' moneys have proved of great value for national debt purposes; for instance, in 1881, Mr Gladstone borrowed no less than forty million of these funds. Moreover, the surplus interest has been treated as a banker's profit, and one million, part thereof, applied towards the erection of the Royal Courts of Justice. Other portions of the unclaimed moneys in Chancery have been devoted, pursuant to Act of Parliament, in part payment of the salaries of the judges and other officials. It is also on record that the Four Courts, Dublin, were raised from dormant Irish funds in Chancery; and the Register House, Edinburgh, was mainly built from money arising from 'forfeited estates.'

The surplus assets and unclaimed dividends in

bankruptcy have been similarly applied towards the payment of, and office accommodation for, the officials—doubtless, a meritorious object; but creditors or their representatives would have liked to have had a chance of sharing in these 'windfalls.' Many of them would certainly have been the richer had their names, addresses, and descriptions, with the amounts awaiting distribution, been published in the newspapers. Small sums of five pounds or under, of which there were doubtless many thousands, would have amply repaid the cost of advertising.

In the session of 1886, a Bill, styled 'Unclaimed Deposits,' was introduced into the House of Commons by private members, its object being to compel companies having unclaimed funds awaiting distribution to keep a register of such unclaimed moneys, such register to be accessible to the public at all reasonable times on payment of a small fee. The second reading of this measure was carried by one hundred and seven votes to eighty-eight; but unfortunately the Bill failed to become law. That some such measure is much needed is abundantly proved by the balance-sheets of the leading railway, assurance, gas, water, dock, and canal companies, which all contain a heavy item under the head of 'Unclaimed Dividends.'

Public attention has recently been called to the subject of unclaimed bank deposits in Scotland, by the provosts, magistrates, and town councils of certain burghs in Scotland presenting petitions to parliament urging 'the important necessity of bringing forward a measure to compel all chartered and incorporated banks in Scotland to publish the name, description, and address of every person who may have lodged moneys or securities which have not been operated upon for fourteen years. Some such arrangement would be agreeable to the spirit of the 'Presumption of Life Limitation (Scotland) Act' of 1881, which assumes Scotsmen not heard of for seven years or upwards to be dead, and their next of kin may institute proceedings to 'uplift, possess, and enjoy' their estates or property. The Act has given rise to many successful claims by persons desirous of possessing themselves of estates of relatives long lost sight of.

In the session of 1888 a Bill was introduced by the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-general for Scotland, by which it was proposed to give further facilities to the heirs of missing Scotsmen to 'uplift' their estates, with a proviso that if within fourteen years the missing owners should reappear, they should be entitled to demand and receive back their property. 'Missing heirs' have turned up unexpectedly after a considerably longer period than fourteen years' sojourn abroad, and they would certainly have a moral claim to their property, no matter if half a century should have passed since the runaway disappeared.

The unclaimed deposits in Scotch banks are supposed to be very large, and it is to be hoped that parliament may accede to the petitions for publicity. The three oldest banks in Scotland were established in 1695, 1727, and 1746 respectively.

The need for the publicity sought for by Scotsmen is strikingly illustrated by the case

of the City of Glasgow Bank, wound up some years since. At the time of the failure it had liabilities amounting to £14,000,000, with very small assets. Calls of £500 and £2250 on each holder of £100 stock were made. These calls realised £13,063,147. Interest to the amount of £260,000, which might have been claimed by the creditors, appears to have been waived, and no claims had been made in respect of £54,143, when the liquidators obtained a special Act of Parliament, transferring to an 'Assets Company' the remaining debts and liabilities.

Another remarkable case was that of the Western Bank of Scotland, which stopped payment in 1857, with liabilities amounting to nearly nine millions; and after the lapse of twenty years, the fund, in the shape of unclaimed dividends, &c., remaining to be dealt with was £10,368. In the liquidators' balance sheet it is curious to note the alarming difference between nominal and estimated assets, thus—credits and overdrawn accounts, set down in the company's books at £2,800,000, or thereabouts, are estimated to realise the insignificant sum of £439, 15s. 3d. The bank was finally wound up by an Act of Parliament passed in 1876.

Occasionally, but very rarely, persons interested in unclaimed dividends of banking companies are advertised for. The latest example is that of the Commercial Bank of London, calling on certain shareholders or their representatives to claim dividends on shares declared before the year 1860. The amount unclaimed is not stated, but it was recently mentioned in the House of Commons to be £13,000.

In the session of 1885 an Act of Parliament, styled East India (Unclaimed Stock) Act, was passed, applying the provisions of the National Debt Act, 1870, to unclaimed dividends on unclaimed Stocks, &c., of the Government of India.

At the Colonial Conference in 1887, it was stated that the unclaimed dividends on Colonial Stocks amounted to upwards of £150,000; and it was proposed that similar provisions to those contained in the East India Unclaimed Stock Act should be applied to the Stock of colonial governments.

Successive Chancellors of the Exchequer having for about a century utilised various unclaimed funds in the manner before indicated, it seems a convenient moment for suggesting the introduction of a comprehensive Bill, dealing with all unclaimed funds in the following manner—

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Should such a measure receive the royal assent, no one could reasonably complain; many families would be the richer; valuables lying

buried in bank cellars would be utilised, and the State would come in for so enormous a 'wind-fall' that the national debt would be appreciably reduced.

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

CHAPTER II.

THE half-breed evidently profited by Brock's sharp language, for he certainly lost no time in reappearing, hanging on to the rear of a sorry-looking vehicle that might have been painted black or crimson for all that could be seen beneath a thick coating of mud. This lack of style in the carriage was more than atoned for by the exquisite pair of small but graceful Canadian horses, whose shaggy coats and long tails showed that they were better fed than groomed. Brock's eyes were all for the horses; but for Rockingham, the horses possessed very little attraction as compared with their fair driver.

Seated upon the front seat of the rig, clad in the richest of rich furs—none too fashionably cut and fitted, however—was a girl of perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four years. Her physique was simply perfect, and her face was aglow with the flush of good health. She did not strike Rockingham—she never would have struck anybody—as being particularly intellectual, although she was plainly no dunce. She looked what she was, a Canadian Diana, whose well-rounded arm concealed muscles of iron that could check a fiery team or strike a man to the ground at will; on utter stranger to alarm, and a woman whom no Indian, and scarce a white man, dared contradict, for fear of what might follow the flashing eye and the stamping foot.

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'That's so,' quietly responded Brock, whose anger towards Madge had vanished now that he had the reins of his pet team in his own hands. 'Colonel, this is Madge Latimer—knows more about horses and Indians than any other woman on the north shore.—Madge, my friend the Colonel.'

"The Colonel?" Colonel who?"

"Darned if I can remember, Madge.—Whoa, there!—Get acquainted with him and find out. All ready?"

"Eli!" shouted Dugald McDougall as the party for Gravenhurst started off; "mind, noo, and tell the folks at the mines to send the bairns to school next week. Monday, at nine o'clock. Dinna forget."

Bad as were the roads leading from Kincardine to the mines, the ponies did not occupy many minutes in traversing the two miles between McDougall's emporium and Eli Brock's headquarters. Nor, few as the moments were, did Madge Latimer fail to make the most of the opportunity thus afforded to improve her acquaintance with Rockingham. She did not go about it by asking him his name; she was not particularly curious on that point. If "the Colonel" was sufficient for Brock, it was good enough for her; and she had fully made up her mind that Rockingham was one of the directors of the mines, whom Brock had brought to Gravenhurst to consult upon some prospective improvement or extension.

Two or three matters became in a twinkling plainly apparent to the girl. She believed she saw that Brock, although tacitly accepted by herself and the community as her affianced husband, cared no more—if as much—for her than he did for his horses. On the other hand, she felt, more than she had ever felt before, that it was quite useless for her to attempt to quench her own passion for the starchy and muscular foreman of the Gravenhurst Copper Mining Company. Woman-like, she knew of but one sure method by which to arouse some fire and enthusiasm in the heart of her lukewarm fiancé, and the means for forthwith adopting that method she recognised in the man seated beside her. It mattered little to her what the name of the new arrival might be—indeed, he might be nameless, for all Madge cared. What she did remark with much satisfaction was the very patent fact that Rockingham was "a gentleman born and bred;" and this meant a great deal to Madge Latimer just now.

Within a day's march of Gravenhurst there was not a man or boy, from the half-breed trappers up to Dugald McDougall, J.P., who might not pay every possible attention to the girl without awakening the feeblest spark of jealousy in the foreman. The reason for this was because Brock knew perfectly well that, both physically and intellectually, he stood head and shoulders above all the men in the vicinity—not even excepting the Justice, who was a married man anyhow, and did not count. But this man—possibly rich, and doubtless college-bred—was altogether different, and might be developed into a serious competitor for Eli Brock's interest in the handsomest woman on the north shore. So thought Madge, and at once arranged her cards to play them accordingly.

You see, Miss Madge Latimer, although but the untutored child of an uncultured miner, brought up far from the refining influences of the best of her sex, and living amid the wild surroundings of the thinly and roughly populated North-west, was a woman; and a woman upon the bleak and barren shores of Lake Superior is

in many respects similar to the women of the old civilisations of Great Britain and other favoured countries. Being a persevering young woman, and in the habit of usually carrying her point, Madge made great headway during the ten minutes' drive behind Eli Brock and his team of fast steppers. By the time she was gallantly assisted from the buggy by Rockingham, she had not only succeeded in starting just the tiniest flame of jealousy in Brock, but had much more than interested Brock's guest in herself. For during that same ten minutes Rockingham, the enthusiast and ascetic, had never said a word to Madge of his several calling her of his purpose in visiting Gravenhurst. To tell the truth, those matters never once entered his head, and he did not pause to consider whether he was in the Dominion of Canada or upon the plains of Utopia.

Digby Rockingham became suddenly aware that he was—as Brother Chaddband would have remarked—a "human man" as well as a missionary priest, and deep down in his heart he was obliged to confess that he was fascinated with the rare beauty of Madge Latimer. But after she had left him, he soothed himself with the unspoken excuse that it was merely a passing intoxication, and that he would soon forget the girl in his future work.

The Rev. Digby Rockingham found in Gravenhurst nothing that was artistic, and very little that was picturesque. What he did find was a pioneer mining village, consisting of a score or two of shanties, there were little more than luts, scattered along the south side of a ridge of dwarfed hills. These cabins were the residences of the miners who were so unfortunate as to be the possessors of wives and families; the unmarried men making it a point to migrate to fairer scenes during the severe months of the northern winter.

Adjoining the engine-house, near the principal shaft leading to the mines, was a building known as "The Office." The lower part of this rather extensive structure was devoted to the office proper and the storeroom; the upper part, divided into several rooms, formed the dwelling of Amos Latimer. These roomy quarters Latimer tenanted free of rent, except that, by way of consideration, he took the foreman into his family as a boarder, for which accommodation he was, however, liberally paid.

Rockingham's inquiries elicited the information that the normal population of Gravenhurst was about seventy souls all told; and that the territory tributary to McDougall's store and the Kincardine post-office numbered about three hundred people—exclusive of Indians—scattered over a considerable area. The young clergyman learned from no less an authority than the J.P. himself that these people were entirely without religious advantages; and from personal observation he could note the amazing ignorance of the majority. So, after much earnest deliberation, Digby Rockingham resolved to select in Kincardine a site for his church; and further resolved, if possible, to fill that church with a congregation to be gathered from the heterogeneous populace within riding distance. If he could not, like John Wesley, assert that the world was his parish, he at least

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"Derned if I can remember, Madge.—Who, there!—Get acquainted with him and find out. All ready?"

"Eli!" shouted Dugald M'Donnell as the party for Gravenhurst started off; 'mind, noo, and tell the folks at the mines to send the bairns to school next week. Monday, at nine o'clock. Dinna forget.'

Bad as were the roads leading from Kincardine to the mines, the ponies did not occupy many minutes in traversing the two miles between M'Donnell's emporium and Eli Brock's headquarters. Nor, few as the moments were, did Madge Latimer fail to make the most of the opportunity thus afforded to improve her acquaintance with Rockingham. She did not go about it by asking him his name; she was not particularly curious on that point. If 'the Colonel' was sufficient for Brock, it was good enough for her; and she had fully made up her mind that Rockingham was one of the directors of the mines, whom Brock had brought to Gravenhurst to consult upon some prospective improvement or extension.

Two or three matters became in a twinkling plainly apparent to the girl. She believed she saw that Brock, although tacitly accepted by herself and the community as her affianced husband, cared no more—if as much—for her than he did for his horses. On the other hand, she felt, more than she had ever felt before, that it was quite useless for her to attempt to quench her own passion for the starchy and muscular foreman of the Gravenhurst Copper Mining Company. Woman-like, she knew of but one sure method by which to arouse some fire and enthusiasm in the heart of her lukewarm fiancé, and the means for forthwith adopting that method she recognised in the man seated beside her. It mattered little to her what the name of the new arrival might be—indeed, he might be nameless, for all Madge cared. What she did remark with much satisfaction was the very potent fact that Rockingham was 'a gentleman born and bred,' and this meant a great deal to Madge Latimer just now.

Within a day's march of Gravenhurst there was not a man or boy, from the half-breed trappers up to Dugald M'Donnell, J.P., who might not pay every possible attention to the girl without awakening the feeblest spark of jealousy in the foreman. The reason for this was because Brock knew perfectly well that, both physically and intellectually, he stood head and shoulders above all the men in the vicinity—not even excepting the Justice, who was a married man anyhow, and did not count. But this man—possibly rich, and doubtless college-bred—was altogether different, and might be developed into a serious competitor for Eli Brock's interest in the handsomest woman on the north shore. So thought Madge, and at once arranged her cards to play them accordingly.

You see, Miss Madge Latimer, although but the untutored child of an uneducated miner, brought up far from the refining influences of the best of her sex, and living amid the wild surroundings of the thinly and roughly populated North-west, was a woman; and a woman upon the bleak and barren shores of Lake Superior is

in many respects similar to the women of the old civilisations of Great Britain and other favoured countries. Being a persevering young woman, and in the habit of usually carrying her point, Madge made great headway during the ten minutes' drive behind Eli Brock and his team of fast steppers. By the time she was gallantly assisted from the buggy by Rockingham, she had not only succeeded in starting just the tiniest flame of jealousy in Brock, but had much more than interested Brock's guest in herself. For during that same ten minutes Rockingham, the enthusiast and ascetic, had never said a word to Madge of his sacred calling nor of his purpose in visiting Gravenhurst. To tell the truth, those matters never once entered his head, and he did not pause to consider whether he was in the Dominion of Canada or upon the plains of Utopia.

Digby Rockingham became suddenly aware that he was—as Brother Chadband would have remarked—a 'human man' as well as a missionary priest, and deep down in his heart he was obliged to confess that he was fascinated with the rare beauty of Madge Latimer. But after she had left him, he soothed himself with the unspoken excuse that it was merely a passing intoxication, and that he would soon forget the girl in his future work.

The Rev. Digby Rockingham found in Gravenhurst nothing that was artistic, and very little that was picturesque. What he did find was a pioneer mining village, consisting of a score or two of shanties, that were little more than huts, scattered along the south side of a ridge of dwarfed hills. These cabins were the residences of the miners who were so unfortunate as to be the possessors of wives and families; the unmarried men making it a point to migrate to fairer scenes during the severe months of the northern winter.

Adjoining the engine-house, near the principal shaft leading to the mines, was a building known as 'The Office.' The lower part of this rather extensive structure was devoted to the office proper and the storeroom; the upper part, divided into several rooms, formed the dwelling of Amos Latimer. These roomy quarters Latimer tenanted free of rent, except that, by way of consideration, he took the foreman into his family as a boarder, for which accommodation he was, however, liberally paid.

Rockingham's inquiries elicited the information that the normal population of Gravenhurst was about seventy souls all told; and that the territory tributary to M'Donnell's store and the Kincardine post-office numbered about three hundred people—exclusive of Indians—scattered over a considerable area. The young clergyman learned from no less an authority than the J.P. himself that these people were entirely without religious advantages; and from personal observation he could note the amazing ignorance of the majority. So, after much earnest deliberation, Digby Rockingham resolved to select in Kincardine a site for his church; and further resolved, if possible, to fill that church with a congregation to be gathered from the heterogeneous populace within riding distance. If he could not, like John Wesley, assert that the world was his parish, he at least

mapped out for himself a parish that would in acreage furnish a 'circuit' which few of Wesley's followers of to-day would care to 'travel.'

Kincardine was not Rockingham's first choice, for although that settlement was 'politically' the 'capital' of the district, its population was not nearly so dense as that of Gravenhurst. But when Rockingham proposed to erect in Gravenhurst a mission church, his proposition was strenuously opposed by the foreman and M'Dougall. Brock averred that the miners, who were constitutionally opposed to religion in any guise, would be very apt for 'pure cussedness' to demolish a church on almost any pay-day; which was true enough, although the real reason of Brock's opposition was his desire to have the young clergyman as far removed as possible from Madge Latimer. He liked 'the Colonel' well enough; but he already viewed with some suspicion Rockingham's increasing interest in the girl.

As for the Justice, he wanted the church at Kincardine that it might add to the importance of the 'cross-roads.' 'Ye ken,' he said to Rockingham, 'I'm no Episcopalian, as is weel known. If ye'd been a Presbyterian, noo, it wad have pleased me better; but a kirk is a kirk, and I doubtna she'll lend dignity to the village. So, if ye'll locate near me, there'll be a guid piece o' land at your disposal; and, if ye'll permit, sir, Dugald M'Dougall will donate the steeple. Let yon Gravenhurst ne'er-do-weels come to Kincardine when they want food for the soul, as they do when they need food for their carcasses!'

All through that winter Digby Rockingham preached each Sabbath in the 'parlour' of M'Dougall's hotel, and during the intervening days visited every settler he could reach, without regard to race, colour, creed, age, or sex. But he met with much opposition and little encouragement. M'Dougall, who was probably the only man in the neighbourhood who knew anything about 'High Church,' gave it as his private opinion that 'the Colonel' was too 'sacerdotal' to accomplish much good in the North-west; and as a matter of fact the people did fight shy of the earnest young Oxford scholar. And yet they respected him. It was so apparent that he was thoroughly in earnest in his endeavours to do good that, not even when whisky got the better of the miners, did they once insult 'the Colonel,' as they persisted in styling Rockingham. They thanked him for his invitations, but that was all. For when, late in the spring, the little mission church was opened for public worship, not one of them so much as attended the opening service. The mission church of St Athanasius was a Lilliputian 'frame' structure, with little on the exterior—except the pigmy steeple presented by the Justice—to render it noticeable. But inside, all that good taste in ecclesiastical architecture and æsthetic art could do to beautify it was there, and the Dean of the most beautiful and complete English minster would have found in Rockingham's mission church all that was necessary to carry on the services of the church, and to celebrate with befitting grace and dignity all her most solemn sacraments.

But when, on a bleak and drizzly Sunday in May, the one bell in the little steeple ceased

ringing, and Rockingham, clad in full canonicals, Prayer-book in hand, walked from his vestry-room to the reading-desk, four adults and half-a-dozen children formed the entire congregation. The Justice was there; Madge Latimer, drawn by feminine curiosity as well as by an especially warm invitation from Rockingham, had persuaded Brock to escort her; while the fourth person old enough to listen to a sermon was the young woman who had been the clergyman's fellow-passenger in the stage from Port Arthur. Rockingham was a brave fellow, and had grown pretty well inured to disappointment, but he could have wept as his eyes rested upon the scant gathering, and his heart was heavy when, later on, but one communicant knelt at the altar railing. This—the only person in the whole of Rockingham's extensive parish who entered with anything like zest into his work—was the traveller who had declined Brock's friendly overtures on the rough ride from Port Arthur to Kincardine. Her name was Martha Seagrave, and she was a certified teacher, who had been sent by the Provincial government—at M'Dougall's earnest solicitation—to open and conduct an elementary district school. She ably seconded Rockingham's every effort in behalf of the church, and was a veritable parish helper. She was both organist and choir, and upon too frequent occasions she was also the congregation. She loved the church and the work of the church. She also loved—Digby Rockingham.

Martha Seagrave was not beautiful; her best friends would never have averred it, or even thought it. But she was good, and she was clever. Rockingham did not think the girl either lovely or lovable. He admired her sweet soprano voice, and he appreciated her assistance rendered in so many ways; but that was all. For only in the handsome but wild and irresponsible Madge could Digby Rockingham see aught that was more than he could perceive in all the other women of his acquaintance.

As for Madge Latimer, she remained as passionately enamoured of Eli Brock as such a girl could ever be, although, as time passed, she discovered that the foreman paid her less attention than ever. The reason she could not understand, and really there was no reason. Brock was in no hurry, as he told himself—and Madge too—to tie himself up. He read Madge's heart fairly well, and felt tolerably sure that he had only to speak the word to claim the belle of Gravenhurst for his wife. But Madge did not feel at all flattered by Brock's treatment of her, and was determined upon a little revenge, costly as she knew that revenge might prove.

For several Sundays immediately following the opening of the church, Madge Latimer attended very regularly the Sunday morning services, and professed to take some interest in the various plans devised by Rockingham for bettering the people from a religious standpoint. Rockingham noticed the girl's frequent presence at church with much real pleasure. Brock also noticed the same fact, but without any pleasure whatever. And yet the foreman had no serious suspicions. So long as the 'foolin' around' was all on the girl's side, he did not care very much, although he was vexed to think he had brought to the settlement a man who could arouse

false pride, vanity, and chagrin in Madge, to the extent that Rockingham had done. Brock felt confident that the clergyman had no place in his heart or mind for women of any kind or degree; and besides, he felt sure that the girl herself cared nothing at heart for 'the Colonel.'

'It's just some of Madge's monkey business,' said the foreman to himself; 'and, by the Great Horn Spoon, I ain't bothered near as much as the gal—not by a jugful.'

What of jealousy lurked at the bottom of Brock's heart was covered up by Madge when that young woman invited her fiancé to escort her to church one Sunday afternoon. Brock looked upon this as sure proof that Madge was quite willing for him to know of her attendance at the mission church and of what she did there; whereas the girl's object was precisely the opposite. She wished to convince Brock that his footing was not so secure as he imagined, by showing him how she could weave the spell of her personal charms about the clergyman. Only, unfortunately for Madge's plans—though fortunately, perhaps, for the foreman's peace of mind—Rockingham was feeling unwell, and slipped that evening directly from the vestry-room to his quarters in McDougall's hostelry without passing through the church.

But the very next Sunday afternoon Miss Latimer requested Brock to harness for her the team of which he was so fond. She knew very well that Eli would never go to church two Sundays in succession, so that she felt perfectly safe in inviting him to drive her to church. He promptly declined the invitation, and Madge drove off alone. She had deceived Brock, for she knew there would be no service at the church, because upon alternate Sundays Rockingham visited the ever-nearing terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which was then being constructed. It was two o'clock when Madge reached 'the Corners,' and she wondered whether Rockingham had already ridden off on the ungainly hack which he had purchased for purposes of parochial visitation. No; he had not started. There was the 'plug'—as Madge herself remarked—fastened to a hitching-post at the door of the hotel.

'Take that thing away,' said Madge to a dirty Indian boy as she drove up to the doorway.

The small copper-coloured individual made no effort to comply with the young lady's request. He merely jerked his thumb towards the house, as if to intimate that the owner of the 'thing' was inside.

'Very good,' said the girl, who, when on her dignity, was a person of few words. Her actions, however, were very vigorous. She alighted from the buggy, unfastened the hack's hitching-strap, and bestowed with her open hand a smart slap upon the animal's headpiece, which sent him as fast as he could scamper towards the barn.

'Now you go, too!' said the girl to the Indian boy. She cracked her whip as she spoke; and the lad, doubtless knowing discretion to be the better part of valour, swiftly followed the horse as Rockingham stepped through the inn doorway.

'This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Madge,' said the clergyman.

'I thought it would be,' replied the girl with

surprising frankness, for she was quite willing to believe that Rockingham meant what he said. 'I thought I would drive you over to the railroad for once, and see what it is like.'

'It is exceedingly good and kind of you, I must say. I am only afraid that if you wait for me over at Pickering, you will arrive home rather late.'

'How late?' asked Madge.

'Well, we can hardly expect to be back here before nine o'clock.'

'Oh, pshaw!' laughed the girl. 'I don't call that late. Why, when we lived in Michigan, I used to go to dances with the boys, and quite often the folks were eating breakfast when I got back.'

Such an avowal from any other young woman would have rather shocked the modest and (hitherto) very proper young divine. But Madge might have confessed to almost anything without the least fear of censure from Digby Rockingham.

'I suppose your father and mother know where we are going? And of course Brock will not mind you driving his horses so far?'

'I didn't tell mother, because mother doesn't care what I do. And I said nothing to Eli, because it's none of his funeral. He may know or he may not, and I'm sure it doesn't worry me which way it is. As to the horses, they like to go as well as I do.'

They bowled along at a brisk pace by a rocky road that kept them well in sight of the dark blue waters of Lake Superior. Madge furnished most of the conversation, though Rockingham proved himself such an attentive listener that he well-nigh forgot the heads of the sermon which he had so carefully thought out for the benefit of the railroad men.

Only two persons, as they saw Madge and the clergyman driving away behind Brock's team, gave so much as a second thought to the fact. One of these was Martha Seagrave, who would have forfeited all the rest of her life for an afternoon and evening seated in a buggy beside Digby Rockingham. But what she saw and thought she kept to herself. The other was Brock's groom and valet, Little Pig, the Indian—known officially among his people as Spotted-Son-of-the-Great-Spirit, though the 'spots' were only such as would have disappeared by the judicious use of a little soap—and he forthwith carried the news to his master. For Little Pig, having once suffered a severe horse-whipping at Madge's hands while Brock looked on, cherished no good-will for either the girl or the foreman.

THE ART OF VENTRILOQUISM.

VENTRILOQUISM is without doubt an ancient art, one which was, and is at the present time, surrounded by a halo of mystery. It is remarkable that in this advanced age so much doubt and misconception prevail respecting Ventriloquism. This is due in a great measure to the fact that the happy possessors of the gift are inclined to retain the secrets for their own profit, and so prevent a host of competitors from taking the field. Although there is no occultate proof, it is quite certain that the art played a very

important part in the early ages; some exponents go so far—and there is every reason to believe their statement—as to affirm that the destinies of rulers were influenced by it, inasmuch as it was a secret held by the priests alone, who, by means of talking gods, or idols, found ready means of bringing their intrigues to a successful issue. Happily, times have changed, else an art which to-day creates so much merriment would soon be stamped out.

Ventriloquism is not a gift; it depends in a great measure on the histrionic ability of the student as to whether he will succeed in making a mark or not; but it is nevertheless true that any one possessing a certain amount of perseverance and zeal can become to a certain extent an exponent of the fascinating art, causing their friends to wonder at the number of voices within them. Those so endowed are able, if they seize the opportunity, to cause considerable amusement or annoyance to their fellows, but not to the extent that a great many people believe. Many having read that laughable book *Valentine Voe*, readily believe all the illusions said to have been performed by that mythical personage. The writer has been asked on numerous occasions to 'throw' his voice to the side of a person some distance off, so that it would appear to proceed from his own pocket or some other equally absurd place.

Now as to the meaning of the word ventriloquism. It is derived from the Latin roots *venter*, the belly, and *loquor*, to speak; but belly-speaking is certainly a misnomer, and leads many people to imagine that the voices are produced from that portion of the body. That is not so, the ventriloquial voice being formed purely and simply in the throat; the muscles of the stomach only being requisitioned to give sufficient strength or power to the voice. Ventriloquism may be classed under three heads: Ventriloquism proper, Colloquism, and Polyphonism. Under the first of these heads comes the distant voice—that is, imitation of sounds as they appear when heard from a distance and in various places and directions. The 'man-up-the-chimney, on-the-roof, and down-the-cellar,' illusions which nearly every one has had an opportunity of hearing, are the outcomes of this voice. Again, there are the 'street cries,' in which the performer has a miniature drawing-room window, and gives imitations of varied and humorous well-known street cries, heard first a very long way off; then gradually the man is heard coming nearer and nearer, passing the window, and going slowly away again in the distance. The window being made to open and close makes the illusion perfect. Lieutenant Cole is the best exponent in this particular performance which the writer has ever heard. It is doubtful whether he is the originator; but it certainly is the most attractive manner in which the distant voice can be applied.

Colloquism consists of the imitations of various human voices; for instance, it is usual for most ventriloquists to introduce comical, life-size, talking automata, the heads of which are made of papier-mâché, the interiors being fitted with springs and cords, by the aid of which the performer controls the mouth, eyes, hair, &c., of his talking family—the mouths of which being

made to move at the same time as the words are uttered by the performer, and, owing to the uncertainty of the direction from which sounds emanate, and which—by the way, is the true secret of all ventriloquial illusions—the voice really appears to proceed from the figures.

Polyphonism or mimicry is the imitation of cattle, sheep, sawing, planing, &c. Mr F. Leslie is one of the cleverest mimics in this particular branch. A testimony to the excellence of his imitation of the turkey is afforded by the fact that on one occasion, when exercising, he was actually driven from the farmyard by the turkey-cocks, jealous of the attractions which the intruder's voice had for the fair ones of the harem. This branch in ventriloquism is rather difficult to acquire, although there are numerous sounds that can be copied without any particular gift. A great many persons are excellent mimics without being ventriloquists, for in nearly every school can doubtless be found a youth who amuses his fellows in the playground corner with his crowing and cackling.

A few practical hints as to the modes of procedure to be followed by would-be learners may not be out of place here, although half-a-dozen lessons from a good professional would do infinitely more for them than all the books that have ever been written upon the subject, and which, by the way, are usually a mass of theoretical phraseology. Before any attempt is made with the voice, the student must be prepared to devote some time and attention to the breath, which he must get entirely under control, so as to be able to hold it for a considerable time without straining. This, of course, must be a gradual process. Before commencing to practise, a strong inspiration should be taken, as the lungs require to be furnished with a plentiful supply of air, which has to be well controlled and allowed to escape gradually. He must endeavour to breathe through his nose and keep his mouth shut. This is a hint which it would be as well for every one to remember, and so save a great deal of cold-catching and illness. The learner must study at all times to imitate sounds, not as they are heard at their source, but as they fall upon the ear after travelling from a distance. That is the golden rule of ventriloquism; and if it is continually kept in mind, success is certain. As conjurers endeavour to deceive the eye, so ventriloquists try to deceive the ear.

The 'distant voice' originates at that spot in the throat where the 'cluck' takes place when drinking, so, without any facial contortions or movement of the lips, the words must be forced against the back part of the palate one by one, with a series of short quick breaths, at the same time strengthening the sounds by using the muscles of the stomach, which will give them increased power, so that they will reach the audience clear and distinct. The farther off the sound is supposed to be, the smaller the quantity of breath must be expired. The great fault with beginners is straining after effect. No sooner do they make a little headway and begin to feel their feet, than they want to run, a proceeding which will bring their endeavours to a dismal failure.

In conclusion, we would warn the student against getting discouraged; the great thing that

is required is perseverance. It is not the slightest good trying to obtain a gratifying result unless prepared to devote a great portion of his time to this fascinating and amusing art.

R. WORTH KEATS.

JOHN LATHAM'S LIFE AND FATE.

By MRS. MURIEL DOWIE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE Pennygowan shooting was let at last! For three years it had remained unprofitably vacant upon Mr. Malcolm's owner's hands. But Mr. Tom Sinclair had bent up an old college friend, John Latham, and together they had determined to enjoy an eight weeks' autumn holiday; so they had rented the sparsely-feathered Pennygowan moors and set up their bachelor establishment in Pennygowan Lodge.

Sinclair had cousins—the Bruces of Ardmuir—in the neighbourhood, and he was not without especial reasons for choosing a shooting in this rather desolate vicinity. A year ago, he and Margaret Bruce had met in a London drawing-room, and they ascertained their exact relationship to one another during a conversation which Tom had somehow never managed to forget. The 11th of August was a wet and dreary day; gray clouds hung low on the tops of the hills, and soft white vapour steamed up from the flat shallow lochen. As the two men drove along in the single gig belonging to the hotel at K—, they looked at the damp landscape with a considerable feeling of disappointment. The whole thing seemed terribly unpromising.

'Where's the house?' asked Latham, shaking the dewdrops from his moustache.

'There!' answered Sinclair, pointing to the arid-looking hill-side nearly opposite, where appeared a low white building among some trees. The road led round the head of a small loch, whose placid ring-stung waters lapped upon a flat shore of mud and fine gravel, with little tufts of harsh grass at intervals. At the farther end, the ground rose slightly in a heathery hillock, on which two giant fir-trees stood, black, sharp, silhouetted in marked contrast upon the white-gray landscape.

The driver broke into some long knotty speech in his own powerful idiom, from which Tom, who had a fair understanding of the natives, and boasted Scotch blood, sifted the facts that the land now covered by the 'lochen' had been forest, and the 'old laird' (not Malcolm, who was only owner by right of purchase) had cut it down tree by tree as his exchequer grew lower. There had been a saying in the district whose origin none knew; it had been:

Haad your hand from Gowan wood,
Or seek your death in Gowan flood;

and it had come true. The old laird had been found lying on his face in the shallow water which had issued from the peat, filling the pits the burnt tree boles had left, and now forming the Black Lochen, or, in Gaelic phrase, Lochen-dubh.

Both young men listened to this piece of superstition, and asked a few questions as to how the old laird had got in there and why he hadn't got out. But the driver, though strenu-

ously denying that he 'made anything of such talk,' could give no explanation, and adhered to his belief in the powers of some supernatural agency.

Once inside the Lodge, and warning themselves before a bright fire, the Sasseuach sportsmen forgot about the lochen, the legend, and even the sentinel firs that seemed to look reproachfully on the glistening expanse of water lying on the graves of their fellows. There were the dogs to look at, the keeper to interview, shooting-boots to have greased, cartridge cases to fill, and leggings to find. This kept them busy enough; and we may seize a moment to sketch them roughly for the reader.

John Latham was a hard-working barrister, without much endowment of this world's goods, but having a very sound head on his shoulders. Tom Sinclair was a barrister also, and idled almost as hard as his friend worked. He was continually wanting a week off or a day or two's rest to set him up after an exhausting round of pleasure. The sum of his professional earnings since he had been called was four guineas exactly, but he had seven hundred a year of his own, just enough to make life in chambers tolerably pleasant. Circumstances were accountable for the friendship between the two; since, had Latham's room not been on Sinclair's stair at Trinity, they would most likely never have come together.

It was Sunday afternoon, four days later, when they again found themselves in the hired gig, this time driving along a lovely hill-road towards Ardmuir. It would have been a perfect day for a walk; the air was fresh and clear, sweet with the honey-smell of thyme and purple heather, and on the highest hill-top no mist lingered; still, after four days' hard shooting and moor tramping, our sportsmen were glad of the gig. A basket lounge under the beeches of Ardmuir, with Margaret Bruce pouring out tea for them, was a very acceptable change. Of course they stayed to dinner, and accepted an invitation from Robert Bruce, the eldest son, to try their as yet untouched grouse moor on Ben Arie.

'No one ever begins the season upon it,' young Bruce explained; 'the heather flowers later, and the birds are always backward. Suppose we say Wednesday?'

They were delighted to say Wednesday, and further, to accept gentle Mrs. Bruce's invitation to drive over to dinner on Tuesday night, and bring their shooting-clothes, so as to start fresh in the morning. Then a return visit from Robert and his friend, Captain Sawles, to the lesser joys of Pennygowan was promised; and the young men drove home under a silver moon, which sent floods of radiance pouring down a glen or hid coyly behind a dark hill-top in most enchanting wise.

'Hullo! Look at the firs!' exclaimed Tom, as they turned a sharp corner and joined the road by the loch-side. 'How queer they look with their long shadows in the water! I vote we go out there some night when the moon's up, eh?'

Latham assented vaguely.

The scene had a strange fascination for him. He stared fixedly at the flat piece of water—

a sheet of shining metal in the moonlight, with the faithful image of the spiral pines reflected in it—till his eyes grew strained and lost the power of sight. Browning's thought about a black Italian cedar came to him. "Death's lean uplifted forefinger," he murmured unconsciously, half aloud.

"What's that, Latham?" Tom inquired, touching up his horse as he steered carefully in at the gate and left the weird landscape behind. "Tired? But we've had a rare day, haven't we?"

Somehow, John Latham answered, and shook off the lethargic dreamy influence that was settling slowly on his mind. Yes, they had had a rare day. He had seen the sort of woman that made him think of marriage. It was strange that all in an afternoon he should meet a girl and be able to tell himself: "If I have a wife, I shall want her to speak and walk and look like that!" And day-dreaming over a worn volume of Browning, he forgot utterly how, in other days, he had argued that marriage for him must carry some weight of worldly advancement with it.

Tom lit a pipe and let it go out, and sat staring and smiling at the fire—they were glad of fires in the evening, even in August. "A fellow must marry some day," was the sum of his reflections, "and if so, why?"—And then Margaret's face, with the smile she had worn as she put her hand in his and said "Good-bye," rose before him!

No description of the weeks spent at Pennygowan would serve our story; woven in with the healthful August shooting was an unfortunate love-thread that hurt the lives of both men. They each loved Margaret Bruce. Owing to a difference of character, Sinclair showed his state of mind and heart quite plainly to his friend and all the world, while Latham yearned over his in secret. His was a hard case. He was a poor man; but his brains were his capital, and having made a good start and achieved a slight reputation as an intelligent junior, he knew that, with the family influence he could command, a few years would see him on the high-road to fortune.

Tom, on the other hand, had an income, but no power or will to increase it: seven hundred a year might do as a beginning for the young people; but after? And then Tom cheered himself with the idea that, given an impetus, he would be able to "stick" as well as any one. Something rather more than mere "sticking power" is required at the English Bar.

Latham saw their positions clearly, and felt very keenly on the subject. If he proposed, and was accepted, he would have to ask the girl to wait at least three years; while Tom could come proudly forward with his immediate competence, and no one, in this out-of-the-way corner, would know enough of the world's ways to distinguish between the ultimate prospects of the two. Still, Latham would not put himself forward till Tom had spoken, and though he would have been rather glad than otherwise had it crossed Sinclair's mind that he had a rival in his friend, he himself could give no hint of his feelings, and the time wore on till the end of their tenancy of Pennygowan was reached.

On the last afternoon, Tom had driven over to Ardmuir to learn his fate; he had made a feint of asking his friend to come too; but the latter had steadily refused. Deeply disappointed as he was to think he should not say "Good-bye" to Margaret, Latham yet comforted himself with the thought that he would write—would run up for a week at Christmas, if Sinclair's unsuccess left him a hope and an opening.

The afternoon went slowly with him; he was restless and uneasy. Sometimes he cheered up at the memory of a look of Margaret's; surely, she loved him? Then, again, he would recollect some little passage of words between her and Tom, and tell himself he had no chance!

With Sinclair she was merry: with himself, grave, and often silent. That she was shy in his company because she had learned to love him, and he had never shown her his heart to let her know it was all hers—he never guessed. He was only a man, and he had no intuitions.

A scrap of the easy chat at the Ardmuir dinner-table had afforded him some food for reflection. Margaret had mentioned the moonwort, the smallest, almost the rarest of the three British flowering ferns; every shooting-day the gentlemen had promised to find some for her, no matter what precipices it led to their scaling—and every day she had been disappointed. Was it, Captain Sawles drawingly inquired, a Scotch edition of the Edelweiss, Swiss swains lost their lives in searching after for their lady-loves, and if so, what was to be the fate of the successful finder? Then Margaret had shaken her head and flashed back a laughing look. There wasn't the slightest resemblance between the two, she said. Latham had been very quiet, but—he had found the fern; and that very day Tom had carried the tiny parcel to put into Miss Bruce's hands.

In the long evening, after a solitary dinner, to escape the torture of useless thoughts, he took his gun and wandered by the loch-side with some half intention of starting a stray duck. The night was beautiful; the moon already glowed with a touch of the ripe-corn colour; later, when darkness came down, she would catch more light from a sunken sun and flaunt her ruddy orange. Latham with his water-spaniel strolled to the little hill where stood the firs; he fired both barrels at a water-fowl already out of range, and was so uninterested in the matter that he never put another cartridge in his gun, but leaned with it at his side against one rough red-ochre trunk and watched the cloud-play in a great space of sky that lay, unbroken by hills, before him.

He had been there some time, when the sound of gig-wheels warned him of Tom's return. Latham raised his voice in a shout; and Tom got out and tied the reins to a tree; then he walked swiftly towards the hill on which his friend stood, the latter making no effort to come and meet him. For Latham was too excited, in his unseen way, to move. His pale face cut out against the dark tree trunk, he stood watching, in a passion of expectancy, Tom Sinclair's approach towards him; the big arteries at his throat and wrists throbbed heavily like some great engine.

Sinclair walked quickly; even in the distance,

Latham could see a sprig of white bell-heather, Margaret's favourite flower, in his coat. His brain fired, and a contrasting cold fell on his heart; but his voice was steady and even light as he uttered the significant word 'Well?'

John Latham had an iron nature; his self-control was marked; but Tom Sinclair, in common with his other friends, utterly misappreciated his character, and took for coldness what was merely self-control and nothing more. They had never seen his passions at flood. 'Cool, calculating beggar, old Latham,' they said among themselves, and added with an air of palpably assumed envy: 'All the better for him—he's sure to get on.'

Carefully tempering the eagerness of his tone to merely friendly interest, he managed to add: 'What luck?' for Tom's errand could scarcely be considered a secret, although it had not been openly discussed between them.

'The devil's own,' was the answer, flung forth in a voice whose uneven jerks betokened an aroused frame of mind. 'You've spoiled this thing for me, Latham. Though you've been so quiet, you've acted like a cad.'

'Look here, Sinclair,'—began his friend in amaze; but Tom's whole manner betokened ungovernable rage; he had evidently some cause of quarrel, real or imaginary, with Latham, and he had been nursing his wrath during the long lonely drive. He did not attempt to control himself.

'You've known almost from the first that I meant to marry Margaret Bruce, and you've seen how things were. I had a chance. Well, why should you interfere? You don't mean to marry! You can't possibly marry! You've often said you can barely keep yourself; then what do you mean by coming between me and the girl I'm on the point of being engaged to?'

'I don't know what you are talking about, Sinclair,' said Latham, when at last he could interrupt the bluster. 'In any case, your premises are false; still'—

'I'll tell you what I'm talking about in a very short time,' cried Tom, with renewed fury. 'I handed that parcel—fern, or whatever it was—that you sent. As she undid it, a half sheet of note-paper fell to the ground; she didn't notice it, but I did. I couldn't help seeing the words, I know your hand so well.' He stopped, with his angry eyes glaring at Latham. A dull red had suffused his friend's usually pale forehead, but he answered, without a trace of emotion, 'Well?'

'Well, you know what you wrote, I suppose?'

'Perfectly.'

'It mayn't have been much; but after what passed the other night at dinner, it had a meaning; and no man, unless he were going to propose to a girl, would have written it if he weren't an out-and-out cad.'

This was very sore to John Latham. His little message, 'I am happy to be the finder of your Highland Edelweiss,' had been penned in a smiling moment, and he had wondered a hundred times since if Margaret would accept the inference and smile too? To dream that it might be so had warmed his heart. He had been so true to his friend throughout all these weeks, and this wretched business was the outcome of his for-

bearance. He felt very bitter, though he did not emulate Sinclair's child's passion; he passed by without notice Tom's characterisation of himself. 'You are talking nonsense, Sinclair; and if you were calmer, you'd see it,' he said. 'Let us put an end to this. Are you engaged to Miss Bruce?'

'What's that to you?'

'Just this: if you are, it can't matter to you what I have or have not done, for you're the successful man. If you're not—what possible right have you to assume the guardianship of her affections?'

'She is my cousin, and I hope to marry her. I have a right to protect her from the insults of a man who is a'—

'Look here, Sinclair; take care what you say! You have referred to me as a cad already; if he were not my friend, I should thrash a man for less.'

'Don't let that stand in your way,' sneered Sinclair. 'You have ended that. I don't want to know a man who's a sneak and a liar.'

Latham had moved a pace away; but he stepped swiftly back with a muttered curse on his lips and a light in his eyes. Tom was ripe for a quarrel: at that moment, all he wanted in his brute rage was to flog the man who had, as he imagined, gone secretly to work to injure his cause. In a second, their hands were up simultaneously: Sinclair struck out in a wild inconsiderate way; but Latham dealt a single powerful blow at his opponent's chest, and saw him fall like a log in the shallow waters of the lochen. He fell on his back, and a sharp stone caught the back of his head; but Latham, pausing to get his breath, did not notice that at once. 'Sinclair!' he called hoarsely, after a moment—'I say, Sinclair!'

There was no reply. Tom was apparently stunned. The least Latham could do was to get him on to dry land, anyway. He waded in, and called to him again; then, with a murmur of 'Fainted, by Jove!' he used all his strength, and lifted his friend, and placed him on the hillock beneath the trees. Turning in the moonlight to get some water in his cap, he saw blood on his hand; the next moment he had discovered the wound in the back of Sinclair's head; and, the quarrel as well as its cause utterly forgotten, he hurried over the rough ground to the house, and came back with their servant and general factotum to carry the wounded man home.

THE CHITATALA MAN-EATER.

It was towards the end of the hot season in India that Graham and I, then two 'subs,' stationed at Tringulgherry, one of the great military cantonments in the Nizam's dominions, obtained a few days' leave for the purpose of hunting up a man-eating tiger which had for some time carried on his depredations in a district to the east of the station, and had become quite a terror to the neighbourhood. This tiger had recently carried off a man who was driving home some cattle; and the brute had only been induced to drop his prey after being chased by the villagers up to the very edge of some iron pits in which he

had taken refuge, and from the subterranean caverns of which it would have been useless to attempt his dislodgment.

It is almost inconceivable what damage a single tiger will do when he once gets a taste for human blood. It is on record that one beast killed one hundred and eight people in three years, and that another caused the abandonment of thirteen villages by their terrified inhabitants.

We arrived at the village of Chitatali in the evening, and at once enlisted the services of a sufficient number of Bhils and others who were to act as beaters, and who, by means of discordant noises from various kinds of uncouth instruments, and by using their voices freely, were to frighten the beast out of any cover he might take. Our little plan was to intercept him on his return to his lair from one of his foraging expeditions, and so prevent him reaching the iron pits in which he usually secreted himself during the daytime. Our progress to the pits was easy. Undulating hillocks abound in the district; but a great part of the country was comparatively flat, and was relieved only here and there by patches of low jungle vegetation (*Cassia auriculata*), over which palm and mango trees rear their heads. Foliage of all kinds had become parched under the fierce tropical sun which had been shining upon it during the past few months.

We posted ourselves upon a ridge to the right of a small patch of jungle, and had not waited long before the enemy hove in sight. He was trotting along in a somewhat unconcerned manner, probably feeling very contented with the result of his night's expedition; but we saw that he would pass some distance from our post in his attempt to reach his den. When he was within about two hundred yards of us on our right, we fired at him, and although, to use an Americanism, he 'squirmed,' our bullets evidently did not touch him in a vital place, for he jumped up and roared loudly, making a dash for the iron pits; but our men, who were posted in the vicinity, set up a great noise, shouting and beating their drums and cans with all their might. This uproar disconcerted the tiger; he turned tail and bounded into the patch of jungle on our right. We well knew the danger we were incurring, but we decided to follow the brute into the thick grass. Keeping the men close together, Graham and I advanced a few paces in front, and we could at once see from the quantity of blood on the trail that the tiger was badly wounded. We followed the traces through a dense patch of grass for several hundred yards, and then came to an open space where all traces of the wounded beast ceased. Whilst advancing theories to account for this strange fact, we were startled by a loud roar which came from a small ditch on our left. I looked up, and saw the tiger charging straight upon me, and I had barely time to spring aside before the infuriated animal was in our midst. A general stampede ensued, and it was literally every man for himself. I turned to fire at the beast, and was horrified to see that he had seized Graham by the arm, and was dragging him away towards a clump of trees on the right. Owing to the uneven nature of the ground I feared to fire again at the tiger, lest my

friend should be struck also; and unfortunately I could not get a steady shot at the brute's head (the only spot in which a shot would be immediately fatal). He growled continually, and looked suspiciously at us as I and the rest of the men followed at a short distance; but he seemed determined to hold his prey at all costs. At last I got a shot at the animal without placing Graham in much danger. The bullet lodged in the tiger's forehead, and he at once released his hold of Graham and rolled over dead. Graham was quite sensible; but the wound in his arm caused him intense pain. A drink from the 'chogul' or leather water-bottle restored him somewhat. We bound his arm with part of a jacket, and the men cut down some bamboo, out of which, with the aid of rifle-shings, handkerchiefs, and turbans, we contrived to fashion a litter. Into this litter we lifted Graham, and started back for Chitatali. As we neared the village, the whole population turned out to meet us; and although I was anxious to get Graham back to camp as soon as possible, we were obliged to remain some time to allow the people to inspect the carcass of the animal that had been so long a terror to the neighbourhood. Nothing could exceed the joy of the villagers, and our procession was a triumphant one. The men praised our skill, and dusky maidens galore turned out and greeted us with floral offerings.

We transferred Graham to the buggy, and started for camp, which we reached in good time. Graham's wounds at once received the kindly care of the surgeon. Although serious, the doctor predicted for our friend a speedy recovery. Upon skinning the tiger, we found that it measured eleven feet five inches from the nose to the end of the tail. Thus did we cut short the wicked career of the Chitatali Man-eater.

SEAWARE.

A BRT of driftweed tossed upon the shore;
By wave, and rock, and sea-grown creatures torn,
And bruised sore,
And left to perish as a useless thing
In sight and sound of its own ocean-lore:
Alone and lorn!
A bit of driftweed. Oh, the poets sing
Of flowers by children loved, by maidens worn;
But who is there would turn aside to pore
Upon the sea-tang which the waves do fling
On land, galore?
There came that way a servant who had thought
To spend on seeming trifles; for God taught
His heart to find fair Love in Nature's creed:
So he could bring
His great soul to the study of a weed.
He stooped, and caught
The ocean castaway within his hand;
And—that it had been formed by God's command—
He found much beauty in it. So 'twas brought
To rest among his relics. None might scorn
That humble thing—
The work of Nature, therefore nobly born.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

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WINTER IN KIEFF.

AMONG our countrymen at home the idea prevails that a Russian winter is one of the most terrible experiences any one can undergo. We must confess that on our arrival in Kieff, during the early autumn, we looked forward with anything but great pleasure to the coming season. Visions of long dreary months, perhaps of being frozen or snowed up, of a few encounters with hungry wolves, and other instances of a like agreeable nature, floated before our prejudiced eyes. But the old adage that 'Truth is stranger than fiction' in this case was reversed. The fiction was a good deal stranger than the truth.

In this quarter of the 'Great Muscovite Empire' the winter does not last for more than at the most five months. The horribly unpleasant, dirty, wet, cold-catching transition period following autumn, with which we all are so familiar at home, is unknown here. Just imagine no fogs, no dark chilly days, no debating as to the suitability of lighting fires or not; the splendid heat of the 'Indian summer' changed almost instantaneously to the bright dry cold of what we are accustomed to speak of as 'ideal Christmas weather.'

Directly the first signs of the approaching hard season appear, precautions are taken to guard against its severity. Every house, great and small, is provided with double windows, which can be removed in the spring, and again replaced for the winter. Once more in their frames, they are then entirely closed, with the exception of a small pane at the top, for the purpose of ventilation, and pasted all round with slips of white paper, the open space between the outer and inner glass being filled at the bottom with cotton-wool. In the ornamentation of this last, the inmates of the various dwellings give great scope to their imaginations. The favourite arrangement is to strew it with little pieces of different-coloured wools; a less frequent way is to place tiny mounds of salt at equal distances upon it. In our house, our ideas of beauty, not reaching this

high artistic level, hindered us from using either of these methods of adornment, thereby causing great vexation of spirit to the Russian servant, who evidently feared that his master's credit would be considerably lessened in the eyes of the world.

The interior of the house is extremely well warmed. Each room has two stoves, which are built into the walls, and so effect the purpose of heating two apartments at the same time. Coal is an unknown article. Great logs of wood, brought from the huge pine forests which cover the immense plains, are exclusively used, each householder taking care during the summer months to stack a sufficient quantity in his courtyard for winter consumption.

In consequence of these precautions, one does not feel the cold nearly so much indoors as in England; and it is possible to wear the lightest clothing without the slightest inconvenience. Outside, of course, it is different. Then can be seen the long mantles reaching to the feet, lined with rich fur, chiefly sable. The deep collars to match, as broad as the wearer's shoulders, are so arranged, in the case of the male sex, as to be capable of being pulled up completely round and high above the ears, forming a necessary protection against the sometimes strong east wind and driving snow-storm. But when the snow-storms have ceased, when the wind has lulled, then comes the most delightful period of the winter, often lasting for weeks together without a break.

As a rule, skating and all the more active recreations are discarded by the rather indolent, ease-loving inhabitants of 'Little Russia.' The principal amusement is sledding. Those who have no practical experience of it can have no idea of the exhilarating sensation a sledge-drive produces. My first acquaintance with this delightful pastime is made upon a lovely morning in January. We—that is, myself and three friends—start from the summit of one of the many hills upon which Kieff stands. Our sledge, drawn by a pair of the strong black native horses, skis

swiftly and lightly over the frozen ground. Such a day as is seldom seen elsewhere, not a cloud discernible in the deep blue sky, every object far and wide wrapped in a pure white mantle. The long straight street which forms the centre of the aristocratic quarter presents a gay and animated scene. Sledges of all sorts and conditions continually cross and recross ours. This one, tearing along at such a terrific speed, belongs to the highest personage in the town, the Governor-general. It is of middle size, constructed to hold two persons. At the back is a tiny platform or step, upon which the servant, in his bright red cloak and white fur collar and cap, stands. A rather precarious position it seems, to look at. The horses are covered with what is called a 'snow-cloth,' which is fastened to the bottom of the sledge, and from thence to the necks of the animals. This covering, which resembles a large coloured net, is used to prevent the snow which is kicked up by the horses' hoofs from being thrown into the faces of the occupants of the vehicle. Kieff possesses neither trams nor omnibuses. All the traffic is carried on by means of little open *droshkies*, a kind of cab, which has a pleasant and peculiar faculty for jolting and almost shaking the unfortunate traveller to pieces. These are replaced in winter by small sledges, very low, and not boasting much in the way of cleanliness. Our driver as he dashes along looks somewhat disdainfully upon his humbler brethren, not but what I have seen some of them compete in speed with their more imposing companions, especially if a customer is in view and the object of two rivals is to reach the spot where he stands first. Then the race to secure the coveted prize is often really alarming.

These modest conveyances, constructed entirely of wood, belong to peasants. They are certainly very simply put together, and with much more regard to practical use than to elegance. The greater part of the trappings and harness consists of rope, leather being little used. Rising high above the collar of the horse is the *duga*, which looks something like an immense crooked horse-shoe, and connects the two ends of the shafts together. For all heavy loads, such as hay, wood, &c., oxen are substituted for the horses. One may often see eight or nine of these primitive sledges standing before a yard door, waiting to be unloaded. The patient animals, seemingly impervious to the intense cold, will stand for hours, never attempting to move, content if they can seize the opportunity to surreptitiously extract a wisp of straw or hay from the stack in front of them. Here are some vehicles wending their way slowly towards the market. The owners and several members of their families recline at ease among their goods, well protected against the weather by their rough sheepskins, apparently not much changed since their first wearers grazed in happy ignorance upon some grassy slope of the steppe.

The pedestrians present as much variety as do the vehicles. I wonder what my fair readers would say to the outdoor costume of their Russian sisters: their immensely wide mantles allowing not even a hand to be seen, their heads enveloped in large shawls, placed over their hats, or, more

commonly, round fur caps, and tied under the chin. But custom is everything; and these two officers in their long gray cloaks, evidently see nothing amiss, but rather something quite the contrary, in the appearance of the two ladies with whom they are chatting so gaily.

Vanity is said to be an essential element in the feminine character, but it is a question whether it can find any place in that of the female peasants. Their winter dress consists of a somewhat shorter edition of the sheepskin coats worn by their male relations. The red homespun cotton skirt, beneath which peep the ends of the embroidered chemise, barely reaches below the knees, and is met by strong high boots, which do not differ in the slightest degree from those of the men, except perhaps in the colour, the gentler sex giving the preference often either to bright red or even white leather. And these boots are a necessity, for, besides their household duties, the women must take a considerable share in the field-labours, the fond but practical lover very often choosing the object of his devotion not for her fair face but for her strong arms. The good housewife, too, will frequently tramp many miles, in order to bring the produce of her little farm or garden to the market of the nearest town. Look at these girls who are just passing us, their open baskets slung over their shoulders by means of a wooden yoke. The live feathered occupants of these baskets, contrary to the usual habits of their species in other parts of Europe, lie as quietly as if they possessed no such power as flying, a fact which caused me no little astonishment until I learned that they are all tied together by the legs and wings, thus rendering escape impossible. This milk-seller, it seems, has already finished her day's work, for her empty earthenware pots swing carelessly from the long pole which she holds with one hand over the right shoulder.

Now our sledge must move aside to make room for a party of soldiers in their dull uniforms and *bushlytky*, a kind of cloth hood to protect the ears, not only worn by the military, but also by schoolboys, policemen, and even occasionally by ladies.

But I have omitted to mention one of the most prominent as well as most unsavoury features of the street-life—I mean the beggars. There they sit and stand, no matter how severe the cold is. Nowhere can one escape them. Their profession is exceedingly lucrative, for all good orthodox Russians consider alms-giving as a religious duty, and practise it without any regard to the wisdom or not of supporting and encouraging a large class of often utterly idle and worthless vagrants.

By this time we have turned the corner, and a charming view is before us, decidedly more oriental in appearance than European. Kieff is situated upon a range of hills, rising abruptly from a great plain. Essentially a city of churches, Kieff is known as the 'Holy city upon the Dnieper,' and boasts of being the most ancient religious metropolis of Russia, and the first spot from which Christianity was preached to the rude tribes then inhabiting the land. Thousands of pilgrims visit the celebrated monastery, whose dazzling cupolas and tall towers we see standing out against the blue sky. Upon the opposite hill, high above the low green-roofed houses, towers the Cathedral, the golden dome glittering in the morning light. To

the left we just catch a glimpse of the red buildings of the University; to the right is the broad summer promenade upon the cliffs overhanging the river. And above all, and more than all, in the valleys and on the hills shine the silver, gold, red and blue cupolas of the many churches, giving a peculiarly picturesque appearance to the whole scene. Close at hand is the Imperial Garden, a garden in name, but partaking much more of the character of a small wood, and what a delicious wood now! Not a bare branch is to be seen. The keen hoar-frost causes the trees in their silver sheen to sparkle like diamonds in the rays of the glorious sun. The snow upon the uppermost boughs, which has thawed in his genial glow, now hangs in tiny icicles from each little twig. Not a trace of brown earth, not a footprint.

But any one who imagines that here is a splendid opportunity for the time-honoured game of snow-balling makes a grand mistake. I thought so too, once, and tried the experiment, and so discovered my error. The snow is far too dry, and has a distinct quality of its own, being much more like salt than anything else. When on any high ledge exposed to the wind, it forms into the prettiest little silver feathers imaginable.

But our driver cracks his whip, and we soon leave the gardens far behind us. Here we are already in front of the fortress, an ugly useless building of wide extent. We rattle under the old gateway, and passing a small market or bazaar of very dingy aspect, we commence a rapid descent down the hill. Our men, in spite of all remonstrances, does not in the slightest degree slacken his speed, and we arrive at the bottom with a decided feeling of relief. Our rather alarming descent had prevented us from paying much attention to the wide prospect—the immense flat plain, stretching miles and miles away; the great frozen river, hardly to be distinguished from the equally frozen earth; the monotonous leaden hue over all, only broken by the lines of dark pine forests in the distance.

But now the short winter day is waning, and we illuminate by gestures to our *voordruidik*, or coachman, that it is time to turn back, but not by the same road. We are now passing under the high overhanging cliffs, along the banks of the river, over which rough skelges heavily laden with ice, dug from the stream, are slowly nuking their way. This little chapel built into the wall, before which these peasants cross themselves so devoutly, contains some of the sacred *icons*, the very stiff expressionless pictures so much venerated by the Greek Church.

But we are nearing the end of our drive, and are crossing the principal street, corresponding to the 'High Street' of an English provincial town. The shops, though much admired by the townspeople, show little attractiveness, at least on the outside. Past the market, up the hill, and we are home. I regret that the red freight does not welcome us, but the *samovar* (a sort of large teapot) is steaming on the table, and at least one gets good tea in this part of Europe.

The dogs are let loose; the *dvornik*, or house-porter, whose duty it is to act as watchman, and who seems capable of enduring the most extreme cold, and will often lie down and sleep in the long winter nights when the thermometer is many degrees below zero, stations himself outside,

and the stillness of night seems to fall upon all. Hooray! what do we find waiting for us? The greatest event in the day has happened: the post has been, and brought us 'letters from home.'

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IV.—A PROPHET IS NOT WITHOUT HONOUR.

THE next evening, Linnell was to dine quietly at General Maitland's. Only a few Petherton friends to meet him—quite a simple affair, you know, Mr Linnell: the regulation county-town entertainment: our next-door neighbours: just to introduce you to whatever there is of Society at Petherton Episcopi. The Mansels were coming: of course the Mansels: and the vicar and his wife, and the Craiges from the Manor House.

'But not, I suppose, that old bore Dumaresq, and that gawky girl of his?' the General observed, as they sat in the drawing-room, demurely expectant, on the very stroke of half-past seven. 'He talks me off my legs with his crack-jaw philosophy. You haven't asked *them*, I do hope, Maria?'

'Do you take me for a fool, George?' Mrs Maitland answered with severe dignity, drawing herself up austere to her full height.

Geraldine begged me to ask them, I need hardly say: she has no common-sense at all, poor dear Geraldine; but I was firm upon that point, perfectly firm!—and Mrs Maitland's high-bred chin and thin lips of the Vere de Vere caste showed her firmness most distinctly as she spoke. 'I put my foot down upon that sort of nonsense once for all. I said to her plainly: "Geraldine, you may form what undesirable acquaintances you like for yourself; but you shall not drag your poor papa and me into the thick of your vulgar society. I've called upon that horrid old man and his daughter on your account, and I very much regret now that I ever did it. It lets us in for endless complications. The Dumaresqs are people who move in a different grade of Society from our own, and any attempt to take them out of it and put them into one for which they're not fitted, can only be painful, and even ignominious to both parties." I said it plainly to her, "even ignominious." The fact is, George, we ought never to have known them. When one has to deal with a girl of poor dear Geraldine's unfortunate temperament, the only way to do is to resist at once from the very beginning all her absurd fads and fancies.'

The General sighed. 'It's a pity she won't be more practical,' he said with a faint reluctance in his voice, for he admired Geraldine. 'She's a fine girl, though she's our own daughter, Maria, and, by George, I like her for it. I like to see a girl stick up for her opinions. Still, it's a great pity, I don't deny, she won't be more practical. If only she'd take a fancy, now, to this young Linnell there!'

'This young Linnell has money,' Mrs Maitland assented curtly, arranging a spray of maidenhair in a specimen glass on the table by the bow window. 'I'm sure he has money. He won't admit it; but it's perfectly clear to anybody

with half an eye. He couldn't live as he does upon his pictures only.'

'And you think?' the General observed suggestively.

'I think he hasn't come down here for nothing, naturally,' Mrs Maitland went on with marked emphasis. 'He was very much struck with Geraldine at Algiers, I feel sure; but his head's stuffed as full of: flighty sentimental nonsense as her own: and if he's thrown in with that blushing bread-and-butter slip of a girl of poor old Dumaresq's, he'll fancy himself in love with her just because she's poor and pretty and a nobody. That kind of man always does go and throw himself away upon a nobody, unless he's closely watched, and protected by others against his own folly. Geraldine's built the very same way. Nothing on earth would give her greater delight, I'm sure, than to marry a penniless poet, or painter, or music-master, and end her days with him comfortably in the workshop.'

The General toyed with the Japanese paper-knife uneasily. 'It's a great pity she can't get settled,' he said after a pause. 'With Hugh's expenses at Sandhurst so very heavy; and Gordon at Aldershot always asking for remittances, remittances, and again remittances till one's sick and tired of it; and the two boys at the Charterhouse eating their heads off and doing nothing; it's really very much to be regretted, indeed, that she can't find anybody anywhere to suit her. And yet, Maria, I sympathise a great deal, after all, with Geraldine. A girl naturally prefers to wait and watch till she's found the man that really suits her.'

'It's not as if she met no young men,' Mrs Maitland went on, ignoring quietly her husband's last rebellious sentence, 'or never had any suitable offers. I'm sure no girl in England has been given better or greater chances. She was very much admired, indeed, at Aldershot: she goes to all the dances in Algiers: she's been up in town for three seasons running: she travels about fifty times more than most girls do: and that man in the 42d with the scar on his cheek would certainly have married her if only she'd have taken him, stammer or no stammer. I never knew any one more difficult to please or more impossible for an anxious mother to count upon.'

Their conversation was cut short abruptly at that moment by the entry of the peccant Geraldine in person. She was tall and dark, with fine features, a little marred, perhaps, by a certain conscious pride and dignity; but her strong chin was instinct with character, and her upright carriage spoke her at once a woman with a will not to be bent even by a conscientiously worldly mother like Mrs Maitland. Her father looked up at her with a glance of sidelong surreptitious approbation as she entered. 'Those passion-flowers become you, Geraldine,' he said, with a furtive side-look at his formidable wife. 'They're very pretty. Where did you get them?'

'Psyche gave them to me,' Geraldine answered with a careless touch or two of her fingers on the drooping spray that hung gracefully down from her shapely neck over the open bosom. 'They have a pale blue passion-flower growing

over their porch, you know, and Psyche picked me a few blossoms off it to wear this evening. She's such a dear, always. They do look well, I think. Unusual things like that always suit me.'

'You went round there this afternoon, then?' her mother asked.

Geraldine nodded a quiet assent. 'Psyche asked me to come round,' she said. 'She's full of Mr Linnell. She wanted to know from me all about him.'

Mrs Maitland glanced up sharply with quick inquiring eyes. 'Why, what on earth does she know of him?' she inquired half angrily. 'Has she met him anywhere?'

'She met him yesterday afternoon at the Mansels,' Geraldine answered, shortly.

'And what did you tell her, Geraldine? You didn't let her know he was rich, I suppose, did you?'

'How could I, mother? He always implies himself that he isn't. Even if I thought it, which I've no reason to do, it would be very wrong of me to say so to Psyche. I told her he was a most agreeable young man, though painfully shy and awkward and nervous, and that we knew him only as an English painter who often wintered in Egypt or Algeria.'

Mrs Maitland breathed more freely for a moment. Next instant, there came a small ring at the bell, and the servant, entering, announced Mr Linnell, followed in a minute more by both the Mansels.

Linnell took Geraldine in to dinner; but being the guest of the evening, he was sandwiched in between herself and her mother, an arrangement which ensured the possibility for Mrs Maitland of exercising throughout an efficient supervision over Geraldine's conversation with the eligible stranger.

'And how do you like Petherton now you've fairly settled down to it?' Mrs Maitland asked him as the soup went round. 'Have you found any subjects for sketching yet, Mr Linnell?'

The young man looked up with an embarrassed smile. If there was anything on earth that his soul hated it was 'being trotted out,' on his art especially; and he saw quite clearly that Mrs Maitland meant to trot him out in due course this evening, in order to exhibit his paces properly before the admiring eyes of Petherton society. 'Yes,' he answered shyly, with half an appealing glance towards Mrs Mansel opposite, 'I began to sketch a sweet little cottage on the hill-side yesterday; and when I'd got half-way through with it, I learned, to my surprise, it was no less a personage's than Haviland Dumaresq's. I'd no idea, Mrs Maitland, you had so great a man as the Encyclopædic Philosopher living in your neighbourhood.'

'Oh yes, Mr Dumaresq's very clever, I believe,' Mrs Maitland answered somewhat frigidly, with the austere manner which the British matron thinks it proper to adopt when speaking of people who are 'not exactly in our set, you know, dear.' 'He's very clever, I've always understood, though hardly the sort of person, of course, one quite cares to mix with in society. He wears such extremely curious hats, and expresses himself so very oddly sometimes. But he's clever in his own way, extremely clever, so

people tell me, and full of information about all the ologies. We have a great many of these local celebrities about here, don't you know. There's our postman's a very clever person too. Why, he writes the most amusing 'New-year addresses, all in verse, which he brings round every year when he calls to get his Christmas box.—Geraldine, don't you think you could hunt up some of Briggs's verses to show Mr Linnell, if he's interested in that kind of thing, you know, dear?"

A faint smile played round the corners of Linnell's mouth at the juxtaposition in Mrs Maitland's mind of Haviland Dumaresq and the postman poet; but politeness prompted him to say nothing. Comment on his part on such a subject would have been wholly superfluous. He answered not the fool according to her folly. Geraldine, however, could hardly initiate him: she looked up, one flush of sympathetic shame from chin to forehead, and answered quickly: 'No, mother; I don't think I could find them anywhere; and even if I did, I don't think Mr Linnell would care in the least to see them.—You've met the Dumaresqs, Mr Linnell; so Psyche's been telling me. She says her father's always so glad to come across anybody who's read his books. He's a wonderful old man, so wholly absorbed and swallowed up in his work. He lives for nothing on earth, I do believe, but two things now—Philosophy and Psyche.'

'Two very good things indeed to live for,' Linnell murmured, almost inaudibly. 'I hardly know how he could do better.'

'Yes, he's wasted his life on writing books that were of no earthly use to himself or to anybody,' Mrs Maitland went on, taking up the thread of her daughter's parable; 'and I've no doubt, now his girl's growing up, he bitterly repents he didn't turn his talents earlier in life to something more useful, that would have brought him in a little money. A gentleman born—for he was once a gentleman—to live contentedly in such a hovel as that! But he was always headstrong, and so's the girl. He never cared for anybody's advice. He was offered a good place under Government once, but he wouldn't take it. He had no time to waste, he said, on making money. He went his own way, and wrote his own useless unsalable books for his own amusement. And what on earth he lives upon now, nobody hereabouts can ever imagine.'

'His philosophy has had a very small circulation, no doubt,' Linnell ventured to put in apologetically, at the first pause in Mrs Maitland's flowing river of speech; 'but it has received an immense amount of attention at the hands of all profound thinkers. It gains every day more and more adherents among the most intelligent classes in every country. I believe it will prove to be the philosophy of the future.'

'I don't care much about these "everythings of the future" that we hear such a precious lot of talk about nowadays,' the General put in from the head of the table; 'the music of the future, the politics of the future, the tactics of the future, and all that sort of thing. For my part, I'm quite content to live in the present, where it has pleased a wise Providence to place me, and leave the future to provide its own philosophy, and its

own music, and its own tactics, too, whenever it happens to want them. I'm for the present day all round, I am. But I must say I think Dumaresq's a very fine soldierly kind of man in his own way, too; he's been set at his post to hold Philosophy, like a forlorn hero, and he sticks to it bravely, in spite of everything. He thinks he's got his work cut out for him in life. I don't know whether it's good work or bad: I don't understand these things myself: I don't pretend to. In my day soldiers weren't expected to take up philosophy: this wretched examination system that bothers us now hadn't even been invented: we fought and bled and did our duty, and that was all the country asked or wanted of us. It didn't inquire whether Nelson or Wellington had passed an examination in English literature. But Dumaresq thinks he's called upon by nature or his commanding officer to see this business through to the bitter end, come what may; and he sees it through, right or wrong; and by George, sir, I say, I honour him, too, for it. I've never read one line the fellow's written, and if I did read it, I don't suppose I'd understand a single word of the whole lot, for I've hard enough work to understand what the dickens he's driving at when he's talking, even—let alone when he's writing for the people who can follow him: but I can see he thinks he's sticking to his post, and, hang it all, when a fellow sticks to his post like a brick, if he's only a marine, you know, you can't help admiring him for it.'

'I quite agree with you,' Linnell answered, looking up hastily with most unusual decision. 'Haviland Dumaresq's a very great man, and the way he sticks to his work in life commands one's respect, whatever one may or may not think of his particular opinions.'

'Many of them very questionable,' the vicar remarked parenthetically.

'But most of them profoundly true and original,' Linnell answered with quiet dignity.

Mrs Maitland's feminine quickness told her at once that she had started on quite the wrong tack with Linnell, so she made haste diplomatically to retrieve her position. 'Oh, of course, he's a wonderful man in his way,' she said, with conciliating promptitude. 'Just look at the things he's fixed up in the garden for drawing water by hydraulic pressure or something, don't they call it? I know he's a very remarkable man. And what a picturesque funny little cottage! So you're really sketching it!'

'It is picturesque,' Linnell answered with a fresh return of his engrained dislike to hearing himself or his work talked about. 'The porch is so pretty, all covered with those lovely hanging creepers. I suppose Dumaresq—it seems absurd to speak of so great a man as that as "Mister Dumaresq"—takes care of it himself. I never saw creepers grow better even in Africa.'

'Aren't they just lovely?' Geraldine interposed quickly. 'They always remind me of dear old Algeria. These passion-flowers I'm wearing came from there. Psyche gave them to me.' And she handed a stray one from the folds of her dress for Linnell to examine.

The printer took it and looked at it close. 'Miss Dumaresq gave it you!' he said slowly.

'She's very pretty. I should like her to sit to me. In Moorish costume, she'd be the very person for the foreground of that doorway I began at Algiers.—You remember the sketch, Miss Maitland: I showed you the study I made for it there—a horseshoe archway in an inner courtyard near the Bab-Azzoun gate, with an Arab girl in indoor dress just stepping out with a tray in her hands among the palms and bananas.' And as he spoke, he thrust the passion-flower without a word into his own button-hole, and pinned it in as if half unconsciously with a pin from the flap of his evening waist-coat.

Geraldine noticed his action with a quiet smile. He had money, she believed; and Psyche liked him. 'She's the very girl for it, Mr Linnell,' she cried, with unwonted graciousness.—Mrs Maitland by this time had been engaged in conversation by the amiable vicar. 'Of course I remember your sketch perfectly. You must get her to sit for you. She'd be delighted, I'm sure. Now, do please go to-morrow and ask her.'

'I will,' Linnell answered, anxious once more to escape the subject—for here he was, talking a second time about his own pictures. 'I'm going there, as it happens, to dinner in the evening. I'll take the opportunity to ask her then if she'll give me sittings.'

Geraldine started. 'To dinner to-morrow!' she cried. 'To dinner at the Dumaresqs! Why, that's quite a new departure for them. I never heard of their asking anybody to dinner before. Lunch, sometimes, or afternoon tea; but that's the outside. How very funny. I don't quite understand it.'

'But I do,' Linnell answered. 'I'm going, and the Mansels too. We're all invited.'

Geraldine paused for a moment in surprise. Then she added in an undertone: 'Psyche never said a word of it to me, which is very queer, for I was over there with her the whole afternoon, and she generally tells me everything that happens.'

'She didn't know herself, no doubt,' the painter replied with a glance at his button-hole. 'Dumaresq met Mansel and me in the lane about six and asked us then whether we'd come and dine with them, quite unceremoniously. He seemed rather preoccupied and dreamy this evening. He probably asked us on the spur of the moment, and only went home to tell her afterwards.'

'Probably,' Geraldine answered with a falling face and a slight sigh. 'He seemed preoccupied and dreamy this evening, did he? He's sometimes so. I'm sorry to hear it. But I'm glad you've to dine at Psyche's to-morrow, anyhow. Now, I won't let you off, remember. You must paint her in that picture.'

'But how about the Arab costume?' Linnell asked, his usual shyness disappearing for a moment. 'The portrait would be nothing without the haik and the yashmak.'

'I can lend you one,' Geraldine answered with great promptitude. 'I had it for the Newsomes' charades last season. It'll just suit her—a delicate cream-white Arab wrap, with the loveliest salmon-pink silky covering.'

'Will you, though?' the painter cried, de-

lighted. 'How very good of you! That's just what I want. The picture shall be painted, you may take my word for it, Miss Maitland. Thank you so much for your kind co-operation.'

At that moment, Mrs Maitland, disengaging herself one second from the vicar's eye, strained her ears to the utmost to catch their conversation, while politely assenting to her neighbour's views on the best way of dealing with rural pauperism. She couldn't exactly make out what they were saying, but she was sure the conversation was unusually animated. She noted the tone of Linnell's voice, with its obvious note of pleasure and gratification, and she thought she even caught distinctly the words, 'Thank you so much for your kind something-or-other.'

Later on in the evening, while that safely plain Miss Craigie from the Manor House was putting her stock war-horse through its paces upon the big piano, Mrs Maitland noticed, to her surprise and pleasure, that Linnell was wearing a passion-flower in his button-hole. 'Why, what a pretty bouquet,' she said, glancing over at it archly. 'I think I know where you got that from, Mr Linnell.'

Linnell looked down awkwardly at his button-hole for a second in doubt. It was Psyche's passion-flower, from the creeper on the porch! How should he defend himself? A girl he had only once seen! Then a happy subterfuge flashed across his brain. 'Yes, Miss Maitland gave it me,' he answered with much boldness. 'It was one of the flowers she was wearing at dinner.'

In his timid anxiety to avoid the imputation of having got it from Psyche, he never saw himself what interpretation Mrs Maitland must needs put upon his blush and his words. But that astute lady smiled to herself and remarked inwardly that things seemed really to be coming to a head. Geraldine had given that young man a flower! And the young man for his part had worn it and blushed over it!

As the whole party of visitors walked home together from the Maitlands' that night, Mrs Mansel turned to the young painter and said with a meaning look: 'You and Geraldine seemed to get on very well together, Mr Linnell, in spite of your objection to ladies' society.'

Linnell laughed. 'Her arctic smile thawed a little this evening,' he answered casually. 'Besides, we've found an interest in common. She means to help me in the get-up of a picture for which I hope Miss Dumaresq will give me a sitting.'

At that very moment in the deserted drawing-room Mrs Maitland was saying in a confidential tone to her husband: 'Now, George, remember, when you go up to town next week, you must try to find out at your club the real facts about this young Linnell. Has he money or has he not? That's the question. We ought to make quite sure about his position and prospects before we let things go any further between him and Geraldine.'

'I think he's well off,' the General murmured in reply beneath his moustaches.

'Think! Oh yes. I think so, too. But where one's daughter's happiness is at stake, you know, George, one oughtn't to rest satisfied with mere thinking: one ought, as the Kirkpatrick said, to

"mak sicker." There's some sort of mystery hanging over the young man's head, I fancy. If he has money, why doesn't he marry, and take a country place, and keep his carriage, and hunt the country like other people?"

"Tastes differ," the General murmured with philosophic calm as he lighted his cigar. "Perhaps the young man doesn't care for hunting."

"Perhaps not," Mrs Maitland replied, loftily, curling her upper lip. "But a young man of means ought to care for hunting: he owes it to society; and if he doesn't care, you may depend upon it, George, he has some good reason of his own for wishing to be singular; and not a very creditable reason either."

NATURAL GAS.

It is strange that whilst in the States, and to some extent in Canada, Natural Gas is taking the place of coal, has been applied to numberless economic uses for years, and is being bored for all over the country, one hardly ever meets with any reference to it in our newspapers. Marsh gas, whose bubbles ignite on coming in contact with the air, and whose light has long been known by the name of 'Will-o'-the-wisp,' every schoolboy has read about; but that is quite another thing; it is generated from the decomposition of vegetable matter under water, whereas the American fluid is of a different origin, and comes from a thousand or more feet below the surface of the earth; it does not light spontaneously in the air, but when ignited, burns like ordinary coal-gas. It is very much of the nature of fire-damp, only too well known in our coal-mines.

Natural Gas can scarcely be regarded as a modern discovery, for, like many of our inventions, it is said to have been known amongst the Chinese long ago. In its modern utilisation, however, much originality may be fairly claimed by the Americans. The first that is heard of it in the States was in the year 1815, when it was found in Charlestown. Some six years later, a story is told of a woman going out one dark night to draw water at a place called Fredonia, in New York State: when she put down her lantern, much to her consternation a spring of gas by the well took fire. In 1824, when Lafayette passed through the same neighbourhood, in honour of the occasion, Taylor House, where he stayed, was illuminated with the gas laid on by pipes direct from the earth. The great reservoirs of natural gas were first tapped in the process of boring Artesian wells. As soon as one of the drills reached a certain depth, the whole apparatus was blown high up into the air, and the gas escaped by the vent with a roar that could be heard from afar. One American gentleman boring for water met with this experience, and, having no other use for the gas, stuck a tall pipe into the hole, applied a light to the top, when the flame shot upwards, and thus created a beacon-fire which illuminated the country round for miles. Years afterwards, this light was still burning, and probably may be seen to this day.

The city best known for the supply and utilisation of natural gas is Pittsburgh, in Penn-

sylvania. At a place called Murrysville, some twenty miles off, gas was struck about the year 1874 by men who were boring for oil; and after it had been allowed to 'blow off' and run to waste for three years, it began to dawn on men's minds that this gas might be turned to some account. Very soon afterwards Pittsburgh was connected with the well by a pipe, and the gas began to be utilised in that busy city.

As soon, however, as the discovery became known, there was a rush on the new gas region, which can only be compared with the gold rush on our Australian colonies in the fifties. Land that had been almost valueless suddenly rose to fabulous prices; the old search for mineral oil was abandoned, and every one was prospecting for natural gas. Waste lands became populous villages; sleepy towns, that were almost unknown, got what the Americans call a 'boom' on account of their proximity to the wells, and suddenly woke up to find they were prosperous cities. On the discovery of gas at Tarentum, twenty miles from Pittsburgh in another direction, that little town suddenly became densely populated, and is now a large manufacturing centre. A similar cause raised the population of Findlay, in Ohio, which stood in 1884 at 4500, to 10,000 by the spring of 1887. At the end of the same year it had increased to 18,000, and the year following to 30,000.

But to return to Pittsburgh. Twenty years ago a heavy black cloud of smoke ever overhung the city, much as it overwhelms Chicago now, through the abundant consumption of soft coal. At the present time the atmosphere is bright and clear, and scarcely a smoky chimney is to be seen. If you inquire how this has been brought about, you will be told that natural gas has driven coal out of the field. The extent of the new industry may be imagined when we find one company has nearly a million sterling sunk in wells and pipes for conveying the gas. From an account written five years ago we learn there were then six hundred miles of piping laid down in the neighbourhood of Pittsburgh, whilst the daily consumption of gas represented ten thousand tons of coal; still it was estimated that seventy million cubic feet, equal to seventy thousand bushels of coal, were running to waste every day. In the present year, the supply of gas is said to be 'overwhelming,' and one company has had to shut down three wells in order to adapt the supply to the carrying capacity of the pipes.

The depth at which the gas is struck in the neighbourhood now described is about thirteen hundred feet. The sudden uprush of the gas when first tapped is so great that the difficulties to be overcome in controlling it are enormous. Sometimes it catches fire, and to extinguish the roaring flame is a very serious business.

Independently of the danger of ignition, there is still the enormous pressure to contend with, seldom less than two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds on the square inch, and sometimes even reaching five hundred pounds. In a case described by the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* last March, the well 'came in' on the 22d January, and showed a pressure of five hundred pounds. For forty-eight hours the gas was allowed to blow off, and then four drillers set to work to plug the well with the customary appliances. While

they were so engaged, the well caught fire, no one could explain how, and in a moment a huge flame shot up into the heavens with a furious roar, and all the workmen were enveloped in the blaze. On the 24th a vigorous but unsuccessful attempt was made to extinguish the burning well. The column of flame was about one hundred feet high, and the heat was so intense that the men could not get near enough to do anything. By some process of smoke-stacking, the fire was eventually mastered. When finally brought under control, the gas is conveyed in the ordinary way by wrought-iron pipes from ten to sixteen inches in diameter. In the twenty miles between the wells and Pittsburgh there are at intervals stations where the pressure is regulated by means of safety-valves, and stacks of waste pipes burn the superfluous gas with greater or less fierceness day and night. In the course of its journey the pressure of the gas is reduced by friction to the extent of about seven pounds per mile, so that a pressure of two hundred pounds at the base would cease to exert itself at a distance of thirty miles.

When it reaches Pittsburgh, the gas is made use of in every conceivable way. For supplying furnaces it is far more valuable than coal; on account of the absence of sulphur in the fuel, it turns out a much finer sample of steel. The manufacture of glass and all large industries are now largely dependent on gas. The change produced by the substitution of gas for coal is very striking. Instead of the grimy sulphureous atmosphere to be met with in our large foundries, we find in a Pittsburgh shop the air is clear and unoppressive, and the men's faces and clothes are tolerably white and clean. The economy in another way may be gauged by the fact that boilers which in former days needed a hundred firemen and coal-heavers to attend to them can now be looked after by one man. In private houses quite a revolution has been effected by the introduction of natural gas. It gives light to the house by night, and supplies all the heat required in both sitting-rooms and kitchen. The coal-dealer is dispensed with, smoky chimneys are troubles of a bygone age, coal-dust is conspicuous by its absence, and the chimney-sweep has lost his occupation. Cheap, cheerful, smokeless fires have superseded stoves and rendered coal-scuttles, fire-irons, and ash-bins obsolete. The street lamps somewhat resemble flag-poles, from the tops of which blue sheets of flame shooting forth give light to the city by night.

The introduction of this new agent was naturally not unattended with considerable alarm, especially to nervous old ladies, who saw in the discovery a certainty sooner or later of a wholesale explosion; and even writers of scientific pretensions were not without their misgivings. One of these prophesied a grand collapse of the earth's crust through the withdrawal of the gas which had hitherto supported it. This was to affect the motion of the earth in its orbit, and cause it to lose its place among the heavenly bodies. Another wrote: 'The country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of twelve or fifteen hundred feet, and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erie will come howling down,

filling the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, and blotting them out for ever.' A third says that eventually there must be an explosion, by which Findlay and its neighbourhood will be blown skyward in an instant. After some years of trial, people are now beginning to cast away their fears and to welcome the cheaper and cleaner fuel.

At the same time, it must be acknowledged that the natural gas is not always amenable to discipline, but has a habit occasionally of playing some disagreeable pranks. Thus, a few months ago, near Kokomo (Indiana), a farmer named Wm. Shanks let his land to a company who were prospecting for gas. The boring began, and when a depth of about eight hundred feet was reached, the tools were shot up into the air with tremendous force. Out of the vent came a volume of water, spouting up to a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet, which continued without cessation for more than a week. The farm became flooded, and trenches had to be dug to prevent the wheat-crops from being submerged. The water was eventually shut off, and the gas and water separated; then the well came to be considered one of the most productive in the vicinity. A few weeks afterwards, however, jets began to issue from the ground all over the farm, and could be lighted by a match in a hundred places. In addition to this, the water was driven out of the farmer's well. The last report was that Shanks considered his farm ruined, and contemplated migrating to another spot to avoid being blown up.

Here, again, is a cutting from a newspaper, dated August 12, relating to Walldron, near Shelbyville (Indiana), where a farmer reports that 'he first heard a rumbling noise, and then the earth quivered, followed by a frightful explosion, ten acres of ground being torn up on both sides the river (Flat Rock), including part of the graveyard. Sheets of flame two hundred feet high then burst in all directions, and numerous hot geyzers spouted from six to ten feet, gas blazing from ten to fifteen feet above the water. The river-bed was torn up and the stream diverted, the water filling up the huge fissures caused by the explosion. Many skeletons were thrown up from the graveyard, and small rocks projected two miles distant. The natural gas is still flowing from the entire surface.'

The appearance of a report in a newspaper is not always a warrant for its truth, and this account bears some suspicion of exaggeration on the face of it. Still, allowing it to be authentic, it would be a legitimate supposition that if this gas had been allowed a vent, the destruction said to have been caused by it would have been prevented.

The question which is now uppermost amongst speculators in gas is, how long will it last? Is the supply inexhaustible or not? Eminent men of science have been consulted, and have given hopeful but cautious replies. Experience has in one case at all events given an alarming answer to the question. In upper Sandusky (Ohio) there was a great gas well the 'Jumbo,' which last year supplied sixteen hundred fires; but in February the pressure was so much reduced that recourse to coal and wood again became necessary. As the whole town had been freshly piped for gas,

the failure caused considerable indignation. In Pittsburgh the companies have provided for a similar contingency, and are prepared to manufacture gas from coal or crude petroleum in case the present natural supply should fail. But the belief begins to gain ground that the fluid is now in process of being generated in the bowels of the earth; and one scientist at least has demonstrated not only that the production can be brought about by the action of heat and water in the presence of certain minerals, but that it increases as pressure is decreased. If this is true, then the generation will be accelerated in proportion to the quantity drawn off. The wells in Pennsylvania certainly support this theory, for although the country has been riddled with borings, so that there was every probability of killing the goose with the golden eggs, the goose has only been more prolific, and the pressure of gas is higher than ever. And, again, in Indiana one well at Fairmount, which furnishes eleven and a half millions of feet of gas daily, shows no appreciable sign of diminution, although it has been in continuous operation for over two years. Professor Orton, however, utters a warning against the extravagant waste of this valuable fuel. He tells us that ingenuity seems to have been taxed in finding means of getting rid of it; the roar of its escaping torrents rivals Niagara, and the glare of its useless conflagrations could be seen from the moon. But waste will diminish as the means of controlling the gas improve and as the use for it increases.

Little, perhaps, has at present been heard of natural gas in England; but it will soon be as widely known as mineral oil. Whether it will ever be discovered in Great Britain is extremely doubtful, as, unfortunately, we do not live on the belt in which, geologists say, the gas is to be found; but Canada may hope to be enriched by it. Wells can be seen both burning and in use near Calgary, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and they have been bored with some success in the neighbourhood of Toronto. Still, it is to the North-west Territories that Canada looks forward for finding her greatest riches; and since along the Athabasca River, we are now told, there are vast beds of sand two hundred and fifty feet thick saturated with oil for hundreds of miles, it may be confidently expected that under that surface there lies a vast region of gas only waiting to be tapped by the borer's drill.

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

CHAPTER III.

THE drive of fourteen or fifteen miles to Pickering occupied less than two hours, and Rockingham was in ample time to conduct the service announced for four o'clock. That over, he and Madge took tea with the Construction Company's superintendent, who was an Englishman, and glad to entertain the preacher.

It was perhaps half-past seven o'clock when the horses were started homeward, and darkness was fast gathering. It was the close of a lovely day in early summer; such an evening as never fails to cast some refining influence upon even

the hardest natures. Through the clear Canadian atmosphere the stars shone in myriads, and from the shore to the horizon the waters of Lake Superior reflected in a broad band the silvery sheen of an almost full moon. In that sparsely settled corner of the world and at that time in the evening the travellers could hear nothing save the light tread of the two horses, and the incessant splash of the small waves as they broke upon the rocky shore near by. Madge Latimer, against her will, felt sentimental; while as for Rockingham, he would have asked for nothing better than the circumstances which encompassed him on that Sabbath evening.

Madge had started out with the full intention of having some 'fun.' With a woman's keen perception, she had long known that 'the Colonel' more than admired her; and with the average woman's vanity and love of conquest, she was bent upon learning from his own lips the exact place she held in his estimation. But the soft and soothing surroundings of that romantic summer evening led Madge a little further than she ever intended to go with Digby Rockingham. Just how it happened Madge honestly did not know, nor did Rockingham. It seemed like a dream to the girl as they drove along for miles, Rockingham holding her disengaged hand in his, while his face was so close to her own that she could feel his breath upon her cheek. That neither her companion nor she herself uttered a word, Madge scarcely noticed, and the girl did not know that silence is frequently for more eloquent than speech. To do her justice, she was indulging in a reverie, in which her thoughts were almost shapeless, and in which Digby Rockingham scarcely figured at all.

They had walked the horses the entire distance, and Rockingham knew that it was past ten o'clock. A band in the road reminded him that they would soon be at Kincairdine. He tightened his hold upon the girl's hand and bent his head until his brow rested upon her rich wavy hair. Then he asked, very quietly but very deliberately: 'Madge, will you be my wife?'

The girl was startled. She knew she had herself to thank for this climax to their long ride; but such a direct offer of marriage was none the less unexpected. She had looked for a little 'love-making' from Rockingham, but she had not anticipated what is usually the finale of a long period of courting; and yet she knew, as well as she knew that she breathed, that the clergyman was not trifling with her. More than that, she felt that she could no longer trifle with him. For a moment Madge hesitated. She dare not say 'Yes;' for a day or two at least it would be pleasant not to say 'No.' It certainly would be a decided triumph as well as pleasure to know that she held in her hands the happiness, or otherwise, of the two most eligible men on the north shore.

'I think I cannot answer your question,' was the reply given to Rockingham, and given rather sheepishly for Madge Latimer.

'At least you do not refuse. When, then, may I see you, Madge, and press my suit?'

The outline of McDougall's emporium was now visible. Madge drew her hand away from her

companion and hurriedly said: 'I will attend Prayers on Friday evening. I will leave you now at the hotel.—Yes, here we are, and I insist. Indeed, I shall prefer to drive into Gravenhurst alone.'

'Say, Madge,' said Brock, rather gruffly, as the girl drove the horses into the barn, 'what fool-business is this?'

The foreman was in an ill-humour for two reasons. He did not care to think that Madge had been with 'the Colonel' some eight or nine consecutive hours; and he also feared that his favourite horses had been overworked.

Madge, who was tired and hungry, now that the influences of Rockingham and the moonlight ride were gone, was equally disgruntled. 'If it's a fool-business, it's none of *your* business, anyhow!'

'Oh, it ain't, eh? Well, we'll see.—Here, hold this lantern, will you, so I can see to clean these animals? Little Pig is asleep these two hours.'

Brock puffed and panted as he worked at the dusty horses, and his exertions seemed to charm back his usually even temper. 'Say, Madge,' he said, as he relieved her of the lantern, 'what's the matter of us getting married right off? What do you say?'

'Are you crazy?' retorted the girl. 'Don't you know me better, Eli Brock, than to bother me with such wild stuff at this time of night? I don't know whether I'll marry you at all—there!'

She was up in her room before Brock had his foot upon the doorstep of 'the office.'

Brock was now aroused. He did not disguise from himself the fact that he would be grievously disappointed should Madge after all marry some other man; nor did he pretend not to know that Madge Latimer was quite equal to keeping her word when she threatened not to marry him at all.

Eli Brock was ignorant of such matters as engagements; and if he had not been, it is doubtful whether he would have trusted Madge—to say nothing of the girl trusting herself or him—to keep her word even by the aid of a ring. So he resolved, by hook or by crook, to gain Madge Latimer's consent to an early marriage. It was Friday, however, before Brock had a leisure evening, when, after eating his supper, he inquired for Madge. She had, of course, gone out, and Little Pig furnished the additional information that she had gone to Kincairdine. That suited Brock very well. He knew she had gone afoot, because his horses were all in their stalls, so he started out to meet her. He walked about a mile along the road, and, being tired, he selected one of the many huge boulders thereabouts upon which to recline. Most men indulging in a cigar would have betrayed their whereabouts, but Brock had a habit of gnawing a cigar without lighting it. He did so now. The gnawing process had reduced the length of the cigar perhaps three-quarters of an inch, when two persons approached from Kincairdine and paused almost opposite the foreman's resting-place. One of them was Madge, the other was Digby Rockingham.

'Please, please, don't ask me for an answer to-

night. Perhaps it will be all right—I cannot tell. I must think about it.'

It was Madge who was speaking, and Brock heard every word. He could guess at what had preceded.

'Of course, of course, dear Madge. It is only right that you should take your own time. And yet, dear, you have as good as answered me. I have little fear for what you will tell me finally.'

For a space that seemed to Brock like several hours, but which was really only about three seconds, there was absolute silence. And then the foreman heard something that made his blood boil and started the perspiration from his brow—a single kiss.

'You insist upon going the rest of the way alone? You are not at all timid?' asked Rockingham.

'No, no! Good-bye.'

'Good-night, dear Madge.'

At that moment Eli Brock could have killed the clergyman without any compunction whatever. Jealousy and murder entered his heart together. His indignation towards Madge was certainly righteous; but his head remained level enough to tell him that the clergyman had done him no wilful wrong, and that as yet he had no absolute right to quarrel with the man whom he was bound to treat with some degree of hospitality. For the present the cigar suffered; Brock clinched his teeth upon that article and strode off by a circuitous route, 'across lots,' to Gravenhurst, where he arrived long after Madge Latimer was lost in dreams.

On the morning after the arrival of the weekly mail from Port Arthur, it was Little Pig's first duty to go to Kincairdine for Brock's letters, usually of a strictly business character. On the Saturday morning following the scene just described, the Indian brought his master a letter from the proprietors of a rival copper mine, tendering him the position of manager. Brock had no desire to make a change, but he felt that he now held a strong card, and proposed to play it for all it was worth. 'Madge,' he said curtly, 'I asked you last Sunday evening if you would marry me—soon.'

'I know you did,' replied the girl, who sailed under no false sentimental colours when dealing with Eli Brock—'I know you did, and I told you that I might not marry you at all.'

'Look here, girl; I'm talking business. You know I think a good deal of you; you know I will treat you well and take good care of you. I've got money; I've got post-horses; I'll build you a good house, and take you to Marquette or Chicago, or any other blanded place every winter. What more do you want?'

'You needn't pile it on, Eli! If I marry you or any other man, it won't be for dollars or post-horses!'

'Now you're talking,' said Brock, pleased because he could see the girl honestly meant to be independent. He softened his own speech as he continued: 'Now, Madge, don't you think more of me than you do of any other fellow in this section or any other section? Ain't you and I built to hitch together in double harness?'

Brock was a handsome fellow, and he looked

his best as he strode across the room and laid his hand upon one of the girl's shoulders.

'You just think I'm dead-gone on you,' pouted Madge, 'and you take advantage of it. You don't treat me half-way decent. A stranger couldn't tell that you cared for me a little bit.'

'Oh, hosh!?' laughed Brock; but changed his tone as he went on: 'It's just this way, Madge. If you don't want to marry me, I'm going to dig out of this place. See—here is an offer of another job, and I shall take it unless you want to keep me here. I'm not going to wait any longer, while you fly around with other men, I can tell you that!'

'Do you mean this?' asked Madge, fearful that she might after all lose the man whom she had for three years considered her personal property.

'Yes, I mean it. I'm through with fooling. If you want to do the square thing, you'll marry me inside of two weeks. If I'm not married at the end of that time, I leave Gravenhurst, that's all!'

That same evening Brock called upon Digby Rockingham.

'I wanted a word with you, Colonel,' said Brock.

Rockingham bowed.

'Fact is, Colonel, I kinder liked you the first day I set eyes on you. You mind the time, I suppose, down at the Soo?'

'Very well.'

'Yes. Seemed to me you was square and 'bove-board, so to speak. I liked your general get-up, and I have a notion I treated you accordingly. Ain't that correct?'

'I think I follow you,' replied Rockingham, who was really puzzled to know what all this was intended to prelude. 'Yes, you behaved very kindly to me, Brock.'

'Brought you along here and introduced you to all the folks—sorter showed you all there was to see—treated you *white*,* didn't I?'

Again Rockingham inclined his head.

'Well, see here, Colonel; I'd like to have a good opinion of you still. There ain't no use wasting words: *you* know what's happened since you settled down here: *you* know whether you've done me dirt or not, and I don't. Mebbe what's been done was your fault, and mebbe it wasn't—like enough it wasn't. But that's past and gone; it's neither here nor there. I don't take much stock in religion, Colonel; I take a man as I find him, regardless of per-fessins or church or anything of the kind. If he's white, he's white; and if he's swide, he's swide. I thought you was white. We'll say I still think you're white—shake hands on it, Colonel!'

Rockingham laid his small thin hand in Brock's broad palm, which the foreman clasped with a grip of steel.

'Now then,' he continued with much fierceness, 'listen. If you want to pass muster as a white man for the future with me, you'll mind what I tell you, Colonel. Don't you come to Graven-

hurst again *until I send for you*, or, by thunder, I won't answer for the consequences!'

Before the clergyman could collect his scattered senses, Brock's gigantic strides had carried him half-way home.

OLD CHELSEA AND ITS HOSPITAL.

Past and present have seldom met together under pleasanter auspices than at the Exhibition in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital. And few parts of London are so rich in associations with the past as Chelsea. In 783 we find it mentioned under the name of *Cealsesthe*; and in *Domesday Book* it appears as *Cerechelde* or *Chelched*. In the sixteenth century it began to assume the name of *Chelsey*. The history of the village, with its pleasant orchards and gardens sloping to the river, may be said to date from the time when Henry VIII. bestowed the manor of Chelsea on Catharine Parr as part of her jointure. After the death of the king, the young Princess Elizabeth was placed under the care of Catharine Parr and her husband Lord Seymour; and the old manor-house at Chelsea was doubtless the silent witness of many a girlish freak and frolic on the part of the future queen. Of the early residents at Chelsea the most illustrious was Sir Thomas More, who had a house on the site of Beaufort Row. Henry VIII. was at one time his intimate friend, and we are told, 'for the pleasure he took in his company, would His Grace sometimes suddenly come home to his house at Chelsea to be merry with him, whither, on a time unlooked for, he came to dinner; and after dinner, in a fair garden of his, walked with him by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck.' So wrote his son-in-law Roper. Erasmus has given us a beautiful description of his home-life. 'There is not,' he says, 'a man living so affectionate to his children as he: he loveth his old wife as if she was a young maid.' Speaking of his house, he continues: 'In it is none man or woman but readeth or studieth the liberal arts, yet is their chief care of piety. There is never any seen idle: the head of the house governs it not by a lofty carriage and oft rebukes, but by gentleness and amiable manners. Every member is busy in his place, and performing his duty with alacrity; nor is sober mirth wanting.'

Holbein lived as a guest of Sir Thomas More in his house at Chelsea, and worked there three years, doing the portraits of More, his relations, and friends. On More's execution, the family fell into considerable distress. The house had to be parted with, and there the neglected Anne of Cleves died in 1557. Near More's house lived Sir John Danvers, unpleasantly famed as one of the regicides who signed the death-warrant of Charles I. He married the mother of George Herbert the poet. His name is more pleasantly associated with the history of horticulture. He was the first to teach us the way of Italian gardens; and his grounds at Chelsea were laid out after the Italian fashion. Lord Bacon had a garden at Chelsea which was to enclose thirty acres in all, and contain a closely-shaven lawn or green of four acres, a wilderness of six, and the orchards and garden proper occupying the remainder. The history of Chelsea is bound up

* In parts of the west and south of North America, to call a man 'white' is to pay him the highest possible respect. It is applied to a good man's heart rather than to his skin.

with that of Charles II. and his court. To him we owe the foundation of the famous Military Hospital which inspired the poet to write:

Go with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile,
And ask the shattered hero whence his smile.

Chelsea College, or King James's College of Divinity, was founded by Dr Sutcliffe, 'to this intent, that learned men might there have maintenance to answer all the adversaries of religion.' This College, however, proved somewhat barren of results, and was at length granted, in 1669, to the newly-founded Royal Society. In 1681 it was purchased of the Royal Society, on behalf of the king, for the purpose of erecting a hospital for sick and disabled soldiers. There is a story that we owe its establishment to Nell Gwynne, who, one day taking pity on an old soldier who had fought for the royal cause in the civil wars without reward, besought Charles to found a hospital for persons in like condition. However this may be, the building was commenced by Sir Christopher Wren in 1682, and is said to have cost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. In February of that year Charles himself laid the first stone. The sight of the old pensioners in their uniform of scarlet faced with blue, and quaint hats, is a familiar London sight. In 1838 the number of out-pensioners of the Hospital amounted to 79,332 at rates varying from 2d. to 3s. 6d. a day. The in-residents were over 400. At present there are about 85,000 out-pensioners and 500 in. Amongst its famous inhabitants was Dr Burney the musician, and father of Madame D'Arbly. He was organist to Chelsea College, and was buried in the Royal Hospital. Another celebrity, of a different kind, was Christian Davis, *alias* Mother Ross, who was buried there in 1739. She had served in the campaigns under William III. and Marlborough.

In 1661 Robert Boyle, the distinguished natural philosopher and chemist, had a house at Little Chelsea; and the second Duke of Buckingham, whom Dryden styles,

A man so various that he seemed to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome,

lived in the house which had once belonged to Sir Thomas More. Thomas Shadwell, one of the forgotten poets-laureate, had a house in Church Lane. Rochester, the wit and poet, said of him: 'If Shadwell had burned all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have shown more wit and humour than any other poet.' He is only remembered at present as forming a subject for the satire of Dryden, who, in his poem of 'MacFleunce,' says: 'Shadwell never deviates into sense.'

His genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.

A man more famous in the history of literature, Sir Richard Steele, the fellow-worker with Addison in the production of the 'Spectator'—the first magazine which introduced a pure and wholesome literature into the homes of England—had a house by the river-side at Chelsea. The pleasant village, nestling in its orchards and leafy gardens, with the quiet of the country, yet not too far removed from the gaieties of town, formed a fitting resting-place for Hortenzia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, a niece of the Cardinal, and

one of the beauties of the court of Charles II. Here at Chelsea, about 1694, the Duchess was the centre of a brilliant society which amused itself with the 'basset' table, or listened to the dramatic concerts, for which her house was famous. A frequent visitor there was M. de St Evremont, the friend of Condé and Turenne, who was spending his years of exile in England. It is sad to relate of this fascinating lady that during her stay at Chelsea she was in arrears for the poor rates, as appears from the parish books!

A very important name in connection with Chelsea is that of Sir Hans Sloane, born in the year 1660. He purchased the manor of Chelsea; and at his death in 1753 bequeathed his valuable collection of pictures, books, natural history, and curiosities of all kinds, to the nation. He was some time surgeon-general to the army. In 1727 he succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society. Under his will, the family of Cadogan became possessed of Chelsea manor. In connection with Sir Hans Sloane must be mentioned 'Don Saltero's Coffee-house,' opened in 1695 by a man named Salter, an old servant of Sir Hans. His master had probably given him some of his own curiosities, which formed a nucleus for the collection of wonders which rendered the coffee-house so famous. Steele, in a number of the 'Tatler,' says: 'When I came into the coffee-house, I had not time to salute the company before my eye was diverted by ten thousand gimcracks round the room and on the ceiling. Benjamin Franklin, in his *Life*, tells us how he came with a party to see Don Saltero's collection; and on his return, at the request of the company, how he swam from near Chelsea the whole way to Blackfriars Bridge, exhibiting during his course a variety of feats of activity and address both upon the surface of the water as well as under it.' The coffee-house was situated in the middle of Cheyne Walk, so called from Lord Cheyne, who owned the manor of Chelsea near the close of the seventeenth century. In 1799 a sale of the curiosities took place. The catalogue included such marvels as 'the bone of an angel-fish,' 'a petrified crab from China,' 'a piece of Solomon's Temple,' 'a pair of garters from South Carolina,' 'the Emperor of Morocco's tobacco-pipe,' 'a curious flea-trap,' and 'a starved cat, found between the walls of Westminster Abbey when the east end was repaired'—from which list it is evident there was something to suit every one's taste.

In the reign of Charles II. the Thames at London was still a silvery stream, abounding in fish; and the fishery at Chelsea was of considerable importance. We hear that in 1664 in one week the Chelsea fishermen took nine salmon weighing together over one hundred and seventy-two pounds. The price realised was about sixteenpence per pound. Chelsea was also famous for its watermen in past times, one of whom Dibdin represents bidding farewell to his trim-built wherry, and farewell to oars and coat and badge:

Neversore at Chelsea ferry
Shall you Thomas take a spell.

Doggett is forgotten as an actor, but remembered by the orange-coloured coat and silver badge given in the annual race between watermen which has been rowed since the year 1716,

from the Old Swan, near Loudon Bridge, to the White Swan at Chelsea. The orange colour of the coat commemorates Doggett's strong Whig principles, and the institution was made in honour of the anniversary of the accession of George I. to the English throne. Six watermen take part in the race, which is rowed on the 1st of August.

In Church Lane, Chelsea, lived Dr Atterbury, first Dean of Carlisle, and then Bishop of Rochester. In 1722 he was suspected of a plot in favour of the Pretender, and was seized and sent to the Tower, which he only quitted to be exiled for the rest of his days. In 1711 Swift came to reside for a time in a house in Church Lane facing that of Atterbury. In his Journal to Stella for that year he mentions his arrival as follows: 'I got here with Patrick [his servant] and my portmanteau for sixpence, and pay six shillings a week for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets. I lodge just over against Dr Atterbury's house. And yet, perhaps,' he naively adds, 'I shall not like the place better for that.' Perhaps he had reason to change his mind, for Mrs Atterbury seems to have been most hospitable, not only giving him the use of the garden, library, and the rest of the house, but one day 'sent him some veal and small-beer and ale at dinner.' Altogether, one would think Swift found the Atterburys very charming vis-à-vis neighbours.

In Lawrence Street lived another of the classic novelists, Tobias Smollett, who came to Chelsea for the sake of his consumptive daughter. Sir Robert Walpole passed some portion of his life in a house near the Hospital, where, in lettered ease, 'unumbered with the venal tribe,' he could 'smile without art, and win without a bribe.'

The name of Chelsea is intimately connected with old china. A porcelain manufactory was probably set on foot there by one Joan Dwight, who took out a patent in 1671 for the production of transparent porcelain. In 1743 the works were in full activity, the owner at that time being Nicholas Spremont, a Frenchman. In 1784 the Chelsea kilns were pulled down and removed to Derby. Old Chelsea china is of various kinds: some simply imitated from eastern china, either in blue or white; some in old Japanese style, painted a rich red and green, and heavily gilt; while the rarer specimens are more elaborate, and resemble the Sèvres porcelain with miniature painting on white enamel. Blue, rose, and deep claret red are the most usual colours in Chelsea china. The mark is usually an anchor, often double, either pointed in red or gold or moulded in relief. In some cases the anchor is supplemented by one or more daggers.

Another Chelsea institution, little less famous than its china, was the Bun House, which stood at the corner of Jews or Royal Hospital Row. Its fame was established by one Richard Hands. It was a one-storied building, with a colonnade projecting over the foot-pavement. George II. and George III., as well as Queens Caroline and Charlotte, used to patronise it. On Good-Fridays, an enormous crowd used to collect around the shop; and in 1839 it is said that upwards of twenty-four thousand hot cross-buns were sold. In this same year the 'old original' bun-house was taken down. Swift, in his before-mentioned Journal to Stella, speaks of the 'rare Chelsea buns.'

On the eastern side of the Royal Hospital stood the mansion of Richard, Earl of Ranelagh, the gardens of which, for their size, were esteemed the finest in England. About 1741 the grounds of this mansion were sold, and a project was formed of utilising them for recreation and amusement. A Rotunda was built there; and in April 1742 the first concert was given. These concerts took place for some time in the morning; but it having been represented to the managers that the young merchants and City apprentices were frequently seduced from their counting-houses and shops by these morning amusements, they were prohibited; and henceforth the doors opened at six in the evening. Thus Ranelagh was started on its prosperous career. In 1749 George II. attended a grand fête, given in the Venetian style, which has since become so common. The Rotunda was a very imposing edifice, but, as Mrs Carter remarks in one of her letters in 1742, it wanted 'some use for it answerable to the fineness and stateliness of the structure; for to be sure it is quite vexatious at present to see all the pomp and splendour of a Roman amphitheatre devoted to no better use than a twopenny entertainment of cold ham and chicken.' A great regatta was held there in June 1775; and in the beginning of the present century, the Spanish ambassador was entertained there with great magnificence. On this occasion, the lower boxes in the Rotunda formed a Spanish camp, striped blue and red; each tent guarded by a boy dressed in Spanish uniform. The gallery formed a Temple of Flora, lighted by a number of gold baskets containing wax tapers. Women ornamented with wreaths of flowers made tea; and one hundred valets in scarlet and gold, and as many footmen in sky-blue and silver, waited on the company. Ranelagh attained its highest pitch of fame about 1782 and the few following years. Horace Walpole says in one of his letters that he went every night to Ranelagh, which had totally beaten Vauxhall. 'Nobody goes anywhere else. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it that he says he has ordered all his letters to be addressed thither.' Round the Rotunda were forty-seven boxes, with a table and cloth spread in each, and in these the company were regaled with tea and coffee. The smiles of fortune, however, eventually deserted Ranelagh, and after 1805 we hear no more of it.

In more recent times, Chelsea once more drew the world of fashion to Cremorne Gardens, which were situated to the west of old Battersea Bridge. Not so extensive as Ranelagh, Cremorne, after a brief period of prosperity, was closed in 1877.

Cheyne Walk has always been a favourite resort of artists and men of letters, from its beautiful and peaceful situation; and in a house in Great Cheyne Row, Thomas Carlyle wrote most of his famous works. In 1765, Cheyne Walk was famous for its medicated baths, set up there by an Italian quack named Dominicetti. These baths had a great reputation for several years. Dr Johnson could see no virtue in Dominicetti's system, and on one occasion, when a gentleman took the opposite view, he turned to him and said: 'Well, sir, go to Dominicetti and get thyself fumigated; but be sure that the steam be directed to the head, for that is the *pericent part*.' In spite, however, of his success,

Dominicetti eventually became bankrupt. Here also lived the eccentric miser Neill, who, at his death in 1852, left all his savings to the Queen. In this neighbourhood, in a river-side cottage, Turner passed the end of his life in full view of the river and the boats he loved so well, and painted so matchlessly.

Though the waterworks were not established until 1724, Chelsea was considered a good spot from which to draw a water-supply as early as 1696, for in that year Evelyn says: 'I made my Lord Cheney a visit at Chelsea, and saw those ingenious waterworks invented by Mr Winstanley, wherein were some things very surprising and extraordinary.' Winstanley is also remembered as the architect of the Eddystone Lighthouse. The Albert Bridge was opened in 1872; and in 1874 the Embankment gave a more modern look to this old-world part of the metropolis, for London in its onward march of bricks and mortar has long since absorbed the once 'pleasant village' of Chelsea.

JOHN LATHAM'S LIFE AND FATE.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

WHILE Dr MacLeod, who, during their stay, had been very friendly with both men, examined Sinclair where he lay supine upon his bed, Latham sat or stood in the bare dining-room, from which all personal effects had been removed for packing early in the morning. He had just twenty minutes to think of his position; but it seemed as though his brain had never been clearer in his whole life. Each point in the case stood out sharp and distinct; he, Latham, might become the victim of a few untoward circumstances! The right or wrong of the quarrel sank into nothingness beside more important considerations.

Sinclair had struck him twice, and he had a bruise on his eye to show for it. He had struck Sinclair once, and, as it happened, knocked him down. Had he fallen on the turf, he would have been up in a moment, and might have injured Latham; but, again, as it chanced, there had been a stone, on which his skull was fractured. He might die—probably he would; but could the presence of that stone incriminate Latham? Certainly not. To both, an accident had happened. Sinclair's accident was the fracture; Latham's, his implication in its bringing about. If Tom died, a person with an exceedingly sublimated moral sense might brand Latham as a murderer; but Latham himself had no false sentiment about him; and he knew very well that in the event of his friend's death he should not be a murderer, though heavy would be the load of regret for his evil passion, which for the rest of his life he might have to bear. He had established a thorough understanding between his moral nature and his worldly common-sense when Dr MacLeod came in. 'I am sorry to tell you it is all over,' he said, very gravely. 'The incision into the skull was remarkably deep. I feel surprised that Mr Sinclair lived so long.'

The doctor's words, bald as they were, were not so great a shock to Latham as they might have been; he had prepared himself to hear the

worst; nevertheless, his pale face was terribly stricken as he followed the doctor up to his friend's room. Standing by the bed, an impulse moved him, and he took the dead man's right hand in his. Dr MacLeod turned away; he did not know that the friendship between the two men was not of that rare and precious type which, we are told, is the deepest and most unselfish form of earthly love.

For a moment Latham was beside him again, grave and steady of voice as he said: 'Will you come and see the scene of the accident? The moon is bright; we shall need no lantern.' Quiet as his voice was, to himself it seemed as though some one else were speaking and he listening, looking on from a distance.

The doctor assented. 'A terrible ending to an autumn holiday,' he murmured half aloud.

To Latham it appeared as though a week at least had passed since he and his friend had broken all ties of friendship beneath those trees, when he again stood there with the simple Scotchman, whose restrained matter-of-fact manner and lack of all but the shortest comment was such a boon to him at this moment.

'Of course the matter will be looked into by the Procurator-fiscal,' MacLeod said, attacking, in kindly consideration of Latham's racked mind, the practical details of the matter. 'Leave the notification to me; I will attend to all that.—You will go over to Ardmuir? First thing to-morrow morning; Mr Bruce will come back with you for the inquest. Exactly. I will send word to MacDougall and the others. In this place it will be very quiet and—as little painful to you as possible.'

Latham winced somewhat, but looked Dr MacLeod straight in the face. Some moments before he had given an outline of the circumstances of the quarrel, so the doctor was in possession of the facts, and might be asked for an opinion.

'Then you are assured?'—he began slowly, experiencing some difficulty in the phrasing of his question.

'There can't be a question as to who began the fight,' MacLeod said firmly, but in a cool unaffected voice. 'You knocked him down. Well, a man doesn't strike out when he's knocked down; and as you've got the bruises to show for it, it stands to reason he began!—Clear as day!'

Latham breathed heavily once or twice, but said nothing; inwardly, he was grateful to his shrewd, keen-sighted companion, but no method of saying so occurred to him.

They walked back to the high-road, and MacLeod said a few more words about next day and the precise form Scottish formalities took; then they parted; and Latham went to Penny-gowan Lodge, and stood again beside his dead friend before he lay down to think through the long night-hours.

The early drive to Ardmuir would, under other mental conditions, have been pleasant, for the morning was as perfect as only a Scottish October morning can be; and John Latham was forced to reflect, as sooner or later every one must do, how nothing but our own misfortunes can take the smile out of the world, and how completely these can do it!

He saw Mrs Bruce only; Robert was on the hill. After half an hour she left him in the hall and entered a morning-room, where, before the door was shut, he heard the words: 'Maggie, darling, I have some dreadful'— And then, a moment later, a scream which tore his heart like rough steel. Margaret had loved her cousin, and he, Latham, had been the cause of his death.

After that, he left the house and drove back to Pennygowan. By twelve o'clock, young Bruce had joined him, and a grave and silent company assembled in the bare dining-room. Latham was pale, but composed; the bruise on his eye showed faintly blue, and attracted in turn the eyes of every one, being, as it was, a voiceless testimony to that hapless quarrel. His self-control stood him in good stead as he answered many questions and listened to the doctor's statement, brief and conclusive as it proved. Then the Procurator entered upon some long speech, which went past Latham as though it had never been; he only saw Robert Bruce's outstretched hand, and gasped it closely where they two stood in the bow-window. After that, there was nothing more to say.

He waited on apathetically almost till Sinclair was buried in a quiet hill-side graveyard, and he exchanged a few grave but cordial words with young Bruce of Ardmuir, then he passed out of their lives, as he told himself, 'for ever.' The vainest phrase that any mortal can use, surely; for are we not blown against one another like feathers or light thistle-down, by the gusts of Fate, and have we any more will in the matter than these?

So Margaret, who made a confidant of no one, was left to weep her bitter silver tears over the dried moonwort, and the half-sheet of note-paper, whose half-dozen words, in the handwriting of the man she loved—who had never spoken!—were all she had to cherish.

A dozen years later, Pennygowan Lodge looked much the same; to the eye of an accurate observer it seemed only to have taken on a deeper, damper tone of greenish gray as the moisture of successive winters trickled down the rough-casting which covered it. 'Gowan flood' was gone! Mr Malcolm had had it drained, and the land thus recovered, richly clad with cotton-grass, yellow asphodel, and the shyly-folded gentian among the pink heath plants, was valuable for peat-cutting purposes, and a boon to the crofters round about. Otherwise, nothing was changed; those drear unexplored country places never change. The hills lifted their lean shoulders as gauntly as ever; and now that the heather was over, red-brown deer-grass waved over their upper slopes, and gray sheep sprinkled them. Ben Arie looked down from its nobler height upon the same sweep of untractable arable land at its base, and the deep fissures in its steep sides ran over with the faded wealth of a glorious autumn time. Majestic clumps of fern starred the banks of the streams, rising green and glistening from a ruin of ruddy leaves; ripe haws the size of plums gleamed on the bared briars, and the hawthorns bent under clusters of crimson fruit—nowhere save in the Highlands is there this mad luxuriance of Nature's wild jewel-

trimmings—yet we hear there is barely three inches of soil above the bare rock! The fir-trees were still on their tiny mound; they watched over the springing sundew and purple butterwort as they had watched the small harsh rushes, and the ripples made by the dabchicks when the loch lay shining at their feet.

But great changes had come to John Latham: his name was as well known at the bar as that of its leading counsel. From a clever and enterprising junior, yet a man with a decent respect for old form and ceremony, he had risen to be the most sought after of subtle barristers. In politics he was as sane as he was progressive, and represented an immense constituency in Parliament; his speeches in the House made, if possible, more sensation than they had done and still did at the bar. Cool and clear-headed, grave and courteous, warmly eloquent yet wisely restrained, all that he attempted was well thought out and well weighed. Such was John Latham. Success had come up to him and taken him by the hand! There was nothing he might not be or do; no honour seemed too high for his attainment! So said his friends; so, even, admitted his enemies, and they marvelled that he had no wife or children to share his triumphs.

'Latham has no time for that kind of thing,' laughed a great Q.C., whom he had worsted in battle.

'No heart for it, you mean,' said the man he was speaking to, with a queer little smile which had a touch of regret in it.

For all who knew him felt that he had a disappointment hidden somewhere among his successes, a haunting sorrow of some kind, or a mysterious disease which preyed upon him; and in a measure these words were correct.

John Latham had had a disappointment—the loss of his love; and a haunting sorrow—the death of his friend; a disease—the restless longing to look once more on the spot where his life's tragedy had been enacted. It is not to be supposed that he drooped sentimentally before the world, or wore his heart upon his sleeve for 'daws to peck at.' He was at all times a pleasant man to meet, pleasant to speak to, witty and even cheerful in every-day life. Perhaps only the lines of his face in repose, and a certain grave gentleness of voice, together with a touch of pain in his smile, marked him out among his fellows as a man to whom sorrow had come early. Through all his brilliant days and weary nights he never lost a subtle under-consciousness, subdued, but wearing; he never forgot the sin of his anger and the fury of his blow.

At Christmas-time a mighty contest was over; Latham had met his most powerful adversary, and snatched victory from his hands, establishing a noted precedent. He left the court flushed with the fire of his eloquence; warmed only in his brain, not in his heart; and, escaping a press of congratulatory friends and colleagues, made swift preparations, and took the night-mail to Scotland. Christmas was nothing to him; his life knew no festivals. Within twenty-four hours he was walking on that narrow foot-path beside the road which, when last he had seen the place, bordered a lochen, and now skirted a brown-black peat moor. At every step his foot

crushed frost feathers from the worn grass-blades that stood bravely erect to show what King Winter had given them to wear. They, humble, oft trodden, lining the wayside, but not too small a thing for the white rime to bedeck. Oh the light white frost of a Highland winter morning! Winter, that is a grim reality elsewhere, but only a joke in the warm moist west! The reddened bracken, tall and green once for two rabbits to hide under one stem, dashed and soldened over by wind and rain, but with a light-gray sheen upon it like a fairy tissue of tinsel. The hills, bright in ruddy purples, cleaving high into a gold-blue sky; in the woods, along the streams, upon the moors, a very heyday of crisp cold.

Latham saw none of it; he walked sometimes with his head bent down, then again, with his pale tired face upright and unmoved; but he did not notice the glory of the mountains or the pureness of the air, and how much less the small out gems that every leaf held up in honest pride. To him it was the place where his heart and his life's hope had died at one moment: it was here that the world had turned ash gray for him, and he could see it of no other colour. He passed Pennygowan Lodge with a single glance at its shuttered windows; he went towards the fir-trees with swift steps. What if the hungry birds in the nut-tree where Tom had tied the horse at the road corner that night, chirped of hope and pleasure, what joyful anticipation could come to him? It was the day before Christmas, and good people in the world were trying to spread happiness among the smallest saddest creatures; though he did not know it, those birds were twittering with impatience to fly down into the road and pick up some crumbs which a kind hand, a lady's hand, had flung for them as she passed with a basket of gifts for the children in the village.

In a moment he would reach the fir-trees; why did he hesitate? Only that there was some one standing on the crisp whitened ground at their roots; a lady, looking out calmly over the peat moor, but picturing something very different from the rough heaps of brown peat-bricks that rose before her. For half a moment Latham felt the shock of common every-day life jarring with his sacred sorrow; he had meant to be alone with that picture of the past, and here, the bit of lone ground which his eyes had, in imagination, so often rested on, where Tom Sinclair had fallen under his hand, was being visited by some one to whom the story of his dead was a piece of gossip, probably. Perhaps if he walked slowly by, she would go. He pursued his way, looking with studiously polite indifference straight in front of him. But as he passed, she raised her head; and at the slight half-sound that passed her lips, his own flashed round, and they recognised one another; he with a cry of 'Margaret!' quickly, nervously suppressed. What she said he did not hear; he only saw the lovely colour stealing up her cheek as she smiled and held out her hand. When he last saw her she had been a girl of twenty; but twelve years of quiet, uneventful life had changed very little her gentle face. She stood before him with her hand held out and her smile warning him to the heart—wrapping him, as it seemed, in a new sort of sunlight. She had forgiven him.

'May I take your hand, really?' Latham said,

wondering if she had got over the death of her lover, wondering why she smiled like that.

'Surely—or—I will take yours.' She clasped the hand he held out with a touch of diffidence, it almost seemed.

'You are very good!' he murmured, hardly knowing what to say.

'I have waited all this time to shake your hand,' she said, with some meaning in her tone, 'because I always thought'—She stopped, and he looked up quickly. The modest frankness of her eyes told him everything; in that one glance the soul of each lay open to the light. She knew they had quarrelled about her.

'But it was Sinclair you'—John stammered with a sudden beautiful uncertainty in his voice and words, but a dawning consciousness of something good and bright awaiting him.

'Oh no! it never, never was!' cried Margaret quickly, and paused with a catch in her voice. Had she been over-bold? Had she gone too far? Ah no. John stood before her, his hands hanging at his sides, and a suppressed excitement beating in his voice. 'If that is so, if that is true,' he said, with the forced calmness of high tension, 'say it all to me; don't keep it from me now, Margaret. I—I have never dreamed of it, or hoped for it, or dared to think—But if you never loved him! If that is true, and that you cared'—He stopped his pleading, then resumed with quick fire: 'Oh, did you care—do you care for me, Margaret?'

It seemed he had caught her hands before she replied, and that, standing with them clasped on his breast, he received her answer. 'Then—and now! All the time, John, was what she said.

And after that, the gold of the morning and the sparkle of the frost was dull compared to the light in his life which was lit at her sweet eyes.

As they walked along the road to Ardmuir she traced the wheels of the carriage which should have taken her home; doubtless the man had driven on, thinking to overtake her.

But John, at her side, knew why the whole world was glancing and shining that day; he understood why the birds were twittering even though it was winter weather. Something in his heart sang too.

THE LEAVES.

No leaf as yet! though like a wreath of snow
The white bell-flowers have burst their sheathing
green,
And yielded to deep violets, and the sheen
Of those faint primroses that early strew
The garment of the earth. Verdure below;
But ne'er a budding leaf to come between
Our eyes and the blue ether, broadly seen
Through tracery of beeches, stretching low
From mighty rafter-boughs—the sere brown eaves
Of woodland palaces, where rocking high
The solemn rook in sable choros weaves
A twig into his nest, and yet more high
A wild bird sings of love among the leaves—
The leaves that are to be when spring is by.

C. A. DAWSON.

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A CRISIS IN THE CITY.

At the opening of the session of Parliament in November last year, in the course of the preliminary fencing that usually distinguishes such an occasion, the House of Lords heard both Lord Granville and the Prime Minister, with grave and cautious words, refer to 'the events which have recently taken place in the City of London.' As a matter of course, little was elicited in the way of information as to the nature of the events in question; but the statement of Lord Salisbury, that the Governor of the Bank of England had found it his duty to communicate with the Government on the subject, and that the City owed that gentleman an incalculable debt of gratitude, was sufficient to indicate the gravity of the situation.

It is not often that what is agitating Lombard Street and Capel Court rises to national importance in the view of statesmen; but the Crisis of November last was entirely exceptional. Looking back to the times of financial trouble within living memory—to 1873, when the City of Glasgow Bank fell, and further back still to that Black Friday in 1866 when the news of Overend, Gurney, & Co.'s failure spread panic far and wide—everybody acquainted with commercial affairs felt that the possibilities of disaster this autumn were more terrible still. No wonder a shock of dismay passed over men's minds when the word went round that one of the greatest houses in the City was in difficulties! For generations its name had been a synonym for financial stability and vast wealth. At home and abroad it had passed into a proverb. Their repute was the growth of a century of mercantile skill and uprightness displayed in the very front ranks of commerce. The crash of their fall, if it had been accomplished, would literally have made the farthest corners of the earth tremble.

But the peculiarity of the Crisis of 1890 was that the worst was forestalled. The very magnitude of the threatened disaster inspired a determination that it must not happen, and, by happy

chance, there were men at the head of affairs equal to the emergency. The Governor of the Bank of England, acting in concert with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, took strong measures, and prepared, if need should be, to follow them up effectually; whilst the chief bankers in London and the provinces rallied round him, under the sense of a common danger. This wise boldness had its due reward, for the 'panic' stage of the crisis was never reached. The plague was stayed, and the widespread ruin and misery that must otherwise have ensued was averted.

This chapter of our most recent commercial history is a tale with a most obvious moral. In fact, apart from the magnitude of the interests involved, the disaster was of the most ordinary type, such as every day overtakes some small speculator hasting to be rich. The conditions, indeed, of a commercial crisis are always with us. So far from being surprised when it arrives, we may well wonder why, under the present constitution of our money market, it occurs so seldom. We have an immense system of credit resting upon an utterly inadequate cash reserve. This is manifest, whether we consider the figures of our home and foreign trade, the liabilities of our banks, the annual income of the nation, or the financial operations of which our Clearing House accounts give evidence.

It is generally agreed that the deposits in the banks of the United Kingdom cannot be less than £600,000,000, most of this sum repayable in gold on demand. The London Clearing House totals reach the incredible amount of £7,000,000,000 annually. Now, if we confine our attention simply to the deposit liabilities of our banking institutions, the question arises, What provision is made for the liquidation of them? The answer is, that there exists in the United Kingdom only one considerable cash reserve. The smaller dealers in money all group themselves round the greatest dealer in money—namely, the Bank of England, and, at a time of pressure, they depend on the supply that can be

drawn from it. The provincial bankers in England, as well as the Scotch and Irish banks, have their spare cash with their agents in London, and the 'reserve' of these in turn is represented by their balances with the central institution. No doubt the banks in the metropolis and throughout the country have a certain amount of gold in hand for ordinary daily requirements; but to maintain this at a high level would interfere with profits. The function is, therefore, practically thrust upon one institution of keeping the gold reserve for all; and it is plainly impossible that this can be done adequately by any such arrangement. It is often forgotten that the Bank of England owes a duty not to the public alone, but also to its shareholders, who have a right to expect a fair return for their money. When the Bank pays a ten per cent. dividend, the return to a shareholder who has bought Bank Stock at recent prices is very little over three per cent. How, then, can it be demanded that the Bank of England shall assume the entire burden of maintaining a reserve for the benefit of all the banks in the country, some of which equal or even excel it in the amount of their deposits? We shall see, at all events, by a glance at the Bank Account published weekly, that the reserve is not equal to such a preposterous requirement. Let us take a very favourable specimen of these weekly accounts, that, namely, for the week ending Wednesday, the 31 December 1890, which stood as follows:

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Notes issued.....	£40,213,030	Government Debt.....	£11,015,100
		Other Securities.....	5,454,800
		Gold Coin & Bullion	25,768,960
	£40,213,030		£40,213,030

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' Capital.....	£14,553,000	Government Securities.....	£10,305,458
Reserve.....	3,312,830	Other Securities.....	27,517,343
Public Deposits.....	3,314,216	Notes.....	15,680,096
Other Deposits.....	33,312,792	Gold and Silver Coin	1,182,810
7-Day and other Bills	192,738		
	£54,585,620		£54,585,620

It is probable that to some readers who have examined this weekly statement from time to time, it has appeared somewhat puzzling. For the sake of any such we offer a brief explanation of it, and hope to show that there is nothing in it really difficult to understand.

It was an essential part of the arrangements made by Sir Robert Peel in the Bank Act of 1844 that the accounts of the two departments, the 'Issue' and the 'Banking,' should be kept distinct, as they stand above. The first item shows us that the total amount of Bank of England notes issued on the 31 December last was £40,213,030. This includes both those actually 'in circulation,' in the hands of the public, and those which, under the heading of 'Notes,' appear lower down in the assets of the Banking Department, the latter being treated, so far as Issue is concerned, as if it were an outside institution. The amounts on the other side of the Issue Account are regulated automatically, gold being held for every note issued over £18,450,000, this being the sum which under the Act the Bank are now entitled to issue against Government securities.

In the account of the 'Banking Department'

the first two items on the left-hand side are the Capital and the Rest; the latter consists of the undivided profits, and both together represent the liabilities of the Bank to its own shareholders. The other amounts on the same side represent the liabilities of the Bank to its customers, the Public Deposits being balances owing upon accounts of the Government and of various public bodies; the 'Other Deposits' the balances of mercantile firms and private persons, including the bankers; while the Seven-day and other Bills are really drafts or letters of credit outstanding.

Upon the credit side of the Banking Department account, the 'Other Securities' consist, of course, of discounted bills, advances upon securities, and various investments. But it is to the two items that remain, and the proportion they bear to the rest of the account, that the attention of the money market directs itself. For these, namely, the Notes and Coin in the Banking Department, form the Bank's 'Reserve,' gold being obtainable from the Issue Department in exchange for the Notes as required.

We see, then, that to meet the deposit liabilities of our banks and to form the cash basis of our immense system of credit, the Reserve on the 31 December last was no more than £16,672,814. It has also to be borne in mind that this amount largely exceeds the average, having been rapidly built up by extraordinary efforts on the part of the Bank in view of a possible catastrophe. Three millions of it had been obtained as a temporary loan from the Bank of France; a circumstance, by the way, which enabled the editors of all patriotic French newspapers to inform their readers that the savings of Frenchmen, lent with a generosity possible only to that great nation, had saved England from universal bankruptcy! A further great sum had been obtained from Russia; so that the Reserve of that date cannot be regarded as normal. But supposing it were maintained at the point then reached, the disproportion is so vast between its amount and the functions it is intended to fulfil as to be positively alarming. We are balancing the financial pyramid upon its apex. This is the reason why our money market is so extremely sensitive, and why the movements of the rate of discount in London are more frequent and more violent than in any other European capital. 'Since January 1883 the number of changes in Germany have been twenty, which compares with seven in France, and sixty-two in England.' (*Our Gold Reserves*. By C. Gairdner, LL.D.) It would not matter so much if these rapid alterations in the discount rate affected only the operations of speculative finance, but they throw out the calculations of merchants and traders generally, and are a troublesome burden to our commerce. It is for the same reason, also, that a noticeable decrease in the Reserve of the Bank of England has frequently been the immediate starting-point of a panic; most naturally, when the only considerable store of ready-money in the country is being heavily trenced upon.

Our commerce and finance are founded upon credit. The meaning of a Crisis is, that the credit system has been seriously undermined and threatens collapse. As credit is 'the disposition of one man to trust another,' the time of danger arrives when from any cause a contrary disposi-

tion begins to prevail. For it is certain that when it does prevail, the attempt will be made to restrict credit transactions and to substitute cash for promises to pay. The position at such a moment is simply that merchants suspect and distrust others, and fear that similar suspicion may be attaching to themselves. It follows that they call in, wherever possible, the debts due to them, and strain every nerve to provide the means of meeting those which they owe. The apprehension on every side is that it may not be practicable to obtain the necessary command of ready-money. When a great shock to credit occurs, such as the failure of an important bank or mercantile house, experience has shown that the immediate consequence is a determination of all to protect themselves, a determination which makes itself felt in a heavy drain upon the cash Reserve. Experience has shown further that when this mood rises to panic, the demands for cash speedily outrun the immediately available supply. The weapon employed by those whose duty it is to protect the Reserve is to raise the rate of discount to a high point, thus making money dear and checking any demand for it which is not absolutely imperative. When there is sufficient time to allow the full effect of this corrective to be felt, the crisis gradually solves itself by natural means. Speculation is arrested, and trade restricted; the prices of all articles tend to fall; goods being cheaper, the exportation of them is increased; the foreign exchanges become favourable to this country, and capital flows back to us.

But sometimes the panic stage arrives too suddenly. It has happened more than once within the last half-century that the raising of the rate proved too feeble a weapon, and the drain has continued until the whole of the Bank's reserve has been exhausted. Upon these occasions resort was had to means that may be called extra-legal. With the permission of the Government, usually signified by letter from the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the restriction on the issue of Bank of England notes was removed, and an additional supply was thereby provided of what everybody recognised as money.

It is a remarkable circumstance in connection with such a crisis in financial and commercial affairs as has just been described, that it seems to arrive at regular intervals. Taking this year of grace 1890 and going back through the century, we find that every ten or eleven years or thereabouts there was a crisis of more or less intensity; for 1878, 1866, 1857, 1847, 1836-39, 1823-26, and 1815 were all of them marked by special commercial disturbance. There is a reason for this periodicity. The movement of trade is not a steady onward march, a rapid or slow but continuous progress; it is rather a tide which advances and recedes, a tide which requires a number of years for its full ebb and flow. Supposing we take as a starting-point a season when the harvest has been very abundant. The difference which an unusually good harvest makes to the prosperity of the country amounts to very many millions of money; but only after the lapse of years will its effects be fully realised by the entire community. At first sight it seems as if only farmers and landlords should benefit by it, but

no great advantage ever falls to any large interest in the country, of which in the end all classes do not obtain some share. Not only are the extra profits of agriculture used to purchase manufactured articles and articles of merchandise, but the reduced cost of agricultural produce leaves a margin in the hands of the people which is expended in the same manner, and thus industries of every kind are stimulated and become prosperous in their turn. It is evident that this must be a gradual process; and *vice versa*, the same is true of unproductive and unprofitable seasons.

We have to keep in view, further, that years of unusual prosperity or adversity do not as a rule come singly, but in groups. The effect, therefore, is cumulative; and if there is a cycle in commercial affairs, we ought to expect that it can only be completed within a period of years.

It is when the tide of prosperity is flowing most freely that the conditions of a calamitous crisis are prepared. So long as the profits of agriculture and trade remain low, so long as the industries of the country do little more than maintain their footing without much prospect of improvement, there is little danger of any great catastrophe. A cautious and thrifty spirit prevails at such a time, and whatever surplus may be realised is carefully husbanded. But when plentiful seasons follow each other, when trade becomes active and profitable, and savings accumulate, a change comes over the spirit of commerce and finance. Capital is then outgrowing the amount which can be profitably used in the normal expansion of business. There is always a margin in the national income which remains unused and is seeking investment. The amount of this margin in our country is now reckoned at about £200,000,000 a year. This is so much added to the capital which is ready to be invested in any promising enterprise. It may be affirmed generally that this capital at all times exceeds what can be absorbed by really sound and profitable undertakings. We may take this to be now the permanent condition of things, but it is greatly aggravated when a long period of growing prosperity has been reached. Then occurs what ought not to be difficult to foresee—the demand for channels of investment creates its own supply. A mania for speculation sets in, and capital is freely expended—it may be upon enterprises of great permanent value; or it may be—for it seems very much a matter of chance—upon unsound and even ridiculous projects. It is seldom indeed that this investing and speculating mood, engendered by cheap money and the feeling of general prosperity, can be restrained within reasonable bounds; seldom that it does not outrun them so far as to bring financial troubles and disasters.

The recent Crisis is not hard to be accounted for, consistently with the theory that has just been explained. One important feature peculiar to it should not be forgotten. Mr Goschen reduced the interest upon Consols to two and three-quarters per cent., an operation which he performed with a skill and success that seem very astounding when we consider the price to which the new stock has since fallen. As an inevitable result of that reduction, much of the money hitherto invested in Consols has sought other channels. An active demand had already for some

time been in existence for new securities, and a stimulus which was little needed was thus given to it. The new securities were forthcoming, in the shape of mines, brewery companies, financial trusts, and the loans and enterprises of foreign states. Amongst those who were ready to supply the demand for new securities to any extent was the government of the Argentine Republic, which, besides the amounts they borrowed for purely governmental purposes, freely issued guarantees to railway and other great undertakings in their territory. The nominal value of Argentine securities in Europe of all sorts—national, provincial, and municipal obligations, together with Cédulas, railway and other stocks—is said to approach £200,000,000.

There are no doubt great natural resources in the Argentine territory, but it must be said that the rate at which these securities have been poured into the European money market is eloquent of the extravagance which characterises governments that are unstable and reckless of the future.

Of the Crisis of 1890 the lesson most emphatically taught was the old one, to let caution and thorough knowledge be our constant guides in all financial affairs.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER V.—A MODERN STOIC.

To Psyche Dumaresq it was a matter of much internal questioning next day why on earth her father had invited that charming Mr Linnell to dinner. A dinner-party, on however humble a scale, at the Wren's Nest was an almost unheard-of novelty. And then, besides, her father had spoken to her somewhat slightly of Mr Linnell only the day before yesterday. What could he mean now by this sudden change of front? Why thus incontinently break through all the established rules of that Spartan household, and invite a perfect stranger to a lordly banquet? The thing was really little short of a miracle.

But Psyche would have been even more astonished still if only she could have known the cause of the change in her father's demeanour. It was a chance word dropped by Mansel in the course of conversation, implying that Linnell, for all his studious simplicity of dress and manner, had a good deal more money than he ever pretended to. Within all Psyche's previous experience, a man's possession of money, especially as fixed and certain income, had always to her father been a positive reason for not desiring the honour of his acquaintance. 'I dislike the society of men who don't earn their own living,' he used to say in his quiet restrained way. 'The necessity for work is the great humaniser. Those who toil not, neither do they spin, can have but very imperfect sympathies, after all, with those who earn their own livelihood by the sweat of their brow. I'm not prejudiced against money, but I find moneyed folk generally distasteful to me. They may be very nice people in their own circle; but I don't care to let them intersect mine. I feel most at home

among my brother-workers.' If Psyche could have known, therefore, the real reason why her father had invited Linnell to dine with them, her astonishment would indeed have reached its zenith.

As it was, however, she contented herself with making the very best preparations the house could afford for the little entertainment that magical evening; and whatever her dinner lacked in delicacies it certainly more than made up in delicacy; for the flowers were of Psyche's own dainty arrangement, and the fruit was plucked from Psyche's own little garden, and the silk-wrought strip down the centre of the tablecloth had been stitched with that pretty arabesque pattern by Psyche's own pretty and deft little fingers.

When Linnell arrived, he was shown alone into the tiny drawing-room, and he had some minutes to himself to examine its contents before either Psyche or her father came down to receive him. The young man's respect for the author of the *Encyclopædia Philosophica* gave a profound interest in his eyes to every detail in that small and severely furnished room. Most of the furniture, indeed, at least whatever had any pretence to rank as a luxury, had been made by Haviland Dumaresq's own hands, and bore the impress of his stern and strictly stoical taste. On the carved oak over-mantel—two plain wooden slabs, supported by pillars of Ionic simplicity—lay an ancient copy of the Japanese translation of Dumaresq's great monumental work, with a framed photograph of a spare face, bearing beneath the simple inscription, 'John Stuart Mill, to Haviland Dumaresq.' The plain table by the window was covered with pamphlets, letters, and papers; Linnell took up casually the topmost of the lot, and saw at a glance it was a German dissertation 'On Certain Side-Aspects of the Dumaresquian Philosophy,' by two well-known Professors at Bonn and Heidelberg. The next was a controversial religious work by a Polish Archbishop, 'On Rationalistic Ethics, and especially on the Dumaresquian Law of Reciprocity.' By their side lay a paper-covered Italian volume, bearing in its upper left-hand corner the manuscript words, 'A Haviland Dumaresq, *Hommage de l'Auteur*.' Linnell glanced carelessly at the envelopes on the table. One of them was franked with a Chilean stamp; the other had printed across its top in blue letters, 'Bureau of Indian Affairs, Washington.' The gold medal that hung on the wall was the decoration of the *Académie des Sciences* at Paris: the diploma rolled up on the bookcase beyond conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws of the University of Vienna. And this was the man, known over the whole civilised world, who toiled hard for his daily bread in that tiny cottage at publishers' hackwork! This was the man whom Mrs Maitland, in the comfortable villa on the hill-side opposite, had complacently classed, in her local ignorance, with the postman poet!

Linnell's heart beat higher as he thought that by unobtrusive means he might yet be able to redress in part this great wrong of our money-grubbing society, and repay directly to Haviland Dumaresq some fraction of the debt which the world owed him. The list from his agent's would arrive no doubt to-morrow morning, and Havi-

land Dumaresq would go to bed next evening (though he knew it not), a couple of hundred pounds or so the richer for the information. And that would be but the beginning of Linnell's work. He would not rest, he declared to himself with fervour, till Haviland Dumaresq, that greatest of thinkers, enjoyed the ease he deserved so richly.

As he turned to examine the books on the shelves—most of them works on philosophy or science, with flattering inscriptions from their authors on the title-page—the door opened, and Psyche entered. Linnell turned round and took her hand gracefully. If he had looked handsome before in his flannels and tennis suit, he looked still handsomer now in evening dress and with a slightly-faded blue passion-flower stuck with tender care in his left button-hole. Psyche's quick eyes recognised that delicate blossom at once. 'Why, that's one of our own, Mr Linnell,' she said, half started. 'Did you pick it from the plant at the door as you came in, then?'

Linnell looked down at it with a hesitating glance. 'Well, no,' he said. 'The fact is, Miss Dumaresq, it's a present I've received. I was given it by a lady. Miss Maitland wore it at dinner last night.—But,' he added quickly, as Psyche's face fell most unmistakably at that simple announcement, 'she told me it was you who'd given it to her, and I kept it accordingly as a little memento. I would prize anything that came from Haviland Dumaresq's cottage.'

'Let me get you another,' Psyche said, if only to hide her blushes. 'That one's withered.' And she put her hand out of the open window as she spoke, and pulled a blossom from the creeper that looked in at the mullions of the casement.

'Thank you,' Linnell answered, taking it from her with a certain picturesque awkwardness of manner. 'I shall keep them both.' And he folded the old one reverently as he spoke in a letter he drew from his waistcoat pocket. So much devotion to philosophy is rare; but Haviland Dumaresq was a man in a century—and Psyche was also a girl of a thousand.

They sat and talked with the constrained self-consciousness of youth and maiden for a few minutes, for Linnell was almost as shrinking as Psyche herself, and then Haviland Dumaresq entered to relieve them from their unwilling tête-à-tête. He was dressed in a very old and worn evening suit, yet carefully brushed and well preserved: his shirt front and tie were of the whitest and neatest, and the keen gray eyes and grizzled beard showed even more distinctly than ever—so Linnell thought—the vigour and power of that marvellous brain that lay behind the massive and beading-browed forehead. He bowed with all his usual stately courtesy to the young painter. 'I hope Psyche has been doing her duty as hostess?' the great man said in that clear and ringing silvery voice of his. 'I've kept you waiting, I'm afraid; but the fact is, I overwrote my time, working at the new chapters on Dissimilation of Verbal Roots; and forgot to dress till twenty past seven. A mind much occupied with internal relations is apt to let external relations slip by unnoticed. You must have observed that yourself, no doubt, in painting.'

'Papa has always to be called two or three times over to every meal,' Psyche put in, laughing. 'And whenever I make a *soufflé* or anything of that sort, I always call him five minutes beforehand; or else, you know, it's all gone flat before he comes out of his study to eat it.'

Just at that moment, the Mansels arrived, and the whole party went in to dinner.

In spite of the bare little dining-room, and the one servant who acted alike as cook and parlour-maid, no dinner was ever prettier or better. It was simple, of course, and of few dishes; you can't expect much from a one-handed menage; but it bore the impress of a refined household, for all that: it had the nameless charm of perfect gracefulness, which is often wanting to the most sumptuous London entertainments. Linnell felt sure that Psyche had prepared most of it herself beforehand. The pudding was a cold one, and so was the mayonnaise of boiled fish; so that the one servant had nothing to look after in the kitchen but the clear soup and the one small joint. These details of the hidden domestic management, indeed, Linnell appreciated at once from his old African bachelor experience. But everything was dainty, light, and tempting: even the wine, though but a simple claret, was sound and old and of a choice vintage. Haviland Dumaresq's own conversation with Mrs Mansel would alone have made any entertainment go off well. In his stately way, the old man, when once warmed up to talk, could fire off epigram after epigram in quick succession; and when he met a clever woman, who could toss him back the ball as fast as he delivered it, the game between them was well worth watching. Now, Ida Mansel was a clever woman, with just that particular gift of bandying back rapid question and answer which Dumaresq loved as intellectual recreation; and Linnell was content to sit and listen to these two brisk disputants at their mimic conflict for half the evening, with only an occasional aside to Psyche, or a casual remark to his brother-painter. For Haviland Dumaresq's wit was keen and sharp as his thought was profound; and the contest of words with a pretty woman always stimulated his faculties to their very utmost, and brought out the flashing qualities of his vivid mind in the highest perfection.

After dinner, however, when Psyche and Mrs Mansel had left the table, their conversation fell into a very different channel. A man who meets for the first time in his life one of his pet heroes, likes to make the best of his opportunities by learning as much as he possibly can about the living object of his admiration. Linnell admired Haviland Dumaresq far too profoundly not to be eagerly interested in every detail of his life and history. And Dumaresq, for his part, though he seldom talked of his own affairs, for he was the exact opposite of an egotist—too much absorbed in the world of things to give much of his attention to that solitary unit of humanity, himself—yet broke loose for once, in the presence of one who loved his System, and in a certain grand, impersonal, unostentatious sort of way, gave a brief account of the gradual stages by which that System rose up step after step to

full-grown maturity before his mental vision. Linnell listened with all the silent and attentive awe of a disciple as the old man related, bit by bit, how that wonderful conception of the nature of things took gradual concrete shape within him.

'You must have lived a very hard life while you were gathering together the materials for your great work,' the painter ventured to remark at last, as Dumaresq, pausing, raised his glass of claret to his lips to moisten his throat after the graphic recital. 'It must have taken you years and years to collect them.'

The old man gazed across at him with a sharp glance from those keen clear eyes. 'You are right,' he said impressively: 'years and years indeed it took me. For five-and-twenty years I did nothing else but master the infinite mass of detail, the endless facts and principles which went to form the groundwork of the *Encyclopædic Philosophy*. When I left Cambridge, now long more than forty years ago, I made up my mind to devote my life without stint or reserve to the prosecution of that single purpose. I meant to spend myself freely on the work. The goal shone already clear as day in the heavens before me; but I knew that in order to work my plan out in all its fullness I must give up at least ten years of my time to the prosecution of multifarious physical researches. The thing grew as such things always necessarily grow. Before I'd arrived at the preliminary mastery of facts which I felt to be indispensable for the development of my clue, I'd given up a full quarter of a century to the mere task of prior preparation. Then I said to myself my tutelage was over: I might begin to live. I wrote my first volume at once, and I also married. My work was done, all but to write it down. I thought I was justified in taking a little care, for the first time in my life, of my own comfort.'

'But if it isn't a rude question,' Linnell cried, all aglow with the reflected fervour of the old man's speech, 'how did you manage to live meanwhile, during the years you gave up to that long preparation?'

Haviland Dumaresq smiled grimly. 'Like a dog,' he answered with simple force: 'like a dog in a kennel. Wherever I was—in London, Paris, Berlin, Washington—for I followed my clue over Europe and America—I took myself a room in the workman's quarter, as near as possible to the British Museum, or the Bibliothèque Nationale, or the Smithsonian Institute, or wherever else my chief scene of labour lay; and there I lived on bread and cheese and beer, or sometimes less, for years together, while I was working and collecting and observing and arranging. When I look back upon the past, I wonder at it myself. A certain vivid apostolic energy bore me up then. It has evaporated now, and I've become luxurious. But I started in life with exactly fifteen hundred pounds. From the very outset I invested my money, and drawing the interest that accrued each year, I sold out the principal from time to time, to live upon my capital, according as I wanted it. At first, the draughts upon the prime fund were long between; but as years went by and my capital decreased, I had to sell out more and more frequently.

Saving and starving the hardest I could starve, sovereign by sovereign, it seemed to slip by me. I gave up the beer; I gave up the cheese; if I could I would have given up the bread itself, I believe, but in spite of all it still slipped by me. At last, to my utter despair, I found myself one day reduced to my last fifty pounds, while I had still at least five years of solid work staring me in the face unperformed before me. Then I almost gave up all for lost. I fainted in the wilderness. As I sat alone that morning in a fireless room at mid December I hid my face in my hands and cried out in my misery. I asked myself why I should continue this task, no man compelling and no man thanking me for it; why I should shut myself out from home and wife and friends and children, and all that other men have always held dearer, for pure love of that vague abstraction, science. I almost gave up out of sheer despondency.'

'And what did you do at last?' Linnell asked, deeply interested.

'For a time I hardly knew what to do. I told my philosophic acquaintances (for I had a few in London) the whole facts of the case; and some of them asked me to come and dine with them, and some of them said it was very hard lines, and some of them proposed to make a fund to help me. But I wouldn't hear of that: even for Philosophy's sake, I was far too proud to accept alms from any man. I nearly broke down with anxiety and despair. Mill made interest for me with your kinsman, old Sir Austen Linnell, who had then charge of the Foreign Office; and Sir Austen tempted me with the offer of a consulship in Peru, which I almost accepted. So broken-hearted was I that I almost accepted it. Six hundred a year, and collateral advantages. For once in my life the filthy lucre for a moment tempted me. But just at that instant, that critical instant, as luck would have it, an old uncle of mine in America died unexpectedly—a poor man, but he left me his savings, some six hundred pounds, all told; and it just pulled me through: it gave me the precise respite I needed. Six hundred pounds was wealth untold to me. I went to work again with redoubled vigour, and spent it every penny for the sake of the System. At the end of five years I sat down a beggar, but with the first volume of my precious book in good black print on my knees before me.'

Linnell drew a long breath. 'To you, Mansel,' he said, turning round to his friend, 'I suppose this is all an old, old story; but as for me, who had it to-night for the first time, why, it fairly takes my breath away. I call it nothing short of heroic.'

Mansel shook his head. 'It's as new to me, my dear fellow, as to you,' he answered in a low voice. 'Dumaresq has never before this evening told me a single word about it.'

The old philosopher sighed profoundly. 'What use?' he said, with a gesture of deprecation. 'Why trouble our heads about so small a matter? The universe swarms and teems with worlds around us. We men are but parasites on the warped surface of a tiny satellite of a tenth-rate sun, set in the midst of a boundless cosmos, whose depths are everywhere pregnant with problems. Why should we go out of our way, I wonder, to wring our hands over this fly or that: to discuss

the history of any particular individual small parasite among us? The book got done at last: that's the great thing. The world at large may not care to look at it; but there it is, in evidence to this day, the monument of a lifetime, a germ of intellectual yeast cast loose into the fermenting thought of humanity, and slowly but surely assimilating to itself all suitable particles in that vast mass of inane and clashing atoms.

They paused a moment, and gazed hard at their glasses. Dumas's earnestness held them spell-bound. Linnell was the first to break the solemn silence. 'It was a noble life,' he said, 'nobly wasted.'

To their immense astonishment, Haviland Dumas's made answer energetically: 'Ay, wasted indeed! There you say true. Utterly, inexpressibly, irretrievably wasted! and therein lies the sting of the whole story. If I had it all to live over again, of course, I'd waste it as freely a second time—I can't help that: nature has built me so that I must turn perforce to philosophy and science, and spill the wine of my life for the advancement of thought as naturally as the moth flies into the candle or the lemming drowns itself in the bays of the Baltic. But wasted it is, as you say, for all that. Now that I'm old, and can look down calmly from the pinnacle of age on the import of life, I see that the world itself is wiser in its generation than any one among its wayward children. The general intelligence, from which all individual intelligence derives itself, runs deeper and truer than any man's personality. The way of the world is the best way in the end if we only had the sense to see it. *Si j'enusse parait, ou si j'enusse pourait*, is the sum and substance of all experience. If I had my life to live over again, I'd live it as I've lived it, mistakes and all, I don't doubt, because it's the natural and inevitable outcome of my own perverse and unhappy idiosyncrasy. Philosophy lures me as gin lures drunkards. But if I had to advise any other person, any young man or woman beginning life with high ideals and noble aspirations, I'd say to them without hesitation: "The world is wisest. Go the way of the world and do as the world does. Don't waste your life as I've wasted mine. Work for the common, vulgar, low, personal aims—money, position, fame, power. These alone are solid. These alone are substantial. Those alone make your life worth having to yourself. All the rest is empty, empty, empty, empty. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, except the vain things mean men wisely and meanly strive for."

There was a long pause, and no one said anything. That awful cry of a bruised and broken spirit took their hearts by surprise. But through the closed door, the murmur of Psyche's voice in the drawing-room could be heard distinctly. The old man listened to it and smiled severely. The cloud that had brooded over his forehead cleared away. Then he rose, and going to a hanging cupboard above the mantel-shelf took out a small round box, and from it brought forth a little silver-coated pellet. 'It excites my nerves when I talk this way,' he said apologetically, as he washed the medicine down with half a glass of claret. 'I always require something to still my brain after speaking on these purely personal

matters—they rouse the glands to unnatural activity.—Mansel, will you have another glass of wine?—No? Then suppose we join your wife and Psyche?'

SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLING.

By the majority of the general public, the calling of a dealer in old and rare books is looked upon as a curious kind of pursuit, somewhat on a par with other 'second-hand' businesses—old clothes, for example, or broken-down furniture. Even among men of culture, there lurks a leaven of disdain for a trade which in reality more nearly approaches to a profession than almost any other—that is, of course, when properly carried out. Many people fancy that the sole requirements as a shop, a few bundles of books picked up at a sale, a bench outside and a box or two. Some, indeed, start with no more, and scrape along in a fashion; but they are far removed from what is properly understood by 'second-hand book-selling.'

Few beyond the ranks of the craft rightly appreciate the many qualities needed in this interesting and intellectual calling, but, like most that are interesting and intellectual, inadequately remunerative. Why is it that the lucrativeness of an occupation is, as a rule, in inverse ratio to the mental qualifications it demands? It is the butcher, the publican, the linen-draper, who grow rich and leave colossal fortunes. How many booksellers do more than make a decent living? Of course, food, drink, and clothing are necessities; literature, a luxury; yet it seems a trifle unjust that a man should make thousands cutting up sheep, when one engaged in work which demands high and varied attainments wears brain and body for ridiculously small recompense.

Let us consider for a moment what these necessary qualifications are. Retentive and accurate memory; a more than superficial knowledge of history and, of course, literature; acquaintance with modern languages, and certainly with Latin; finally, a certain appreciation of books, hard to define, in reality intuitive, and perhaps but rarely found—a gift which seems to enable the possessor to distinguish in some mysterious manner between an unfamiliar book of value and one that is worthless. To some extent it may therefore be said that the second-hand bookseller is born and not made. There are members of the trade who owe their success chiefly to the possession of this faculty; others who add thereto the acquired merits enumerated above, and these are the model representatives of a worthy and undervalued body. Perhaps an equable temper should have been included in the list, as surely few people have to submit to more irritating ignorance and presumption in the course of their business. The bore who worry them take several shapes. Most persistent and wearisome is the ubiquitous collector 'in search of information.' Perhaps it is hardly fair to class him with the collectors, as he hardly ever buys anything. He will enter the shop with an inquiry as to the price of a book in the window, merely as an

excuse to pave the way to a deluge of questions. 'What is the value of so-and-so?' 'How much ought I to give for such and such a book?' 'Is the first edition of —'s poems worth anything?' and so on 'ad infinitum,' unless stopped, though that is no easy matter, and can frequently be effected only by downright rudeness. What often makes his conduct worse is, that after eliciting a quotation as to the value of a certain work, he will produce the very volume from his pocket and almost insist on its being purchased at the price named. Sometimes he will proceed to a neighbour, armed with the insidiously acquired information, and drive a capital bargain for some chance-bought rarity.

It must be admitted that such persons constitute an injustice to a tradesman. What enables the latter to carry on his business but the knowledge of his goods and their value, and why should he be expected to give away that knowledge any more than the goods themselves? In the case of a dealer in rare books this argument has peculiar force. With him it is so essentially a question of superior knowledge, gained by years of patient attention, that marks the difference between the man who sells and the public who buy. It is as reasonable to ask for a volume off his shelves as for the painfully-acquired information as to their values or dates. At least the questioner might offer to make a purchase; but this proceeding is, as a rule the furthest from his thoughts. He generally wants to know something 'for a friend' in the country, which hypothetical acquaintance is held up as a bait to the bookseller as a 'possible' future customer. There are no more persistent and provoking people than the members of this wearisome fraternity. 'Age does not stale, nor custom change their infinite'—impudence; neglect, coldness, nay, even often insult, scarcely serve to deter them from their malicious sport. If, perchance, one should scan these lines, let him remember that what may be amusement to him is something far different to the harassed dealer, who has quite enough to occupy his attention without fulfilling the onerous duties of a literary Inquiry Office.

Bored of another class are those sanguine individuals who have imaginary rarities to dispose of. From town and from country they wait upon the bookseller with volumes, generally bulky, respecting whose value they have formed the most exaggerated notions. They are particularly fertile in old Bibles, especially after some great book-sale of sufficient importance to be recorded by the press, and in which has occurred, say, a 'Mazarin' or 'Cranmer,' realising some enormous sum. The countryman, radiant in his Sunday best, makes his appearance weighted with a huge parcel.

'I've got a very ancient Bible to sell. It's more than two hundred years old. I see as how an old Bible sold for a thousand pounds t'other day; don't suppose this is worth so much as that quite; but I thought I'd like to turn it into money. 'Tain't no good to me, bein' so very old. Over two hundred years.' And so on.

'Yes; very well; let me see it.'

The parcel being opened, one discovers a very dilapidated copy of a very worthless edition, minus, probably, such trifles as the title-page

and sundry leaves at the end—honest value when perfect, twelve shillings; as presented, nothing at all. It is an almost pitiful task to break this to the eagerly expectant possessor, already reveling in the anticipated benefit of the many sovereigns he deemed his prize to represent. Yet it has to be done; and he goes his way, probably to another shop, with a poor opinion of his first adviser's sanity, and only giving up hope when a succession of such experiences has taught him the bitter truth. These are but two specimens of the nuisances booksellers have to put up with, and that almost daily. Is it surprising that an even temper should have been cited as one of their necessary gifts?

Booksellers' catalogues have frequently been the object of somewhat contemptuous jocularity on the part of gentlemen whose time seems to be chiefly occupied in writing to *Notes and Queries* and other literary papers. Perhaps some day one will be found with the grace to say a good word for these publications, and to acknowledge the indebtedness readers and collectors are frequently under to the varied information about books contained in many of the periodical lists issued by painstaking firms. We have heard a good deal about the stupid mistakes which crop up now and then, without regard being had to the many advantages which the general accuracy of catalogues affords to readers. Let justice be done to the carefully-prepared notes and descriptions to be found plentifully scattered through many catalogues which could be named, the outcome of considerable work and laborious research, far in excess of what the uninitiated would consider necessary to be bestowed on ephemeral publications of this kind. Dates have to be verified, facts referred to, perhaps a precedent found for price, and in many cases a condensed account of the volume and its contents given. All this requires more than mere labour—fact, education, literary skill, and immense perseverance.

The profits made by second-hand booksellers are popularly supposed to be abnormally great. In many cases, no doubt, a good 'haul' is made, entirely due, by-the-by, to the knowledge possessed by the dealer, which enables him to make the most of a bargain; but it is only just that these large profits should occur now and then, first, to repay him for the valuable time he has been forced to expend in gaining the necessary experience; and secondly, to provide to some extent a reserve fund against one of the most curious features in this business, the extraordinary fluctuations in the value of stock. Old books may be said to be worth just what they will fetch, and that is best represented by *æ*, an unknown quantity. There are so many contingencies. Fashion, which decrees that certain works shall go up in price this year, to drop as rapidly the next. The conditions of sale, a most important point, for, as is well known, books from a good library will often realise twice or three times as much at auction as the identical volumes if offered under ordinary circumstances. Consequently, no dealer is absolutely certain of his assets. He cannot truthfully say, 'My stock is worth so much,' because he gave the sum named for it. Let him try to realise by the usual channel, the auction-room, and the books may perhaps fetch half their cost. Of course, on the

other hand they might bring a profit. This is an experience, however, which very few of the craft have ever been subjected to. In proof of these assertions, take, for instance, a recent craze, that for first editions of Charles Dickens's works. A year or two back, anything and everything, good, bad, or indifferent, shabby copies and the choicest 'uncut' examples were eagerly sought for and bought up. Now, although fine copies of this author's works command a high and always increasing price, poor copies are comparatively a drug in the market; nobody wants them, or only at a very low figure. Such instances might easily be multiplied, proving what a large element of speculation enters into this business.

But, with all its drawbacks, the trade of second-hand bookselling remains an attractive, interesting, and cultured calling. If all its members do not fulfil the requirements and duties completely, that does not detract from the merits of a most intellectual and commendable pursuit.

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

CHAPTER IV.

DIGBY ROCKINGHAM made no effort to run counter to Brock's strangely but strongly expressed wishes. After due deliberation, he judged that it would be far better for himself and for the community at large if he stayed away from Gravenhurst for a time at least.

All through the rest of the summer the missionary clergyman pursued the even tenor of his way, sticking doggedly to his work in the face of difficulties and set-backs that would have discouraged and disheartened many a man of stouter nerve and greater physical strength. And all through that same summer Brock and his erratic sweetheart still remained unmarried.

Before the winter set in, an unexpected event occurred; and about the 1st of November the busy hive of workers at the Gravenhurst mines were suddenly scattered to the four winds of heaven. Little Pig with some other Indians and half-breeds had been off on a 'whisky spree,' visiting a tribe of dirty red men on Lake Nepigon. On their return, these revellers just managed to drag themselves into Gravenhurst, finding their way to some out-buildings in the vicinity of the mine office, where they threw themselves down, sick of the smallpox. Now, when smallpox attacks an Indian, or any one else, in a severe climate the disease fastens itself upon him in its most virulent and repulsive form. Without telephone or telegraph, the news spread like wildfire through the neighbourhood that five Indians were down with smallpox at Gravenhurst; the result being that twenty-four hours later, notwithstanding the limited means of locomotion, there were literally not a score of souls, all told, within walking distance of the copper mines.

Amid the excitement of the general exodus, Rockingham stayed at his post. He scarcely knew who remained of his recent neighbours until he looked about him a little. He then discovered that Dugald McDougall was still at

Kincardine, and also that Martha Sengrave, the schoolmistress, had not yet gone.

'What is to be done?' asked Rockingham of the Justice.

'Well, noo, if it's only Ijuns, it'll not matter a great deal, Colonel. We maun just bide a wee and keep quiet. If the infection don't spread, not much harm will come. I don't believe in scares.'

'But, my dear sir, you don't intend to let the poor wretches die without assistance, surely?'

'I do not—that is to say, not if I can get the Government surgeon from Fort William to attend them. I shall go over by the next stage and give the information officially, though doubtless the news has reached there before this.'

The stage started the next morning, and the Scotchman occupied the seat by the driver. He could not, under the most favourable conditions, expect to be back before evening of the third day, by which time the pest-stricken Indians would undoubtedly be dead.

After M'Dougall's departure, the clergyman paced for a long time the wooden side-walk of the short village street. He was thinking over the situation, considering what could be done for the sick wretches, and wondering if Brock and Midge Latimer had gotten safely away. Rockingham had patrolled the rough boards for nearly two hours, when a hideous old squaw approached him and thrust a scrap of paper into his hand. He knew from whom the missive came before he opened it, for it was a leaf torn from a pocket-book that he had frequently seen in Eli Brock's possession. He unfolded it quickly, and found scrawled upon the paper, in slinky characters, these words:

COLONEL—I'm sending for you now. If you're white still, come quick, for God's sake, to my room at the office. E.L.

Without waiting a single moment, Rockingham started off afoot for Gravenhurst, where he arrived in less than half an hour. He was much impressed by the death-like stillness of the place, for there was not a living soul in sight, where but a day or two before more than a hundred men had been busily at work. He passed by the huge piles of ore, and noticed that the door of the engine-room stood wide open, disclosing more vividly the quietness within. He entered the building known as 'the office,' but as no one either greeted or challenged him, he went on up-stairs. The door of Brock's sleeping-apartment stood ajar, and through the aperture Rockingham could perceive the foreman stretched upon his bed. Even at that distance it was plain to see that Brock was deathly sick—that he was down with the smallpox.

'Stop!' said Brock in a hoarse whisper.

'It is I—Rockingham,' replied his visitor.

'Yes, I know. But listen, Colonel. I've got it—you know—the smallpox. If you're skeered, or if there's anybody you care for, and don't want to run no risks, keep out!'

'I am not afraid, Brock,' said the clergyman. 'If you need aid or assistance of any kind, that is what I am here for. Are you very ill?'

'I'm right bad, and I'm getting worse.—Get me a drink, Colonel, just a little drink; I hain't supped water since this time yesterday.'

As Rockingham brought the desired drink, he asked: 'Where is—er—your'—

'My best girl, eh? Madge? Ha, ha! She's a dandy, she is!'

The poor fellow laughed horribly as he said these words; and then, lowering his voice to a whisper, he added: 'Say, Colonel, I was a trifle hard on you, and you behaved like a brick. Madge played you dirt, didn't she? She made you suffer some, didn't she? Well, she's done the same, by me. She's played me dirt all through the piece, and last night she and her folks went off with the crowd, leaving me—almost her husband, as you might say—to suffer like this.' And he wound up with an execration.

'Hush!' said Rockingham soothingly.

'I know, Colonel, them's hard words, but they're merited. You'll never hear me say 'em of her again; I'm through with her. What's the outlook?'

Although Brock talked in a sort of off-hand style, it was only in a low tone of voice; for he was very weak, and, as he himself had said, he was growing worse.

The visitor busied himself by making the sick man more comfortable in his bed as he replied: 'McDougall has gone for a doctor. Until they arrive, I will take good care of you, Brock, and will try to pull you through. I flatter myself I am a tolerably good nurse.—Who is looking after those poor Indian fellows?'

'They don't need no looking after, Colonel. Every last one of 'em died yesterday—so that old squaw, who came in here to thieve, told me.'

'Well, well, poor wretches!—Now, Brock, you will have to be very still and very patient. You cannot be moved; but I will nurse you here. Please God, I will see you through this.'

Suddenly Brock fell to crying like a child. 'Colonel,' he said, 'it ain't for me to say "God bless you;" but I hope He will. You're white clear through; you're the whitest feller as I ever run against!'

All through the tedious days that followed, Rockingham did everything that was done at the settlement. With the old squaw to help him, he buried the pest-stricken corpses of the Indians. He refused to allow Martha Sengrave to visit Gravenhurst; but he pressed her into the service as cook and laundry-maid with headquarters at McDougall's hotel.

It was five days before the Justice returned, and then he came alone, the Government surgeon being on leave of absence. So Rockingham had to continue his work well nigh single-handed, and for three weeks he watched over poor Brock day and night. Fortunately, the disease did not spread, and no new cases came to light. But Rockingham, frail and fragile as he was, himself fell a victim to the dread scourge; and when, at the end of a month, Brock, thin and very weak, but recovered, stood upon his feet once more, his faithful nurse was lying at 'the office' in the throes of deadly disease.

Martha Sengrave's opportunity had now arrived.

All through Brock's sickness she had longed to relieve Rockingham in nursing the foreman, and it was only the clergyman's stern and positive denial which had prevented her from sharing his dangerous and wearing labour. Now that Rockingham was himself laid low, there was no one to drive her from the sick-room. Brock was altogether too weak, and the Justice offered but very slight remonstrance. The old Scotchman, who had more than once fearlessly confronted hostile Indians and angry trappers, was afraid of disease. He proffered aid in many ways, and frequently entered the sick-room for a brief period; but he never offered to sit up all night, and was careful not to come in contact with the unfortunate patient.

For nursing Rockingham the frail school teacher truly possessed more strength than all the men on the north shore. She was supported by the superhuman strength imparted by a love as undying as it was unspoken. At first, Digby attempted to dissuade her from her self-imposed task—which was not a task to the girl—but after the first day or two of his illness, he was too utterly prostrated to speak with emphasis on any subject, and gradually, as the malady fastened itself upon him, he lapsed into a comatose state.

McDougall travelled to Fort William and brought back the surgeon, who remained with Rockingham three or four days, and then departed, leaving the invalid in the sole care of Martha Sengrave.

But the disease ran its course, and at last left the sick man—left him with its mark upon him—left him feeble and emaciated, but left him. And, as she noted this fact, Martha Sengrave's feelings were strangely mingled. She had, of course, been deeply grieved to see her idol struggling day after day with the loathsome and terrible illness, and she had been fearfully anxious for the outcome. Yet it had not been an altogether dismal time for her. The man she loved had been entirely in her keeping; she alone had nursed him back to life, and she felt a pleasurable sense of proprietorship as she saw the fever abate and the deep gray eyes once more brighten with their natural light. And she knew, too, as she saw a daily improvement in her patient, that soon this proprietorship would have to end; that soon she would be barred, except in a casual way, from the presence of the man who owned her heart and controlled her every aim in life. Thinking thus, therefore, sadness mingled with the pleasure which Martha Sengrave experienced in the knowledge that, for the time being, Rockingham had cheated the grim king of terrors.

It was Christmas Day. A cold wave, accompanied by a tearing Arctic blizzard direct from Hudson Bay, was hurling itself upon Gravenhurst. It had been cold enough in all conscience before; but the temperature now dropped some forty degrees in a few hours, until it was so low that ordinary thermometers could keep no record of the intense cold. The house in which Rockingham lay lacked many of the comforts usually found even in homes of the North-west. The only heat was furnished by the cook-stove in the kitchen, and an old base-burner in the

office proper. As the cutting north wind gathered in force and intensity, howling through the windows as if glass were no obstacle at all, the sick man shivered again and again. True, he was convalescent; but he was feeble as a baby, his vitality being at such a low ebb as to be entirely powerless to resist the fearful weather such as one encounters only in the North-west Territory.

His nurse noted the effects of the blizzard with anxiety, which soon increased to absolute terror. She piled blankets upon the poor fellow, and forced him to drink a quantity of brandy. But her efforts were unavailing, and Rockingham grew steadily worse. His teeth chattered, and he shook until his bed rattled in brisk competition with the window-frames. Down in the diminutive kitchen, the wood-fire in the stove burned brightly, but the heat scarcely warmed the kitchen, much less the upper chambers. As near as possible to the old stove, Martha Seagrave hastily arranged a bed, and then ran up-stairs to where Rockingham lay. As if endowed with the combined strength of Hercules and Samson, this woman—rather under than over the average size—took the sick man, blankets and all, in her arms and carried him down to the warmer kitchen. And still it seemed impossible for the energetic nurse to impart any warmth to her patient. The minutes and hours found him still shivering, and all the time growing rapidly weaker. Both Martha Seagrave and Digby Rockingham knew that this state of things could not last long; they knew that it was merely a question of time and feeble human endurance.

Later in the afternoon the shivering ceased, and Rockingham sank into a cold and almost lifeless torpor. He felt that it was the beginning of the end. Martha thought so too. The girl placed her hand upon his, to feel his pulse, and he, reviving slightly, laid his other hand over hers. 'It will soon be over,' he whispered.—Great tears gathered in the eyes of the faithful nurse—Rockingham continued: 'I shall not be able to tell them of all your goodness and self-denial, dear friend. God alone can repay such tender care as yours. I think He will—I have asked Him.'

There was a pause, during which these two, cut off from all the rest of the world by the storm and by disease, linked hands, while the tears continued to silently trickle down the girl's van face.

'My looks are to be yours when I am gone,' Rockingham whispered. 'And Martha, dear friend, I think I should like you to kiss me—it will seem to me a gentler farewell.' He closed his eyes as he spoke, and withdrew his hand from the girl's.

Much agitated, Martha bent over the young clergyman, whose life seemed to be fast ebbing away, and kissed him. Not coldly, upon his weary brow, or quietly, upon his wasted cheek; but, losing all control of herself, she pressed her lips to his, and throwing her arms about poor Rockingham, gave him, in one long passionate embrace, the token of that love which had been consuming her heart and life. 'Oh, my love, my love!' she moaned. 'Why must it be? Dear God, I cannot bear it—I love him so! Oh, I love him so!'

The pent-up feelings of weeks and months were liberated in that cry of pain and sorrow; and then, having confessed her secret to God and to the man she loved, Martha Seagrave fell upon the floor, her face buried in her hands, and sobbed as only well-nigh breaking hearts can sob. She was tired and weary with long-continued anxiety and ceaseless watching, and before her sobe died away the girl was asleep.

In less than an hour she awoke with a start. Her first thoughts and fears were for Rockingham, who lay quite motionless. But he was still alive, and, not only so, he was sleeping softly and breathing evenly. Thanks to his nurse, the fire, and the brandy, the chill had left him, and, humanly speaking, Digby Rockingham was again safe.

Realising this fact, the girl also realised the import of her passionate words uttered just before she fell asleep. In the presence of Death it had not seemed to her strange or unmanly that she should acknowledge, unasked, her unquenchable love. But now it was altogether different, and Martha's pale face became suffused with a deep flush, which she could not repress.

By the next day the storm had spent itself and the cold moderated. An early visitor to the office was Eli Brock, who was by this time a well man. He had for several days begged of Martha Seagrave permission to relieve her in caring for Rockingham. He had repeated his request, and was surprised when the girl promptly accepted his kindly offer.

Rockingham overheard their conversation, as Martha intended he should.

'I fear, Mr Brock, that it is no longer a question of choice with me. My health is giving out, and my nerves are all unstrung. I find myself saying and doing things which I should not. I need a rest; and as I can leave our friend in such good hands, I shall take that rest with an easier conscience.'

Half an hour later, she bade both men goodbye.

SOME NOTES ABOUT MANDRAKES.

THE folklore of flowers takes us back at a bound to old-world times. There is a store mingled of wisdom and superstition in the legends that cluster round almost every herb that grows. Science may look askance at the fabled virtues attributed to plants in the superstitious past, and few of the theories of the old herbalists who lived by 'culling simples' can perhaps be defended. But, apart from science, there is a quaint charm about this mystic learning which must always possess attractions of its own.

We doubt whether any better instance could be found of the wealth of tradition, legend, and story that centres in a single little plant than that which has accumulated round the Mandrake. It has a literature all to itself, and learning seems to have exhausted itself over its etymology. The plant itself is so insignificant that it would not naturally excite any great interest. Its leaves are long, sharp-pointed, and hairy, rising immediately from the ground, and are of a vivid dark green. Its flowers are dingy white stained with veins of purple, and its fruit of a pale orange about the

size of a nutmeg. The root is spindle-shaped, often divided into two or three forks, and rudely resembles the human form divine, from which possibly it takes its name. But if we turn from the plant itself to the monument of learning that has been erected around it, it is impossible not to be struck with the universal interest it has possessed for all people and in all ages. We do not know how many Shakespearean commentators have puzzled over the allusion in Juliet's immortal soliloquy:

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad;

and contrasted it with the parallel apostrophe of Suffolk in *King Henry VI.*, who, asked by Queen Margaret whether he has not spirit to curse his enemies, replies:

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter swelling terms,
As curse, as harsh, as horrible to hear.

As the legend runs, in order to procure the magic plant it was necessary to cut away all the suckers to the main root before pulling it up, which would cause death to any man or creature who heard the human screams it made. They had an ingenious if cowardly way of getting over the difficulty, which would certainly not commend itself nowadays to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. After carefully stopping their ears, they took a dog and tied its tail securely to the plant, and then walking away to a short distance called the dog to follow. In doing this, the luckless animal would pull up the much-coveted root, but would fall dead upon the spot. This was at any rate, according to Josephus, the old Jewish practice; but the tradition at least long survived. There seems, however, later to have been a belief that if pulled up at 'holy times,' due attention being given to the repetition of proper 'invocations'—which must, we imagine, have been anything but holy—Satan would aid the person who made use of the plant. Whatever may be the origin for the theory that the root shrieked or groaned when separated from the earth, it certainly remained a current tradition long after Shakespeare immortalised it. Since, however, the root is named from its imaginary resemblance to the human figure, it is not unnatural to suppose that it may have been credited with possessing some of the attributes of human feeling. Langhorne, in the later part of the eighteenth century, tells us to

Mark how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands.

Among its names in this connection are those of the 'Devil's Food,' and the 'Devil's Apple,' the 'tuphach el sheitan' of the Arabs. That this uncanny belief continued down to almost modern times is shown by an anecdote for which Madame du Noyer is responsible. According to this, on the murder of the Maréchal de Fabert in 1602, which was popularly attributed to his having broken a compact with the devil, two mandrakes of extraordinary beauty were found by his friends in his rooms, and these were regarded as conclusive proofs of the diabolical league, of which they failed to find, as they hoped, any written record.

There is considerable doubt whether the inter-

esting and coveted 'dudaim' of Scripture is the true mandrake. But there are several species of the plant. There is, for instance one growing in Switzerland, and another in the Grecian Archipelago and the south of Europe, and another in the East. All of these are, too, at least akin to the Deadly Nightshade. Indeed, all the translators agree in identifying this as the magic plant which Reuben found in the fields of Mesopotamia, and Leah bartered away to Rachel. There is a difficulty in reconciling the account in Canticles, in which it is said the 'dudaim give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits'—from which it is supposed that the plant possessed a perfume, whereas to ordinary tastes the mandrake stinks. But it has been remarked that, after all, the odour or flavour of plants is a matter of opinion, and that by Orientals both the odour and the intoxicating qualities of the mandrake, which is a strong narcotic, were highly prized.

Several travellers, too, whether similarly influenced or not we are unable to say, have praised in enthusiastic terms both its odour and its taste. Indeed, the plant exercises an influence not unworthy of the legendary virtues of the Mayisch or Lotus, and the Musa paradisica or Banana. Mount Tabor, Mount Judea, and the lower ranges of Lebanon and Hermon, are famous for their mandrakes, which bear fruit of the size and colour of a small apple, described by almost all travellers as of a most agreeable taste. But it has always been in great vogue in the East, both Jews and Arabs having from time immemorial also valued it for the magic virtues which were so long commonly attached to a love-philtre. This attribute, which dates at least from Old Testament times, remained current in Italy until the Middle Ages, for there are plenty of records showing that there was a brisk demand for the root among the Italian ladies.

Perhaps the most extraordinary of the properties attributed to it are those which it shared in common with the Rastrivtrava of Russia, of enabling housebreakers to pick locks, which is certainly one of the most amusing developments of the solar theory. 'Love,' it is said, 'laughs at locksmiths;' but the connection between the mandrake and 'burgling' seems a little forced. There is a tradition that the moonwort will unshoe horses if they step upon the plant, and similar powers have been attributed to the vervain and the mandrake. It is, on the other hand, still part of the rural lore of Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Hampshire, that the root will improve a horse's condition; but this seems to be founded upon the identification of the mandrake with the bryony, which played such a great part in old English herbalism. It is, however, more than doubtful whether the plants belong to the same class. But both are alike in the curious wealth of legend which surrounds them. East and West meet in their folk and flower lore.

As for the name of this wonder-working plant, the contest of the authorities seems endless; but the word is at least as old as the time of Pythagoras, who gave it a Greek equivalent. It was known in Rome, again, as 'semihomo'; while in Greece the plants, or their supposititious vagaries, were responsible for one of the names of Venus

Mandrags. It was sometimes called 'Circean,' from Circe, the enchantress, who changed the companions of Ulysses into swine, and was curiously skilled in the use of magic herbs. From time immemorial the mandrake has been associated with enchantments. It was in popular belief one of the most powerful of the charms of witches, who were charged with keeping a mandrake fiend, that generally assumed the form of an ape. Bacon tells us in his *Natural History*: 'Some plants there are, but rare, that have a mossie or downie root, and likewise have a number of threads like beards, as mandrakes, whereof witches and impostors make an ugly image, giving it the form of a face at the top of the root, and leave these strings to make a broad beard down to the foot.' From which it appears that Bacon was not altogether superior to the superstitions of his time.

But, as we have said, it is difficult to glance at the mass of learning which has accumulated round this talismanic herb without becoming more or less susceptible to the feeling that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.' The old herbalists may have known something of the properties of simples, and they seem to have had a more than intimate acquaintance with those very forms of occultism that are now puzzling modern savants.

THAT OLD WRITING-DESK.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

It was just like the old miser to have that desk; it was also like me to buy it. I have always had a craze for buying things that nobody else would, with, as a matter of course, a fit of regret immediately after. Not unfrequently, so strong and sudden has been my repentance, have I left my deposit-money forfeited in the hands of the auctioneer, and declined to call for the article. However, in this case of the writing-desk I completed the purchase, mainly because I wanted something of the kind for occasional use, and not because I thought the article of any great intrinsic value; and not, above all, for any love or liking I had for its former owner.

Love or liking! It was very little of that any of his neighbours had for him, or any one else that knew him. How could they? Consider. He had been for years in receipt of a handsome income from his lands, and no one had ever been the better for it by a penny piece. He had farmed out his estate, demesne and all, until it was filled up to the very hall door. He had allowed the once handsome mansion—handed down to him from generations of high-spirited and generous ancestors—to fall into ruin and decay, until, with its stripped roof and broken windows, it became an eyesore and a nuisance in the neighbourhood. His whole life was spent in cheese-paring and saving and hoarding, without one redeeming feature to break the vile monotony of his existence; unless the fact of his having brought his nephew and niece to live with him, when they had no place else to go to, and

no one else to support them, could be called a redeeming feature.

But it was not, it was anything but that. Helen Morgan was of herself quite enough to turn his old ruin of a mansion into a fairy palace of brightness—to make it happy and pleasant on the darkest day that ever gloomed from a winter's sky. The daughter of his youngest brother, she had been brought up to great expectations, with this result, that when her father died in London, it was found that every farthing he owned in the world, and a great deal that he did not own, had been lost in his Spanish silver-mining speculations, and that his daughter was left absolutely penniless. But she was handsome and agreeable, cultured and accomplished; and, if it were only by the rare beauty of her presence, amply repaid her uncle for the home he gave her.

She herself did not think so, however, for, in her simple, innocent way, Helen Morgan believed there never was any one so good or so generous as he. Except one other—George Morgan, her cousin. George and Henry were sons of another brother, who had been killed crossing a five-barred gate in the hunting-field, and needless to say he left no money behind him either. The saving qualities of the family seemed to be concentrated in Sam; and on the principle, I suppose, that one can never have too much of a good thing, he possessed them in perfection. The brothers came to live with him, and perhaps two youths more dissimilar in character, manners, and habits never dwelt under the same roof. The former was free, clever, good-looking, and open-handed—when he had anything to be open-handed with; the latter was surly, wooden-headed, and quite as close-fisted, when occasion arose, as old Sam himself.

It was not to be supposed that two young people of the qualities and character of Helen and George Morgan could live long in the same household and in intimate relationship without falling in love. At least it was not to be supposed by anybody save old Sam Morgan, and it never occurred to him. I doubt indeed if he much more than knew there was such a word. Wherefore it was that when George had come into his twenty-fourth year, and his uncle finding it necessary to do something for him or to extend the family wealth, having proposed a match between himself and a neighbouring heiress, the young fellow resolutely refused. To be sure the young lady was not very prepossessing, and was, I am afraid, a little ill-tempered; but that should not have availed much in presence of old Sam's eagerness for the match, and his readiness, contrary to his general character, to give him a liberal settlement. But George, to his uncle's intense annoyance, declined the proposed union; stated his reasons too, moreover, which were, if possible, more afflicting and unforgivable than his refusal. Said reasons, or reason—for they finally came down to one—being, that he was in love with his cousin Helen, and that she, and no one else in this wide world, should be his wife; or if not she, certainly no one else.

What a to-do there was in the old mansion then, to be sure! George was denounced, disinherited, disowned, expelled! And Helen

would have been expelled too ; but where could a girl go or what could she do ? For the matter of that, there was not much for George to do either ; the training he had received was not calculated much to fit him for the world. But what course there was open to him he promptly, with characteristic resolution, adopted—he enlisted.

You may depend upon it there was an affecting scene at the parting between the two, and that the old beech-tree, overhanging the gateway at the end of the avenue, heard some passionate vows and promises. You might be also pretty accurate in believing that if the tears dimmed Helen's diamond eyes, the crimson tints of the moss-rose were not very far from her cheeks.

But the parting moment came and went, and with it, too, went George, to join his regiment, now under orders for the distant Indian land, leaving Helen to sorrow in silence and loneliness for her absent lover. Whenever a letter or communication came from him, if ever one did, be sure it was treasured up in secret, and few eyes but her own looked upon it.

Things went on gloomily enough in the old dismal mansion—now a thousand times more dismal than ever—for the next three or four years : old Sam Morgan amassing wealth more and more every day, just as if he were to live for ever to enjoy it ; and Helen and her remaining cousin passing the time as best they might. The latter, indeed, now that George was gone, became quite a favorite with his miser uncle. It was no wonder, for they were much akin in spirit, disposition, and ways of thinking.

There is nothing, the cynics tell us, so changeable as a woman's mind ; but herein these libellers err. There is one thing more—the mind of a miserly old bachelor. Wherefore it is not surprising that after the lapse of some time, and when his health began to fail, old Sam Morgan became as anxious for a union between his snarly nephew and his handsome niece as he had formerly been incensed at the bare idea of one between her and George. Perhaps it was because he grew to like the idea of his money remaining in the family ; perhaps because it was only the development and outcome of one of his many humours and whims. But so it was, however, that he proposed the matter, with a by no means indefinitely expressed intention of leaving all his great wealth to them. Alas ! to his astonishment and indignation, Helen, with the greatest possible distinctness and promptness—with a distinctness that put it beyond all possibility of doubt or peradventure whatever—declined. Not all his wealth could tempt her into it.

If old Sam were incensed and outraged on the previous occasion, his anger on the present was beyond all power of description. Nor was there any possible source of assuagement for him now, as there was on the occasion when George was exiled, for he could not in any kind of decency expel Helen from under his roof. Where was she to go ? Not to India, I suppose.

Talking of India, however—from that country at this juncture began to come news which, by swift and frequent steps, served to attract and finally rivet men's attention on it—to the

exclusion of all other things whatever. A revolt, a mutiny, a rebellion, a massacre, had grown up there by breathless stages ; and in a land of one hundred and twenty millions of people, a few thousand English soldiers were, on the turn of the clock almost, called upon to uphold English rule and government.

The first news of the outbreak came upon disbelieving and incredulous ears in England ; but, following swiftly, came information that made men's hearts stir and throb as they never had throbbed or stirred before. The news of the massacre of Cawpore sent a thrill of pain and indignation through the great heart of England. And, thereafter, the thoughts of every man, woman, and child in the land were fixed on the distant Indian empire, and on the handful of beleaguered men upholding her dominion there. Beleaguered ! Worse than beleaguered. In the open plain, the swords and spears of troops that British officers had drilled and trained were unused in their thousands in mutiny and rebellion ; artillery and guns that British gold had paid for, parked before and beside them. And in almost every barrack and compound of British India, treachery lurked in the black man's heart, and the demon of murder stood unseen at the white man's elbow ! In all that swarming population, with disaffection rampant in the land, there were but a few British regiments—and England twelve thousand miles of stormy seas away !

From time to time news came of George Morgan ; stray paragraphs in the newspapers, notices in despatches, and such-like, told us of what he was doing. First and most fearless where all were daring ; readiest to confront the foe and the last to retreat ; for eight-and-forty hours at a time in the saddle ; compelled to sleep, whenever he got the chance, beside his unsaddled horse, the reins twisted around his arm, so that when the bugle rang out he could leap at once into the saddle ; suffering hunger and thirst in a land where thirst meant, if not death, agony. We all knew well that, wherever he was, there was a true heart, and that no more gallant horseman was gathered under the shadow of the British flag in that distant land.

It was an effort of heroic resolve that made the Feringhee officers determine to attack and storm, with their small forces, the mighty city of Delhi, swarming with troops, and every soul in it disaffected to British rule, or in sympathy with the revolted sepoys. Nothing but the primest courage must have made the generals resolve on the attempt ; and nothing but the keenest knowledge and unhesitating reliance on the valour of their men could justify it. Nor were they wrong. As an instance : The regiment of Guides, in which George Morgan was, crossed from Meeran to Delhi, by forced marches, a distance of five hundred and eighty miles, in twenty-two broiling days, and the evening of their arrival before the walls, after a short repose, were aroused to repel an overwhelming attack by sepoy horsemen ! And thereafter it was constant fighting until the time came to storm the rebel hold.

But at length Delhi did fall ! The power of the Indian hosts had gone down once again before the dauntless valour of the Feringhee ; and once

again the days of Clive and Hastings, and Napier and Gough, had come on the land—Delhi had fallen! But, riding sword in hand over the cannon and sabring the sepoy gunners that still worked them under the very walls of Delhi's great mosque, George Morgan found his soldiering days numbered too. A Pathan sword had descended on his helmet, had glanced off it and come on his left shoulder, severing all the muscles of his arm. The blow stunned him; he reeled from his horse and fell; and thereafter, the wild uproar and clash of arms in every street of the conquered capital came but vaguely, or not at all, on his ears.

Needless to say how proud we were all when his name came home in the despatches, when the newspapers gave different versions of the affair, but all, however differing, agreeing in eulogy of him; and how more than delighted we were when we found that his wound was not mortal. But his soldiering days were over; he received the Victoria Cross, was retired, and came home.

What his old miserly uncle thought of him and his prowess, no one knew; he read all about it, but said nothing. He was ill, very ill, when his nephew came home. For days he continued in pretty much the same way, only by degrees growing worse, until he became so bad that all knew the end could not be far off; and then for the first time he had George called to his bedside. 'George, I have left you the'—But whatever more he was going to say remained unsaid, for he lay back in a fit of coughing; and when the coughing was over, so was his life—his last breath had gone out with it.

Well, we all thought George had been left amply provided for, and, indeed, every one was glad of it, for two reasons—first, because he needed it, and secondly, because he deserved it.

The day came when the will was to be opened; and behold! not one word was there about George—not one word. The old man had left every stick and stone and every guinea to the churl his brother. The miser had been as untrue in his death as he had been mean and avaricious during his life; and George was penniless. We could scarcely believe our ears, when the lawyer's managing clerk—the old lawyer himself had died a few days before Sam Morgan—read it out; and thought he must have made some mistake. But no; there it was all in black and white, in the clearest and most unmistakable handwriting, but all the more aggravating perhaps for that.

The new owner was not long in making changes. A new broom sweeps clean, and *he* was a new broom indeed. First, George was ordered off the premises. Where could he go? He came to me, as the only friend he had. The next thing the churlish heir did was to propose anew to Helen, never doubting now that, with the unquestioned inheritance of his uncle's wealth, she would gladly accept him. Therein, however, he made a mistake. She rejected the unwanted suitor in favour of his disinherited brother; his wealth could not sway or alter *her* affections—not in the slightest. Naturally, she had to go too; a solitary bequest of three hundred pounds was all that came to her share through the will.

Presently, Henry Morgan began to turn the half-ruined mansion quite out of doors. Pre-

paratory to putting it in new and complete repair, he called an auction of the effects and furniture; and what a rickety collection this latter was! And among other things was that old writing-desk of which I spoke at the beginning of my story.

I don't know what prompted me to buy it, for it was old, worm-eaten, and crazy. But I bought it, and placed it upright in a corner of the parlour, to be used whenever I had occasion for writing, which was not very often.

So that on the evening when we gave the party in honour of the wedding—did I tell you that George and Helen got married? No! Well, they did. And a handsomer or blither couple you could not see in a month of Sundays. She could not look otherwise than handsome; and George, his paralysed arm notwithstanding, looked just the type of what a bridegroom should be, his well set-up form was so fine, and his eye so calm and bright.

As I have said, we gave a party on the afternoon of the wedding day to the young couple. We were not likely to see them again for many a weary year, if ever; for they had made up their minds to make their home in the far west of Canada—in that district since well known as Manitoba; and so we determined that this last evening in the neighbourhood should be a pleasant one. Let me remember whom we had there. The rector and his wife and two daughters; the doctor and his two sons, the latter, full of life and fun, just home from the university; and quite a number of other people, mostly young. Among others present was the managing clerk, who, as before related, had read out the contents of old Sam's will. There was plenty of jollity and rejoicing, but there were not many tears shed for the memory of old Sam Morgan.

Well, in clearing the parlour for the dance, my wife insisted that the old desk should be left standing in the corner where it was, on its four crazy legs. I don't know why she did so, but I rather think it was in delicate mockery of the old fellow's memory, and as showing, in the only way she could, her contempt for the unhandsome way he had acted by her young friends. It was quite a foolish proceeding on her part; but you cannot reason with women, at least I never could—and the folly of it was shown unmistakably when, in one of the waltzes, Walter Hempwood, the doctor's son, and Lillian Hume, the rector's daughter, going a little too rapidly—Heaven bless their bright hearts!—careered full tilt against it; and, lo and behold you! the rickety legs were knocked clean from under the dazed thing; and it fell on its side on the floor, tumbling away from its moth-eaten supports.

'Confound the rickety thing!' said the lawyer; 'it wouldn't belong to old Sam if it were not up to some mischief.'

A kick! And behold! so worm-eaten and mouldered and aged was it, that it fell to pieces under the vigorous spurning, as if it were made of dust—which, indeed, from the quantity of that article that flew about, it seemed uncommonly likely it was. And behold again! out from the debris there rolled a neatly-folded parcel of paper, quite fresh and shining in its glossiness, and tied with a red tape. Where it came from no one could say, or where it could have lain

concealed, unless in some secret drawer which had remained unsuspected and entirely hidden from view. But there, at anyrate, it was.

'This seems to me like something in my way,' said the managing clerk, after a pause in which we all looked at it; whilst he took it up in his hands, gazed at it wonderingly for a second, and then opened it. He looked down its first page, turned over that, read down the second, whilst a curious expression grew into his face and eyes; and finally, throwing all over at once, turned to see the last, with the big red seal staring at him from the bottom thereof. For a moment he stood in suspense; and then with a thundering hurrah, that might have wakened old Sam in his blessed repose, waved it over his head, and running up to George Morgan and Helen, who shrank back a little, believing him to have gone suddenly demented, cried: 'Give me your hands! Give me your hands, I say! By the honours of war! this is grander news than the capture of Delhi! You're the owners of Castleholm.'

'What is it? What's the matter? What does it all mean?' everybody asked at once.

'What does it all mean?' echoed the clerk. 'Why, it's the will—the will. The last will and testament of Samuel Morgan, Esq., now on his death-bed, but sound of mind and body,' continued he, quoting in his exuberance the usual phraseology of such documents, which he knew off by heart; 'and it's properly signed and witnessed: and—he leaves all his property, every rafter and kitchen stone, every guinea and shilling and copper penny, to his beloved nephew, George Morgan!'

And so it was—beyond all doubt and question. You may depend upon it there was a startled group in my humble parlour for a moment or two, as we all held our breaths; and the next moment a hearty cheer burst forth.

What an evening it was, to be sure! What an insane sense of mild rejoicing possessed us all! How we patched up the broken desk again, to try to find out the exact spot where the precious document had lain concealed. How we regretted that the dear old gentleman lying in his grave could not be with us to partake of our delight! How we wondered at our own blindness in failing to see the many virtues that shone through his character during his long and exemplary life! How many a rare and ennobling trait, which we stupidly did not see before, now stood revealed to us in angelic brightness!

Well, there was no time lost in putting matters into legal shape, and the next day George Morgan and the lawyer posted away to Dublin, and at the very earliest moment had the document lodged in the Probate Court. A few days more settled all. There was no further need to talk of Manitoba or emigration; the hero of Delhi was heir to the property, and in a short time entered into possession.

It is hardly worth while delaying to tell of the rejoicings that took place in the country round when the news became known; or how well and worthily the wearer of the Victoria Cross and his handsome wife filled the position of lord and lady of the estate; or of what a magnificent house-warming was given when the mansion, being renewed and refurnished, was reoccupied

by them; nor of many other pleasant things which I should like to speak of if I had space and time. Only this: that, returning good for evil, George Morgan, at Helen's special request, instead of turning his brother away, appointed him agent and manager of his estates—a position which, curiously enough, he filled to the satisfaction of everybody.

A GOSSIP.

MIDNIGHT, and the stars were gleaming

In the deep blue dome of the sky,
And the moon was softly beaming
O'er the earth from her throne on high.

'Twas then that the poplars stately,
To the stars in a whisper clear,
Told the news of the day sedately,
Nor dreamt of a listener near.

'She came,' said the taller, gravely,
'To our shade when the sun was low'—
'And left,' cried the younger, 'bravely,
Though her sweet eyes looked her woo.'

'She came,' again said the elder,
With a sudden angry frown,
And a tap on the youngster's shoulder,
'To our shade as the sun went down,

'With a letter; I guessed the writer,
Whose words could light her eyes
And flush her cheeks, till brighter
They shone than rosette skies.

'She broke the seal, and faded
The red of her cheek to white,
And I read the lines, well aided
By the gleam of the red sunlight.

'It was penned on the eve of his bridal
To a lady of high degree—
And regretful words and idle—
"Not half so fair as she."

'And she read the lines all over
With never a sob or tear,
Of him who had been her lover
In the spring-time of the year.

'And I hope on some happier morrow
When her grief has lost its smart,
She may smile at her present sorrow,
And trust to a truer heart.'

MAGDALEN ROCK.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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BLACK SLAVES IN ENGLAND.

WHEN that distinguished Virginian, Henry Esmond Warrington, landed at Bristol in the year of grace 1756, he was, as readers of Thackeray will remember, accompanied by a servant in the shape of his black slave Gumbo. A black follower would not at that time excite much interest or curiosity at the port of Bristol, as the people there must have been fairly well accustomed to such sights, few American gentlemen embarking or disembarking who were not attended by one or more black slaves. But when Gumbo reached the more inland and rustic place of Castlewood, he was the cause of no little wonder and consternation, firstly in the servants' hall, where he startled the occupants by his extraordinary and audacious exaggerations in praise of his master and his immense Virginian estates, and secondly in the church on Sundays, where he sang the familiar psalms and hymns with the loudness and resonance of a church organ.

The extensive proprietary interests which, during last century, English merchants and members of the English aristocracy held in the American colonies and the West Indies, involved the possession also on their part of many slaves. Many of these black slaves were trained to act as household servants and personal attendants, and in this capacity accompanied their owners when travelling. The presence of black slaves in this country was therefore not an unfamiliar sight; but it will perhaps startle many readers to know that in 1764, according to the estimate of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the period, there were upwards of twenty thousand black slaves domiciled in London alone, and that these slaves were openly bought and sold on 'Change.' The newspapers of the day represent these slaves as being upon the whole rather a trouble to their owners. For one thing, they ceased to consider themselves 'slaves' in this so-called 'free country'; hence they were often unwilling to work, and when forced to labour were generally sullen, spiteful, treacherous, and

revengeful. They also frequently, as we shall find from the press advertisements of the day, made their escape, necessitating rewards being offered for their recapture.

For instance, in the *London Gazette* for March 1685, there is an advertisement to the effect that a black boy of about fifteen years of age, named John White, ran away from Colonel Kirke on the 16th inst. 'He has a silver collar about his neck, upon which is the colonel's coat of arms and cipher; he has upon his throat a great scar,' &c. A reward is offered for bringing him back. In the *Daily Post* of August 4, 1720, is a similar notice: 'Went away the 22d July last, from the house of William Webb, in Limehouse Hole, a negro man, about twenty years old, called Dick, yellow complexion, wool hair, about five foot six inches high, having on his right breast the word "Hare" burnt. Whoever brings him to the said Mr Webb's shall have half-a-guinea reward and reasonable charges.' Again, in the *Daily Journal* for September 28, 1793, is an advertisement for a runaway black boy. It is added that he had the words 'My Lady Bromfield's black in Lincoln's Inn Fields' engraved on a collar round his neck.

The degrading custom of decorating male and female slaves in England with a collar bearing the name and designation of their owners, had the example set for it in high quarters. There still exists at Hampton Court the bust of a favourite slave of King William III., the head of which is of black marble, and the drapery round the shoulders and chest of veined yellow marble; while encircling the throat is a carved white marble collar, with a padlock, in every respect like a dog's metal collar. In the Museum of the Antiquarian Society in Edinburgh there is a specimen of those slave collars, although in this case the wearer of the collar was not a black man, but a white. The collar bears the following inscription: 'Alexander Stewart, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, December 5, 1701.—Gifted by the Justiciaries as a perpetual servant to Sir John Erskine of Alva.'

That a collar was considered as essential for a black slave as for a dog is shown by an advertisement in the *London Advertiser* for 1756, in which Matthew Dyer, working-goldsmith at the Crown in Duck Lane, Orchard Street, Westminster, intimates to the public that he makes 'silver padlocks for Blacks or Dogs; collars,' &c.

The use of the collar upon creatures of our own flesh and blood was humiliating enough, but the public sale of them was still more degrading. A great deal was said in this country a generation or two ago, in condemnation of the sales of slaves in the United States, and in praise of our own superior virtue in this respect. Many of the persons who thus denounced their American brethren were not probably aware that it is not much more than a century since the same hateful practice was put an end to in England itself.

In the *Tatler* for 1709, a black boy, twelve years of age, 'fit to wait on a gentleman,' is offered for sale at Dennis's Coffee-house, in Finch Lane, near the Royal Exchange. From the *Daily Journal* of September 28, 1728, we learn that a negro boy, eleven years of age, was similarly offered for sale at the Virginia Coffee-house in Threadneedle Street, behind the Royal Exchange. The following, from the *London Advertiser* of 1756, with its reference to freedom from 'dis temper,' is painfully like an offer of young dogs for sale in the present day: 'To be sold, a Negro Boy, about fourteen years old, warranted free from any dis temper, and has had those fatal to that colour; has been used two years to all kinds of household work, and to wait at table; his price is £25, and would not be sold but the person he belongs to is leaving off business. Apply at the bar of the George Coffee-house in Chancery Lane, over against the Gate.' Again, in the *Public Ledger* for December 31, 1761, we have for sale 'A healthy Negro Girl, aged about fifteen years; speaks good English, works at her needle, washes well, does household work, and has had the smallpox.'

So far, these sales seem to have been effected privately; but later on we find that the auctioneer's hammer is being brought into play. In 1763, one John Rice was hanged for forgery at Tyburn, and following upon his execution was a sale of his effects by auction, 'and among the rest a negro boy.' He brought £32. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of the day, commenting upon the sale of the black boy, says that this was 'perhaps the first custom of the kind in a free country.' Again, we find from another contemporary print that at Lichfield, in 1771, there was offered for sale by public auction 'A Negro Boy from Africa, supposed to be ten or eleven years of age. He is remarkably stout, well proportioned, speaks tolerably good English, of a mild disposition, friendly, officious [*sic*], sound, healthy, fond of labour, and for colour an excellent fine black.' The *Stamford Mercury* for the same year bears record that 'at a sale of a gentleman's effects at

Richmond, a Negro Boy was put up and sold for £32.' The paper adds: 'A shocking instance in a free country!'

The public conscience had indeed for many years been disturbed on this question, the greater number of English people holding that the system of slavery as tolerated in London and the country generally should be declared illegal. From an early period in last century the subject had not only been debated in the public prints and on the platform, but had been made matter of something like judicial decision. At the first, legal opinion was opposed to the manumission of slaves brought by their masters to this country. In 1729, Lord Talbot, Attorney-general, and Mr Yorke, Solicitor-general, gave an opinion which raised the whole question of the legal existence of slaves in Great Britain and Ireland. The opinion of these lawyers was that the mere fact of a slave coming into these countries from the West Indies did not render him free, and that he could be compelled to return again to those plantations. Even the rite of baptism did not free him—it could only affect his spiritual, not his temporal, condition. It was on the strength of this decision that slavery continued to flourish in England, until, as we have seen, there were at one time as many as twenty thousand black slaves in London alone. Chief-justice Holt had, however, expressed a contrary opinion to that above given; and after a long struggle the matter was brought to a final issue in the famous case of the negro *Somerset*. On June 22, 1772, it was decided by Lord Mansfield in the name of the whole bench, that 'as soon as a slave set foot on the soil of the British Islands, he became free.' From that day to the present this has remained the law of our land as regards slavery. The poet Cowper expressed the jubilant feeling of the country over Lord Mansfield's dictum when he sung:

We have no slaves at home.—Then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipated and loose.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

But while Lord Mansfield's decision was final and uncontested as regards the soil of these islands, many curious questions arose from time to time in connection with our ships in foreign waters. For instance, in the case of *Forbes v. Cochrane*, the question was raised as to whether slaves that had made their escape in slaveholding countries and found refuge on the deck of a British man-of-war had by so doing secured their freedom. The facts of the case were, that some slaves belonging to an English gentleman in Florida had made their escape, and found refuge on board a British man-of-war; and Florida being then a Spanish possession, the owner of the slaves demanded that the British

captain should surrender them. The captain refused. He said that the owner might, if he could, induce them by persuasion to return to the slave-gang and the cotton-field, but declined to use force to expel the men. The slave-owner sued the captain for the delivery of his slaves; but the decision was given against the slave-holder. The tradition, that to stand on the deck of a British man-of-war was to stand on a bit of England was upon that occasion given the strength and authority of law. 'Slavery,' said Mr Justice Best, in pronouncing the decision—'slavery is a local law, and therefore if a man wishes to preserve his slaves, let him attach them to him by affection, or make fast the bars of their prison, or rivet well their chains; for the instant they get beyond the limits where slavery is recognised by the local law, they have broken their chains, they have escaped from their prison, and are free.' Ships of war thus claimed the privilege, and have continued to maintain the privilege, of sharing in all the rights and immunities of their own country, so that when a slave sets his foot upon their decks, as upon the soil of England itself, he is then, and thenceforth, free.

Another curious instance of the hold which slavery had upon British colonists is to be found in the Life of Baron Seaforth, who took office as Governor of Barbadoes in 1801. During his administration a planter, having killed one of his own slaves, was tried for the murder and acquitted, the law on that island not regarding such an act as murder. When proved, which was very seldom the case, the crime was punishable only by a fine of £15 currency. The terrible practice of slave-killing not being unrequent on the island, Lord Seaforth resolved to put an end to it. He procured an Act from the Barbadian legislature making it felony to kill a slave, and thereupon sailed to England to obtain for it the sanction of the Crown. Soon after his return, another slave was killed by his owner. The latter was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged for murder, under the new Act. At the time appointed, the condemned prisoner was brought out for execution; but so strong was the public feeling against the new law, that the ordinary executioner was not to be found. The governor then required the sheriff to perform his office, either in person or by deputy, but, after some excuses, he absolutely refused. His lordship then addressed the general of soldiers, stating that "whoever would volunteer to be executioner should be subsequently protected, as well as rewarded then." One presented himself; and it henceforth became as dangerous to kill a slave as a freeman in Barbadoes. His lordship's introduction of this law rendered him very unpopular in Barbadoes, and he quitted that island in 1806.

There is a sense in which slavery may still be said to exist in this country—that is, in our convict system. Of course, in this case the subject has by his crimes forfeited his liberty, and so has entered upon a life little removed from that of a slave. In the end of last century, 'slavedom' in Norway was a distinctive punishment of criminals. Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin,

in her interesting letters written during a tour in that country, says: 'The laws here are mild, and do not punish capitally for any crime but murder, which seldom occurs. Every other offence merely subjects the delinquent to imprisonment and labour in the castle, or rather arsenal, at Christiania, and the fortress at Fredericshall. The first and second conviction produces a sentence for a limited number of years—two, three, five, or seven, proportional to the atrocity of the crime. After the third, he is whipped, branded in the forehead, and condemned to perpetual slavery. This is the ordinary march of justice.'

DUMARESQU'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER VI.—A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

LINNELL went home to the Red Lion well content that evening: for Haviland Dumaresqu had poured out his full heart to him; and Psyche had given him her faithful promise to sit to him in Arab costume for his projected picture. Not that as yet he was in love with Psyche; love at first sight was alien to the artist's timid and shrinking nature; but he had recognised from the very first moment he saw her that he would be more capable of conceiving a grand passion for that beautiful girl than for any other woman he had ever met in the course of his wanderings. To begin with, was she not Haviland Dumaresqu's daughter? and Linnell's reverence for the great thinker, in his solitude and poverty, was so profound and intense that that fact alone prepossessed him immensely from the very first in Psyche's favour. But even had she been the daughter of a Mrs Maitland or a village inn-keeper, Linnell could hardly have helped being interested in the pink-and-white maiden. He had sat and talked with her all the evening long in a convenient corner; he had drawn her out slowly bit by bit; her shyness and reserve had made him almost forget his own; her innocent pleasure at the attention he paid her had flattered and delighted his sensitive spirit. Though Haviland Dumaresqu had honoured him with his confidence, it was of Psyche he thought all the small-hours through: it was Psyche's voice, not the great philosopher's, that rang in his ears as he lay awake; it was Psyche's eyes that made his heart flutter with unwonted excitement through the night-watches.

Linnell was thirty, and at thirty these symptoms come stronger than in early youth. It is then that a man begins to know himself a man: it is then that he begins to recognise and appraise his own effect upon the hearts of women.

He liked Psyche—liked her immensely; but the really important question was this, did Psyche like him? He knew enough about women, of course, by this time to know that six or seven thousand a year will buy you outright the venal love of half the girls in a London

ballroom. He knew that, and he didn't care to invest his money in the unprofitable purchase. The question was, did Psyche really like him for himself, or could Psyche be made so to like him? He glanced down uneasily, as he sat in his own arm-chair in the inn room, at his lame leg, or the leg that he still insisted on considering as lame, and asked himself gravely many times over, Would Psyche take him, limp and all included, without the dead make-weight of that hypothetical and unacknowledged fortune? If Psyche would, then well and good: it was an honour for any man to marry Haviland Dumaresq's daughter. But if Psyche wouldn't—Ha, what a start! As he thought the words to himself, Linnell for the first time realised in his soul how deeply his life had already intertwined itself with Psyche's.

The dream was born but the day before yesterday; and yet even to-day to give it up would cost him a lasting pang of sorrow.

He had understood well what Haviland Dumaresq meant when he said that if he had to advise any young man or woman beginning life he would tell them to go the way of the world, and work for money, position, and power. The great philosopher was a father, after all; he was thinking of Psyche. And for that, Linnell could not really find it in his heart to blame him. The old man had led his own heroic life, his own heroic self-denying way, for a grand purpose: he had spent himself in the service of thought and humanity. But when he looked at Psyche's beautiful young life—at that pink-and-white rosebud, just opening so sweetly and daintily to the air of heaven—he might well be forgiven for the natural wish to surround her with all possible comfort and luxury. A man may be a Stoic for himself if he likes, no doubt, but no good man can ever be a Stoic for those he loves best—for his wife or his daughter.

There the painter thoroughly sympathised with him. If he married Psyche, it would be because he wished to make her happy: to give her all that money can give: to make life more beautiful and worthy and dear to her. For that, he would gladly fling away everything.

So Linnell could easily forgive the father if he wished Psyche, as the world says, 'to marry well'—to marry money—for, in plain prose, that was what it came to. He could forgive even Haviland Dumaresq himself for that vulgar thought. He could forgive Dumaresq—but not Psyche. If Psyche took him, she must take him for pure, pure love alone. She must never ask if he was rich or poor. She must never inquire into the details of his banking-book. She must fling herself upon him just because she loved him. He wanted in his way to do after the fashion of the Lord of Burleigh. He must be but a landscape painter, and a village maiden she. On those terms alone would he consent to be loved. And on those terms, too, he said to himself, with a little thrill of delight, Haviland Dumaresq's daughter would be content to love him. If Psyche were made of other mould than that—if Psyche were swayed by vulgar ideals and base self-interest—if Psyche were incapable of devotion like her father's, or of love like his own—then Linnell for his part would have

nothing to say to her. It was just because he felt sure something of Haviland Dumaresq's grand self-forgetfulness must run innate in his daughter's veins that the painter believed he could give up his life for her.

So he whispered to himself, as he lay awake that night and thought of Psyche. But at that very moment, at the Wren's Nest, a gray old man, erect and haughty still, but with that dreamy look in his eyes that Linnell had noticed so keenly on their second meeting, stole on tiptoe into the room where his daughter slept, and regarding her long in a strange ecstasy of delight, candle in hand, murmured to himself in low hazy tones: 'She *shall* be rich. She *shall* be happy. She shall have all she wants. She shall live the life I never lived. I see it. I feel it. I know it's coming.—A rich man shall love her. I feel it's coming.—Space swells around me. The walls grow bigger. The world grows wider. The music rings. How glorious it all looks in Psyche's palace! I shall make her happy. I shall guard her and watch over her. She shall never fling her life away, as I flung mine, for vain conceits, for empty shadows.—I see the vision. I hear the music. It rings in my ears. It tells me she shall be happy.'

If a medical man could have looked at the great philosopher's eyes just then, he would have needed but little experience to tell you that the silver-coated pellet Haviland Dumaresq had swallowed to calm his nerves the evening before was pure opium. It was thus that nature revenged herself at last for long years of excessive toil and terrible privation.

Next day, Psyche was to begin her sittings in the Arab costume. Linnell was up early, and opened his letters from London at the breakfast table. Among them was one from his agent in town, giving a list of all libraries and institutions in the English-speaking world to which copies of Haviland Dumaresq's great work could be sent by an ardent admirer. The number a little surprised himself: his agent had hunted up two hundred and seventy distinct recipients. The complete series of the Encyclopedic Philosophy was published at three guineas a set: the total would amount, therefore, to £550, 10s. He totted up the number on the back of an envelope, and drew a long breath. That was a big sum: much bigger than he expected; but it would make Dumaresq rich for many a long day to come. Eight hundred and fifty was nothing to him. He took his cheque-book from his portmanteau, and filled in a cheque for that amount offhand. Then he wrote a short note of instruction to his agent; packed up his easel for the morning's work; dropped letter and cheque in the post-box as he passed; and presented himself betimes at the Wren's Nest, with an approving conscience, to fulfil his engagement.

He was glad to think he had done so much to make Psyche and her father both happy. And he was glad, too, in a certain indefinite half-conscious way, that he'd planned it first for Haviland Dumaresq's own sake, before he even knew of Psyche's existence. Love of philosophy, not love of a girl, had given him the earliest impulse to do that kind and generous action.

It was a happy morning, indeed, for both the

young people. Linnell had to pose and drape Psyche, with Geraldine Maitland's friendly assistance—for Geraldine had come round to bring the Arab dress, and remained to perform propriety for the occasion. Papa wouldn't come down this morning, Psyche said, blushing: he had one of his very bad headaches to-day. She noticed last night that Papa's eyes had that strange far-away dreamy look about them, which, she always observed, was followed soon by a racking headache. He was dreadfully depressed when he got well, too: he'd have a terrible fit of depression to-morrow, she was afraid. Linnell was politely sorry to hear that; yet too secretly glad at the proximate success of his own device to feel that the depression could be very permanent. It was such an impersonal way of doing a man a benefit—increasing the sale of his book so largely. It would all go in with the yearly account, no doubt; and unless Dumaresq inquired very closely into the sales, he would never even find out the real reason of this apparent leap into sudden popularity. He would only know in a vague and general way that a great many more of his books had been sold this year than in any previous year since their first publication.

'There, that'll do exactly,' he said at last, posing Psyche's head, with a soft silky *haith* thrown lightly across it, a little on one side towards her left shoulder.—'Don't you think so, Miss Maitland? It'll do so. That's absolute perfection.—Now you can laugh and talk as much as you like, you know, Miss Dumaresq. Don't suppose it's the same as having your photograph taken. What a painter wants above all is the natural expression. The more you're yourself, the more beautiful and graceful the picture will be, of course.'

'What a pretty compliment!' Geraldine Maitland murmured archly. 'You never speak that way to me, Mr Linnell.'

The painter looked down and laughed awkwardly. 'But I've never painted you, you know, Miss Maitland,' he answered, rather restrained. 'When I do, I'll prepare a whole quiverful of compliments ready for use beforehand.'

'I understand. Precisely so. But with Psyche, you see, they well out naturally.'

Psyche blushed and smiled at once. 'Don't talk such nonsense, Geraldine,' she said with a bashful air.—'Is this right now, Mr Linnell, please? Geraldine sets me out of pose by talking.'

Linnell looked up from his easel admiringly. 'Go on making her blush like that as long as you please, Miss Maitland,' he said with a smile, as he outlined her delicate face on his canvas. 'That's just how I want it. Nothing could be more perfect. My Fatma or Mouni's supposed to be caught in the very act of falling in love for the first time. I mean to call it "The Dawn of Love," in fact, and you must try to throw yourself as fully as possible into the spirit of the character, you see, Miss Dumaresq.'

If Linnell had wished to make her blush, indeed, nothing he could have said would have succeeded better. The poor girl flushed so crimson at once from chin to forehead that Linnell took pity upon her, and strove at once to turn the current of the conversation. He shifted the subject to Dumaresq and his work,

the adherents his system was gaining on the continent, and his own profound belief in its ultimate triumph. 'All great things grow slowly,' he said, as he worked away at the dainty curve of those quivering nostrils. 'The Newtonian gravitation was disbelieved for half a century, and Lamarck went blind and poor to his grave without finding one adherent for his evolutionary theories.'

'Papa has many,' Psyche said simply, 'and those, too, among the greatest and most famous of the time. Even among the people we see here at Petherton, I can always measure their intellect at first sight by observing in what sort of respect they hold my father.'

'Then my intelligence must be of a very high order,' Linnell went on, laughing, 'for I believe nobody on earth ranks Haviland Dumaresq higher than I do. To me he seems far and away the greatest thinker I've ever met or seen or read about.'

'To me, too,' Psyche answered quietly.

The reply startled him by its simple directness. It was so strange that a girl of Psyche's age should have any opinion at all of her own upon such a subject; stranger still that she should venture to express it to another so plainly and openly. There was something of Haviland Dumaresq's own straightforward impersonal truthfulness in this frank avowal of supreme belief on Psyche's part in her father's greatness. Linnell liked her all the better for her frank confidence. 'I'm glad to hear you say so,' he said, 'for one knows that great men are often so much misjudged by their own family. No man, we know, is a hero to his valet. Let him be the wisest philosopher that ever breathed on earth, and he's oftenest looked upon as Only Papa by his own daughters. But I'm glad to know, too, that the faith is spreading. How many copies, now, have you any idea, are usually sold of the Encyclopaedic Philosophy?'

'Oh, not more than ten or twelve a year,' Psyche answered carelessly, rearranging the drapery upon her shining shoulder.

Linnell started. 'Only ten or twelve a year!' he cried, astonished. 'You don't mean to tell me that's really the case? You must be mistaken! I can't believe it. Only ten or twelve copies a year of the greatest work set forth by any thinker of the present century!'

'Yes,' Psyche answered, in that quiet, resigned, matter-of-fact way she had inherited from her father. 'You see, in England, people read it at the libraries: the great sale's all abroad, Papa says, and the book's been translated into all European and Asiatic languages, so people for the most part buy the translations, which practically bring in next to nothing. Then the Americans, of course, who read it so much, read it all in pirated editions. They once sent Papa a hundred pounds as compensation; but Papa sent the cheque back again at once. He said he wouldn't accept it as a present and a favour from people who ought to pay tenfold as a simple act of natural justice.'

'But I suppose whatever are sold now are all clear profit?' Linnell asked tentatively, with many misgivings, lest he should ask too much, and let out beforehand the secret of this enormous bound into supposed popularity.

'Well, yes,' Psyche answered with some little hesitation. 'I believe they are. I've heard Papa say Macmurdo and White have long since covered all expenses, and that every copy sold now is money in pocket.'

Linnell breathed freely once more. Then the £850, 10s., for which he had sent off his cheque that morning to his agent would be all clear gain to the poor needy Dumaresq. His brush worked on upon the canvas with unusual vigour. He had never had such a sitter in his life before; he had never felt he was doing himself such justice, nor experienced such a supreme internal consciousness of having been useful to others in his generation.

When the head of the great publishing house of Macmurdo and White received a cheque for £850, 10s., and an order for two hundred and seventy complete sets of 'Dumaresq's Encyclopædic' (as the Trade in its recognised shorthand calls it), he raised his eyebrows, sucked in his cheeks, and tapped with his forefinger on the desk of the counting-house. 'It's coming, White,' he said, enchanted. 'I told you it was coming. I knew it was bound to come sooner or later. Dumaresq's Encyclopædic's certain to sell in the long run. There's an order here on-right for two hundred and seventy of 'em. Two hundred and seventy's a very big lot. See how many we have ready in cloth, will you, and order the rest to be bound at once from the quires to order. I'm devilish glad we bought the copyright of that book outright from the man—and for a mere song too. It's paid expenses, I see, these three years back: so that's eight hundred and fifty pounds clear profit for the house on a small transaction.'

For when Psyche Dumaresq mentioned the casual fact that every copy sold of her father's great work was 'money in pocket,' she omitted to add the trifling detail that the pocket in question was Messrs Macmurdo and White's, worshipful publishers', and not the author's, Haviland Dumaresq's. To any one who lived in the world of books, indeed, that point would have been the first and most natural to make inquiries about: but the painter, in his eagerness to do a good deed, had never even so much as thought of the possibility that the copyright might not be the author's. All that Linnell had actually accomplished, in fact, by his generous intention was simply to put eight hundred guineas or so into the bursting till of a flourishing firm of London publishers.

'And look here, White,' Mr Macmurdo called out as his partner left the room to fulfil the order: 'that poor devil Dumaresq never made much out of the book for his pains. Let's send the man a twenty-pound note as a present!'

Most English publishers would have made it a hundred; and no other trade on earth would have made it anything. But Macmurdo and White are proverbially close-fisted; and the twenty-pound note from that amiable firm was all Haviland Dumaresq ever got out of Charles Linnell's well-meant attempt to benefit the great philosopher. When it arrived at the Wren's Nest, Dumaresq turned to Psyche with a smile and said: 'I may keep that honestly. They must have made it well out of me or they

wouldn't send it. Though of course I've no right in the world to a penny. But it's dropped in at the very nick of time. It'll cover the cost of that young man's picture.'

(To be continued.)

INSPECTION OF SCHOOLS.

By JOHN KERR, LL.D.

THERE are perhaps few respects in which there is a greater contrast between past and present times than in the relation of national education in Scotland to the means adopted to secure its efficiency. In the seventeenth century the principal, and in many cases the only, guardians of efficiency were the clergy, who combined with their own proper work the general charge of everything connected with schools. The examination as to the teacher's fitness for office, his appointment and dismissal, were in the hands of the presbytery of the bounds. These functions were discharged with by no means uniformly satisfactory results. Favouritism and nepotism no doubt sometimes carried the day, but the appointments were on the whole so good as to enable Scotland to keep her place in the front rank of educated nations.

A certain kind of inspection and supervision of Schools in Scotland dates as far back as 1696, when, by statute, a school was established in every parish, the presbytery paying annual visits of examination to every school within the bounds. From the commencement of annual grants from Government in 1846 till the passing of the Education Act of 1872, this examination was kept up, sometimes jointly with Government inspection of schools receiving such grants. National education in Scotland is therefore nearly two hundred years old. With England the case is different. In early times the charge of education was undertaken by the Church; but it has no claim to be called National till within the last twenty years; and it is only about fifty years since it received subsidies from Government.

Early in the present century, the attention of parliament was directed to the unsatisfactory condition of education among the lower classes in London, and a Committee was appointed to report on it. Though little was done for twenty years except voting a sum of money for the erection of school buildings, the subject was not allowed to drop; and the result was the establishment, in 1839, of a Committee of Council on Education, entrusted with the administration of a parliamentary grant. Close on this followed the establishment of Normal Schools for the training of teachers, to the building of which the Government contributed. The administration of a parliamentary grant was necessarily accompanied by the appointment of officers, whose duties, among others, were to see that the conditions of the grant were fulfilled. These officers are called Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, and their duties, as laid down in the instructions issued to them, had a wider scope than the merely financial one. They were told that inspection

was intended to be a means of co-operation between the Government and the Clergymen, local Committees, and Trustees of Schools, for the improvement and extension of education; that it was not intended as a means of exercising control, but of affording assistance; not for the restraint, but encouragement of local efforts. The Inspector was instructed to communicate with those who had up to that time interested themselves in education with a view to such co-operation. He was also instructed to visit, when conveniently able to do so, any schools not aided by public grants, whose School Committees or promoters desired such visits.

In the original instructions, 'Their Lordships are strongly of opinion that no plan of education ought to be encouraged in which intellectual instruction is not subordinate to the regulation of the thoughts and habits of the children by the doctrines and precepts of revealed religion.' It must be noted that, while attaching great importance to religious instruction, the Committee were careful not to favour any special communion. In both England and Scotland, children could be withheld from religious teaching to which their parents objected. For some time, indeed, Church Schools in England were open only to those who agreed to accept the religious teaching of the Church; but this compromise was almost inevitable in view of the powerful hold the Church had over English elementary schools.

The general duties of the Inspector are divided into three distinct heads: (1) Furnishing information to enable the Committee of Council to determine the propriety of granting funds in aid of erecting new schools. (2) Inspecting and reporting on the method and matter of instruction in schools aided by public grants. (3) Furnishing information when required by the Committee of Council respecting the state of education in particular districts.

These instructions, with such additions as the fuller development of the system required, continue to describe generally the relation between the Committee of Council, Inspectors, School Managers and Teachers, with the single exception that, on the passing of the Education Acts of England in 1870 and of Scotland in 1872, religious teaching was removed from inspectorial supervision.

As the various religious bodies both in England and Scotland had hitherto taken by far the keenest interest in education, the Committee of Council wisely decided to carry them along with them in their proposals. With this view, before any Inspector was appointed, his name was submitted for approval to the authorities of the Church over whose schools he was to have supervision. Up to the passing of the Acts of 1870 and 1872, there were five classes of Inspectors for the schools respectively of the Church of England, of bodies not connected with that Church, of the Church of Scotland, of the Free Church, and of the Roman Catholic Church. This is no longer the case. Every Inspector now visits every aided school in his district irrespective of denomination; and since the passing of these Acts the Churches are not consulted about the appointments.

Annual grants commenced in 1846. From

that time to 1862, payments ranging from fifteen to thirty pounds were made directly to teachers according to the grade of their certificates. Similar direct payments ranging from ten to twenty pounds were made to pupil teachers. These grants were paid or refused according as the Inspector, from a general inspection and examination, reported the conditions fulfilled or the reverse. There was no middle course between full payment and complete refusal. This was objectionable on various grounds, and among others because there was no gradation according to varying degrees of merit; because it was only in very bad cases that the grant could be refused; and because no pecuniary stimulus could be applied to indifferent work. Meanwhile, grants were rapidly increasing, while the efficiency of the instruction and inspection was more than doubted. To check the one and improve the other, Mr Lowe (now Lord Sherbrooke), as Vice-President of the Committee of Council, introduced the *Revised Code* in 1862, the leading feature of which was individual examination and payment by results. Every pupil above six years of age, and who had attended a specified number of times, was henceforth to be examined in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and payment made only on a satisfactory amount of attainment being shown. Other payments on average attendance and for infants were also made; but into these it is not necessary to enter. This Code was brought into full operation in England; but its narrowing tendency was so completely opposed to the genius of Scotch education, that while individual results were recorded, payments continued to be made in Scotland as under the old Code. In England, payments were no longer made to the teachers, but to the managers, and the direct relation between the teacher and the State was consequently put an end to. Teachers and pupil teachers were no longer in any sense employees of the State, but made their own bargain with school managers. In spite of the Department's instructions to Inspectors, 'to judge every school by the standard hitherto used, as regards its religious, moral, and intellectual merits,' the new Code did not give satisfaction. While it secured greater accuracy in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and more regular attendance, it cannot be doubted that it tended in the case of all concerned, whether managers, Inspectors, or teachers, to direct too exclusive attention to the three elementary branches, and to foster mechanical and unintelligent methods. Percentage of pass being at once the most quotable element in the estimate of efficiency, and, in England, a large factor in the grants earned, had undue importance attached to it. Inspection became too much a mechanical recording of results, to the neglect of intellectual life and stimulative method. This became so evident from the testimony of a considerable number of Inspectors, that, in 1867, larger grants were offered on condition that the staff should be increased, and one or more subjects, grammar, geography, or history, taught in addition to the 'beggarly elements.'

The narrowing effect of the Revised Code was less felt in Scotland, because, as yet, grants did not depend on percentage of pass, and both Inspector and teacher had more free play; but there is reason to think that even yet, on both

sides of the Tweed, a high pass is in too many cases a greater object of ambition to School Boards, managers, and teachers, than general intelligence.

The passing of the English Act in 1870 and of the Scotch Act in 1872, and the Codes framed upon them, introduced most important changes; but the fundamental principle of payment by results was retained, and for the first time applied to Scotland. The Codes, though similar in all essential points, were not identical. The Scotch Code, framed as it is on an Act which is to provide education available 'for the whole people of Scotland,' had a wider and higher range than the English Code, the basis of which is an Act for providing elementary education. In England, previous to August of last year, the grant for reading, writing, and arithmetic in Standards I.-VII., determined by the Inspector's report of the percentage of passes, was paid at the rate of one penny for every unit of percentage. The percentage was determined by the ratio of passes actually made by the scholars liable to examination to those that might have been made by all such scholars who either were examined, or were absent, or withheld from the examination without reasonable excuse. In Scotland, there are six, not seven Standards, as in England, and every pass in reading, writing, and arithmetic earns a grant of three shillings. In both Codes there are capitation grants on average attendance. Important modifications suggested by experience have from time to time been made on both Codes, the majority of which have been regarded as improvements. Among these may be noted individual examination in languages and science subjects, graduated payments for grammar, geography, history, needlework, singing, and discipline. Inspection under these conditions implies greater responsibility, and makes demands on the care and discretion of the Inspector unknown under the Revised Code. The effect of graduated payments in recognising quality of work has been altogether salutary. The General Merit grant, which was found only in the English Code, caused considerable friction.

In 1885 the administrative functions of the English and Scotch Departments were separated; and the latter has now a Committee of Council and Secretary of its own; but the Lord President of the Council is the head of both Departments.

It had long been felt that the time devoted to the individual examination of pupils in the two lower Standards was not profitably spent, that the necessarily slender attainments of children of seven or eight years of age could be more satisfactorily tested by a class examination, and that the rigidity of the demands in reading, writing, and arithmetic unduly interfered with freedom of classification and instruction of children entering school differing widely in both age and attainments. In the Scotch Code for 1886 provision was therefore made, under certain conditions, for graduated payments for all children below the Third Standard, according as the report of the teaching from a general estimate was fair, good, or excellent. The all but universal testimony of Inspectors is, that this greater elasticity in dealing with young children is distinctly beneficial. The result of this has been the ex-

tension both in England and Scotland of the same elastic method of examination to the upper as well as to the lower standards. Two new Codes were accordingly drawn up, that for England coming into operation in August 1890, and that for Scotland in January 1891. The English and Scotch Codes are on similar lines, and differ only in unimportant details. The fixed grant on average attendance is much enlarged, and the variable grant depending on examination correspondingly reduced, enough, however, being left to differentiate fair, good, and excellent work. The basis of this variable grant also is average attendance. The minimum number of attendances hitherto qualifying for examination is removed, and, with its removal, the temptation to neglect those whose attendances fell below that minimum. Care has been taken, in rearranging these grants, that schools should not suffer pecuniary loss. The general expectation is that the change will produce work less mechanical, and therefore more intelligent, and secure better classification and more equable distribution of educational effort, by removing at once temptation to undue pressure on the slow, and undesirable restraint on the clever pupils, both kinds being represented in almost every class. The extent to which expectation on these several points is fulfilled in a school will bulk largely in the estimate of its efficiency and on the apportionment of grants. The change will probably save the time, but it will certainly increase the responsibility of the Inspector.

There are four classes of officers engaged in inspection—Chief Inspectors, District Inspectors, Sub-Inspectors, and Assistants. In England there are twelve Chief Inspectors, two being almost wholly occupied with the Training Colleges. In Scotland there are three, one of whom combines ordinary inspection with supervision of the Training Colleges in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. The Chief Inspector, besides having a district of his own, has a general supervision over the other districts in his division, and is appealed to in cases of difficulty. There are three divisions, the Southern, Western, and Northern, with Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen respectively as centres. Each chief has an annual divisional conference with his colleagues, the object of which is to compare experiences and, as far as possible, secure uniformity of test and standard. Assistants are chosen by the Department from the ranks of eminent elementary teachers, and from them Sub-Inspectors are appointed. The English staff consists of 109 Inspectors, 43 Sub-Inspectors, and 152 Assistants; the Scotch staff, of 25 Inspectors, 4 Sub-Inspectors, and 21 Assistants. Of the 25 Scotch inspectors, 5 are Oxford, 4 Cambridge graduates. Almost the whole of the others and a number of the Sub-Inspectors and Assistants are graduates of Scotch universities. Inspectors are appointed by a Minute of the Committee of Council, and must be not more than thirty-five years of age. Applications with testimonials are made to the Right Honourable the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education. Those appointed are at first placed alongside of a Chief Inspector, with the result that they obtain considerable experience of the work before being placed in independent charge of a

district. They are, as a rule, selected on the ground of academical distinction, and all but very few have had considerable experience as teachers.

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

Frost the time of his awakening out of that refreshing sleep which had followed the chill, Rockingham's improvement was phenomenal. Brock, as nearly as a man can follow in the footsteps of a gentle woman, was almost as good a nurse as Martha Seagrave, and within a week the two strange friends were seated side by side in front of the rusty cook-stove.

Rockingham was quiet and thoughtful. He knew, or fancied he knew, that there was a *something* which prevented Brock and himself from being perfectly open and trusty friends. 'Brock,' he said one evening, as that worthy chewed vigorously upon an unlit cigar and gazed at the stove-pipe—'Brock, I have no desire to open old sores, but I should like to speak once more and for the last time of Madge Latimer. May I?'

The mention of the girl's name made Brock wince. He bit a good half-inch from his cigar, which fragment he shot into the stack of firewood near by and Rockingham patiently awaited his reply.

'Colonel,' he said at last, 'there is just one person on this here *footstool** as I don't never want to see again; and there's just one name which I don't never want to hear again. I may be obliged against my inclinations to see that there person and hear that there name; but nothing shall make me speak that name or mention that person, now! If you've got anything to say, say it, Colonel; but you know my feelings.' The cigar went back between the foreman's sharp teeth, while an expression of genuine pain settled upon his features.

'My dear fellow,' responded the clergyman, 'I want to respect your wishes, and will do so—after-to-night. But, Brock, I must say this: that whatever I did last summer to hurt you was done all unwittingly and innocently enough. More than that, it was all a mistake—a gross blunder on my part. I thought she cared for me; but it was nothing of the kind, for I cannot call to mind a single instance when she said that she did.—Yes, Brock, I was blind as a mole until a few days ago; and, yet, I *was* loved—I am loved, Brock. I must tell some one, I must ask advice from somebody; and you are the only friend I have within reach. Brock, one of the noblest women on the face of the earth loves me. I know I am not mistaken, and she has proved her love by saving my life. And yet—now listen, Brock—I do not care for her a quarter as much as I once thought I did for—for—you know, Brock.'

A curious smile played about the foreman's mouth, and drove away the hard lines which had been there for several minutes.

* The earth—a frequent expression in Yankee slang.

'I know all about it, Colonel,' he said. 'I have watched the game for months. She can't help it, and you can't help it. You're both good enough for each other, sir; but, dern it all, it's one of those *orany* twizzles that a barrel of Philadelphia lawyers couldn't untwizzle! So what are you going to do about it?'

'Ah, there's the rub. What shall I do? Brock, I think you are a man of sense and an honest man: would you—er—would you ask *her* to marry you, were you in my place?'

'No, sir!' thundered Brock. 'By Jupiter, no, sir-ee! Do you think she don't know how the land lies? Do you think she wouldn't tumble to it that you was asking her out of pity and all that there sort of thing? Why, sir, if she's let you see that she loves you, and knows that you know it, to ask her to marry you would hurt her far more than just saying nothing at all.'

There was silence for several minutes, when Rockingham quietly remarked: 'I believe you are right, Brock. I feel sure you are right.'

A good half of the foreman's second cigar was chewed into nince-meat before another word was spoken. Then the giant abruptly arose from his seat preparatory to disrobing for the night. He stretched out his huge right hand to the thin pale man beside him, and there was a perceptible quaver in his voice as he grasped the smaller hand and said: 'No, Colonel, you and me don't have no kind o' luck with women-folks. I guess we'll have to go it alone. But you can *put her there*, Colonel, and dern me if Eli Brock ain't your true and faithful friend until the Judgment Day!—Good-night, Colonel.'

About the time that Rockingham and his companion decided to vacate their quarters at the office and take up their abode at Kincardine, the weather set in bitterly cold. The mercury went clear down to the base of the thermometer and stayed there, huddling itself into a ball in a vain attempt to keep from freezing. The men waited for warmer weather; but when a week passed and nothing better than forty degrees below zero presented itself, they knew that they had entered upon the long siege of Arctic winter, which in the North-west usually lasts without a break through the first three months of the year. Being heartily tired of their long imprisonment, they resolved at all hazards to move up to McDougall's hotel; and the Justice himself agreed to drive them up in his rooiny sleigh, promising to furnish enough buffalo robes to bury them deep and warm.

This was nearly a month after Martha Seagrave had turned over her convalescent patient to Eli Brock, and during all that period the school teacher had never once visited Rockingham. The Justice and others of the Kincardine people who knew of the girl's action (or inaction) attributed it to her poor health, for she had completely broken down under the long physical strain, followed by the mental shock which the unexpected recovery of Rockingham, after her passionate confession, had given her. As she never saw a physician, and never even asked for medical advice, no one thought that she was ill; and as she never complained or sought for sympathy, the matter-of-fact people around her suspected nothing. But, to tell the truth, the

girl was in a fearfully critical state both of body and mind. She did not wish to shirk the duty assigned to her as a school teacher, nor, on the other hand, did she wish to meet Rockingham again. And just as she was wavering as to what course to pursue, her old friend and admirer, Dugald McDougall, told her that he was going to bring the clergyman to the hotel on the morrow. One hour after this news reached her, the old stage drew up in front of the hotel for passengers and mails to Port Arthur. The old rattletrap was no longer on wheels; runners—known locally as 'bobs'—having been affixed to the axles for the winter season. The driver was not to be seen; but upon the box was a huge bundle of dirty furs and skins, in the centre of which it is to be presumed the driver might have been found. There were few letters. There were no passengers; yes, one.

The Justice (and Postmaster), no longer in shirt sleeves, as we first encountered him, was just stuffing the little packet of letters under the bundle of furs on the box, when Martha Seagrave, clad in a heavy coat, a woollen hood, and woollen mittens, ran down to the sleigh 'bus.

'Good-bye, Mr McDougall,' she said hurriedly. 'If I am not back by the next stage, I will send you a letter. No—please do not prevent me or argue with me—I *must* go. That is my only reason.'

'But, my dear girl! Good heavens, you can't stand it! It's cold enough to freeze an Injun's feathers! You—I—er—'

But the girl was inside the 'bus, and had closed the door. The sound of the closing door started the cold and impatient horses, and Martha Seagrave had started upon her last ride from Kincardine. The old Justice ran after the stage, and as well as he could opened the door far enough to thrust in his coarse fur overcoat.

'Thank you, thank you,' said the girl. 'You are very good. Good-bye—good-bye to all!'

The old man shivered, and went into the house to melt the icicles on his beard.

It was bitterly, painfully cold. It was such weather as the people in Great Britain, even in the north, know nothing about. The boards in the houses and the forest trees cracked and snapped with the intense frost, and the touch of a man's moccasined foot produced a squeaking, crunching noise peculiar to solidly-frozen snow. It was such a day as few men, even the most hardy, cared to be out in though they kept well in motion. But for a feeble woman whose constitution was all run down to attempt to ride in a wretched conveyance in such weather was taking one chance in a thousand.

Four days later the stage returned to Kincardine, and, true to her promise, Martha Seagrave returned with it. The Justice opened, as he had closed, the yellow door, and saw her in there, the only passenger. She lay in the bottom of the omnibus, upon a couch of buffalo robes, and she was covered by McDougall's overcoat. Poor Martha! she had indeed said 'Good-bye to all,' for she was dead.

When the stage had stopped at noon on the day that she left Kincardine, the driver had opened the door to help her out for warmth and refreshment, and had found her stiff and cold.

So he had left her at the wayside tavern until his return trip, and then brought her back to the desolate settlement which had been her latest home. What the girl's intentions and plans, if any, had been no one ever knew.

On the following Sunday, in the little mission church where Martha Seagrave had spent some of her happiest hours, they buried the unfortunate girl; and Digby Rockingham, with a heavy heart and tearful eyes, performed the last sad rites over the woman who had given him all that she had to give—her love and her life.

PI-A-POT'S RESERVE.

By JESSIE M. E. SAKBY.

VARIOUS rumours from Canada North-west report excitement and threatenings of a 'rising' on some of the Indian settlements near Regina. The Reserve of Chief Pi-a-pot has been mentioned as having come under the influence of red men from over the border. I visited this Reserve in August, and perhaps some of my notes made at the time may be of interest now. But first I may venture to say that I do not think we need feel much alarm concerning the reports which have lately come to hand, because—as far as I could judge—the Canadian Government seemed to have the 'Indian difficulty' well in hand. The system of vigilant espionage which is maintained, along with the methodical records kept, and published, of every detail concerning life on the Reserves make it impossible for any organised or effective rebellion to arise. There is one or more white men stationed on every Reserve, and these are in a position to give timely warning of any suspicious circumstances which might lead them to suspect that the Indians were being tampered with.

The Reserves are separated from each other 'of a set purpose'; all dances, except a harmless sort of dog-dance, are forbidden. 'Gatherings' are discouraged, and Indians who decline to enter into treaty and reside upon Reserves are treated with small consideration. The mounted police and the Government officials visit the Reserves regularly, and ought to detect disaffection at once.

I cannot imagine it possible that the Canadian Government, being completely master of the situation, will permit any serious disturbance to take place. There are three or four Reserves grouped together under one Agency, but divided from each other by many miles, and situated in the beautiful Qu'Appelle valley. Pi-a-pot's Reserve is one of these, and is distant from Regina twenty miles; but a pair of spanking brouches make short work of a 'trail' between the valley and the prairie Queen-city.

A first-rate 'rig' and escort were put at my disposal by the Indian Commissioner; and the drive across the prairie was most enjoyable; for the day was gloriously fine and our guide very entertaining. He was a grand old pioneer man—of Oregon extraction—who had been through all the troublous times when the North-west was being settled up, and the Indians were despairingly disputing the right of the Pale-faces to hold the country. He had done good service as an interpreter and peacemaker, as well as scout and

volunteer. His reminiscences were enthralling; and it was pleasing to learn, from one who knew the red men well, that their character is not the treacherous, brutal one which so many people imagine.

This Mr Hourie's son was the energetic young scout who followed Riel like a sleuth-hound, and ran the ruthless half-breed to earth at last. The old man in the course of our conversation confirmed the impression I had received from various sources that every case of discontent among the Indians is instigated by the half-breeds.

After meing across the prairie at the rate of nine miles an hour, we entered the bluffs; and, driving along gentle ravines and wooded trails, we reached the house of Mr McKinnon, the farm-instructor who has charge of Pi-a-pot and his clan. McKinnon is a splendid specimen of the North-west farmer: intelligent, handsome, strong in physique and strong in mind—just the man to compel respect and obedience from the Indians. This Reserve has an area of fifty-four square miles, and the population is two hundred and sixty souls. It is situated in one of the most fertile and picturesque parts of the valley. There was plenty of water and plenty of wood on the ground, and the crops were in a very flourishing state; proving that the Indians can do good work.

McKinnon's house and the other Government buildings are not so near the homes of the Indians as I expected to find them; though Mrs McKinnon thought a mile was not too much apart; and perhaps I should agree with her if I lived on a Reserve. The Indian 'teepees' (houses) were built on knolls looking down on the valley, and they were all closed and deserted, for in summertime the Crees revert to their ancient habit of dwelling in tents. These tents they move from place to place as the hunt or the harvest requires.

We found one group of canvas teepees located near the hayfields, where a number of the people were busy. A few squaws and one or two children were with the tents; and my attention was quickly drawn to a little group consisting of a bright-eyed young woman much adorned with beads and coloured cloth, and an old wrinkled squaw with a baby in her arms, which she nursed as lovingly as if she had been a white granny. It was really a pretty baby, and most intelligent for its age. I took it in my arms, which action evidently pleased the mother and amused the other women. I asked—through Mr Hourie—what they would give the child for. The old granny shook her head most emphatically, and let it be known she would not give the baby at any price, because it was so long since there had been a baby in the teepee! Alas, for the doomed and dying redskins! Babies are, like angels, rare visitors on Reserves, and, also like angels, they flit away again swiftly. There was an Indian boy of seventeen sitting outside one of the tents. He was in the last stages of consumption, and a most pitiful object. His wan face, with its appealing lustrous eyes, haunted me for many a day.

I went into a teepee, by permission of its mistress, but was not tempted to take more than a cursory view of the interior. The Indians have not yet received the gospel of soap, although they

are learning many of the most important lessons of civilisation. They have, as I said, built homes for themselves, and these are comfortable dwellings, more so than many a Highland sheiling or Irish cabin. They are beginning to subdivide their Reserves—which marks the decay of tribal habits, and the commencement of individual responsibility. They cultivate gardens, and allow their children to be educated. They try to dress neatly, and have learned to despise gewgaws. All this is the result of patient, liberal education, and redounds to the credit of those whom a sagacious legislature has appointed to guide and teach these unfortunate Indians. In truth, the system which the Canadian Government has adopted is not only a benevolent but a wise one. Every Indian who agrees to live on a Reserve becomes a pensioner of the Government, and receives rations, &c., for each member of his family.

Polygamy is being killed out by an ingenious plan. Government will only recognise one wife and her children, and will not give the man supplies for more than those. Thus, an extra squaw is no help to an Indian, but an actual burden. The movements of every soul on a Reserve are watched and faithfully recorded. If an individual removes to another Reserve, or absents himself altogether, or joins a tribe, or dies, the fact is carefully entered in the Agent's books; and in this way the histories of persons can be followed through the whole time they remain pensioners of the Dominion.

The Government gives no privilege to a chief above his associates, and discourages the appointment of new ones; so there is little honour and no advantage now attached to the position, and the Indians do not seem to regret the loss, or exert themselves to replace a lost leader. The chiefs were the men who encouraged discontent and resentment; and now that their power is so much broken, the people are amalgamating better with their conquerors. Great efforts are made to induce the Indians to send their children to the schools; and it is very cheering to know that this movement has met with more success than was expected.

The Industrial School at Fort Qu'Appelle is in a very satisfactory condition; the average attendance there is about seventy girls and fifty-five boys, and these children are drawn from the Reserves which I am attempting to describe.

I was indebted to Mr Hayter Reel, Indian Commissioner, and Mr Davin, M.P., for a great deal of information which I could not obtain for myself. In answer to my questions, I learned, regarding the school at Fort Qu'Appelle, that 'the work going on among the girls is very good; and besides what they are taught in the school proper, they are shown how to do general household work, such as baking, cooking, sewing, mending, knitting, washing.' The boys are taught carpentry and blacksmith's work, as well as the farmwork and gardening. Both boys and girls learn very quickly, and adapt themselves readily to their new mode of life. When their education is completed, they seldom care to return to the rude life of the teepee, but enter domestic service and other kinds of employment, and so lose their nationality in the best way possible. I was told that some of the lads have shown a very high

order of intellect, and are filling places which would not be beneath the notice of the sons of English gentlemen. The girls of those schools are always very neatly dressed and tidy; and the boys are markedly polite and obliging. There is a farm attached to the school, and most of the ploughing is done by the boys. They also delight in keeping the garden in order. Altogether, the report of this school was most encouraging.

As we drove along the valley we met the son of Pi-a-pot, a fine-looking young Indian, as like a Prince-royal as need be! His recognition of us was very slight and dignified indeed—I might even call it haughty, and he went on his way without pausing or deigning to look round at us: but there was no want of courtesy in his manner—nothing more than a fine self-respect! This tribe is Crees; but there are some Sioux settled among them, and the Sioux are considered the most troublesome of all the Indians. It is they who—ill-used in the States—migrate into Canada, to nurse there those feelings of hatred and revenge which the treatment they have received from Uncle Sam has deepened into a fierce revolt against all white men.

Mr Lash, in charge of the Agency, had driven from Muscowpetung's Reserve to meet me and give whatever additional information was desired. I felt it to be more than good of him, seeing that his little daughter was very ill of scarlet fever, and his wife had no one to assist except a squaw. It must have been a sad position for that poor mother, and the incident made me realise a little what the hardships of a life like that of Mrs Lash or Mrs McKinnon must be. We hear a good deal about the self-sacrifice of missionaries and their wives who go to preach and pray among heathens; but nothing is told in the old land of the self-denial shown by farm instructors and Indian agents who pass their lives among the red men, striving hard to teach a degraded race the elements of morality and civilisation.

Mr Lash showed me some of the 'books' kept on the Reserve, and was at much pains to explain his part of the work of Indian management. Those books were interesting literature, from which one could have gathered many an instructive and romantic tale of Indian life.

We were hospitably entertained by Mr and Mrs McKinnon in their pretty and comfortable home. The bread and bacon which formed part of our repast were from the stores supplied by Government to the Indians; and I can vouch for their excellence. Mr Lash said that many of the Indians under his care were doing so well, and had earned so much, that they were able to provide themselves with all necessities; consequently, Government supplies had been withheld in such cases. I venture to think that is a blunder; for the poor Crees are certainly not yet educated enough to appreciate the blessings of independence. They will have no incentive to work if they find that they are helped when idle, and left to their own resources when striving to work.

Mrs McKinnon showed me socks and other articles which the women had knitted, and these were beautifully done. She said they were good servants, docile, cleanly, and quiet. She also told us of some very curious customs regarding the

burial of the dead, and the 'dog-dances,' which is the only species of amusement or entertainment which the Indians have. When a person dies, the neighbours go and rob the teepee of everything they can lay hands upon. No resistance is made by the inmates, and I suppose the unnatural custom had its origin in some religious superstition. Some of the Indians have become 'cute enough to find a way of evading this tax. When a serious illness occurs, some member of the family hands over to the farm instructor the 'movable property.' If the sick person recovers, the things are put back at once; if he dies, they are left with their custodian a short time and then claimed by whoever gave them!

As well-behaved Indians are not prohibited from leaving their Reserves, we often saw parties of Pi-a-pot's band camping in the valley near my son's shanty, or passing it on the Saskatoon trail (an important prairie highway). Those Crees were always very civil, and they looked extremely good-natured. But I much disliked the appearance of half-breeds who wander about as the Indians do; but, unlike the Indians, will not settle down and live honestly. They have a very evil sullen expression; are rude in their bearing towards the whites, and have a curiously cruel vindictive way of pressing back the lips and showing their teeth. It is *they* who make the mischief.

Fortunately, the half-breeds, as well as the Indians, have a wholesome fear of the mounted police, who have always done their duty in connection with those people in an admirable manner. The Canadian Government has not broken faith with the Indians—as the Americans have done—and may therefore expect better things from them.

I brought away some ears of corn as a memento of Pi-a-pot's Reserve, and I shall long remember my pleasant visit to the red man's home.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It has for some years been the opinion of those best able to judge that the Agricultural Show system, by which large sums of money are awarded as prizes, does not work satisfactorily, for it is found that those prizes are, as it were, scrambled for by a small number of exhibitors. Mr Acland, of Killerton, Exeter, has reopened the subject by publishing a summary of the prizes awarded during the eleven years 1878-1888, from which it appears that out of £17,216, sixty-two exhibitors obtained £9391, or more than half the total sum. He suggests that a few medals and other small decorations would confer sufficient distinction upon winners, and that the bulk of the money would be much better spent in the purchase of manures and in renting land for the purpose of experiments. Such experiments could be carried out by local committees of farmers under adequate scientific guidance, and the money would be in this way usefully spent for the general good, instead of going into the

pockets of a very small section of the exhibitors of live-stock. Experiments of the kind have already been tried by certain Societies, and have been so productive of good, that their multiplication all over the country is a thing which is much to be desired.

We have heard so much about the depredations of the rabbit in Australia, and so many denunciations have been uttered against the too prolific little animal, that it is quite a relief to hear that, like an ill wind, he brings good to some. According to an up-country correspondent at Victoria, we are told that Bunny affords employment to about a hundred inspectors at good salaries, under whom are two thousand labourers, besides providing a good meal to many poor persons in need of food. Besides all these, there are a large number of outsiders whose business it is to kill the rabbits for sale on their own account, and who live by supplying the city with good wholesome food at about one penny per pound. It is supposed that altogether quite ten thousand persons owe their employment to the despised rabbits in Victoria alone.

For a long time, milk, cream, beer, and other perishable articles of food have been preserved by the addition of borax, boric acid, and other substances, and although there is no direct proof that such foreign matter is injurious, their employment cannot be recommended. Nor is their use necessary; for the refrigeration process, which enables us to eat mutton in England which has been killed months before in far-off New Zealand, is obviously the most simple and best method of preservation yet discovered. There is such a growing feeling against the addition to food of the foreign substances referred to, that it is probable that a test case will be fought out in the law-courts to discover whether such additions come under the head of Adulterants within the terms of the Food and Drugs Act. It may be mentioned in connection with this matter, and as showing the enormous trade now carried on in imported dead-meat, that lately at Christmas-time the live cattle offered for sale at the largest of the metropolitan markets were less than one-half the number commonly seen at the same market at Christmas-time ten years ago, notwithstanding the increase of population.

A system of wood-paving is being tried in Bristol which, although not new, is said to possess several advantages which more modern methods cannot boast. It is called the Elli System, and consists in planting upon a bed of gravel five inches deep a layer of oak-pegs varying from two to four inches in diameter and four and a half inches in length. The interstices are filled with sand, watered, and the whole well rammed, and in this way a very compact and solid surface is obtained. The advantages claimed for this method are several. It is said to be less expensive than other systems, to be easily removed and replaced for the purpose of pipe-laying, there

being no hard concrete to break through, and that it gives a good foothold to horses. It remains to be seen whether the method will bear the traffic of a busy street.

According to a Report published under the direction of the Government of Burma, the Malays and Siamese do not blacken their teeth with betel mixed with lime, as is commonly supposed. They use a special preparation for the purpose, which consists of cocoa-nut kernel charred with great care and worked into a paste with oil. This is carefully applied to the teeth again and again until a black varnish hides the natural white. Some Malay tribes are not content with this simple adornment, but first file down their teeth until they resemble those of a shark.

An interesting ceremony recently took place at the Museum of Science and Art in Edinburgh, where a marble bust of William Symington was unveiled by Professor Sir William Thomson of Glasgow. Symington was the real discoverer of the steamboat, and as early as 1803 constructed one which was powerful enough to take in tow two laden boats each of seventy tons burden on the Forth and Clyde Canal. It is also worthy of note that the same inventor exhibited before the Edinburgh University a model of a steam-carriage intended for use on common roads.

A German technical journal describes a new bleaching-fluid called Ozonin, which has recently been patented, and the composition of which is as follows: In 200 parts of turpentine 126 parts of resin are dissolved. To this are added 22½ parts of caustic potash in 40 parts of water, and also 90 parts of peroxide of hydrogen. This mixture forms a jelly, which, after two or three days' exposure to light, becomes changed to a thin fluid to which the name of Ozonin has been given. The same change is brought about in darkness, but far less rapidly. One gramme of Ozonin in one litre of water forms an effective bleaching-liquid for flues, wood, straw-paper, &c., and also for gum solutions and soaps.

A hatchery for the propagation of cod and lobster has been established at Trinity Bay, Newfoundland; and we learn that it is of such an extensive character that it is capable of hatching three hundred million cod in one season. Floating incubators to the number of more than four hundred are used, and these take the form of small wooden boxes, which are anchored in favourable localities so as to be in constant motion in the salt water. These boxes are also used for lobster-hatching, and no fewer than four hundred million have been hatched in this way during the past season. Already there are two hundred factories in Newfoundland where lobsters are timed for export; and it is believed that the success which has attended artificial propagation will presently lead to the establishment of many more.

Those who have visited the fine old ruin of Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight will remember that there is a well there which still yields a good supply of fresh water, which is drawn up from a depth of three hundred feet by a very curious method. The cord from the bucket passes over a barrel like that of an ordinary windlass, but this barrel ends in an enormous hollow wooden wheel, in which an

obedient donkey is led when water is required. The animal steps along inside the wheel, like a squirrel in its circular cage, and the bucket quickly rises to the surface. A similar device is still employed in some parts of Norway for dredging purposes, only the wheel is fixed between centres on a barge, with its barrel, upon which the rope is wound, projecting over the water at one side. The wheel in this case is worked by two men—manual labour, or rather pedal labour, being far cheaper in that country than here.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, the Secretary made a short statement with reference to the effect of London fogs on the plants belonging to the Society. It appears that the plants which suffered most were those of a tropical kind which Nature intended to revel in a wealth of sunshine. The plants which by Nature were adapted for forest growth under the shade of trees did not so directly feel the want of light. But he added that want of light was not the only evil which was characteristic of a London fog, for it commonly contains smoke, sulphur, and other deadly agents. Soft and tender-leaved plants, more especially those of an aquatic nature, suffered more injury from fog than any of the others.

It is stated in an Indian paper that the ancient gold-miners of Mysore had a knowledge of the precious metal and the way to win it not very far behind that of the present day, and that occasionally, when, by the aid of machinery, works are extended to three hundred feet in the hard schist, old workings are discovered, much to the surprise of the modern English miners. It is clear, too, that the art of practical assaying and refining has descended to the modern representatives of these ancient workers, the professional gold-washers, who, although they can neither read nor write, can use the touchstone, and can quickly estimate the amount of gold in a given sample of alloy. When such a worker has secured a quantity of gold-dust mixed with earthy matter, he puts the mixture into his wooden washing-dish and adds to it a small quantity of mercury, which he carries in a tiny wooden flask stopped with wax. After rubbing the quicksilver well into the mixture and adding a little salt, if the grains of gold do not readily amalgamate with the mercury, he washes away the earth with water. He next collects the gold amalgam and squeezes it well in a damp rag, so as to force out the superfluous mercury, which is duly returned to the wooden flask from which it came. He now places the precious little bundle of gold on a live coal, and he knows that as soon as the rag has burnt away, the mercury, too, will have been driven off by the heat, and all that remains is spongy gold. If, on testing with the touchstone, this should show a large percentage of copper, he refines his gold by burning it with twice its weight of saltpetre.

The common and necessary operation of sweeping the floor of a schoolroom, factory, or other large apartment is generally carried out with great inconvenience to the sweepers, and with the result that a large proportion of the dust removed from the ground is transferred to every object in the room where it can find a resting-place. The air, too, is contaminated for a long time after-

wards with floating particles, which are very distressing to those who have to breathe in it. All this can be avoided by dispensing with the common practice of sprinkling the floor with water previous to the use of the broom, and by applying the moisture in a different way. By laying a line of wet sawdust right across one end of the apartment, and by sweeping it foot by foot to the other end, it will in its passage lick up every bit of dust without raising any in the air. By adding to the wet sawdust a small proportion of any disinfectant, it is obvious that the cleaning will be still more effectual.

The art of adulteration seems certainly to be carried to a very alarming point when coffee-berries are compounded from the flour of some cereal, moulded to shape, and then torrefied so as to resemble the true berry, and are, as stated by a French paper, openly sold to grocers and others at a price which yields sixty to a hundred per cent. more than the usual profit. When the grocer expresses his surprise that coffee, which is now very dear, can be offered at the price asked, he is informed that it is of artificial origin, but cannot be detected if mixed with a certain proportion of genuine berries. Some details are, however, furnished by an official inspector, and published in the same paper, which will help to detect the fraud. The false berry is not so smooth as the real, and its slit is not so long nor so deep. It is much harder, too, than the genuine coffee-berry, which can easily be split by inserting the finger-nail in the slit. The new product has a faint and nauseating taste, very different from genuine coffee, and will resist very hard pressure. It is clear that 'Coffee as made in France' will presently become a motto which restaurant keepers in Britain will no longer put up for the attraction of customers. Since the days of wooden nutmegs, nothing so impudently fraudulent as these bogus coffee-berries has been placed upon the market.

In many parts of the eastern coast of England the erosion of the land has been going on at such a rapid rate that it is calculated that since the time of the Roman occupation many miles of country, with farms, villages, and seaports, must have been gradually encroached upon by the sea and swallowed up. This erosion is often helped by subsidences and landslips caused by the action of rain and springs. Such a subsidence has lately occurred at Walton-on-Naze, Essex, where a surface of many square feet, carrying with it part of a public road, has slid down bodily on to the beach. It is believed that if the action continues, the safety of the Great Eastern Railway terminus, which is only a few yards from the cliff, will be seriously imperilled.

Since the collapse of the ill-fated Panama Canal enterprise, the rival scheme of making a canal on the Nicaragua route has been making steady progress, and it is said that during the past twelve months more than half a million sterling has been expended upon the works. A great deal of the plant in use, consisting of dredges and other appliances, has been purchased from the Panama contractors. The number of men employed is fifteen hundred, and, unlike the experience of the Panama workers, they have enjoyed throughout good health, not one death having as yet occurred among them.

In the course of a paper read at the recent con-

vention of the Iron and Steel Institute at Pittsburgh, Sir N. Barnaby foreshadowed the possibility of building passenger steamships of a size which would at first sight seem suitable only to the kingdom of Brobdingnag. He put forward the great advantage of size in passenger ships, and stated that it would be perfectly practicable, with a water-draught of twenty-six feet, to build a vessel which would be quite steady in the sea, with a length of a thousand feet and three hundred feet broad. Such a vessel, he estimated, could be propelled with engines of sixty thousand horse-power at a speed of fifteen knots. This ship would have to be built afloat, and it would be a steel island, which would require to be fortified and garrisoned like a town. 'I do firmly believe,' he said, 'that we shall get the mastery over the seas, and shall live far more happily in a marine residence capable of steaming fifteen knots an hour, than we can ever live in seaside towns.'

Cocoa-nut butter is a new food-stuff which seems to have a useful future before it. According to a Report by the British vice-consul at Berlin, the production of an edible fat from the marrow of the cocoa-nut has been carried out for the past two years by a firm at Mannheim, the process having been discovered three years before by Dr Schillnick. Factories having the same object are about to be established at Paris and at Amsterdam. The nuts come from the South Sea islands, and also from certain places on the African and South American coasts. The butter, which is sold at less than half the price of ordinary butter in London, contains from sixty to seventy per cent. of fat, and twenty-three to twenty-five per cent. of organic matter. Its colour is white; it is of an agreeable taste, is suitable for cooking purposes, and is being purchased by the poor, who prefer it to margarine. Being free from acid, it digests with greater ease than dairy butter, and is preferable in other ways to the bad butter which too often finds its way to market. It is also a more attractive compound than the various preparations called margarine, some of which have such very questionable origin.

While we in this country have only learnt within recent years to hatch the eggs of birds artificially with anything like success, the Egyptians have pursued this work as an important industry from time immemorial. The United States Consul-general in Egypt has recently made an interesting report concerning the egg-hatching establishments which are still in active operation in that country, and he particularly describes one which—wholly constructed of sun-dried bricks, mortar, and earth—contained twelve compartments or incubators capable of hatching at one time 90,000 eggs. The season, lasting from March to May, gives time for the hatching of three batches of eggs; and from the 270,000 thus treated, 234,000 chickens are generally reared. Eggs purchasable at twopence-halfpenny per dozen are frequently brought from long distances and exposed to danger, or the proportion of chickens to eggs would doubtless be larger. The temperature is kept up to the necessary ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit by means of furnaces, and the whole staff of the place consists of a man and a boy. These two

tend the fires, turn over the eggs every twenty-four hours, look after the chickens, and sell them to buyers. The chicks when just out of the shell realise just three times the price of the eggs.

THE PROPOSED IRISH CHANNEL TUNNEL.

VARIOUS projects having for their object the formation of direct means of communication between Scotland and Ireland have from time to time been mooted; and as public interest has during the past few months been more especially directed to this important question, we propose in brief outline to deal with the different schemes suggested, coupled with a succinct account of the more salient features of each undertaking.

The desirability of the project will, we conceive, be conceded on all hands. In the case of the proposed English Channel Tunnel scheme, various reasons, military as well as political, have been adduced against the undertaking, and have resulted in the suspension of that work. With the proposal now under consideration no such exceptions have been taken; and it is difficult to see how factors other than feasibility from an engineering point of view, and adequate return on the outlay incurred, can enter into the question.

The advantages of direct communication are undoubted, and any project mitigating the delays and discomforts of sea-passages never fail to command the interest and sympathy of the travelling public. The enormous traffic between Ireland and England and Scotland is shown by the numerous and excellent steamboat services. Both Belfast and Londonderry have powerful fleets running to various ports both in Scotland and England; the distance between Holyhead and Kingstown—some sixty-five miles—is traversed by the mailboats; whilst the Larne and Stranraer route, which is only some thirty miles of sea-passage, reduces the discomforts of such mode of transit to a minimum. Between Milford and Bristol and the south of Ireland ample means of communication also exist. All havens, of course, are subject to the delays and costs of transshipment and the drawbacks inseparable from a sea-voyage.

Turning now to projects which have been placed before the public to establish direct communication between Scotland and Ireland, we note first the proposal to construct a dam or land bar from country to country. From Tor Point, in Ireland, to the Foreland of the Mull of Cantire, in Scotland, is about thirteen miles; and it was between these two points that a causeway one hundred yards in width, and having a maximum depth of some four hundred feet, was projected. The Criban Canal was also to be enlarged, to permit the passage of vessels to and from the North Sea.

Surveys were duly made some ten years ago, and the scheme attracted considerable notice not only from the public, but also in the House of Commons, and received influential support.

Owing, however, to fears as to the difficulties of depositing material in such depths and under such exposed conditions, coupled with the enormous estimate of expenditure required, even with convict labour, the scheme fell into abeyance.

A recent proposal has been put forward for solving the problem under consideration by means of a submerged tubular bridge between Portpatrick and Donaghadee, a distance of about twenty-two miles. A bridge of ordinary construction is to be enclosed in a continuous cylinder sunk to a depth of some sixty feet below the surface, and there retained in position by anchors and chains, the trains being operated by electricity or compressed air. Ingenious as such proposals are, it must be remembered that the submerged bridge is wholly untried, though frequently proposed, and that many very serious practical difficulties have to be faced and overcome both in construction and maintenance. Should the idea be put into shape, and found successful on a smaller scale elsewhere, it might be repeated on a larger one in this instance; but in the meantime the estimated expenditure—five and a quarter millions—is a large sum to propose to lay out on a wholly novel and untried idea, however ingenious.

Turning now to the proposals for tunnels, we will deal first with that designed to run from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, the distance being, as already stated, about twenty-two miles. The geological formation on both coasts—the Silurian—is compact and free from fissures, and extends, so far as is known, from coast to coast. Towards the Scottish coast the depth of the channel is, unfortunately, no less than nine hundred feet. To pass beneath such a depth and retain easy gradients, would entail such length of approach lines and heavy expenditure that this route has been abandoned.

A similar objection occurs in the case of the proposed Whitehead and Portpatrick route, where the depth of channel again is no less than six hundred and fifty feet, the distance being some twenty-four miles. The estimated expenditure is placed at seven millions.

To avoid this deep pool near the Scottish shore the route from Island Magee, county Antrim, to Wierston Hill, in Wigtownshire, a distance of some twenty-six and a half miles, has been projected by Messrs Barton of Dundalk. The greatest depth to be dealt with on this route is about five hundred feet, and the estimate is placed at from eight to ten millions. The tunnel is not straight, like those already described, but takes a sharp curve on nearing the Scottish coast, to avoid the depression in the bed of the channel. The engineers of this project concur with a geological expert in the opinion that the strata to be passed through will be found sound and water-tight.

Before concluding our notice of this subject, we will glance in brief detail at yet another project, that known as the Cantire tunnel, and mooted some years ago by Messrs Livingston Macassey and Scott. The length of this route, about fifteen miles, compares favourably with those already dealt with; whilst the depth admits of favourable gradients. A glance at the map of Scotland will, however, reveal the

long circuitous lines which would be necessary to connect the tunnel with Glasgow via Cantire, Kilmorick, Tarbet, and Helensburgh.

The Cantire tunnel has been approximately estimated to cost some six and a half millions, to which must of course be added the expenditure for the Cantire approach lines, placed at about a million, and bringing the total cost up to seven and a half millions. It is to be regretted that this route, which offers so reduced a distance between the two countries, carries with it no more direct means of access to the centres of commerce than by traversing the entire length of Cantire.

From the foregoing brief accounts of the various projects, it will be noted that the construction of a tunnel between Scotland and Ireland offers considerable difficulties, and entails heavy expenditure, owing to the depth of the channel. Without quoting statistics or giving the actual figures involved, we may state that the heavy outlay necessary can hardly be expected to yield an adequate return to those who find the sinews of war; indeed, those interested in the matter have not failed to admit the small inducement the project holds out to capitalists and financiers, and have rather, by invoking the aid of the State, sought to obtain the necessary pecuniary assistance, strengthening their application by pointing out the national benefits that would arise from the realisation of the project, and arguing therefrom that the venture is rather one for the State than for private enterprise. Whether or not Government may be induced to grant aid to the project, time alone will show; certainly, as far as matters have now gone, there is nothing to indicate that such will be the case.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

To have met but once, but once,
And swept for ever apart
On the world's dark tide, that rushes on
And sunders many a heart!
To have looked on eyes like yours,
To have touched such a rose-leaf hand,
And never, never again to meet,
But in Memory's dreamy land!

Once in the lonely dark,
It stabbed me through and through,
The sudden thought of your sweet young face;
And once, ere the early dew
Was dry on the springing grass,
And the morning wind blew free,
I almost met you beneath the firs,
Where the path turns down to the sea.

And your smiling shadow lives
In the chambers of my brain,
Where my spirit wanders, a homeless ghost,
Seeking your face again;
And if you be living yet,
Or where, I cannot know,
But my spirit clings, in a bootless dream,
To our meeting, long ago.

M. FALCONER.

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REST AND EXERCISE.

PERSONAL hygiene is the science of individual health. From birth to old age health is not uniform, for it varies at different epochs; but, with care, a reasonable measure of it may be attained throughout life and at every period of it, provided, of course, that the stock from which our life is drawn is healthy. What we understand by *health* is that state which allows of some exertion of brain and muscle without any painful sense of fatigue; but owing to the complexity of the human body and the varying conditions of health and strength, it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule which shall determine the amount of work the average healthy man can do. By attention to rules of living and habits of life, we preserve health, and by neglect, we forfeit it.

However we look at life, two facts stand out in bold relief—that we must work, and that we must rest; the latter being a sort of storehouse, supplying to the former the power necessary for maintaining a constant equilibrium. It is an old saying that 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' An entirely sedentary life cannot be healthy for body and mind; and when the struggle for existence becomes so severe that men and women are unable to find any leisure moments for outdoor muscular exercise, the time has arrived for wars, famines, and diseases to sweep off masses, so as to render the competition less keen.

It has been found that, for a healthy, strong adult, the amount of voluntary force he is capable of, without injury to health, in a day's work equals three hundred tons lifted one foot. According to Professor Parkes, to preserve health, a man should take an amount of exercise equal to raising one hundred and fifty tons one foot; or, in other words, walk nine miles daily at least. Now, although we are more guided by personal experience, still it will be found that those who maintain good health have carried out to a large

extent the rules laid down by scientific men for healthy life.

Jeremy Taylor says: 'Every day's necessity calls for a repARATION of that portion which Death fed on all night, when we lay in his lap and slept in his outer chambers. The very spirits of a man prey upon the daily portion of bread and flesh; and every meal is a rescue from one death, and lays up for another. And while we think a thought we die, and the clock strikes, and reckons in our portion of eternity. We form our words with the breath of our nostrils; we have the less to live upon for every word we speak.'

Every thought which flashes through the mind, as well as every muscular movement, is an exhibition of nerve-force; and the greater the energy put forth by any part of the body, the larger is the amount of blood supplied. This energy is derived from two sources—the oxygen we breathe, and the food we eat. Whenever a muscle contracts, three things happen: (1) an increased blood-supply, (2) an increase of carbonic acid and other waste matters, (3) an elevation of temperature, so that the greater the activity of our bodies the larger the amount of deleterious substances formed; and it is to this healthy activity and change that the happiness of our lives is mainly due. The late Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, when speaking of blood-supply, said that 'those wondrous crimson barks or blood-cells which navigate the arteries are keen traders, and follow the rule of the African rivers, where sales are only effected by barter; but they add to this rule one peculiar to themselves, which neither civilised nor savage man cares to follow—namely, that they give away new goods in exchange for old.'

The carbonic acid escapes chiefly by the lungs and the skin, both acting more vigorously during muscular exercise than when at rest; and it has been calculated that if, in lying down, the air inspired be one volume, in walking one mile an hour it will be increased 19 volumes, in riding to four volumes, and in active exercise five and a half volumes. The skin acts as a kind of

safety-valve, for not only does it get rid of carbonic acid by *perspiration*, but by evaporation it tends to keep down an undue temperature, by allowing the heat, produced by muscular exercise, to escape.

If coal is placed in the furnace of an engine and air freely admitted, it will burn when set alight; but if you carefully shut off all access of air, there will be no flame, and therefore no force. What starts the action is *oxygen gas*, of which there are two parts in every ten of air. Fresh air when admitted into the lungs contains twenty-one per cent. of oxygen, and four parts in ten thousand of carbonic acid. Expelled air contains only thirteen per cent. of oxygen, and five hundred parts in ten thousand of carbonic acid gas. In our bodies we have the same process going on as is seen in the glowing furnace of an engine. Fuel in the shape of food is conveyed by the blood, and along with it is carried in the red corpuscles the life-giving oxygen; and in both cases the chief products of combustion are the same—water and carbonic acid.

The aqueous vapour arising from the breath contains a minute proportion of organic matter. That this is highly poisonous has been proved experimentally by Dr Hammond, who placed a small animal under a bell-glass well supplied with air and free from the influence of carbonic acid gas; but in less than an hour it died, poisoned by the emanations from its own body. It is this material that gives the peculiar close smell to confined spaces. It has been proved, that when air contains six parts of carbonic acid to ten thousand there is sufficient organic contamination to be extremely detrimental to health. It floats in the atmosphere in the same manner as motes move in a sunbeam, and finally, quietly settles down, if not swept away by free ventilation into the upper depths of the air.

Two thousand gallons of air unfit to support life pass through our lungs in twenty-four hours, and more than six parts of carbonic acid in ten thousand is sufficient to cause ill-health, and to prevent this result, ten thousand gallons or three thousand cubic feet of fresh air at least are necessary every hour day and night; for without that, a healthy condition of body cannot be maintained. These facts prove how requisite it is to spend a great portion of our time in the open air; and on a bright day when the sun is sailing like a golden galleon through a sapphire sky, we all feel the electric thrill of life pervading every fibre, every nerve, and every vein throughout our whole being. The soft air fans health into our cheeks, the woods are bathed in light, the valleys glow; we see the rippling currents of the river, and we hear upward in the mellow blush of day the lark carolling forth his sweet and joyous hymn.

It is recorded of the famous King Alfred that he devoted eight hours of the twenty-four to labour, eight to rest, and eight to recreation; and the division is not at all a bad one. The following table of Friedländer shows how the

twenty-four hours should be divided from seven to fifteen years of age:

Age.	HOURS FOR			
	Exercise.	Work.	Leisure.	Sleep.
7	8	2	4	9 or 10
8	8	2	4	9 or 10
9	8	3	4	8
10	8	4	4	8
11	7	6	4	8
12	6	6	4	8
13	5	7	4	8
14	5	8	4	7
15	4	9	4	7

The youngest infants require sunlight and open air, and as soon as they can crawl about they should be encouraged to do so, thus stretching their limbs and co-ordinating their muscular movements. The reason they indulge in so much sleep is because in infancy the growth of the brain is most rapid. In childhood there is great muscular activity and constant use of the senses, and these parts stand in need of a large amount of repose. Puberty is the age for exercise, and as then the body is most rapidly growing, the evil of unilateral employment of muscles is very baneful. Sitting over-long in a slouching attitude will tend to contract the chest, as conveying cumbersome weights over the back will disfigure the normal spinal curves; standing too much on one leg, or a pocketful of articles on one side of the dress, will produce spinal curvature. Lawn-tennis, cricket, rowing, bicycling, skating, riding and everything which brings into play every muscle is essential. Erection, firmness and good balance of mind and body, testify to a man as to a racehorse or greyhound, and an experienced eye recognises at a glance the particular build of man likely to excel in particular exercises. One great mistake in recreation is the making of great strength in one set of muscles, instead of good general health, the object aimed at. Our grand aim should be the culture of all our powers, so as to enable us to pass through life without pain, without disease, and to preserve it as long as possible.

Fatigue is due to temporary exhaustion, general or local, and by it we become aware that we have worked hard enough; but by gradually increasing the work done by any group of muscles they develop in bulk and are adapted to the extra work. The limit of size is, however, soon reached, and if the exercise is too great the muscles cease growing and a process of degeneration sets in. On the other hand, idleness will, through disuse, lead to a like result; but it would not be a difficult task to prove that overwork does less harm than underwork, and it behoves every one so to use their powers, whatever they may be, that in after-years they cannot look back in bitter reflection on a life half wasted. To renew the vigour of wearied muscles we require a sufficient blood-supply, and this, as a rule, can be best obtained not only by rest, but also by exercising the muscles of another part of the body. But what is one man's work is another man's play; to brain-workers, physical exertion is a recreation; to him who has worked hard at manual labour, a book and a quiet pipe is rest.

It is absolutely essential for the health and

happiness of every one that they should have certain intervals of rest from their work; and by rest we do not simply mean sleep, but whatever gives pleasure and promotes health. Change of employment, when innocent in itself and in its tendencies, fulfils these objects; and the sports of the field are the best of all, in that they are enjoyed in the open air, in daylight, and demand, as a rule, early rising. But whatever exercise is taken it should be graduated and systematic, not violent and sudden, and neglect of these precautions often causes more mischief than no exercise at all.

Sleep ensures rest in its highest degree, and rest is necessary to repair, as all action, whether of mind or body, involves destruction, and without sleep and rest destruction would proceed so much more rapidly than repair that our powers would soon fall altogether, as it is probable that muscular and mental fatigue are due to the waste having outrun repair. Even plants are said to sleep, and they certainly undergo changes which suggest a waking and sleeping condition. At evening flowers close and buds fold up, not to open until morning. The intensity of sleep reaches its maximum depth within the first hour and then it diminishes at first rapidly, and afterwards slowly. 'At the end of an hour and a half, it falls one-fourth; at the end of two hours, to one-eighth of its maximum intensity; and thence onwards it diminishes with gradual diminishing decrements.' Different constitutions require different amounts of sleep; but to sleep easily, soundly, and awake refreshed, is rightly considered a sign of good health. Wordsworth well observes,

Without thee, what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessed brother between day and day,

Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health.

Too much, however, dulls the intellect and weakens the recuperative faculties; whilst too little prevents the repair of the nervous system. John Wesley says that any one can discover how much sleep he really requires by rising half an hour earlier every morning until he finds he no longer lies awake on going to bed, or awakes until it is time for him to get up. Six to eight hours appear ample for healthy adults, with nine hours every seventh day; and it must not be forgotten that mental over-fatigue is to be got rid of by bodily exercise in the open air, as this directs the blood from the head to the muscles. A man engaged in intellectual work can rest his brain during the day by turning to some other pursuit, and does not therefore require an increased amount of sleep; but one occupied in physical labour must proportion his sleep to the amount of daily strain imposed on his muscular system.

Intense study drives away slumber; prolonged muscular toil makes it impossible to keep the eyes open. The result, in the one case is due to the circulation in the brain becoming more active with mental effort; and in the other to the increased blood-supply to the muscles producing a comparatively bloodless condition of the brain; and this latter state is supposed to be always present during sleep. When people get into the habit of sitting up, it is no easy matter to break them of it; and if they go to bed late they cannot rise early. It is said by the country

people that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth more than two after; but as a matter of fact it is useless going to bed early and rising with the sun if the time be not well employed after getting up. The great thing to remember is that health is the most valuable of all earthly possessions and without it the rest are worth nothing.

In conclusion we may remark that although dirt is defined to be only 'matter in the wrong place,' we must remember that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' and be prepared with soap and water to wage a vigorous war against the enemy.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

By GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADERS,'
'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—AT THE UNITED SERVICE.

WHEN General Maitland returned a week later from the Métropole Hotel to High Ash, Petherton, it was with conscious rectitude and the sense of a duty performed that he remarked to his wife: 'Well, Maria, I went to the club, and I've found out all about that painter fellow.'

As a matter of fact, indeed, it was with no small persistence that that gallant soldier had prosecuted his inquiries in London town into the Linnell pedigree.

In the smoking-room of the Senior United Services Club, a few days after his arrival in town, he had chanced to light upon Sir Austen Linnell, the supposed cousin of their Algerian acquaintance. Sir Austen, a cold and reserved man, was very full at the moment of his preparations for going to Egypt to join Gordon at Khartoum by special invitation. Those were the days of the forlorn hope, while communications up the Nile were yet clear, before the Mahdi's troops had begun to invest the doomed city; and Sir Austen had obtained leave, he said, to accept a call from Gordon himself to form one of his staff in the capital of the threatened but still unconquered Sudan. This was the very moment for inquiring, clearly. General Maitland fastened himself upon Sir Austen with avidity, and listened patiently to all his details of the outfit he ought to take for the Upper Nile journey, and of the relative advantages of the rival routes via Assouan or Suakin to the heart of Africa. At last, Sir Austen paused a little in his narrative; and the General, thinking an appropriate moment had now arrived, managed to remark casually: 'By the way, Linnell, we've a namesake of yours stopping down at Petherton just at present. I wonder whether he and you are any relations.'

Sir Austen's brow gathered slightly. 'A painter fellow?' he asked with a contemptuous intonation.

'Well, he certainly paints,' the General answered, with some faint undercurrent of asperity in his tone, for he didn't quite care to hear a possible son-in-law of the Maitlands of High Ash thus cavalierly described; 'but I'm not sure whether he's a regular artist or only an amateur. I think he paints for amusement chiefly. He seems to be coiny. Do you know anything of him?'

'I've heard of him,' Sir Austen replied curtly, perusing the ceiling.

'His name's Austen Linnell too, by the way,'

the General went on with bland suggestiveness. 'Charles Austen Linnell, he calls himself. He must belong to your family, I fancy.'

Sir Austen raised his shoulders almost imperceptibly. 'A' Stuarts are na sib to the king,' he answered oracularly, with the air of a man who desires to close, offhand, an unseasonable discussion. And he tapped the table as he spoke with one impatient forefinger.

But General Maitland, once fairly on the scent, was not thus to be lightly put down. He kept his point well in view, and he meant to make for it with soldierly instinct in spite of all obstacles. 'The man has money,' he said, eyeing Sir Austen close and sharp. 'He's a gentleman, you know, and very well educated. He was at Christ Church, I imagine, and he travels in Africa.'

'I daresay he has money,' Sir Austen retorted with a certain show of unwonted petulance, taking up a copy of 'Vanity Fair' from the table, and pretending to be vastly interested in the cartoon. 'And I daresay he travels in Africa also. A great many fellows have money nowadays. Some of them make it out of cats-meat sausages. For my own part, I think a sort of gentlemanly indigence is more of a credential to good society at the present day than any amount of unaccountable money. I know I can never raise any cash myself, however much I want it. Land in Rutland's a drug in the market, to be had for the asking. If your friend wants to rent an ancestral estate, now, on easy terms, on the strength of a singular coincidence in our Christian and surnames, I shall be happy to meet him through my agent any day with a most equitable arrangement for taking Thorpe Manor. If he chose to live in the house while I'm away in Africa (where those confounded Jews can't get at me anyhow), he might make a great deal of social capital in the county out of the double-barrelled resemblance, and perhaps marry into some good family, which I suppose is the height of the fellow's ambition.' And Sir Austen, laying down the paper once more, and puffing away most vigorously at his cigar, strode off with long strides, and without further explanation vouchsafed, to the secure retreat of the club billiard-room.

His reticence roused General Maitland's curiosity to almost boiling-point. 'A' Stuarts are na sib to the king,' Sir Austen had said; but he had never explicitly denied the relationship. Who could this painter Linnell really be, then; and why should the putative head of his house speak with so evident a mixture of dislike and envy about his supposed fortune? The General was puzzled. He looked around him with a comical air of utter despair, and roped his gray moustache to right and left in sore perplexity.

As he gazed round the room, airing his doubts visibly, his eyes chanced to fall upon old Admiral Rolt, seated on a divan in the far corner, and looking up from his perusal of the 'Piccadilly Gazette' with a curious twinkle about his small fat pigs'-eyes. General Maitland nodded a cursory recognition: and the Admiral, laying down his paper nothing loth, in the midst of a brilliant and valiant leader on the supineness of the service and the wickedness of the Administration, waddled across the room on his short fat legs slowly to meet him. 'You were asking Linnell about that

Yankee cousin of his,' he said with his oily gossipy smile—for the Admiral is the licensed tattle-monger of the Senior United Service. 'Well, if you care to hear it, I know that story well from beginning to end. Seen it all through from the day it was launched. Met my old shipmate, the painter fellow's father, in Boston long ago, when I was cruising about on the North American station, and gave him a lift once to Halifax in the old wooden *Bellerophon*, the one that was broken up after Bosanquet's haul-down, you recollect, when I got my promotion. Knew all his people in Rutland, too, from the time I was a baby; and the lady as well: dear me, dear me, she *was* a clever one. Best hand at a page or a saucy chambermaid I ever saw in my born days; and as full of cunning as Canton is of Chinamen.'

'Then they are related?' the General asked cautiously.

'Related! Who? Linnell and the painter? My dear sir, I believe you. First-cousins, that's all: own brother's sons: and unless Sir Austen has a boy of his own before he dies, you take my word for it, that lame painter man's the heir to the baronetcy.'

'You don't mean to say so!' the General cried, surprised.

'Yes, I do, though. That's it. You may take my word for it. Very few people nowadays know anything about the story—blown over, long ago, as things do blow over: and Linnell himself—Sir Austen, I mean—won't for a moment so much as acknowledge the relationship. It's not in the Peerage. Linnell don't allow it to be put in—he disclaims the connection: and the lame fellow's a sight too proud and too quixotic to meddle with the family dirty linen. He doesn't want to have the whole bundle dragged to light, and Sir Austen blackguarding his father and mother in every house in all London. But if ever Sir Austen dies, you mark my words, the painter fellow'll come into Thorpe Manor as sure as my name's John Antony Rolt, sir. It's strictly entailed: property follows the baronetcy in tail male. Linnell's done his very best to break the entail, to my certain knowledge, in order to cut off this Yankee cousin: but it's no go: the law can't manage it. The lame man'll follow him as master at Thorpe to a dead certainty, unless Lady Linnell presents him with an heir to the title beforehand—which isn't likely, seeing that they've been over five years married.'

'But why does Linnell object to acknowledging him?' the General asked curiously.

'Well, it's a precious long story,' the old sailor answered, button-holing his willing listener with great joy—a willing listener was a godsend to the Admiral: 'but I'll tell you all about it in strict confidence, as I know the ins and outs of the whole question from the very beginning. It seems Sir Austen Linnell the elder—you remember him—the thin old fellow with the cracked voice who was once in the F. O., worse luck, and got us into that precious nasty mess with the Siamese about the Bangkok bombardment—well, that Sir Austen, the present man's father, had a brother Charles, a harum-scarum creature with a handsome face and a wild eye, who was a messmate of mine as midshipman on board the

Cockatrice. The *Cockatrice* one time was stationed at Plymouth, and there we all fell in with an awfully pretty dancing-girl, one Sally Withers; her real name was, I believe, in private circles; but they called her at the theatre, if you please, Miss Violet Fitzgerald. So what must Charlie Linnell and this girl Sally do, by George, but get very thick indeed with one another: so thick at last that there was a jolly row over it, and Sir Austen the eldest, who was then living—not the F. O. man, you understand, but his father again, the Peninsular hero, who died afterwards of the cholera in India—came down to Plymouth and broke the whole thing completely up. He carried off Charlie in disgrace to town, dismissed Miss Sally Violet Fitzgerald to her own profession, spirited her away with her troupe to Australia, and made poor Charlie resign his commission, which he was permitted to do at headquarters on easy terms, to prevent some scandal about a forged leave of absence or something from the Port Admiral.¹

'But then this man Linnell the painter isn't'—

'Just you wait and hear. That ain't by any means the end of the story. An old sailor must take his own time to spin his yarn.—Well, Charlie, he settled down to a respectable life in town, and was pitchforked by his father into a jolly good berth in the backstairs of the War Office, and grew religious, and forswore the theatre, and took to getting up penny readings, and altogether astonished his friends and acquaintances by developing into a most exemplary member of society. Quite an evolution, as folks say nowadays. Some of us had our doubts about the change, of course, who'd known Charlie in the noisy old days on board the *Cockatrice*: but bless your heart, we said nothing: we waited to see what'd be the end of it all. In time, if you please, Master Charlie announces, to our great surprise, he's going to be married; to a second-cousin of his, twice removed, the daughter of a Dean, too, an excellent match, down at Melbury Cathedral. So in due course the marriage comes off, the Dean officiating, and everybody goes into raptures over the bride, and says how wonderfully Charlie has quieted down, and what an excellent man lay hid so long under his brass buttons and his midshipman's uniform. It was "West African Mission Meeting; Charles Linnell, Esquire, will take the chair at eight precisely." It was "Melbury Soup Kitchen; Charles Linnell, Esquire, Ten Guinea." It was "Lausdine Auxiliary; Charles Linnell, Esquire, President and Treasurer." You never in your life saw such a smooth-faced, clean-shaven, philanthropic, methodical, mealy-mouthed gentleman. He was the very moral of a blameless ratepayer. But under it all, he was always Charlie.'

'And the painter, I suppose, is a son of this man's and the Dean's daughter?' General Maitland interposed, anxious to get at the pith of the long-winded story.

'Don't you believe it,' the Admiral answered energetically, with a small fat wink. 'The Dean's daughter had one nice little boy, to be sure, whom the present Sir Austen still acknowledges as a sort of cousin: but that's neither here nor there, I tell you: he's a parson in Northumberland now, the Dean's grandson, and

nothing at all to do with this present history. About three months after that boy was born, however, what should happen but a party of strolling players comes round to Melbury, where Charlie happened to be stopping at the time with his papa-in-law, the Dean, and accepting hospitality from his revered and right reverend friend, the Bishop. Well, the Dean, who was a good sort of body in his way, was all for converting the actors and actresses; so he invited them in the lumpy from their penny gaff to a meeting at the Deanery, Charles Linnell, Esquire, the eminent philanthropist, to deliver a nice little fatherly address to them. Charlie made them a most affecting speech, and everything went off as well as could be expected till the very last moment; when, just as they'd finished their weak tea and penny buns, and Charlie was moving away with great dignity from the chair, which he'd filled so beautifully, what should happen, but a bold good-looking player woman, whom he hadn't noticed in a dark corner, gave him a dig in the ribs, and called out to him in a fine broad Irish brogue—she'd played some Irish part when Charlie was stationed on the *Cockatrice* at Plymouth—"Och, Charlie, ohme, sure an it's yourself's the hoary old hypocrite! Don't ye know me, thin, for your wedded wife, Mistress Linnell, me darlin', fresh back from Australia?" And true enough that's just what she was, as it turned out afterwards: for Charlie'd married Miss Sally Violet quiet regularly at Plymouth half-a-dozen years before.'

'What, bigamy?' the General cried in almost mute surprise.

'Ah, bigamy, if you choose to put an ugly name to it: that's just about the long and short of it. But anyhow, there was a regular burst-up that very evening. In twenty-four hours Charlie had disappeared: the eminent philanthropic gentleman had ceased to exist. Miss Sally Violet, who *was* a clever one, and no mistake, and as handsome a woman as ever I set eyes upon, her none, had got him straight under her pretty little thumb again: he was just fascinated, clean taken by surprise; and next week, it was all about over every club in London that Charlie Linnell had eloped with her from Liverpool for somewhere in America, and the Dean's daughter was once more a spinster.'

'What a painful surprise!' the General said, constrainedly.

'Painful? You may say so. Poor Mrs Linnell the Second, the Dean's daughter, nearly cried her wretched little black eyes out. But the family stuck by her like bricks, I must say. Sir Austen the eldest declared he'd never acknowledge Mrs Linnell the First as one of the family, and he left what he could to Mrs Linnell the Second and her poor little baby, the parson in Northumberland. Meanwhile, Charlie'd gone off on his own hook to Boston, you see, with five thousand pounds, saved from the wreck, in his waistcoat pocket, unable to come to England again of course as long as he lived, for fear Mr Dean should prosecute him for bigamy: but with that clever little wife of his, the Sally Violet creature, ready to make his fortune for him over again in America. She hadn't been there but a year and a day, as the old song says, when this new painter baby appears upon the scene, the

legitimate heir to the Linnells of Thorpe Manor. Well, clever little Mrs Sally Violet, she says, says she to Charlie: "Charlie, my boy," says she, "you must make money for the precious baby."—"How?" says Charlie.—"A pill," says Sally.—"But what the dickens do I know about pills, my dear?" says Charlie, flabbergasted.—"What's that got to do with the question, stupid?" says sharp Mrs Sally. "Advertise, advertise, advertise, is the motto! Nothing can be done in this world without advertisements." So she took Charlie's five thousand into her own hands and advertised like winking, all over the shop, till you couldn't go up the White Mountain Peak without seeing in letters as big as yourself on every rock, "Use Linnell's Instantaneous Lion Liver Pills." Podophyllin and rhubarb did all the rest, and Charlie died a mild sort of a millionaire at last in a big house in Beacon Street, Boston. This fellow with the game leg inherited the lot—the ballet-girl having predeceased him in the odour of sanctity—but I understand he made over a moiety of the fortune to his half-brother, the parson in Northumberland, Mr Dean's grandson. He said his father's son was his father's son, acknowledged or unacknowledged. And he for his part would never do another the cruel wrong which the rest of the world would be glad enough to do to himself if they had the opportunity.

'That was honourable of him, at anyrate,' the General said dryly.

'Honourable of him? Well, yes, I grant you that; honourable, of course, but confoundedly quixotic. The fellow's all full of this sentimental nonsense, though. He won't lay claim to the heirship to the baronetcy in the Peerage, it seems, because the other son's well known in England, and he won't brand his own half-brother with bastardy, he says, whatever comes of it. His own half-brother, by the way, the parson in Northumberland, though he owes his fortune to him, hates him like poison, and would brand him with bastardy or anything else as soon as look at him. And then he's got ridiculous ideas about his money generally: doesn't feel sure the paternal pills ever did any good in the world to anybody to speak of, though I believe they're harmless, quite harmless, and I used to take them myself for years on the North American Station, where one needs such things in the hot season. But this young fellow has doubts as to their efficacy after all, it seems, and is sensitive about the way his money was made: says he holds it in trust for humanity, or some such high-falutin' new-fangled nonsense, and would like to earn his living honestly if he could by his own exertions. Charlie sent him over to be educated at Oxford (though of course he couldn't come himself), as he wanted to make an English gentleman of him. He spends the best part of his fortune in charity, I believe, encouraging people he thinks should be encouraged, and pensioning off everybody who suffered in any way however remotely by his father's doings. He's quite quixotic, in fact, quite quixotic.'

'If he thinks it's right,' the General said quietly—for he believed in duty, like an old-fashioned soldier, and was not ashamed to deal in moral platitudes, 'he ought to stick to it.—But,' he added, after a short pause, 'if he were

to marry any nice girl anywhere, I expect he'd turn out much like all the rest of us.'

'Eh, what's that?' the Admiral cried sharply, peering out of his fat little black eyes like a wide-awake hedgehog. 'Marry a nice girl? Ah, yes, I daresay—if any nice girl can only manage to catch him. But the man's as full of fads and fancies as a school-girl. Suspicious, suspicious, suspicious of everybody. Thinks people look down upon him because he's lame. Thinks they look down upon him because his mother was only a ballet-girl. Thinks they look down upon him because his father ran away to America. Thinks they look down upon him because the Linnells of Thorpe Manor won't acknowledge him. Thinks they look down upon him because his money was made out of pills. Thinks they look down upon him for what he is and for what he isn't, for what they think him and what they don't think him. And all the time, mind you, knows his own worth, and doesn't mean to be caught for nothing: has as keen an idea of the value of his money, as perfect a sense of how much the world runs after seven thousand a year, and as good a notion of his own position as heir-presumptive to an old English baronetcy, as any other man in the three kingdoms. But the Linnells were always unaccountable people—most odd mixtures: and even Charlie, in spite of his high jinks and his barefaced hypocrisy, was chock-full of all sorts of high-flown notions, for all that. They say he loved the ballet-girl right through, like a perfect fool, and was only persuaded to marry the Dean's daughter at last by his father swearing she was dead and buried long ago at Plymouth. When I met him at Boston, years after, in the liver-pill business, there he was, billing and cooing with Miss Sally Violet as fondly as ever, and as madly devoted to this lame boy of theirs as if his mother had been a duchess's daughter.'

And later in the day, when General Maitland had retired to his own room at the Métropole, the Admiral was button-holing every other flag-officer in the whole club, and remarking, with his little pigs'-eyes as wide open as the lids would permit: 'I say, So-and-so, have you heard the latest thing out in society? Maitland's girl's trying to catch that Yankee artist fellow, Linnell's cousin!'

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

ACCORDING to the Report of the official liquidator of the Panama Canal Company, published in Paris in August last, the total amount expended by the company was fifty-two and a half millions sterling. For this there is now practically nothing to show but a few rows of tenantless buildings at Panama, dismantled machinery, grass-grown cuttings, broken vehicles, and a full cemetery. What has been the cost in human life of M. de Lesseps' rash enterprise has not yet been estimated; but the extent of the pecuniary loss involved in it may be inferred from the fact that the liquidator values the assets of the company at only six hundred and forty thousand pounds!

In the meantime, then, it may be assumed that the project of a waterway across the Isthmus of

Panama must be abandoned, since M. de Lesseps has demonstrated, if not the mechanical impossibility, at least the financial impracticability of the route. But that does not mean that all idea of uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific by a navigable channel must be abandoned. On the contrary, the Americans, who always regarded the French scheme with doubt and suspicion, and who prophesied disaster when all seemed prospering, have been only the more incited by the failure of the Panama scheme to push on with their Nicaragua scheme; and it is this last which we now propose to explain.

Of course it is well known that for several centuries the idea has been entertained of a waterway across Central America, and among the many plans put forward from time to time, two routes have divided the favour of both geographers and engineers. The one, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, was attractive because there the dividing neck of land is at its narrowest. The other, by way of the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua, has been approved because it offers fewer physical obstacles, and has the advantage of a natural waterway for a considerable portion of the distance. As early as 1550, a Portuguese navigator, Antonio Galvao, set forth some of the advantages of the Nicaraguan route; but nothing was done for three centuries. In 1825, the republic of Nicaragua made overtures to the United States to co-operate in the construction of a canal; and from time to time since then, the attention of the Government and people of the United States has been directed to the scheme, especially since the opening up of California and the Pacific States has emphasised the need of a water-channel across America.

Without going into the history of the project and the negotiations attending the scheme, we may say that when General Grant was President he took it up with interest; and after he left office, he devoted his energies to get it carried through. General Grant was not successful, except in getting a number of surveys made; but the more M. de Lesseps went on spending money at Panama, the more did the eyes of the North Americans turn to Nicaragua. Finally was formed the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, which has now begun work.

What may be called the initial movement in this new enterprise was the expedition which left New York on the 25th of May 1889, and arrived on the 3d of the following month at San Juan del Norte, or Greytown, where is to be the Atlantic entrance of the Canal. Here the party landed on a sandy uninhabited coast, without harbour or shelter, and with no communication with the outer world.—Two weeks' travel from the nearest telegraph station, and two thousand miles from the base of supplies. Here they began at once to run up a temporary town, with stores, and then to erect a telegraph in connection with the nearest station. Parties were then pushed forward into the forest to form camps and make roads for the transport of material and supplies along the proposed route of the Canal; and by the month of October following, the preliminary organisation was complete, and the work of construction was begun.

First of all, the Bay of Greytown had to be formed into a harbour, for ships had to anchor

two miles off the shore, and it was both expensive and dangerous to land heavy machinery on the beach by small boats. A breakwater was at once begun, and under its shelter dredgers were put to work to deepen the channel to the inner bay; and by the time these lines are in print, it is expected that vessels drawing twenty feet of water will be able to pass safely inside and discharge alongside the wharfs of the company.

In the meantime, permanent quarters for the engineers and staff have been erected, with all the needful storehouses, hospitals, and public buildings. Material has been imported for the construction of an aqueduct thirteen miles long, to supply Greytown and the neighbouring works with water. Some two miles of railway and seventy miles of telegraph have been erected. Steam excavators have been put up and set to work; and several miles of the route by the Canal have been cleared and made ready for dredging. For the rest, the rivers have been made navigable for small craft to facilitate the transport of plant and machinery, which is constantly arriving, and is being distributed along the route and set to work without delay. In an incredibly short time, a great enterprise, of which people in Europe seem to know little or nothing, has been got under-weight, and is being actively prosecuted.

Mr A. G. Menocal is the chief engineer of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, and to his several surveys and Reports we are indebted for particulars of the scheme. Mr Menocal's investigations extended, with intervals, from 1872 to 1885, and involved the examination of eight different routes between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific, as well as of competitive plans on the Atlantic side.

In brief, it may be said that Lake Nicaragua, which is some one hundred and ten feet above the sea, is taken as the summit-level of the Canal; but in 1880 Mr Menocal was led to considerably alter the location of the line originally fixed on by Colonel Childs and others who had preceded him in the work of survey. He succeeded in taking out some of the curves and shortening the length of the Canal, while also decreasing the amount of excavation to be done according to former estimates. But before the company sent out material to begin the work of construction, there was yet another detailed survey, with the object of eliminating all doubtful elements, and arriving at an accurate estimate of the character, amount, and cost of all the work required for the completion of a canal adapted for the navigation of the largest vessels afloat, and for the maximum probable traffic.

All these precautions, and the business-like proceedings generally, show the American company in agreeable contrast to the rash enthusiasm and uncalculating optimism of the French company. It is not sentiment and lottery-prizes which incited and keep alive the American enterprise, but the true commercial spirit allied with the reasonable patriotic desire to keep the internal communications of the American Continent in the hands of the American people.

For two years and a half before the expedition left New York as mentioned, six land-surveying parties, one hydrographic party, and two boring parties, had been constantly at work, verifying

distances and levels, in cross-sectioning, locating locks, dams, embankments, railroads, drains, &c. The result of all this preliminary work has been to effect many improvements on the original plan, and to finally mark out the route which is now being followed.

On the Atlantic side, then, the Canal will begin at what was formerly known as San Juan del Norte, and is hereafter to be known as Greytown, where the river San Juan discharges the waters of Lake Nicaragua into the Caribbean Sea. Between the sea and the lake, however, navigation is obstructed by rapids, and also by the detritus brought down by the streams. On the Pacific side the terminus will be at Brito, which will be connected with the lake by two sections of canal and the basin of the Tola River. From each side the summit-level will be reached by three locks, but so placed as to secure the longest possible uninterrupted passage on the level. Thus, going from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the distance between the last upward and the first downward lock will be over one hundred and forty miles—a great consideration for rapid steaming.

The first nine miles from Greytown will be on the level of the sea, and practically a prolongation of the harbour. Then at about nine and a quarter miles the first lock will have a lift of thirty feet; the next lock, one and a quarter miles farther, will lift thirty-one feet; and the third lock, twelve and three-quarter miles from Greytown, will lift forty-five feet. After this, some low clay-hills have to be cut through until San Francisco Creek is reached. This is a portion of the river San Juan; and it is proposed to throw a dam across the mouth of the creek, so as to form it into an artificial lake from thirty to fifty feet deep.

A double purpose will be served by this embankment, for the passage of the rapids will be avoided; and the waters of the rapids will be utilised to deepen the river San Juan back to Lake Nicaragua. In fact, from the San Francisco Creek to the lake the river will be the channel, and will be converted into an extension of the lake. Thus, from the creek, vessels will steam uninterruptedly up the river, and across the lake as far as the river Lajas, where the Pacific portion of the Canal begins on the west shore of the lake.

The valley of the Lajas will be utilised as far as possible in deporting vessels from the lake to the Pacific Ocean. The descent is gradual, and will be effected by three locks. The first two (numbers four and five in sequence) will be pretty close together, and will lift, or lower, forty-two and a half feet each. The third (lock number six) is a mile and a half farther on, and lowers between twenty and thirty feet, according to the state of the tide. Between number six lock and the port of Brito, indeed, is a distance of only half a mile on the sea-level, and for this distance the Canal will be only an extension of the harbour, as at the Greytown end.

Brito, however, is not yet a harbour—it is only a roundstead. The company, therefore, design a breakwater nine hundred feet long, extending from a rocky promontory projecting from the beach at the western extremity of the range of hills, and a jetty eight hundred and thirty feet long. The deep water formed by these jetties

will be the proposed harbour; but this will be enlarged by excavating the alluvial valley so as to form a broad and deep basin three thousand feet farther inland than the present shoreline. From the inner side of this basin the Canal up to the first sea-lock will be an extension of other three thousand feet.

One thing in favour of the company is that the whole line of the Canal is well supplied with timber of excellent quality. That on the eastern division may be only suitable for temporary works during construction (as trestles, huts, &c.); but that on the western division is deemed suitable for all purposes. The rock needed for the dams, weirs, and embankments will be obtained from the adjacent cuttings through basalt and trap. Limestone for lime is also procurable in the western division, and fine clean sand is abundant in all the streams.

Then as regards water—Lake Nicaragua has a surface area of 2600 square miles and a watershed of 8000 square miles. The daily discharge by the lake in the wet season has been estimated at 1,272,530,600 cubic feet per day; whereas the requirements of the Canal will not exceed 140 million cubic feet per day, so there is plenty of margin.

The total length of the waterway from ocean to ocean will be 169½ miles; but of this, 121 miles will be unimpeded navigation in the river and lake, and 21½ miles in basins. There will thus be a distance of over 142 miles which vessels will be enabled to traverse at full speed. The length of actual excavated Canal will be altogether only about twenty-six miles, and eighteen miles of that will be wide enough to enable vessels of the largest size travelling in opposite directions to pass each other. The contracted portions are short lengths at each extreme end of the summit-level.

Allowing for the Canal portion the same speed as large steamers average on the Suez Canal; for medium speed on the river and basins; and for ten miles an hour across the lake—the total time of transit from harbour to harbour, including detention at locks, will be twenty-eight hours.

The traffic, of course, will be largely affected by the time required for a vessel to pass a lock. Taking forty-five minutes as the estimate for the lockage, and one vessel at a time, the locks could put through thirty-two vessels in one day, or 11,680 per annum. This, at the average tonnage of vessels using the Suez Canal, would give the working capacity of the Nicaragua Canal as equal to over twenty millions of tons per annum, a total never likely to be reached in our time.

Not much faith was rested on M. de Lesseps' estimate of possible traffic across the Panama Canal; but competent authorities think that six million tons per annum can be safely reckoned on to begin with, provided the transit-dues are not made too onerous to divert ocean traffic from the Cape Horn route, or some of the railway traffic from the northern Continent. Six millions of tons at ten shillings per ton ought to yield a revenue handsome enough to provide for maintenance and renewals, and also a fair return on the capital invested. We are not aware what dues the Nicaragua Company intends to impose, nor whether ten shillings per ton is a burden which would be compensated in interoceanic

traffic by saving of time and insurance; we merely give the rough estimate as suggestive of possible revenue.

With regard to the cost of construction, this will be comparatively little to what the Panama Company have thrown away. Some three miles in the eastern division have to be cut through solid rock at a cost of about twenty-two per cent. of the whole cost of the Canal; there will be some more expensive cutting in the western division; but of the twenty-six miles of constructed Canal, more than twelve miles will be made by simple dredging at sea-level. A considerable portion of the cost of such a work is in the transportation of machinery and appliances, and in the provision and transport of employees. Labour will have to be imported from the Central American and Gulf States, and this will be a heavy item of expense. But the climate, unlike that of the Isthmus of Panama, is salubrious, and in places exceptionally delightful, as the members of the survey-parties have thoroughly tested by long years of residence and exposure.

Thus, then, to sum up in the words of Mr. Menocal, the engineer-in-chief—It is believed that with an intelligent and business-like management, the Canal can be completed in six years for the work of actual construction, and one year in making the necessary preparations to commence active operations, and that the total cost will not exceed 90,000,000 dollars (say £18,000,000 sterling) exclusive of banking commissions, interest during construction, and other expenses not included in the engineer's estimate.

It is not our business to criticise this calculation, even if we had the material for doing so. Our purpose is simply to describe the scheme and its progress. But one thing in its favour is the long and patient investigation which has preceded it, and another is the absence of promoter's profits which marred the Panama scheme from the very outset. In short, the American engineers seem to have been as cautious and minute as the French engineers were careless and vague. They are going about the matter as if they had no doubts of success; and we do not see why they should have any, from a mechanical point of view at any rate. Political and financial considerations may disturb later.

THE RING AND THE BIRD.

By C. G. FURLEY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

It is about ten years since I went to live at Mrs Gretton's. I am an architect; my office was in Southampton Street, and is there still; you can see 'F. Laurence, F.S.A., Architect and Surveyor' on my door-plate any day; and it chanced just then that it suited me better to live in Bloomsbury than in the suburbs. I was writing a book on the old City churches, not by any means with a view to fame, but only as an advertisement of my qualifications which might catch the eye of the building trade; and it was convenient to be within easy reach of my subjects, and also to be so near my office that I

could run round for an hour's work in the evening when I felt inclined.

I was certainly fortunate in lighting on Mrs Gretton's. She lived in one of those long dull Bloomsbury Streets where nearly every house displays a card with the inscription, 'Board and Apartments.' Mrs Gretton's did not; but having called in succession at six houses that did, I rang her bell without noticing the omission. It was fortunate I did so, for more reasons than the simple one of personal comfort. But I certainly imperilled my chance of effecting an entrance into the cleanest and most comfortable house I had seen that day by asking the landlady if she had any lodgings to let.

'No, sir; I have not,' she replied stiffly. 'I do not let lodgings. I am willing to receive ladies and gentlemen of good character and social standing as members of my family, for my daughter and I find this house larger than we require for ourselves; but only as boarders. I do not let lodgings.'

This suited me well enough. A slice of the family joint is usually more appetising than a lonely chop; I really prefer to have a little society, especially at my meals; and Mrs Gretton, though she showed the nervous determined gentility of one who 'has seen better days,' was evidently a lady. Having given her what she considered to be sufficient guarantees of my character and social standing, I took up my abode in her house. She was an officer's widow, and her real reason for taking boarders was the desire to keep her little pension intact for her daughter Louisa. To lay by enough for Louisa to save her from ever having to work for her living, to accumulate a dowry for Louisa, if the Fates were kind and sent an eligible husband in her way—these were Mrs Gretton's ambitions. Meanwhile, Louisa would perhaps have been better pleased if her mother had thought less about the future and allowed her more pocket-money now.

She was a pretty girl, and dressed wonderfully well, considering her means; but she was discontented. The life of Bloomsbury galled her—its petty domestic duties, its dusting, its pastry-making, its monotony. On summer afternoons she would walk up to Hyde Park and sit in one of the penny chairs, watching the carriages and the riders, and saying that she ought to be among them, that if her father had lived she would have been. And so home again with a headache, and the consciousness that the hat she had trimmed for herself with such care had not the touch of Bond Street after all.

'Agatha is better off than I am,' she would say to her mother discontentedly. 'She has more money in her pocket, and she knows what her future is to be.'

'Hush, my darling,' poor Mrs Gretton used to answer to this plaint. 'You ought to pity poor Agatha—forced to go out and fight the world,

and with no prospect of anything better. It's so bad for a woman, makes her so independent and unfeminine. I am sure Agatha would have been much gentler and more clinging—as a lady should be—if she hadn't lived so long in lodgings with that wretched brother of hers. But I hope that now she has our society and your example, my child, the softer side of her nature will come to the front.

I overheard this conversation, and it both amused and astonished me. Agatha March was not of a clinging nature, but I had not thought her unfeminine; and, moreover, I could imagine means of developing the softer side of her nature more efficacious than Louisa Gretton's example. In fact, I had already some such in my mind.

Agatha was Mrs Gretton's niece. She was perhaps rather too fond of styling herself a working woman, and I think she did so chiefly with a view to shocking her aunt, who could not get over the idea that any work done outside the realm of home was unlady-like and derogatory.

'Don't call yourself a working woman, my dear,' Mrs Gretton cried. 'It sounds as if you were a factory girl. You are a young lady whom family circumstances compel to give lessons in art—which is quite nice and lady-like, though I wish it was flowers or something pretty, and not those dirty street-boys. And you teach in a nice College with a Princess for its President; and I really think—yes, Agatha, I do—that you are insulting Her Royal Highness in calling yourself a working woman.'

'My dear aunt, don't deprive me of my proudest title, even to oblige the Princess, who, by the way, has never entered the College since the day she opened it,' said Agatha loftily. She knew how her aunt regarded her opinions, and, as I say, liked to shock her. Girls of the type of Agatha March often like to shock their aunts; they have broken the bonds of those conventions that tend to fill our towns and villages with wasted futile lives, and in the first joy of their freedom they would, or think they would, break all laws whatsoever. They will talk of marriage in a way to make your hair stand on end; they will resent your suggestion that all Anacreon wrote is not suited for their reading; they will cry out against the absorption of women in the narrow things of home, and spend a watchful night by the cot of a sick child, not necessarily their own—ay, even though they are pledged to deliver a lecture on women's suffrage on the following day; they are more full of exquisite inconsistency than ever woman was since time began. God bless them, these women of our day! Independent, intellectual, impatient of control, they are women, first and last.

These three ladies constituted the Gretton ménage when I first entered it. Shortly afterwards another member entered the family, to whom I must dedicate a few words. This was the parrot. Why Mrs Gretton, whose house-

wifely soul loathed dogs and cats so strongly, bought that bird I do not know. Perhaps because she was so much elated by a letter she had received that morning from Colonel Farrer—an old friend of her husband's, she was careful to inform me—who was coming home from India, and had asked if she could take him as a boarder for a short time.

'And really,' she explained to me, 'when I thought of seeing the dear Colonel again—a man who moves in the society I have been accustomed to, you know, Mr Laurence—and the poor animal looked so dejected and miserable, and the man who brought him to the door only wanted half a crown, and I thought perhaps the Colonel would be accustomed to parrots in India, and—oh dear!—I really couldn't help buying it.'

The reasons for the purchase were perhaps rather confused, but none of us analysed them too carefully, for somehow that parrot became a sort of centre round which the household converged. We all petted it; even I, who am no bird-lover, took an interest in its doings, and strove to educate it according to the best traditions of the parrot school; teaching it such phrases as, 'Who killed Cock Robin?' 'Polly, put the kettle on,' and in imitation of Sterne's starling, 'I can't get out; let me out.' Polly was a bird of intelligence, and picked up these sentences with wonderful rapidity. It practised them when alone and when no one was paying any attention to it, while at other times it would chatter vigorously in an unknown tongue, which I held to be the dialect of parrots, though Mrs Gretton, who was infatuated about the creature, declared it to be 'Sanskrit or Hindustani, or whatever they speak where it came from.'

'I believe you expect Polly and Colonel Farrer to hold conversations in Hindustani, Mrs Gretton, I said once with sarcastic intention, for of late our hostess had spoken of only two subjects, the intelligence of the parrot, and the greatness of the coming Colonel. But it was never any use to be sarcastic with Mrs Gretton; she always took one's words just as they were uttered.

'Well, why shouldn't they?' she said. 'I am sure it would be a great comfort to Polly to have some one who could talk to it in its native tongue. I remember a poem that I learned when I was at school about a parrot that spoke Spanish, and, though it learned English, was comforted on its deathbed—that is, when it was dying—by a sailor coming and speaking Spanish to it. Of course Polly will enjoy talking to the Colonel. —Won't oo, my pretty pet?'

She went up to the cage, and began cooing to the bird in that mysterious lingo which women mostly keep for babies. But the babies usually take no interest in the sentences addressed to them, whereas Polly, when questioned about his desire to talk to the Colonel, winked and nodded and squawked out, 'Try it on, try it on'—he was a very slangy parrot!—in such a knowing way that I could not help laughing.

Although Mrs Gretton behaved like a doting grandmother to her pet, Polly did not by any means reciprocate her affection; the object of his love was Agatha. He learned her name without any teaching, and would cry out 'A-ga-fa, A-ga-fa!' in his most joyful squeal whenever she entered the room. When, after a fortnight's

domestication, we began to let him leave his cage and move about the room, his great delight was to sit on her shoulder and rub a caressing head against her neck. How I envied the parrot at that time. Had my opinion of him then been what it is to-day, I have no doubt I should have been abominably jealous; though I must say that Polly always treated me with the utmost courtesy, and seemed in no way displeased that I should share his opinion of Miss March.

I admired Agatha March; I have always admired women who can stand alone. Such an admiration is, however, perfectly compatible with a desire that they—or at least some one among them—should not stand alone a moment longer than is necessary. There may be a certain cowardice in preferring to support strength rather than weakness; but in the vicissitudes of life a time is sure to come when the courage and capacity of the woman he loves shall be a man's salvation. To some, perhaps, the burden of a helpless wife may bring inspiration; but, for me, let me have a companion who can understand the struggle, a fellow-worker who can share the aspiration and the effort; a queen, whose clear eyes can judge the labour, whose hand can give the award.

I persuaded Agatha to accompany me in my wanderings among the City churches. She had sufficient knowledge to be an intelligent companion, and she had sympathy and insight—that touch of inspiration which generally goes with the higher grades of womanly intellect. While I studied a carving or a brass, she would draw from the inscriptions on the tombstones such hints of the lives of those who lay below as made the dead congregations live again—gray evanescent figures half seen in the dusty sunlight. Louisa Gretton came with us once, but she did not care for the sights we saw. The churches were dull, empty, and cold; they lacked the colour and variety she craved; and Agatha and I were glad to be rid of her discontented face and restless presence. Had she been a pleasant companion, it is quite possible we would not have desired her more; there comes a time when all companions save one are wearisome and dull. Oh those hours among the dusty pews and worm-eaten pulpits, those walks along the crowded city streets! Don't tell me about flowery meadows and country lanes. Were I to go a-courting again, I would still choose the magic hills and dales of Holborn and Chancery. The crowd threatens to jostle your lady, and you venture to take her arm—unimproved. Could you do that under the hawthorns? The stumbling, rattle of that would seem so flat against a blackbird's thrilling song are eloquence itself when uttered through the dull murmur of London traffic. Hearts press closer to each other in the stress of the throng; the constant risk of being parted makes union more desired. Give mountains and lakes and 'scenery' in general to those who need them; but my garden of romance lies in the busy Strand, in forgotten courts by Cornhill and Lombard Street, and in the gray silent Bloomsbury Squares.

Perhaps my book progressed but little during those days, although my studies for it were so persistent; but that really did not matter, for in time I hoped to have Agatha's help, and then we should get on quickly enough. But let me admit

that meanwhile I wrote hardly a line, and that I spent some of the money I had set aside for the publication of my 'magnus opus' in the purchase of a diamond ring for my betrothed.

Mrs Gretton and Louisa were very civil when Agatha and I came home one day and said we were engaged; very civil and congratulatory—and yet— Now, is it not strange! Louisa Gretton did not care a straw for me; her mother would certainly not have allowed me to marry her daughter without letting me know how unworthy I was of such a boon; and yet I could see they felt a little hurt that I loved Agatha. I believe there are some women who would carry etiquette to such a point that they would like a man, purely as a matter of courtesy, to propose to all the women who won't have him before asking the one who will.

'To think of you getting engaged, Agatha!' said Louisa, with a smile that was not sweet. 'I thought you despised marriage and all that.'

'Did you?' answered Agatha in an elaborately quiet tone, which I knew to be dangerous. 'You misunderstood me. I only despise the habit of regarding marriage as an easy means of getting a living, and shirking other work on the chance of it.'

Mrs Gretton had a reaction of kindly feeling after the first surprise, and even told me how glad she was that Agatha—who was quite alone in the world, poor girl; for that young brother of hers was worse than useless—should find a protector. But I doubt if Louisa felt much kindness.

We had been betrothed about a week, when, coming home one day, I noticed a subtle excitement pervading the house.

'What's up?' I asked Agatha.

'Have you forgotten?' she answered, smiling. 'The Colonel is coming to-day—aguntie's own dear Colonel Farrer. Dinner is to be on a scale of unparalleled magnificence—salmon and lamb and gooseberry tart. Louisa made the tart and the custard. I do hope the Colonel is worthy of the efforts we have made in his honour. It will break aguntie's heart if he is not a hero of romance.'

Mrs Gretton's illusions must have received a blow. The Colonel was not a hero of romance; he was a little, bad-tempered, red-faced man, who bolted his food and snubbed Mrs Gretton's attempts at civility. He was vain, I should say, judging by the elaborateness of his dress, the size of his watch-chain, and a really magnificent ruby ring which he wore on the little finger of his right hand, and which in the intervals of eating he constantly played with.

'Do take a little more tart, Colonel,' said our hostess; 'my daughter made it. Dear Louisa makes all our pastry. I think, you know, that it really requires a lady's light hand to make good pastry; and Louisa, though not one of those modern women who attempt all a man can do, is thoroughly acquainted with all womanly duties.'

'What an abominable row that bird is making!' answered the Colonel.

It was true. Polly was very obstreperous. He was dancing about his cage, flapping his wings and screaming, 'Let me out; I can't get out,' at

the top of his voice. We were used to his ways, but I have no doubt the Colonel found the noise very irritating.

Agatha turned to the bird. 'I'll let you out presently, Polly,' she said. 'Be a good bird now and don't chatter too much.'

Polly became quiet at once, ceased to flutter about his cage, and contented himself with murmuring 'A-ga-fa' at intervals. When we had finished dinner she released him. He at once fluttered to her shoulder, and there mounted, was carried up-stairs to the drawing-room, chuckling and cooing in Agatha's ear all the time.

While Louisa was making tea, her mother, undeterred by the Colonel's chilly manner, began to catechise him about his Indian career. 'For I know, dear Colonel Farrer, that you have seen service. I remember seeing your name in the newspapers lately—was it suppressing dacoits or protecting some poor oppressed creatures? Probably the latter,' said Mrs Gretton with a beaming smile; 'it would be so much more natural to you to protect the weak.—Do be quiet, Polly.'

Polly was again making himself audible, though not in a very objectionable fashion. He was creeping down Agatha's left arm now, saying, 'Who killed—who killed?' in an uncertain voice, as if he could not recall the remainder of the phrase.

'He is trying to remember "Who killed Cock Robin?"' I said. 'He hasn't managed to pick up that phrase very well.'

Polly paused to laugh in his shrillest tones, and then recommenced his march down Agatha's sleeve. To support him, she stretched out her hand, the hand on which her engagement ring gleamed modestly, and rested it on a little table on which her work-basket stood.

'Do tell us some of your adventures, Colonel,' Mrs Gretton went on. 'You must have had so many. Now, I am sure there is a romance connected with that beautiful ring you wear—such a splendid stone, I could not help remarking it!'

For once the Colonel looked pleased, as he twirled the ring on his finger.

'I suppose it is very valuable?' said Agatha thoughtfully.

'I should think so,' returned the Colonel. 'A good deal more valuable than that diamond you wear.'

Agatha's face crimsoned, and her eyes flashed. She withdrew her hand abruptly, somewhat endangering thereby Polly's precarious balance. But the bird fluttered back to her shoulder, and secure there, glared at the Colonel.

'Do tell us about the ruby,' persisted Mrs Gretton.

'Oh! I got it after a frontier disturbance—a thing, you know, that might have assumed serious dimensions if I hadn't nipped it in the bud. The natives pretended it was only a squabble between two religious sects; but these things always mean mischief—always. This ruby—ah—was in a sense the *casus belli*, so I—that is, it was advisable to remove it, and the Governor quite justified my action, so I retained it.'

'Just so,' murmured Mrs Gretton.

'Loot!' I remarked in a tone by no means subdued; but my criticism on the Colonel's proceedings passed unnoticed, for just at that moment

the parrot, safely perched on Agatha's shoulder, stretched out his head towards the Colonel and screamed in his most vindictive tones, '*Who killed Ram Asoka?*'

SPECTACLE GLASSES.

ALTHOUGH many opticians are in the habit of recommending various descriptions of glass for spectacles, there are in reality only two kinds—native glass or rock or mountain crystal, usually called pebble; and artificial glass. They also advise users of spectacles to have them of pebbles, as more beneficial to the eyesight, artificial glass being derided as heating and wearing the eye. The writer, who has now been habitually using spectacles for twenty-five years on account of short-sightedness, has had no such experience. Acting upon the advice of a first-rate oculist, whom he consulted, he purchased pebble spectacles, and he used them for years. Lately, however, requiring a pair of spectacles of a particular focus, he has taken to spectacles of artificial glass, and he finds that there is not the slightest difference, with the exception that the latter are only about half the price of pebble spectacles. This is a consideration in case of persons of limited means.

The perfection to which glass-making has now attained has rendered the use of artificial glass for spectacles practicable, and, seeing the advantages attaching to its employment, which it is the object of this short paper to point out, it is probable that it will ultimately entirely supersede rock-crystal. It was different, however, before the art of glass-making had attained its present perfection. The use of pebbles for lenses extends far back into the remote past. Sir Henry Layard found amongst the ruins of old Nineveh a polished pebble lens of a convex form of a focus of four inches, and a diameter of one and a half inch. It may also be assumed that the magnifying power of such lenses was well known to and utilised by the old cameo cutters in their difficult and delicate work. The price lists of opticians of former centuries contain the prices of pebble eye-glasses, and they are known to have endeavoured to improve the microscope by the use of crystals of precious stones. Besides rock-crystal, they made microscopic lenses of sapphire, ruby, garnet, beryl, topaz, and even of diamond. Diamond lenses for microscopes were warily recommended by Sir David Brewster (1819), and made chiefly by Pritchard (1824). All these early efforts, after the marvellous development of the manufacture of glass, now belong to history. The greatest objection to the application of precious stones to optical purposes is their structure—the fact that, as crystals having two axes, they suffer double refraction, and it is this drawback which has to be taken into consideration when dealing with rock-crystal. This double refraction must greatly affect its optical application, and it can only be rectified to some extent by cutting the pebbles out of the raw material at right angles to the principal crystallographic axis.

Opera glasses with eye-lenses of rock-crystal have for some time past been made in Paris, for which great distinctness of image is claimed.

Closer examination, however, has proved that such eye-lenses are not only not better in that respect than those of ordinary glass, but mostly much worse, especially if they have not received the proper setting to the crystal axis. And if in opera-glass lenses the condition of cutting them out of the rock-crystal at right angles is neglected, this is much more so the case with pebbles for spectacles. As a matter of fact, in buying the raw material, the latter is sorted according to the use for which it is intended—for purposes of polarisation, prisms, &c.—and a certain quality suitable for cutting to axis selected for lenses and eye-glasses. But as it is known how irregularly the raw pieces of rock-crystal are formed, how its optical use is affected by cloudiness and 'cords,' or streaks, it may be easily guessed that in using this rather costly material the condition of cutting the axis at right angles cannot always be observed. As, lately, pebble glasses are being made on a manufacturing scale, in which the utmost utilisation of the raw material is the chief point aimed at, it follows that only a small portion is set at a crystallographic axis, and that rock-crystal is far inferior in its optical effect to ordinary glass.

It is very different with artificial glass as now manufactured for optical purposes. The ordinary white glass is made of a purity and freedom from colour which leaves little to be desired. But a greater degree of hardness might be imparted to it, especially if it is intended for eye-glasses without a frame. Besides colourless glass, however, a coloured raw material is made, chiefly intended for the protection of weak eyes. Formerly, green glass was much used for protective spectacles, and Arctic travellers have been very glad of them. But green glass extinguishes violet, red, and even blue rays, and causes objects to appear in dirty colours. Spectacles of blue glass, coloured with cobalt, are therefore to be preferred. Adams is reported to have been the first to recommend the use of blue glass; but they were at first more widely used in Germany, chiefly through the recommendation of the great oculist Grife, of Böhm, and others. The blue colour of glass is chiefly to be recommended because it absorbs those rays in their passage which belong to the yellow and orange portion of the spectrum, in which the greatest brightness and greatest heat are concentrated, and the eyes, especially weak ones, are consequently greatly protected by the blue colour, while rays which such eyes are able to bear obtain access. The material for blue glasses, which has to be made in various shades to suit individual eyes, is somewhat less hard than that employed formerly for green spectacles, and is also inferior in that respect to white glass, but it has gained in durability compared with former descriptions of glass.

Still greater is the progress recorded in the manufacture and hardness of 'smoked' glass, also used for protecting the eyesight. This kind of glass, which is coloured gray or mouse-coloured by the addition of manganese, formerly suffered from too great softness by the addition of a large quantity of lead; but the best manufactures now made are nearly equal to white glass in point of hardness. The object of smoked glass is to reduce the glare of light without segregating colours.

Spectacles are also made of intensively yellow glass, but the use of this glass is almost exclusively confined to glasses employed for firing purposes. Yellow glass extinguishes completely all other colours, and this is suitable in cases where distinctness of objects aimed at is of prime importance.

OX-EYE CAÑON.

A STORY.

THREE years ago I spent a week at Barkerville, in Cariboo of British Columbia, and a singular incident happened in which I had a part. I was with a Roman Catholic missionary, who had been sent from the south to look after certain of his fellow-churchmen in this remote and desolate little place. My friend was known in Barkerville, and was welcomed with a heartiness that showed how dull the unfortunate citizens found life in general in their isolated settlement among the mountains. He soon had a little programme of work mapped out for him. There were two marriages for him to solemnise; three little children had been born since the last mission visitation, and had therefore to be baptised; and if he would only consent to tarry two or three days, he was assured he would be able to brighten the last hours of a certain weather-worn and time-chastened old settler by promising to read the burial service over him at his grave.

A most forlorn place this Barkerville seemed to me in A.D. 1887. The sidewalks of its street were some six feet above the level of the roadway—so called by courtesy alone—which, when the rains descended, was a raging torrent, to be crossed only by light bridges. It was October when we were in the place, and they had already had their first severe frost of the season. The snow lay in the mountain hollows pretty thick. A thermometer of thirty or forty degrees below zero was, we were told, nothing out of the way as an experience; and the summer came so late and departed so quickly that the life seemed all winter.

The industry of Barkerville is gold-digging. That explains all. The few score scarred and wrinkled inhabitants of the town would have stayed here for nothing in the world but gold. And yet they confessed that the palmy days of Barkerville seemed quite gone. Not now, as in 1858, could they afford to give the mission priest a fee of two hundred dollars for performing a marriage ceremony. The gold pieces which they contributed at the mission collections were now very, very few. Existence, from being lively, had become flat. The river-beds and the rocks yielded them enough gold to keep them alive, but not enough to enrich them. Everything of merchandise was frightfully expensive, because of the difficulties of transport for more than three hundred miles over the mountains. Thus luxury was at a low ebb with them. I have seen more comfort among rough islanders of the North Sea than among these Anglo-Saxons of British Columbia, whose finds gave them an income of from two to five hundred pounds a year.

The yarns the veterans of the place had upon their tongues were of a kind to which the Californian writers have accustomed us. They

recked of murder for gold, the pistolling of one man by another with as little remorse as if the man killed had been a dog instead of a human being, and of dark deeds done in secret for the sake of women as well as lucre. I daresay with a little tricking-up they could be made to appear delightfully romantic. Told as they were, however, in a wretched shed which passed as a tavern, with a dozen or more disappointed and indifferent miners, grimed and ragged, crowding round a big stove, smoking bad tobacco, spitting, and drinking rum, they did not have a very exhilarating effect. They all seemed to harp upon one key. Nature led those poor mortals dance after dance in quest of the gold: from river-mouth to river-source; from alluvial plains to mountain-tops: now hallowing them with a prospect of wealth enough to turn their ardent heads, and now setting them face to face with death from starvation, though the gold pouches on their backs were heavy enough to gain them eternal credit from any baker in Christendom—and generally, at the end, snuffing out their lives before they could return to the homeland where wife and children awaited them.

'Sir,' said one old graybeard in a faded red and black check shirt—'you bet your life these here hills could tell some fine tales about them times. There's many and many a poor devil of a fellow been lost in them as I know of, with and without his gold. The darned redskins ain't far wrong in saying they're haunted—that's my belief.'

'That's stale rubbish!' growled another, with an impatient start of his shoulders.

'Oh, you, Jeff Perkins,' observed the graybeard, with a thin smile of sarcasm, 'you'll never believe anything until you feel the worms biting you. Ox-eye Cañon's a joke to you, and always was.'

'Anyhow, I reckon, that spirit has been laid this many a day.'

'It may have been. And many a year, too, for it began to walk in '60, as I mind. But I call it infidelity, I do, to go setting your own little bit of mind against what we know to be true.'

This colloquy somewhat excited my interest. I asked if there was an Ox-eye Cañon ghost, or anything of the kind.

'There was,' said the old fellow; and then he looked amongst his mates, as if hesitant to say more. I did not press him; for I had seen enough of him to know that if he meant to tell the tale he would soon tell it without urging; and if he preferred not to tell it, no coaxing could make him tell it.

Well, two days afterwards, I was off among the mountains after wild goats. A Barkerville man and the priest's Indian servant were with me, the latter more especially for the sake of following bear, if we were so lucky as to hit a fresh trail. It was a lovely day—the sky blue and cloudless; and the air, they said, wonderfully mild for Barkerville. It was like a brilliant September day in old England: something very hard to beat. And so we were in excellent spirits, and clambered about among the pines and quartz rocks in very high spirits, and I, for one, determined not to mind very much if we got neither goat nor deer nor bear. As luck would have it, we sighted only two or three goats, and these two or three made off too fast for my gun. By lunch-time we were

very hungry, not a little tired, and considerably knocked about by the sharp rock-edges. We had wandered a good many miles.

'We are so near Ox-eye Cañon, that if you can hold on another hour, I'd like you to see it,' said the Barkerville man when I mentioned the luncheon basket.

'By all means,' I replied. 'But I thought it was nearer the town.'

'Oh no; or else, I reckon, Barkerville 'ud go into a pretty rapid sort of decline.—You remember the Ox-eye spirit, don't you?' (to the Indian).

The guide shook his head.

'Ah, well, if you don't, you ought. Fellows who do, describe it as a voice—mournful and sweet, you know, filling the cañon like an Æolian harp. For my part, I don't know what to think. I'm a bit spoiled in the spirit-way, because I never saw one, to talk to.'

We crossed a bold *arête* of white rock with not a single tree upon it, but with jagged peaks, snow-tipped, upon either side of the pass. Then we descended by a most dreadful slope of boulders, at as sharp an angle as a man may clamber down whole of limb. When we had got about half-way towards the broadish valley bottom beneath us, there appeared a dark rift in the mountain close under us to the left. At first, I thought it a natural tunnel. Later, I saw that it was not a hole, but a ravine, very narrow, with the cliff sides forming a wall not less than a thousand feet high upon either hand. The odd thing was that though at the mouth of the cañon the width between the walls was narrow enough, it was narrower still at the summit. There, indeed, it looked as if a man could have leaped across the frightful chasm.

'That's Ox-eye Cañon,' said my Barkerville friend. 'A nice gloomy sort of place, ain't it? However, we'll feed just outside in the sun; and afterwards, if you like, we can have a look at it.'

Our meal was soon made. We got through it the quicker because the Indian left us on a sudden, with a shout warning us well known to him. He had some notion of cutters in their own way. The Barkervilles price lists of and stretched himself against a chain the prices

'There's nothing in that unknown to have all,' he said, 'nothing worth to scope by way.'

'Well,' said I, 'if you don't follow alone for a few minutes, I would come in to look at it, since we have come so far, his pipe

'Do so,' said he, well pleased to escape, after of cicerone. 'But mind the shafts—i.e., any-

sort of places.'

It was by no means an easy piece of work left clamber of mine into the pass. Road there was none. There was a slip of rock, the bed of the cañon, with a rubble. And this stream was the highway the task had gone about a quarter of a mile. however, the ravine widened, and the water, this either side changed to rough slopes, with rocks in plenty about them, and here and there the wreck of a pine, which had lived a little while, and then died—probably because it wanted more sunlight and air than it was likely to get.

Something made me scramble up one of the slopes away from the water. The rocks stood on end here more like those of the Druids at Stone-

henge, than as if they had merely rolled from the overhanging cliffs at one time or another. Here I first discovered what my companion had meant by warning me against the 'shafts,' as he called them. Really, they were certain fissures in the ground, as if the heat of a phenomenal summer had parched the soil until it was vain to crack and gape with thirst. I all but slipped into one of them in my endeavour to climb over a particularly big boulder.

This lasted for about half an hour, until I assured myself that I could see to the other end of the cañon. It was certainly a forbidding place, and the night-chills already seemed to have entered it.

I turned to retrace my steps. But almost immediately I found myself on the edge of one of these fissures, in which I could see a gleam of something white. It was a cleft, perhaps twenty feet in depth, with sides absolutely perpendicular. I looked again, and then had no doubt about it. The round white thing was not a stone, but the polished skull of a man. Then the tales I had heard in Barkerville recurred to me. Perhaps this poor fellow was one of the many miners who in the fifties had got their twelve or twenty dollars' worth of gold daily from Dame Nature. He had in time satisfied his lust for gold, and was returning to the south adrift and alone when—

At anyrate, the matter was worth investigating. It was not yet noon. We could spare an hour in getting this poor trapped corpse out of the earth in which it had been entombed as a living man. And, as fortune would have it, the Indian had been saddled with a light coil of rope for use in any climbing emergency during our pursuit of the goat.

The Barkerville man was loth to stir, but I persuaded him; and the Indian having returned, with the skin of a silver fox which he had snared in some mummy native fashion, we all three soon found ourselves at the grave-side. I must say it went slightly against the grain to shift the unfortunate skeleton as we did. But it was just possible we might learn something of its identity when alive by hauling it up. And so, we made a noose and dropped it about the ribs, tightened the cord, and then brought the whole framework of bones to the summit as if it had been a bucket in a well. It was a framework of bones and nothing more. The teeth alone remained, strong and white and even, in proof that the poor creature was in the prime of life when he slipped of a sudden into the jaws of death. There was a clog of ice about the feet, which told of the temperature in the dreadful hole, and suggested that before dying the poor fellow must have suffered other agonies as well as those of starvation, and cramp, and a gradual loss of the hope of rescue.

We were looking at the skeleton and conjecturing about it, when the Indian broke into an exclamation and pointed down the pit. I did not catch his words, but the Barkerville man did. He, too, strained his eyes into the depths of the fissure; then he turned round toward me. 'The fellow is right,' he said. 'There is a little bag—a sort of satchel, you know—and some bits of stuff like rags. Anyway, we may as well get the bag out.'

But it was not an easy business. Again and again we tried to noose it, and always in vain. The 'Me go down, boss,' of the Indian came as a welcome proposition; for we had now no time to spare, if we were to be back in Barkerville by nightfall.

We hitched the rope fast to a rock, and let it hang into the hole. The Indian was soon down; and having cut the bag out of the ice, and looked about to see if there was anything else worth removing, but in vain, he came to the surface again, by no means with the ease he had descended.

The bag was initialed J. F. It was heavy and swollen. I suppose, therefore, no one of us was surprised when we opened it to find it crammed with gold-dust. There was further a piece of paper with some faint writing upon it, the interpretation of which was beyond us, both then and when we were back in the settlement.

We buried the poor fellow in another and much shallower 'shaft,' which we had no difficulty afterwards in half filling with loose soil. Then we made all haste homewards. It was weary work climbing and descending the mountains again; but we felt the fatigue a good deal less with such a subject for conjecture among us.

That evening there was some excitement in Barkerville. Every male adult in the place had heard the news, and crowded into the tavern for his share of information and the spoil. By right of possession we three might have kept the others at a distance from the bag of gold-dust, had we so chosen. But, for a wonder, my friend was not very avaricious; and the Indian was likely to be overruled. There were a hundred and twenty-seven ounces of dust in the bag, which were valued roughly at between four and five hundred pounds.

The saloon keeper did a rattling business that evening, on the strength of this contribution to the town's finances. It was observed, however, that while the other men were so jovial and excited, the old fellow whom I have already mentioned sat apart, with an expression on his face as if he were thinking profoundly. He had examined the bag closely at the first, and now and again he continued to look at it. Of this the others did not take much notice, until they began to play cards. Then one of them, with a strong word or two, remarked that old Pete was hatching some remarkable tale.

Old Pete heard the words. At the same moment, however, he slapped his thigh heavily with one hand and said: 'I have it. I thought I remembered something to do with a J. F.'

'Let's have it,' cried several of the others.

'He was knifed, and his name was John Ferguson; and they missed his ounces afterwards, so it was put down as murder.'

'Then this stuff'—began one of the others, and then stopped; while a doleful 'Oh!' sounded from several pair of lungs.

'Hang sentiment!' exclaimed one man bolder than the others. 'Or, better still, get the parson to bless it for us—that'll make it all right; and here he comes.'

The tale was soon told to my friend the missionary. It was really quite impressive to mark the eagerness on the faces of these rough-and-ready fellows while awaiting what he would

say in the matter. The fact that it was Ox-eye Cañon gold had much to do with their superstitious self-restraint.

The missionary was quite willing to give the gold his benediction; but before doing so, he reminded the Barkerville people so eloquently about certain vague promises they had made him to build a mission church, that it was very clear he did not mean them to have the gold all to themselves.

In effect, half of it was devoted to the church, and the remainder, duly consecrated, was divided among the townsmen. The share I received I wear to this day in the form of a somewhat massive flat locket, with a portrait in it.

As for the Ox-eye Cañon voice, very little wit was necessary to explain this. The luckless fellow who had first murdered John Ferguson, and then fallen into the 'shaft' in his attempt to get away scot-free, would be likely now and then to shout for help while life remained in him. The sides of his grave and the adjacent rock-walls no doubt made his voice seem most inhuman; and the sound of it would drift up or down the cañon like a cry shouted into a tube, until the very echoes had died away completely.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT NIGHT—A NEW DEPARTURE.

THE vast strides made of late years in every branch of the photographer's art are everywhere apparent; whilst, since the important day when the first dry plate was placed on the market a scientific and commercial success, the ever-increasing army of amateur workers in this fascinating pursuit bears ample evidence of the widespread interest and abundant popularity of this comparatively new branch of applied science. A further development—namely, photography at night—has now been so far advanced that it may fairly claim to have passed the experimental stage, and ere long cannot fail to command considerable attention and occupy a sound commercial basis.

As our readers are doubtless aware, sunlight or ordinary diffused daylight is essential for the impression on the sensitised plate of the object focused on it, gas or candle-light being powerless to produce such a result. The electric arc-light will, it is true, produce such a result, but is only available in exceptional circumstances, and then requires an exposure of some duration. Advantage has accordingly been taken of the fact that a flash of magnesium light is sufficiently powerful to effect an instantaneously desired object. Simple as such a solution of the problem of photography at night may appear at first sight, it has nevertheless taken a considerable time and many experiments before the arrangements were perfected, and the operator enabled to secure, with certainty as to immutability from failure, photographs of artistic excellence and commercial value.

The apparatus employed may be briefly described. On a tall vertical standard, placed so as to light the room as advantageously as possible, without of course itself appearing in the picture, are fitted some four or six arms, according to the size of the room; to each arm are secured two or

three lamps. The lamps are of special but simple construction, each having a circular wick fed with spirits of wine from a small reservoir. A receptacle beneath each lamp is filled with magnesium powder, a nozzle running up through the inside of the circular wick giving the powder a means of passage through the flame. Each magazine of magnesium powder is fitted with an india-rubber tube, the different tubes being ultimately brought together and connected, terminating in an india-rubber ball. The camera having been set up, the objects or group to be portrayed are duly focused, this being accomplished by means of a candle held near the object, it being otherwise impossible by lamp or gas light to see them in the camera sufficiently distinct to admit of accurate focusing. All being in readiness, the spirit-lamps are lighted, the lens uncappped; and the india-rubber ball being sharply-squeezed, a blast of air is driven simultaneously through each lamp, forcing the magnesium powder through the flame, and a brilliant flash of illumination lighting the apartment, the desired picture is secured.

How wide a field the perfection of this new departure in photography opens out will be readily apparent. Banquets can now be successfully portrayed and evening assemblages of eminent personages perpetuated. Records can especially be secured of ballroom scenes, whilst in the case of those in which fancy dress is worn a brisk demand can hardly fail to arise for portraits which can be secured on the spot, without the trouble of subsequent journeying by daylight in character to the nearest photographer. Interiors of churches and other buildings now so dark as to be practically beyond the photographer's powers, can now be made amenable to his art; and a wide range of similar uses will readily present themselves to the minds of our readers, and there can be no doubt that this new branch of the 'black art' will ere long command very considerable attention.

STRENGTH AND LOVE.

HOPE not that many here

Will ne'er mistake thee,

Nor faint with sudden fear

If all forsake thee;

No friend or comrade need

To cheer thee to thy goal;

Others thy mind may read,

But not divine thy soul.

And if a friend, perchance,

Or maiden lover,

Who meets thy spirit's glance,

Thou should'st discover;

And if when hand touch hand,

Thy heart grow stronger;

And if thy soul demand

Silence no longer—

Then take thy fate divine;

Let nothing ever part

Or keep that other heart

From being one with thine.

H. W.

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OUR FIRST-COUSINS.

Who does not know 'Sally' at the Zoo? This great educated Chimpanzee has been taught by her keeper to do many things which excite the wonder of the gaping crowd around her cage, the onlookers being especially surprised to see that she is able to count up to five. We have seen dogs taught apparently to count much larger amounts, and elephants are credited with considerable powers of calculation taught; but we always expect more of the Quadrumanus, because of their close simulation of humanity, and their possession of those adaptable hands, which we are accustomed to regard as the special symbols of capability.

There is, however, something 'uncanny' in the hand of a monkey; it is held out to you with such an air of demand; there is nothing deprecatory or beseeching about the action; it is always imperative; and if you, by mistake, seize it in friendliness, as that of a man and a brother, it is generally snatched from you with an angry chatter, as much as to say: 'I want none of your sentiment. Give!' It is not always food that is demanded, but something, no matter what, to gratify their acquisitiveness or love of mischief.

We once unintentionally excited the anger of a monkey at the Zoo by giving it something to which it had not been accustomed. In searching for scraps to put into the provision bag for a party of young people who were accompanying us to see the animals, we came across some macaroni, and the thought struck us that probably the monkeys might like it; and so some of them did; others did not attempt to eat it, but held it up to their eyes like a spyglass, to look through the little hole, then broke it, and examined each piece minutely. But a little girl of our party offered a piece to a monkey, who took it, tasted it, and did not like it; whereupon his fury knew no bounds: he seemed to think the child had intentionally insulted him, or had perhaps intended to poison him. He rushed at her, chattering, and trying to seize her

with those nimble fingers; shook the bars of the cage with impotent rage, and followed her all round the room vociferating angrily.

The Hottentots say that baboons can talk, only they will not, for fear they should be made to work; and there certainly is but little work to be got out of those cunning hands. Nevertheless, we read of some baboons who have been taught to do useful work. There was an obituary notice a year or more ago in all the Cape papers of one of these trained baboons, well known in the colony, who used to act as signman on the railway, in place of his master, who was lame. The story was doubted by the English papers, who copied it; but we have met with many people who had seen the animal at his work.

Mrs Carey Hobson, too, in one of her pleasant little 'South African Stories,' tells of a baboon who had come under her own notice, who had been taught to ride after a Dutch Boer as groom, and to dismount and hold the horse by sitting on the bridle when his master went into a house; and we have seen a troupe of monkeys of various kinds taught to do a great many curious tricks; but in these, again, they have been rivalled by dogs.

The monkeys we see in the streets are not usually interesting specimens; they jump about, crack nuts, and amuse children, and thus draw coppers from the pockets of mamma and nurses; but sometimes they show some originality. We were greatly interested, one day lately, by watching one of them. It was quite a small monkey, evidently young, and very active. Some one had given him a paper-bag; this he investigated minutely, picked out every crumb carefully, then tried to put it on his head as a cap; but suddenly an idea came to him. At a little distance there was a fox terrier barking at him; so Jacko thought he would try to frighten him. Seizing the paper-bag in his teeth so as to hide his face, he crept towards the dog on all-fours, and then jumped at him. The success of the manœuvre was complete; the dog turned, and ran away down an area with his tail between his

legs. Then the monkey skipped with delight, and proceeded to try the same experiment upon a cat, who lay basking on a window ledge. Climbing the area rails, he jumped most skillfully on the hindlegs (or hands!) over the spikes till he came opposite the cat, and sat down before her, still holding the paper-bag between his teeth. But the cat was not so easily frightened; she only made a hasty movement forwards and crouched, ready to spring. So the monkey sat still, apparently indifferent, put the paper-bag on his head, and tried to tempt the cat by swinging his tail in front of her, evidently prepared for a bit of fun; but the master not wishing to encourage a squabble, pulled the string, and made him return to his perch upon the organ. There was certainly originality in that monkey, as well as the usual love of mischief, notwithstanding the air of repression which must inevitably surround these little ministers to the poor organ-man's pocket. Apropos of which, we were told of one monkey who sought for a penny which had fallen unobserved, held it up to show the donor, whom he discriminated among many spectators, that he had found it, and then climbed up and put it in his master's pocket.

We have often wondered whether these street monkeys are kindly treated; but an incident we witnessed would seem to show that they are often petted and cared for almost like children. An Italian woman had a monkey and an organ, in the front of which was the monkey's bed. The little creature being tired, began to pull aside the covering, which the woman perceiving, immediately left off her organ-grinding, opened the bed carefully, and then placed the monkey in it as tenderly as though it had been a baby, fondling it and kissing it as she laid its head upon the pillow; and the way in which it received the caresses, and then shut its eyes and went off to sleep contentedly, was absurdly human.

Whatever may be the intelligence of tame or domesticated monkeys and baboons, the measure of their capacity must be judged by their actions in a state of nature. It has often been said that baboons will sit and warm themselves at a fire, but cannot be taught to put on a stick to keep it alight. Emin Pasha, however, declares he has seen them carrying torches; but most people think he must have mistaken the dwarf aborigines for baboons. The following account, however, given by an eye-witness, shows a wonderful amount of intelligent cunning in a wild baboon, even to the point of counting to a small extent.

As is well known, baboons always have a leader, whom they obey implicitly. A troop of baboons, led by an old male of great size, had for a long time done much mischief in a certain mountainous district of Cape Colony, so it was determined to shoot the leader. It was easy to resolve, but not so easy to do; for at the most distant sight of a man with a gun, the whole troop would vanish; whilst for unarmed men they cared nothing. The leader would march down the mountain defiantly, with a large bough in his hand, which he used as a stick, followed by the whole tribe, and commit terrible

depredations in gardens and vineyards, destroying much more than they ate, but always keeping at a respectful distance from anything like an ambush. At last the farmers round determined to build a wall in a vineyard, and shoot the enemy from behind it. The wall was built, the baboons watching the operation from a safe distance, and coming down when the workmen were gone, to examine it minutely. It seemed also as though they were in the habit of counting; for if, by way of experiment, one man remained behind, no baboon ever put in an appearance. But at last man, the tyrant, contrived by superior cunning to outwit the baboon, who had certainly shown himself to be no ignoble foe. By introducing behind the sheltering wall an extra number of watchers, in batches of two or three at a time, with carefully-concealed guns, and then sending away the usual number, and repeating this manoeuvre several times, they succeeded in fairly puzzling the baboon, and were able to retain two armed men, until the leader, believing he had seen all his enemies safely off the premises, led his troop to raid as usual, and was shot dead; his followers rushing away helter-skelter in consternation, and carrying off the young to a place of safety.

It is not always, however, that monkeys and baboons forsake a wounded comrade. They will moan and weep over the dying in a manner so intensely human, that hunters used at one time to avoid shooting them, looking upon it as little short of murder. Especially is this the case when there are females with their young ones. If the mother be shot, the little one will cling about her, weeping like a human baby, will dip its hand in the blood and hold it up imploringly; whilst a wounded monkey will try to stanch the blood with its hand or with leaves, all the time crying and groaning in a way which is most distressing to a tender-hearted sportsman.

But of late, the depredations of baboons at the Cape among the lambs, which they catch and rip open in order to drink the milk found in the stomach, have hardened the hearts of the farmer against them; and he shoots them without compunction, especially as they now begin to eat the flesh of their victims, and seem likely, as in the case of the Kea parrot of New Zealand, to become true carnivora, instead of, as formerly, eaters of fruit and insects only.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER VIII.—GETTING ON.

It must be frankly confessed that Linnell took an unconscionably long time in painting in the figure of that bewitching Arab girl in the foreground of his graceful Algerian picture. He arranged and rearranged the drapery and the pose till Psyche herself was fairly astonished at the exacting requirements of high art. Perhaps he had reasons of his own for being in no hurry over his self-imposed task: at any rate, he loitered lovingly over every touch and every detail, and filled in the minutest points of the flesh-tints with even more than his customary conscientious minuteness. Psyche, too, for her part, seemed to like very well her novel trade

of artist's model. 'Are you tired yet?' Linnell asked her more than once, as they sat in the gloom of the bare little dining-room at the Wren's Nest together; and Psyche answered always with a smile of half-childish surprise: 'Oh dear, no, Mr Linnell; not the least in the world. I could sit like this and be painted for ever.'

To say the truth, she had never before known she was so beautiful. Linnell could idealise female heads against any man; and Psyche's pretty head came out on his canvas so glorified by the halo of first love that she hardly recognised her own counterfeited presentment. 'Do you always take so much pains with your sitters?' she asked once, as the painter paused and regarded attentively some shade of expression on her lips and eyebrows. And Linnell smiled a broad smile as he answered truthfully: 'Not unless I think my sitter very well worth it.'

'And in the East, who do you get to sit for you?' Psyche asked, looking up at him with those big liquid eyes of hers.

'Nobody so well worth painting as you,' the artist answered with a faint touch of his brush on the eye in the picture—he had just managed to catch the very light he wanted in it. 'Dancing-girls mostly, who sit for money, or Nubians sometimes, who don't veil their features. But in Lower Egypt and in Algiers, of course, you can't get most of the respectable women to show you their faces at all for love or money.'

Psyche hesitated for a moment; then she said timidly: 'Nobody has ever painted Papa. Don't you think some day there ought to be a portrait of him?'

Linnell started. 'Do you mean to say,' he cried, with a fresh burst of surprise, 'there's no portrait of him at all anywhere in existence?'

'Not even a photograph,' Psyche answered with a faint shake of her pretty head. 'He won't be taken. He doesn't like it. He says a world that won't read his books can't be very anxious to look at his outer features. But I think there ought to be a portrait painted of him somewhere, for all that. I look to the future. In after-ages, surely, people will like to know what so great a man as Papa looked like.'

'Then you have no fear for his fame?' Linnell asked, half smiling.

'None at all,' Psyche answered with quiet dignity. 'Of course, Mr Linnell, I don't pretend to understand his philosophy and all that sort of thing; but I don't think I should be worthy to be my father's daughter if I didn't see that, in spite of the world's neglect and want of appreciation, a man with so grand a character as Papa must let his soul go out in books which can never be forgotten.'

'I don't think you would,' Linnell murmured very low. 'And one of the things I like best about you, Psyche, is that you appreciate your father so thoroughly. It shows, as you say, you're not unworthy to be so great a man's daughter.'

He had never called her Psyche before, but he called her so now quite simply and unaffectedly; and Psyche, though it brought the warm blood tingling into her cheek, took no overt notice of the bold breach of conventional etiquette. She preferred that Linnell should call her so, unasked,

rather than formally ask for leave to use the more familiar form in addressing her.

'Papa would make a splendid portrait, too,' she said wistfully after a moment's pause.

'He would,' Linnell assented. 'I never in my life saw a nobler head. If only somebody could be got somewhere who was good enough to do it.'

'Wouldn't you care to try?' Psyche asked with an outburst.

Linnell hesitated. 'It isn't my line,' he said. 'I can manage grace and delicate beauty, I know, but not that rugged masculine grandeur. I'm afraid I should fail to do my sitter justice.'

'Oh, I don't think so at all,' Psyche cried with some warmth. 'You appreciate Papa. You admire him. You understand him. You recognise the meaning of the lines in his face. I think, myself, nobody could do it as well as you could. And she looked up at him almost pleadingly.

'You really mean it?' Linnell exclaimed, brightening up. She was but an inexperienced country girl, yet her opinion of his art gave him more profound self-confidence than Sydney Colvins or Conynas Carr's could possibly have done. He needed encouragement and the frank note of youthful certainty. No art critic so cocksure as a girl in her teens. 'If you think I could do it,' he went on after a pause, still working hard at the light in the left eye, 'I should be proud to try my inexperienced hand at it. I should go down to posterity, in that case, if for nothing else, at least as the painter of the only genuine and authentic portrait of Haviland Dumaresq.'

'You share my enthusiasm,' Psyche said with a smile.

'I do,' the painter answered, looking over at her intently. 'And indeed, I can sympathise with your enthusiasm doubly. In the first place, I admire your father immensely; and in the second place—he paused for a moment, then he added reverently—'I had a mother myself once. Nothing that anybody could ever have said would have seemed to me too much to say about my dear mother.'

'Did you ever paint her?' Psyche asked, with a quietly sympathetic tinge in her voice.

Linnell shook his head. 'Oh no,' he said.

'She died before I was old enough to paint at all.—But,' he added after a pause, in his most hesitating tone, 'I've a little miniature of her here, if you'd like to see it.'

'I should like it very much,' Psyche said softly. 'Nothings! nothings! yet oh, how full of meaning when sweet seventeen says them, with pursed-up lips and blushing cheeks, to admiring thirty.'

The painter put his hand inside the breast of his coat and drew out a miniature in a small gold frame, hung round his neck by a black silk ribbon. He handed it to Psyche. The girl gazed close at it, long and hard. It was the portrait of a graceful, gracious, gentle old lady, her smooth white hair surmounted by a dainty lace head-dress, and her soft eyes, so like Linnell's own, instinct with a kindly care and sweetness. Yet there was power, too, rare intellectual power in the ample dome of that tall white forehead; and strength of will, most unlike her son's, stood confessed in the firm chin and the marked contour of the old lady's cheeks. It must surely have

been from 'Charlie'—that scapegrace 'Charlie'—that Linnell inherited the weaker half of his nature: in the mother's traits, as set forth by the miniature, there showed no passing line of mental or moral weakness.

'She must have been a very great lady indeed,' Psyche cried, looking close at it.

'Oh no; not at all. She was only a singer—a public singer,' Linnell answered truthfully. 'But she sung as I never heard any other woman sing in all my days; and she lived a life of pure unselfishness.'

'Tell me about her,' Psyche said simply.

Her pretty sympathy touched the painter's sensitive nature to the core. His eyes brimmed full, and his hand trembled on the lashes of the face in the picture, but he pretended to go on with it still unabashed. 'I can't tell you much,' he said, trying hard to conceal his emotion from his sifter, 'but I can tell you a little. She was a grand soul. I owe to her whatever there may be of good, if any, within me.'

'An American, I suppose?' Psyche went on musingly, as she read the name and date in the corner, 'Boston, 1870.'

'No, not an American: thank Heaven, not that: a Devonshire girl: true Briton to the bone. She was proud of Devonshire, and she loved it always. But she went away to America with my father of her own accord in her effort to redress a great wrong—a great wrong my father had unwittingly been forced, by the cruelty and treachery of others, into inflicting unawares on an innocent woman—a woman who hated her, and for whom she would willingly have sacrificed everything. I can't tell you the whole story—at least not now. —Perhaps!— And he paused. Then he added more slowly: 'No, no, no, never. But I can tell you this much in general terms: my father had been deceived by his father—a wicked old man, my mother said, and my mother was a woman to be believed implicitly—my father had been deceived by a terrible lie into inflicting this cruel and irreparable wrong upon that other woman and a helpless child of hers. My mother, who already had suffered bitterly at his hands—for my father was a very weak man, though kind and well-meaning—my mother found it out, and determined to make what reparation was possible to her for that irretrievable evil. She never thought of herself. She never even vindicated her own position. She stole away to America, and was as if she were dead: there, she toiled and slaved, and built up a livelihood for us in a strange way, and wished that half of all she had earned should belong in the end to that other woman and her innocent child—the woman that hated her. Through good report and evil report she worked on still: she kept my father straight, as no other woman could ever have kept him; she brought me up tenderly and well; and when she died she left it to me as a sacred legacy to undo as far as in me lay the evil my grandfather and father had wrought between them—one by his wickedness, the other by his weakness. I don't suppose you can understand altogether what I mean; but I daresay you can understand enough to know why I loved and revered and adored my mother.'

'I can understand all, I think,' Psyche murmured low, 'and I don't know why I should be

afraid to say so.' With any other woman, the avowal might have sounded unwomanly: with Psyche, girl round in her perfect innocence, it sounded both the natural and simple voice of human sympathy.

Events take their colour from the mind that sees them. There are no such things as facts: there are only impressions. The story old Admiral Rolt had bluntly blurted out at the Senior United Service to General Maitland was the self-same story that Linnell, in his delicate obscure half-hints, had faintly shadowed forth that day to Psyche; only the mode of regarding the events differed. Between the two, each mind must make its own choice for itself. To the pure all things are pure; and to Admiral Rolt the singer of beautiful songs and the mother that Linnell so loved and revered envisaged herself only as a common music-hall ballet-girl. How far the scene at the Denary and the Irish brogue were embellishments of the Admiral's own fertile genius, nobody now living could probably say. On the Admiral's tongue, no story lost for want of amplification. Perhaps the truth lay somewhere between the two extremes; but Linnell's was at least the nobler version, and bespoke the nobler mind at the back of it.

They paused for a moment or two in utter silence. Then Linnell spoke again. 'Why do I make you the confidante of this little family episode?' he asked dreamily.

'I suppose,' Psyche answered, looking up at him with something of her father's bold open look, 'because you knew you were sure of finding friendly sympathy.'

Their eyes met, and then fell suddenly. A strange tremor ran through Linnell's nerves. Was this indeed in very truth that woman who could love him for his own soul, apart from filthy lucre and everything else of the earth, earthly?

He looked up again, and hasting to change the conversation, asked of a sudden: 'How can I get your father to sit for me, I wonder?'

He was afraid to trust his own heart any further.

Psyche's eyes came back from infinity with a start. 'Oh, he'd never sit,' she cried. 'You can't do it that way. We must make up some plan to let you see him while you pretend to be painting something else, and he doesn't suspect it. You must get your studies for it while he knows nothing about it.'

'He might come in here while I paint you,' Linnell suggested with faint indecision, 'and then I could put one canvas behind another.'

A slight cloud came over Psyche's brow. It was so much nicer to be painted tête-à-tête with only an occasional discreet irruption from Geraldine Maitland, who sat for the most part reading French novels on the tiny grass plot outside the open window. 'I think,' she said, after a slight pause, 'we might manage to concoct some better plot with Geraldine.'

There's nothing on earth to bind two young people together at a critical stage like concocting a plot. Before that surreptitious portrait of Geraldine Dunne was half finished—the old man being engaged in conversation outside by Geraldine, while Linnell within caught his features rapidly—the painter and Psyche felt quite at home with one another, and Psyche herself,

though not prone to love affairs, began almost to suspect that Mr Linnell must really and truly be thinking of proposing to her. And if he did —well, Psyche had her own ideas about her answer.

FLAG-SIGNALS AT SEA.

SIGNALLING at sea is a subject of great importance to every maritime nation, and of peculiar interest to the dwellers in our sea-girt isles. British merchant-ships are the principal ocean-carriers to the wide world. The red ensign of our mercantile marine and the St George's cross of the royal navy may be met with wherever it is possible for a ship to penetrate. We all scan eagerly the shipping news in the columns of our daily paper when friends are on their way to woo fickle fortune at the antipodes, on India's sunny shores, among the orange groves of malarial Florida, or in the fertile fields of Manitoba. The good ship bearing our loved ones sights another, under press of canvas, hurrying homeward across the trackless expanse of waters which joins the nations it divides. The passengers seeking new lands hasten on deck to gaze with mingled feelings at the strange ship heading for the land they love, but have been compelled to leave by sheer stress of numbers. It almost seems a second parting, and opens once again old wounds that time, the great healer, has not yet completely cured. Will they ever see the old homestead or the spires of their native town again? Would that she might heave-to for letters! This the stranger certainly will not do, as she is making the best of her fair wind, which may fail at any moment.

Nautical men, however, have conferred a lasting benefit upon their descendants by providing for such a contingency. Soon the curious passengers observe signals made from ship to ship by means of displays of various combinations of coloured flags of different shapes, which flutter in the breeze, and give the ships quite a holiday appearance; whereas previously they were as gloomy as a hearse, with not a glint of colour about their upper works. The signals are as unintelligible as unicorn characters to the land-folk who are without the key. Information conveyed in this way is of universal application. If the homeward-bounder had been a foreigner, the signals would have been as readily understood. Each captain may perchance be utterly ignorant of the other's language. If they were on shore, conversation would only be possible through the medium of an interpreter, who would be master of the situation. English and French captains are seldom able to converse in any language but their own; Scandinavians and Germans are often polyglots. All barriers of race and tongue are swept away by the symbolic system of intercommunication. How is this? The answer is simple. Every ship is supplied with a key, or signal-book, containing the meaning of each signal arranged in dictionary form. These keys are printed in the language of the nation to which the respective ships belong. As we shall explain below, similar flags, bearing the names of the consonants, are used by all nations; and a signal-book of one nation is a translation in duplicate of that of another. Hence each captain speaks in

his own tongue by the flags; and the signal-book affords a direct translation.

The two ships proceed upon their opposite courses, and are soon hidden each from the other beneath the line of sea and sky by the intervening hill of waters. But this interchange of signals, or speaking at sea as it is otherwise termed, bears fruit. In a little while the homeward-bound vessel arrives at her destination; thereupon, her master sends a report to the *London Shipping Gazette* or to the *Liverpool Journal of Commerce*, and it soon filters into the dailies. Hearts at home are made more restful when anxious ones read that the barque *Glencora*, bound from London to New Zealand, was spoken by the screw steamer *Taiwui* in four degrees north twenty-eight degrees west. All well! This is especially welcome intelligence, when it is known that soon after she set sail a cruel cyclone crossed the Bay of Biscay just about the time when she was in those latitudes.

This is looking at the benefits of signalling from the point of view of passengers and their friends. How does it affect the mariners who man the merchant fleets of all nations? Dr Johnson has cynically defined a ship as a prison, with a chance thrown in of being drowned. We are not altogether of his opinion, but rather agree with the old sailor who gave up shore-service in disgust with its sameness. Some seamen, however, experience a certain sense of solitary confinement while making a long passage in a sailing-ship, be she ever so well built, manned, and provisioned. Charles Reade, in one of his realistic novels, has shown that deprivation of communication with our fellows is the curse of the solitary system. It is somewhat similar at sea. Our yarns become frayed out by spinning, our songs become monotonous, and the tame tournaments instituted for the amusement of the passengers fail to charm us. Even the excitement of a man overboard would be some relief from the daily routine. Gladly we avail ourselves of the presence of a strange ship to indulge in the mild dissipation of a friendly chat, by the aid of our deaf-and-dumb alphabet, where flags are substituted for fingers. What is her name? Where is she from? Whither bound? How many days out? When did she lose the trade-wind? All these and many more interrogatories may be administered to the stranger some three miles distant. Her duly deciphered answers form the theme of conversation for hours. She takes her turn at asking questions; and, like *Oliver Twist*, is not afraid to ask for more. Distance puts an end to the palaver; ensigns are lowered as the symbol of farewell; and we are once more alone, with nought in sight save sea and sky.

The total number of questions and answers which can be hoisted depends entirely upon the speed with which ships are separating, and the readiness of the persons signalling to determine the flags and pick out their meaning in the signal-book. It must be understood that wind is absolutely necessary to keep the flags spread out, as otherwise they would be indistinguishable. Talleyrand said that speech was given us to conceal our thoughts. This diplomatic dictum is untenable in the speaking of ships at sea. Occasionally, by accident, the signals get rather mixed. A short time ago, the harbour-master at Cape Town was

alarmed by the display of the two-flag signal NP at the mast-head of the screw steamer *Clan Gordon*. This, being interpreted, meant, 'Fire gains rapidly; take people off.' The steamer was partly laden with dynamite, so there was but little time to spare. He signalled her to heave up anchor, and hastened to her aid with a tug-boat. It was a *lapsus lingue* of the quartermaster, who had hoisted the flags. He had inverted their order. The hoist should have been PN, 'Want a steaming;' and no one was more surprised than he. Such a mistake would have been fatal in the following instance. Two ships were wending their way through the intricacies of the Torres Strait reefs. They were sailing in Indian file, the ship of lighter draught being ahead. She grazed a coral patch, could not stop, but quickly ran up KV, 'Starboard your helm.' Had she hoisted KK, her consort would have left her ribs to blench upon the coral patch.

Quickness of signalling is sometimes the saving of life. The *Padishah*, Captain W. J. Minns, was in company with the Glasgow ship *Jessie Readman*, on the 21st of August 1883, in the northern tropic. Suddenly the Glasgow vessel hoisted her ensign, union down, and the flags HM, 'Man overboard.' Captain Minns steered into her wake, sighted the man, lowered a boat, picked up the shivering seaman, and within forty minutes hoisted, 'Man picked up; send a boat.' Signalling and seamanship had rescued a fellow-creature from a watery grave. He had fallen from aloft while reefing topsails.

Signalling by means of coloured flags has been of very slow growth. Permutation of numbered flags as a method of giving and obtaining information at sea was introduced not quite a hundred years ago. Previously, each flag was used singly, and its signification varied with the position of the ship at which it was shown. The same flag if hoisted at the main would convey a meaning different from that intended when displayed at the fore, or even in the rigging. The gallant Kempenfelt in 1780 had advanced to the use of flag symbols in pairs, but after a plan of his own. This was in the good old days when long voyages were *de rigueur*. Then the first news received by our forefathers with respect to the condition and whereabouts of their absent argosies was when they saw them entering a home port. High-pressure life was the exception, and the latest information was not so essential to the conduct of big 'booms' or cotton 'corners.' Steam-power and electricity have much to answer for in this respect.

Speaking ships at sea by flag symbols, as at present carried out, is one of the peace triumphs of the Victorian half-century. The international code of signals, formulated by a Committee appointed by the Board of Trade in 1855, met with general favour, and ultimately superseded the many codes which were held in more or less esteem. Ships belonging to the same nation were often unable to converse owing to the fact that different codes were in use on board of them. The confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel was insignificant in comparison with that which hitherto had prevailed in transmitting messages at sea. Now, the ships of every maritime nation employ the same code. The Committee carefully considered such systems as had been from time to time

in use in both British and foreign shipping. They found that none of them fulfilled the more modern requirements of mariners, and drew up a code by adopting the best features of several. Our comprehensive, simple, and inexpensive code is the result of their labours. Eighteen flags of various shapes and colours were adopted as sufficient for all purposes of signalling at sea. They express the intended meaning by combining two, three, or four flags in different order. Each permutation of two or more flags forms a complete signal in itself, to which an arbitrary but invariable signification has been allotted in the signal-book. The eighteen flags give 306 permutations when hoisted two at a time, 4896 in hoists of three, and 73,440 in hoists of four at a time. Hence, altogether there are 78,642 different orders in which the eighteen flags can be arranged as distinct signals, without hoisting fewer than two, or more than four flags at one time! This number is sufficient for all practical purposes. The meaning of each signal is given in the signal-book immediately over against the letters represented by the flags hoisted.

The International Code consists of a swallow-tailed burgee, four triangular pennants, and thirteen square flags. Each of these flags bears the name of a consonant, merely to distinguish them for convenience of reference. Vowels were not used, for the curious but cogent reason that by introducing them every objectionable word composed of four letters in any language would appear in the code in the course of altering the arrangement of the letters of the alphabet. The burgee B is red. C, D, F are pennants: a red ball on white ground, a white ball on blue ground, and a white ball on red ground, respectively. G is a pennant with yellow inner and blue outer half. Square flags are: H, a red and a white stripe, both vertical; J, blue, white, and blue, horizontal stripes; K, a yellow and a blue stripe, both vertical; L, divided into two blue and two yellow checkers; M, blue with white diagonals; N, eight blue and eight white checkers; P, a white central square with blue border; Q, all yellow; R, red with yellow cross; S, blue central square with white border; T, a red, a white, and a blue stripe, all vertical; V, white with red diagonals; W, red central square bordered by white, and that again by blue. An extra answering pennant of five vertical stripes, alternately red and white, is also used. With the above explanation, it would be easy for any of our readers to construct drawings of the flags for themselves.

A few examples selected from actual work will explain more clearly the method of using flag signals. The International Code is supplied to lightships, lighthouses, and signal stations along the coasts of civilised countries and their dependencies. Perim Light Station, at the entrance to the Red Sea, is a sequestered spot, and the keeper, conversant with flag language, is glad to communicate with passing ships. We remember a large steamship passing, and her master observed three successive signals made by the light-keeper: FDKN (When shall I) QCP (be) DQLW (relieved)? The tired watcher must have been disappointed on seeing the ship run up RWQ (Unknown). Once when homeward-bound from the East Indies, we had signalled and left astern another sailing-ship. Shortly afterwards our maintopsail yard broke;

sail was shortened, and our friend soon overhauled us. BQH (Has any accident happened?) quickly fluttered at his mizen peak. We replied by JLV (Maintopsail yard) JKR (gone in the slings); and her master was almost as wise as we were. Then he favoured us with HVF (Do you require assistance?) and BQG (Shall we keep company?), both of which were answered negatively. Then BPW (Do you wish to be reported?). Our captain's answer was PQG (Report me to my owners). Our ensigns again dipped farewell, and she was soon out of sight ahead. We were wroth to think that such a slow sailer had the advantage; but, strange to say, we arrived in the Downs first, and were thus able to report speaking her.

In signals made with two flags, the burgee uppermost represents Attention; thus, BD (What ship is that?). Pennant uppermost is compass signal; DB, east. Square flag uppermost points out danger; PT, Want a pilot.

In signals composed of four flags, the burgee uppermost is geographical; thus, BFQT, Edinburgh. Pennant uppermost is used in spelling a name or a word of which there is a doubt. Thus, to spell 'Chambers's' would involve four hoists: CBKG (Ch), CBDW (am), CBGS (be), CFJW (rs). This is rather a tedious operation, owing to the fact of the absence of vowels, as explained above. Square flag uppermost is ship's name, JSHG, *Talisma* of Glasgow.

Three-flag signals express latitude, longitude, time, and all ordinary communications, of which we have given several selections.

Signal flags can only be depended upon when their colours can be made out, and a code for such an emergency is given at the end of the signal-book. The mercantile marine has no such historical signal as that which Nelson hoisted on board the *Victory* at Trafalgar; but we have confined our illustrations to our merchant-ship signals, in the belief that peace has victories also.

THE RING AND THE BIRD.

CHAPTER II.

THE effect of the parrot's query was startling. Colonel Farrer started up in such haste that his chair fell clattering to the ground, and with such a pallor overspreading his ruddy countenance that all of us with one accord stood up too, and cried out, 'What's the matter?'

'What did that brute mean?' gasped the Colonel. 'What does it know about Ram Asoka? I didn't want to kill the old fool, if only he had been sensible, and not made such a confounded fuss about his heathen temple. It was a judicial execution; it was necessary to the peace of the district. I didn't want to do it, if Ram Asoka hadn't brought it on himself.'

'Perhaps, Colonel,' said I, 'it would be a good thing if Polly were to give us his version of the affair.'

From white the Colonel's aspect changed to yellow. 'Sh! What? What do you mean?' he exclaimed. 'Are you jesting? It's no joke, I tell you. The native papers, confound them, said—and they pay too much attention to native opinion nowadays. And— Will no one stop that abominable bird!'

For the parrot was so delighted with his *coup* that he had burst into a shriek of wild laughter, in which I seemed to detect a tone of mocking triumph.

'Agatha, do take the bird away,' said Mrs Gretton; and Polly was taken down-stairs and immured in his cage, still laughing in that grim and fiendish fashion.

'But now, Colonel,' said Mrs Gretton when the hubbub had ceased, 'do tell us all about Ram Asoka.'

I could see that the subject did not please the Colonel; but as a matter of fact he had not the courage to refuse to speak on it. His story was so incoherent, so full of explanations and excuses, that—taken in conjunction with subsequent events—it roused in me a curiosity to read the accounts of the affair which were given in those native papers the Colonel so disliked. From their statements it appeared that Colonel Farrer had been sent to investigate a quarrel between the Buddhist and Mohammedan residents in an out-of-the-way village. The Mohammedans wanted to draw water from a well which the Buddhists regarded as sacred to their god; and religious feeling had been somewhat strained. The Colonel's instructions were to declare the well public property, and he was provided with soldiers, who were ordered to see that the Mussulmans were not interfered with when they approached the spring. The matter might easily have been settled on the basis of a compromise suggested by Ram Asoka, the Buddhist priest, who only asked the Mohammedans to avoid the well till the water necessary for the use of the temple had been drawn each day. This arrangement had been all but completed when the Colonel arrived; but instead of giving his assent to it, he chose to take up the Mohammedan cause with quite unnecessary zeal, moved chiefly, it was said, by a desire to sack the Buddhist temple, which contained, among other more modest treasures, a large and valuable ruby, traditionally supposed to have fallen from heaven at the feet of the chief idol in the place. The Colonel and his men entered the temple, destroyed the idols, and killed Ram Asoka on the steps of his desecrated altar; after which the Colonel stooped and took from the priest's dead hand the priceless ruby he had vainly tried to save. It is more than possible that the native papers exaggerated Colonel Farrer's guilt; but it is certain that the odium he incurred on this expedition made his resignation advisable; and it did look rather bad that after his motives for appropriating it had been so sharply impugned, he should have retained and set in a ring the stone he had taken from Ram Asoka.

I need hardly say that the story as told by the Colonel differed in many points from this which I have set down; but his frequently-repeated statement that Ram Asoka brought his death upon himself, his loud declarations that he had a right to keep the ring, were calculated to rouse in any mind not deeply biased in his favour—in mine, for example—a firm conviction that the annexation of the ruby and the execution of its protector could not be justified on any strict reading of the principles of either law or honour. True it was that Mrs Gretton said 'Of course,' and 'Yes, indeed, dear Colonel Farrer,' at every

pause in her guest's narrative; and that Louisa gave it as her opinion that it was better the stone should be on the Colonel's hand than hidden in an Indian village where no one could see it. But Agatha and I were silent.

'What do you think of the new-comer?' I asked my sweetheart in the few precious minutes that Mrs Gretton allowed us each evening to say good-night.

'He's a murderous old wretch,' she replied with great promptitude. 'He killed that poor old priest just in order to steal the ruby; I'm sure of it. But—how is it that Frank, how is it that Polly knows so much about the affair?'

'I don't know. That's the queerest thing about the matter. The Colonel hadn't mentioned Ram Asoka when Polly bawled out his very pertinent inquiry. If—if one did believe in the transmigration of souls and the repetition of the Balaam miracle! But modern Buddhism is sheer humbug. Still, it's funny.'

No doubt I ought to have passed the night awake, musing on the problem of the parrot. But I didn't; I slept uncommonly well. I think that, speaking generally, one does not get up the proper emotional condition for any event till the event itself is past. Then we are full of retrospective admiration, awe, or fear; but at the moment did we feel at all? I think not. I doubt if we could do our work in even passable style if at the moment of action we stopped to think of its nature, or analysed how it might move our souls. Let me admit that I never felt anything to be momentous that ever happened to me, till long after it was over.

I slept sound and late. When I entered the dining-room next morning, Agatha, her aunt, and the Colonel were there, but had not begun breakfast. Agatha and Mrs Gretton were talking aside. As I came in I heard the latter say, 'Well, you can't do anything.' At the same time she handed to Agatha a letter she had been reading, and Agatha hurriedly thrust it into her pocket.

'What is the matter?' I asked, seeing that my sweetheart looked troubled.

'Oh, nothing!' she answered; but she left the room, and Mrs Gretton hastened after her.

I felt annoyed that Agatha should not have confided her vexation, whatever it was, to me; and I wanted to have my annoyance out on somebody. The Colonel was handy.

'That was an interesting story you told us last night, Colonel,' I began. 'It was queer, though, that the parrot should have known so much about it.'

'The parrot! It knew nothing,' said the Colonel, and I could see he was testy.

'It knew the name of Ram Asoka, which was strange to us all. I rather think we have to thank Polly for the narration of that interesting incident of frontier administration.'

The Colonel grunted.

'We're all rather fond of the bird,' I went on, ostentatiously caressing the parrot, who was standing at the open door of his cage; 'but you don't seem to appreciate his familiarity with your adventures.'

'Oh! I don't mind. It—it's rather amusing to have a parrot echoing all you say.'

Polly had echoed nothing, he had taken the

initiative in mentioning our guest's doings; but that was how the Colonel chose to put it.

To show his liking for the parrot's smartness, he came up to the cage and stretched out his hand to caress it, as I had been doing. But Polly did not take the courtesy as it was meant; he turned his head and made a vicious dab at the Colonel's hand—at the finger on which he wore the ring. He managed to bite it pretty smartly too; and the Colonel darted back, uttering many imprecations, to which the parrot replied with equal volubility.

Mrs Gretton and Louisa entered upon this scene, and on learning what had happened, bustled about for bandages and water for the wounded hand. The precious ring, which was fretting the cut Polly had made, was taken off and laid on the mantel-piece; the finger was tenderly bound up; and Mrs Gretton herself shut up the parrot in his cage with the assurance that he was 'a naughty, wicked Polly.'

'Who killed Ram Asoka?' he shrieked defiantly in reply, and even now the Colonel started at the words. 'I think a fiend is in that bird,' he cried.

'I think Ram Asoka is,' I answered. Then I asked for Agatha.

'She has a bad headache. She won't be down to breakfast.'

'Why didn't she tell me that her head ached?'

'Oh! don't bother, Mr Laurence; a headache isn't a deadly malady.—Tea or coffee, Colonel?'

I was shut up; but I was cross and bewildered. Agatha might have told me of her headache; even a very bad headache doesn't make a girl rush out of the room with tears in her eyes and without saying a word to her lover. I hurried through with my breakfast. Before I had finished, I heard the front door close quietly; and looking out, imagined I saw Agatha's figure passing the window. Mrs Gretton and Louisa exchanged a glance of intelligence.

'Is that Agatha gone out?' I asked.

'Very likely. The air would do her head good.'

I hurried from the room, neglecting the parrot's plaintive cry, 'Let out Ram Asoka,' and tried to follow her. But before I could overtake her—she was running at a pace that was not good for headaches—she was lost in the bustle of Southampton Row, and I had to betake myself to my office unsatisfied.

I don't think I did much work that day. I know that I was abominably cross, that I bullied my clerk, blotted my letters, and cursed my pens, and even came near to quarrelling with one of my rare clients, who wanted to have an unimportant change made in a house I had designed for him. I wasted my time so well that when at last I controlled my irritation and attended to some matters that could not be delayed, I had to remain at the office till much beyond my usual hour. I got home just about dinner-time, and found the household in the greatest confusion.

'Oh! Mr Laurence!—Mrs Gretton began, rushing out upon me in the hall.

'Where's Agatha?' I interrupted.

'Agatha! She's out. But I wanted'—

'Has she been out all day?'

'No. She came home for lunch, and went out afterwards, just as usual. She'll be in to

dinner.—But, Mr Laurence, the Colonel's ring—his beautiful ruby ring—has disappeared.'

I almost ejaculated, 'What is that to me?' but restrained myself, and asked, 'What has become of it?'

'We don't know. It is terrible! To think of a man like Colonel Farrer, my poor dear husband's friend, being robbed in my house. Oh, what shall I do?' Mrs Grefton began to cry, and her distress pierced the thick crust of my egotism and annoyance.

'Tell me how it happened,' I asked. 'When was the ring missed?'

'Not half an hour ago; but it must have been gone for hours.'

'When did you notice it lost?'

'Just after luncheon. It had been lying on the mantel-piece, where I put it when I took it off the Colonel's hand, all the morning. I should have locked it away in some safe place, I know; but in the confusion I didn't think; and I knew Jane to be as honest as the day, though the Colonel declares he'll have her box examined, and she an orphan, and it'll be the ruin of her character.'

'How do you know the ring was on the mantel-piece after luncheon?' I asked judiciously, interrupting my landlady's wail.

'Because Louisa took it up and tried it on her finger—only she and Agatha and I were in—and said, "Isn't it lovely?" and Agatha answered, "Yes; I wonder how much money is shut up in that crystal, which almost looks like a great spot of blood?" I remember exactly what she said, because Polly—I can't think what has come to the bird these two days!—caught up her words and began screaming out, "Money! Blood! Blood-money, blood-money."'

'Polly has brains in his head,' I said with a laugh.

'Oh, Mr Laurence, don't speak like that. The poor Colonel, with his hand hurt and his ring gone! There Polly sat on top of his cage, flapping his wings, and crying out "Blood-money!" till he quite made me nervous, and I was glad to get out of the room.'

'And then?'

'Oh! that's all I know. I went down-stairs to help Jane, and Agatha and Louisa both went out; and when the Colonel, who had been at the War Office or somewhere, came home and remembered his ring, it wasn't to be seen anywhere.'

We had a very uncomfortable dinner that day—cold salmon, cold lamb, cold tart; the cold and stale remains of yesterday's feast, and a deeper coldness and depression weighing on those who ate it. The Colonel's loss did not trouble me; I did not love him well enough for that; but Agatha had not come home to dinner, and her vacant chair was a vexation to my eye. An electric discomfort filled the rest of the party. Mrs Grefton would fain have begun to cry; Louisa looked at her mother with furtive glances of warning and reproof; and poor Jane nearly dropped the Colonel's plate when she met the distrustful glare in his angry eye. Only the parrot, though imprisoned in his cage, kept up a wild hilarity, and laughed and chuckled like a bird possessed.

I left the party still in the dining-room, discussing the missing ring, and retired to a small

room at the back of the hall where I was free to smoke and sulk. Before long I heard a latchkey in the door, and guessed that it was Agatha coming in. I was going out to meet her, but Louisa was before me. She met her cousin in the hall: 'Oh Agatha,' she exclaimed, 'the ring is gone. What's to be done?'

Then Agatha answered in a voice I had never heard from her lips before, a dull despairing wail: 'I couldn't help it, Lou. Will needed the money to-day. I shall get my salary in a day or two, and I thought I could get the ring back then, and neither Frank nor anybody would know.'

Louisa started back with a shocked exclamation.

Agatha hurried towards the staircase; but as she reached it I caught her in my arms. 'My darling, what is the matter?' I exclaimed.

She wrenched herself free. 'I'll tell you to-morrow, Frank; let me alone for to-night.'

She hurried up-stairs; and while I stood hesitating about following her, I heard a confusion of exclamations in the dining-room, and Louisa's voice—did I wrong her in thinking it contained a tone of spiteful satisfaction?—saying, 'She admits it herself. It was for Will's sake Agatha stole the ring.'

SOME INDIAN WEIRD DOINGS.

ONE cannot live long among the natives of India without seeing and hearing things which, as Lord Dunsire would say, 'no fellow can understand.' I mean, things bordering on the preternatural, not to say the supernatural. I know that it is the fashion to pool-pool such things. But though one may do this at a distance of thousands of miles from the place where the things are seen, or are heard of from hundreds of eye-witnesses, yet, when one is on the spot itself, the facts stand out so incontestably, that one is forced to admit them, even while one cannot understand, much less explain them. People at a distance on hearing them recounted may talk glibly and superciliously of sleight-of-hand, optical delusion, deception of the senses, tricks of imagination, coincidences, collusion, and so forth. But I repeat that in India such things have occurred, under circumstances which render it absolutely impossible to attribute them, reasonably, to any such causes. Here are a few instances.

The first shall be the verification of a baby rajah's horoscope, which Colonel Meadows Taylor has told us was cast in his presence, and in the events of which he, as Political Resident, took some part. The horoscope was cast and calculated by a learned 'shastri'—the Hindu equivalent of a Doctor in Divinity—at the request of the old rajah, on the birth of his son and heir. The shastri hesitated at first to tell the result, but at length put his prognostications on paper and handed them to the rajah. After reading the paper and communicating its contents to Colonel Taylor, the rajah decided to destroy it. The secret thus remained known to only three—

the old rajah, Colonel Taylor, and the shastri. The last had foretold from the horoscope that the child just born would be cut off by a violent death at a particular age, childless. The old rajah died, and the lad mounted the throne, the shastri and the Colonel being left the sole depositaries of the terrible secret. The Mutiny broke out, and the young rajah, now approaching the dangerous age, took part in it. He escaped the dangers of the battlefield; and when the Mutiny was suppressed, the active interposition of Colonel Taylor saved him, on the plea of youth, from the more serious and probable danger of being hanged for treason. He was now just about the fatal age; and when the good Colonel had had his doom commuted to temporary detention under surveillance in a distant fortress, he thought all danger over. He spoke to the old shastri, and joked him about his prediction; but the old man shook his head, and said: 'What can resist fate?' Then touching his forehead, he said: 'It is written, and cannot be effaced'—alluding to the oriental notion that each one's fate is written by the finger of God on the frontal bone. He turned out a true prophet; for the young rajah, while on the way to the fortress, was accidentally killed by the discharge of his own gun. It was on the very day foretold by the shastri! Colonel Meadows Taylor was with him on the journey; and his veracity is above all suspicion. How explain this case? A singular coincidence, you will say. Very well. Here is another, where coincidence is out of court altogether.

Years ago I was present at a rare scene, while visiting a native gentleman of rank. He had just received the welcome news that he would at the distance of some months have another olive branch in his house. He sent at once for a fortune-teller; and the future was forecast in my presence. The man came—one of the class called 'Rammalls,' that is, fortune-tellers by means of dice or 'raml.' Their dice are peculiar. They consisted of a set of three; each one consisting, in its turn, of a number of cubical dice (I forget, at this distance of time, if they were six or seven) strung together on a slender metal rod. Each cube was made of brass, and had cabalistic figures on each of its four exposed surfaces. Through the other two surfaces the rod passed, and on it each cube—two of its sides almost touching the next two—revolved freely, and independently of the other cubes. The man having made his salaam, sat down, as desired, on the edge of the carpet, on which we were all seated.

'Do you know why I sent for you?' asked my friend. The Rammall made no reply; but producing his three long dice, or rather sets of dice, he handed them to my friend to cast. For this purpose, he laid them side by side in the open palm of his right hand, the fingers being slightly curved. With a gentle but quick motion, alternately advancing and retiring his

hand, he caused the dice to roll, now wristward, and now fingersward, on his hand. Shaking them thus for a few seconds—both the absolute and the relative positions of the cubes and their surfaces necessarily changing at each roll—he at length cast them on the carpet on which we were sitting. As he did this with some violence and to a little distance, the dice rolled a good deal before they came to a final rest. The fortune-teller gathered them up together, carefully avoiding any disarrangement of the order and position of the cubes or their surfaces. He placed the three sets of dice on the carpet before himself, and seemed, after carefully examining the cast of the dice, to go into deep thought and complicated calculations.

Let us see. There were, say, six cubes on each of the three slender rods, and each cube had four marked surfaces. There were therefore seventy-two surfaces, to combine in sets of six exposed surfaces on each rod; and these, again, with the positions of planets and other fortune-telling matters. The number, therefore, of the possible combinations (not permutations) is practically as limitless as are the eventualities of human life.

After a while, the Rammall said: 'You wish to consult me regarding your "House"—meaning, of course, my friend's wife. Both being Mohammedans, etiquette did not allow a more direct allusion to the lady. My friend, admitting that he had guessed rightly (and thus far it might easily have been a good guess and no more), again took up the proffered dice, and went with them into the private apartments of the house to get the lady's cast. A Mohammedan gentleman's wife is never shown to any of the opposite sex except the nearest relatives. The fortune-teller meanwhile took his 'tasbeeh' or rosary off his wrist, and began telling the names of God in Arabic on his beads. The lady having made a cast as her husband had done, he carefully brought back the dice undisturbed to the fortune-teller. The rosary was replaced round the wrist; and the Rammall examined the dice carefully. He produced and consulted a self-made almanac, the sun, moon, stars, and planets all coming in for their share of questioning. He took paper, pen, and ink, and made calculations. After about a quarter of an hour's work, he read out the results: (1) The lady would give birth to a child—(2) Who would be a daughter (not so welcome an addition to oriental families as a son)—(3) On a day which he named, and which was yet over seven months off. (4) The child would die within five months after its birth; and (5) she would be his last child; but why, he could not (or would not) tell, as in the ordinary course of nature my friend might expect several more.

The man was paid a sum of money, and went his way. Months passed. The child was born on the day foretold; proved to be a daughter; died a week after completing its fourth month of life; and my friend himself died within the year. All the five predictions were effectually fulfilled. Such a complicated series of verified coincidences or guesses would be as wonderful at least as the man's having somehow got the knowledge of the future.

Of a different kind is my next instance, which I shall give briefly, as it has been several times described—the strange case of suspended animation, under the Maharajah Runjeet Sing, the late tyrant of the Punjab. My first acquaintance with the narrative dates from my boyhood. About the time of the occurrence I heard it related by my father; and his authority was the well-known General Avitabile, Runjeet Sing's right-hand man, who was present at the facts. Those facts are, that a certain 'joghee' (Hindu anchorite), said to possess the power of suspending at will and resuming the animation of his body, was sent for by Runjeet Sing, and declining to obey, was brought by force into the tyrant's presence, and ordered to give, under pain of death, a practical proof of his supposed power. He submitted perforce. He was put by his disciples through certain processes, during which he became perfectly unconscious; the pulses ceased, his breath did not stain a polished mirror, and a European doctor who was present declared that the heart had ceased to beat. To all appearances, he was as dead as Queen Anne. In this state he was put into a carefully-made box, the lid was closed, and sealed with Runjeet Sing's own signet ring. The box was buried in a vault prepared in an open plot of ground under the royal windows at Lahore; and the place was guarded day and night by Runjeet's own guards under General Avitabile's own supervision. Sun and rain came and grass sprang up, grew and withered on the surface over the grave; and the sentries went their rounds; and the joghee's disciples and friends were all kept under careful surveillance, not to call it imprisonment. After forty days, in Runjeet Sing's own presence the vault was uncovered, and the box extracted from it with its seals intact. It was opened, and showed the joghee within precisely as he had been placed. He was taken out, dead still, to all appearance, but the body incorrupt. His disciples were now brought to manipulate the body in the manner which he had taught them, and which he had publicly explained before his burial. He revived, as he had said he would; and was soon in as perfect health as when he had suspended his life! He refused all gifts, and retired to his former retreat; but shortly afterwards he and his disciples disappeared. It was not safe for such a man to live in the jurisdiction of so inquisitive and arbitrary a ruler.

Runjeet Sing cared little for human life, which was his toy or plaything. No one who knows his historical character will for a moment admit that he would let himself be deceived or played upon in a matter on which he had set his heart. Each scene—the suspension of life, the burial, the disinterment, the reviving, took place in the tyrant's own presence, and before hundreds of spectators, in open daylight, and with every precaution that absolute despotic power could command. Runjeet cared little whether the man lived or died, so that his own curiosity was gratified. The guards under the palace windows commanded by Avitabile would be anxious solely to carry out Runjeet's Sing's wishes.

Will you say it is impossible? Remember Snee's fast, last spring. Do not some animals hibernate for months? Are not living toads found in solid stone hundreds of years after

their entombment? With the suspended animation of these toads in evidence, it will not do to set down the story as simply impossible. And it may be added that in India no one would think of calling in question the accuracy and truth of the narrative.

There are jugglers and jugglers, who perform the celebrated mango trick—the mango being a luscious Indian fruit, in perfection in July and August. The ordinary juggler causes a miserable mango tree, a stunted abortion, like a small branch, to grow out of a handful of earth from a seed deposited there before you, and covered with a sheet. And from this, in half an hour's time, he produces a mango more or less ripe, which you can eat, but which is evidently not fresh. Such performances are generally done so clumsily that ordinary observation will enable you to detect the sleight-of-hand practised. The real mango trick is quite a different affair. It was once performed in the veranda of my own house, in March, myself and three other incredulous and sharp-eyed persons witnessing the whole, seated in a little semicircle, at the centre of which was placed a large flower-pot, filled freshly with earth out of our own garden. The juggler mixed something with the earth, and in it planted a dry mango seed. He watered it, and covered it—placed about six feet from us—with a square sheet of long cloth. He and his only attendant then proceeded to perform, a few yards off, many other astonishing feats of jugglery, for the remainder of the audience, and we four confined our attention to the mango, determined that no deception should take place. We noticed the sheet gradually rising in the middle, as if pushed up from below with a stick. Higher and higher: it is now about eight inches above the flower-pot. The juggler approaches the sheet, and seizing two of its corners, without at all touching the pot, draws off the sheet carefully right under our eyes. There is the young shoot of a mango plant, with its stiff stem, and four little glistening leaves—apparently about a week old. He recasts the sheet over pot and plant, and we see that he touches neither. He returns to his performances, and we continue our watch. Higher it rises and higher—it is now about two feet high, and the sheet shows a rounded dome-like shape. Again he removes the sheet; and behold a young plant, like a two-year-old mango tree—a real though dwarf tree. He again covers it, and we continue our watch. Higher it rises and higher. When about four feet high, he again uncovers the mystery, and shows a mango tree with two small green fruitings on it. When next uncovered, it has two fine ripe mangoes. Now touching it for the first time, he plucks and hands us the mangoes, which we cut and eat, and find good and fresh as the best. The tree is then plucked up, handled and examined by us—a genuine dwarf tree—root, stem, bark, branches, leaves, all complete, as real as the mangoes we eat! Remember, four acute-eyed, incredulous, suspicious Europeans, watching the whole thing during the whole time (nearly an hour), and attending to nothing else; the performer an almost naked native, with only a loin-cloth on; the flower-pot right under our eyes, no one touching it during the whole time; in our own veranda, and in broad

daylight. All the stock objections of sleight-of-hand, optical delusion, &c., fail in this case, to my own certain knowledge; and others can vouch for its not being a very rare thing in India.

But how explain it? Are there hidden forces in Nature, of which some succeed in learning the secret, and utilise their knowledge to work what seems an impossibility or a wonder? Do not gardeners force early plants? Do not the Chinese grow miniature forest trees, showing every sign of premature but fully-developed old age in a dwarf body? Who can dignitise as to what is or is not impossible in nature?

From several quarters I heard of, but did not myself see, what does appear an impossible feat; this, therefore, I give on mere hearsay evidence. A juggler 'pitches' at a corner of a bazaar or wide street; and in the presence of a gaping crowd which speedily assembles to witness the 'tamasha' or fun, he takes out of his wallet a large ball of twine, and tying one end of it to a corner of the wallet, casts the ball up, skywards, with all his might. Up it goes, unwinding gradually—up and out of sight. It does not come back; it has unfolded itself on, into the blue sky, it seems. He orders his attendant—a small boy, possibly his own son, and about eight years of age—to 'go up.' The boy grasps the twine, and goes hand over hand, up, up, and out of sight. Remember, please, that Indian houses are low, and that it needs but little sense to see whether a ball of twine has been thrown in a common way on and over a neighbouring house, or has unaccountably gone up into the sky without coming down; whether a small boy has by means of this twine gone on to a house-top, or has disappeared into the heavens as unaccountably as the twine did.

After a number of ordinary tricks, the juggler declares he needs the boy's help, and looking upwards, calls him by name. A voice replies from a distance above, saying he will not come down. (Ventriloquism, you suggest. Very well; perhaps so: wait.) The man gets angry, says the boy must be punished; and taking a long knife between his teeth, he goes up the twine hand over hand, as the boy had done before, and apparently disappears in his turn into the sky. A scream is heard above. Then, to the horror of the spectators, drops of blood rain down; and then the child falls, dismembered, with his few clothes cut, and covered with blood. The man then slides down the twine, with the knife all bloody at his waist. He casts a sheet over the mangled remains of the child, and leisurely proceeds to wrap up into a ball the twine which comes down to him by degrees from the sky, as if there were a kite at the end of it. He puts his things into the wallet and then takes up the sheet. From under it, whole and intact, alive and grinning, rises up the identical small boy! There are no mangled remains, and no blood! On this I make only one remark: the thing itself seems really impossible, yet that does not prove that the performance is not actually done. The paradox may possibly find its resolution in the 'suggestive experiences' of hypnotism. A hypnotised patient sees and feels what his hypnotiser wishes him to see and feel. Is it possible to hypnotise

a whole crowd? If so, and the crowd thereupon proceeds to see what the juggler or hypnotiser desires them to see, a great many of the wonders of Indian magic would be thus explained.

A ROMANCE OF MIDDLE AGE.

By ETHEL IRELAND.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'SABRINA, I think I ought to tell you something that has been weighing on my mind for some time. If you will go into the garden, I will follow you presently.' And the speaker, Miss Elizabeth Power, slipped out of the room with unusual and, as her sister thought, most indecorous haste.

Miss Sabrina and Miss Elizabeth Power were old maiden ladies. I use the word 'old' to express an air of gentle antiquity which clung to them, telling not of old age, but of old ideas, old customs, and old courtesies.

Though Miss Sabrina was only fifty-three, and Miss Elizabeth but forty, both sisters seemed to belong to some past generation. They had no place among the hurrying men and women of the present day. Sunnysbank Cottage and the garden which surrounded it possessed an atmosphere of tranquillity that can only exist where peace and simplicity have their dwelling. It was truly 'an old garden' into which Miss Sabrina walked that evening with slow and dignified steps, that expressed tacit disapproval of her sister's more hurried gait.

A hedge of honeysuckle flanked one side of the garden, and the other side was protected from the curious eyes of passers-by by a high ivy-clad wall. Miss Sabrina could remember the time when the trees that now stood higher than the house itself had been young saplings; but that was long ago. Dark-eyed pansies, old-fashioned stocks, pinks and poppies—these and other flowers filled the irregular beds; and daisies sprinkled the oblong plot of grass that lay in front of the porch.

The garden was situated on the side of a hill. Below it lay the village. Gray and peaceful it looked, nestling at the feet of the great hills that sloped down to it on every side, shutting it in from the world. Purple and gray they rose, one slope above another, till they were lost among the clouds. Only to the west they broke slightly, leaving an open space, through which glimmered the waters of the distant lake, Graymere. And the evening sun shone with a splendour of crimson and gold, filling the gap with its amber glory.

It was on a June evening that Miss Sabrina stood by the laburnum tree awaiting the coming of her sister. She had a peaceful face, straight-featured, and pale as ivory. Her gray hair was parted smoothly over a calm brow, and she wore a lace cap with mauve ribbons. As she stood with her hands folded in front of her,

an atmosphere of restfulness seemed to emanate from her whole personality—not the repose of one who has never struggled, but such peace as only comes after many a hard battle fought and won.

Ever since her parents' death and the marriage of her second sister, Miss Sabrina had lived with her sister Elizabeth, and never until that evening had there been the shadow of a concealment between the sisters. Miss Elizabeth's simple thoughts and wishes had been ever laid at her sister's feet in perfect confidence; and Miss Sabrina had been worthy of that trust. And now, to find that Elizabeth had been concealing something, and, from her manner, evidently something important, caused her a sharper pang than she would have cared to own. She stealthily brushed away a tear as she turned to meet her sister.

Demurely raising her black silk gown, Miss Elizabeth crossed the gravel path, and walked over with slow mincing steps to where her sister stood, thereby offering a silent apology for her recent undignified conduct. There was something charmingly incongruous about the little lady that it would be hard to account for, unless, perhaps, it was caused by the youthfulness of her face and the antiquity of her costume. Certainly the two side-curly of glossy brown hair looked out of place beside her fresh cheeks, and the sombre gown in its stern simplicity seemed unsuited to her slender figure. I have never seen girl or woman since with a more ingenuous countenance; and probably any girl in her teens nowadays knows more of the world than that dainty lady knew at forty. That night, Miss Elizabeth's eyes were a trifle cast down as she met her sister's glance of perplexed inquiry.

'What a beautiful evening it is—is it not, Sabrina?' she remarked, somewhat irrelevantly, as dark clouds were rising up around the sun. 'Shall we walk about, or would you rather sit down?'

'Thank you, sister. I prefer to be seated. I shall then be able to pay more attention to what you have to tell me,' answered Miss Sabrina, sternly bringing her sister to the point.

'Very well,' assented the other, with a little sigh. So together they walked to the summer-house, which stood in a shady corner, and in silence they seated themselves on two garden chairs.

'Well, Elizabeth?' said Miss Sabrina, in rather chilly tones, after a few moments' silence.

'Yes—yes, dear Sabrina—only, do not hurry me,' pleaded her sister nervously. 'You see, Sabrina, I really could not tell you before, for I might have been making a mistake, and that would have put me in a most distressing position; but to-day I really felt there was no longer any doubt of it, because he'— Then realising that she was talking rather incoherently, she stopped, and with a blush, turned to pick one of the white roses that had stolen in at the tiny lattice window. Fashes and comets were closely allied in the love confidences of this elderly maiden; but Miss Sabrina did not see anything amiss in her sister's words. Her nature was one in which lay much tenderness,

but it was concealed beneath a certain coldness of manner that a stranger might have shrunk from. But those who really knew her understood. It was in no winning tones that she begged her sister to be more explicit.

'Yes, Sabrina; I will try,' responded Miss Elizabeth obediently. 'Well, for some time I have fancied that Dr Meadows has'—

'Has what, Elizabeth?' inquired Sabrina sharply.

'Well, sister, has—been very kind to me.'

'Oh!—precise and prolonged.' 'He has also been very kind to me, Elizabeth; but I do not find that his kindness weighs on my mind.' She was determined that her sister should speak plainly, however hard she might find it.

'No, of course not,' and Miss Elizabeth laughed nervously. 'But, dear Sabrina, I fancy, in fact I may almost say I *know*, that his kindness to me is a little different. He is so remarkably kind. To-day, I was coming up from the village, and I met him just at the corner of Birtle Lane. He turned and walked up beside me, and actually persisted in carrying my basket, Sabrina.'

'How overpoweringly kind!' said Miss Sabrina sarcastically.—'Anything more?'

'Yes, yes. I am coming to it, if you will only give me a little time,' implored her sister. 'As I was saying, he carried my basket; and, Sabrina, he made me take his arm. I really was not sure whether it was proper in the daytime and all the neighbours about; but I could not refuse. When we got to the top of the hill, he asked me if I would go for a little stroll in the wood.—I was afraid you might not approve,' she added timidly, hearing a dissatisfied cough from Sabrina; 'but, you know, I could not say, "Thank you; I am afraid Sabrina might not like it," though it would have been quite true; so what could I do?'

Miss Sabrina vouchsafed no answer; so Miss Elizabeth hurried on. 'So, when we had been walking a little time, he said we would sit down for a little. If you remember, Sabrina—but I hardly think you will—I had pinned a pink in my brooch. Well, Dr Meadows asked me if I would give it to him. "Oh yes, Dr Meadows," I said, "if you care for it, but you know you have plenty of the same kind in your own garden."—

"Yes," he said; "but I should like this one particularly, Miss Elizabeth;" and really, Sabrina, he looked quite handsome, and you know he is and strictly good-looking. So I unpinned it and handed it to him; and—I am afraid it was dreadfully improper—but he held my hand and said, "Miss Elizabeth—Elizabeth!"'

'Was that all?' inquired Sabrina, still coldly.

'Yes, it was; because just then Mr and Mrs Birkett came into sight, and of course we got up; and as they were behind us all the way home, Dr Meadows had no chance of finishing what he was going to say.'

'Did Mr and Mrs Birkett walk so closely behind you that Dr Meadows could not continue his conversation?' said Sabrina, still determined not to see what her sister was driving at.

'No, no, Sabrina,' expostulated the little lady; 'but he could hardly say anything very confidential when they were looking on; and I really do think—tremulously—that he was going to say something very important.'

daylight. All the stock objections of sleight-of-hand, optical delusion, &c., fail in this case, to my own certain knowledge; and others can vouch for its not being a very rare thing in India.

But how explain it? Are there hidden forces in Nature, of which some succeed in learning the secret, and utilise their knowledge to work what seems an impossibility or a wonder? Do not gardeners force early plants? Do not the Chinese grow miniature forest trees, showing every sign of premature but fully-developed old age in a dwarf body? Who can dogmatise as to what is or is not impossible in nature?

From several quarters I heard of, but did not myself see, what does appear an impossible feat; this, therefore, I give on mere hearsay evidence. A juggler 'pitches' at a corner of a bazaar or wide street; and in the presence of a gaping crowd which speedily assembles to witness the 'tamasha' or fun, he takes out of his wallet a large ball of twine, and tying one end of it to a corner of the wallet, casts the ball up, skywards, with all his might. Up it goes, unwinding gradually—up and out of sight. It does not come back; it has unfolded itself on, into the blue sky, it seems. He orders his attendant—a small boy, possibly his own son, and about eight years of age—to 'go up.' The boy grasps the twine, and goes hand over hand, up, up, and out of sight. Remember, please, that Indian houses are low, and that it needs but little sense to see whether a ball of twine has been thrown in a common way on and over a neighbouring house, or has unaccountably gone up into the sky without coming down; whether a small boy has by means of this twine gone on to a house-top, or has disappeared into the heavens as unaccountably as the twine did.

After a number of ordinary tricks, the juggler declares he needs the boy's help, and looking upwards, calls him by name. A voice replies from a distance above, saying he will not come down. (Ventriloquism, you suggest. Very well; perhaps so: wait.) The man gets angry, says the boy must be punished; and taking a long knife between his teeth, he goes up the twine hand over hand, as the boy had done before, and apparently disappears in his turn into the sky. A scream is heard above. Then, to the horror of the spectators, drops of blood rain down; and then the child falls, dismembered, with his few clothes cut, and covered with blood. The man then slides down the twine, with the knife all bloody at his waist. He casts a sheet over the mangled remains of the child, and leisurely proceeds to wrap up into a ball the twine which comes down to him by degrees from the sky, as if there were a kite at the end of it. He puts his things into the wallet and then takes up the sheet. From under it, whole and intact, alive and grinning, rises up the identical small boy! There are no mangled remains, and no blood! On this I make only one remark: the thing itself seems really impossible, yet that does not prove that the performance is not actually done. The paradox may possibly find its resolution in the 'suggestive experiences' of hypnotism. A hypnotised patient sees and feels what his hypnotiser wishes him to see and feel. Is it possible to hypnotise

a whole crowd? If so, and the crowd thereupon proceeds to see what the juggler or hypnotiser desires them to see, a great many of the wonders of Indian magic would be thus explained.

A ROMANCE OF MIDDLE AGE.

By ETHEL IRELAND.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'SABRINA, I think I ought to tell you something that has been weighing on my mind for some time. If you will go into the garden, I will follow you presently.' And the speaker, Miss Elizabeth Power, slipped out of the room with unusual and, as her sister thought, most indecorous haste.

Miss Sabrina and Miss Elizabeth Power were old maiden ladies. I use the word 'old' to express an air of gentle antiquity which clung to them, telling not of old age, but of old ideas, old customs, and old courtesies.

Though Miss Sabrina was only fifty-three, and Miss Elizabeth but forty, both sisters seemed to belong to some past generation. They had no place among the hurrying men and women of the present day. Sunnybank Cottage and the garden which surrounded it possessed an atmosphere of tranquillity that can only exist where peace and simplicity have their dwelling. It was truly 'an old garden' into which Miss Sabrina walked that evening with slow and dignified steps, that expressed tacit disapproval of her sister's more hurried gait.

A hedge of honeysuckle flanked one side of the garden, and the other side was protected from the curious eyes of passers-by by a high ivy-clad wall. Miss Sabrina could remember the time when the trees that now stood higher than the house itself had been young saplings; but that was long ago. Dark-eyed pansies, old-fashioned stocks, pinks and poppies—these and other flowers filled the irregular beds; and daisies sprinkled the oblong plot of grass that lay in front of the porch.

The garden was situated on the side of a hill. Below it lay the village. Gray and peaceful it looked, nestling at the feet of the great hills that sloped down to it on every side, shutting it in from the world. Purple and gray they rose, one slope above another, till they were lost among the clouds. Only to the west they broke slightly, leaving an open space, through which glimmered the waters of the distant lake, Graymere. And the evening sun shone with a splendour of crimson and gold, filling the gap with its amber glory.

It was on a June evening that Miss Sabrina stood by the laburnum tree awaiting the coming of her sister. She had a peaceful face, straight-featured, and pale as ivory. Her gray hair was parted smoothly over a calm brow, and she wore a lace cap with mauve ribbons. As she stood with her hands folded in front of her,

an atmosphere of restfulness seemed to emanate from her whole personality—not the repose of one who has never struggled, but such peace as only comes after many a hard battle fought and won.

Ever since her parents' death and the marriage of her second sister, Miss Sabrina had lived with her sister Elizabeth, and never until that evening had there been the shadow of a concealment between the sisters. Miss Elizabeth's simple thoughts and wishes had been ever laid at her sister's feet in perfect confidence; and Miss Sabrina had been worthy of the trust. And now, to find that Elizabeth had been concealing something, and, from her manner, evidently something important, caused her a sharper pang than she would have cared to own. She stealthily brushed away a tear as she turned to meet her sister.

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'Did Mr and Mrs Birkett walk so closely behind you that Dr Meadows could not continue his conversation?' said Sabrina, still determined not to see what her sister was driving at.

'No, no, Sabrina,' expostulated the little lady; 'but he could hardly say anything very confidential when they were looking on; and I really do think—tremulously—"that he was going to say something very important."

'In fact, Elizabeth, you think that Dr Meadows was going to make you an offer of marriage?'

'Well, Sabrina, I really do.'

'Then let me tell you, Elizabeth,' said Miss Sabrina, rising from her chair and standing before her sister, 'I believe you to be entirely mistaken. In the first place, Dr Meadows has only been a widower for three years; further, he is a man of the world, and extremely rich—all of which facts make it improbable, nay, *impossible* that he should dream of marrying a comparatively poor old maid.' Miss Sabrina threw a cruel emphasis on the last three words, and Elizabeth cowered beneath the dread sentence.

Miss Power did not wish to be cruel; but she had known such dreams as Miss Elizabeth was now indulging in, and though they had seemed very near realisation, in the end they had proved but dreams, and the waking a dread nightmare. So, in speaking as she did, her true motive was to spare her sister further pain, for it was, as she said, very improbable that the rich doctor should think of a middle-aged lady, old-fashioned and simple, when he had every chance of winning a young and beautiful bride, had he the mind to do so. Did it cost her no pain to see her sister, her little sister, blanch and quiver at the hard bare truth? Had you seen her face as she stood there with the lurid, cloud-darkened sunlight throwing her tall figure into strong relief, you would have seen in it a look of anguish too deep for tears—of sorrow more bitter than the sorrow of blighted hopes.

The pain we willingly inflict for the sake of another's welfare cuts the giver more than the receiver, and there is no part more hard to play than that of an earthly providence.

With tears quivering on her eyelashes, Miss Elizabeth looked up piteously. 'But, Sabrina, what else could he mean?'

'Nothing *else*. The mistake you made was in thinking he meant anything at all. I ask you if you candidly think you have enough attractions to warrant such a supposition?'

'Well, Sabrina, I used to be considered pretty,' sobbed Miss Elizabeth.

'Pretty at twenty does not mean pretty at forty, Elizabeth. Believe me, you are mistaken, and be thankful that you did not commit yourself in any way.'

Bitter as Miss Sabrina's task was, she would finish it without flinching, though at that moment she could have gathered up her little sister in her arms and wept over her.

'Then, Sabrina, do you think that we had better give up our acquaintance with him?'

'No, no, Elizabeth—nothing of the sort. He has been a very good friend to us, and I should not like to lose his friendship. All you have to do is to be a little reserved and distant with him. Men are like bees, sister; they fly from one blossom to another, sucking a little honey here and there; and if they do settle on any particular flower, you may be sure it will be a gorgeous one. Always remember that, my dear, and never allow yourself to be led again into such meaningless sentimentalism.'

'I suppose you are right, Sabrina. I will try to think no more about it, if you will only assure me that you do not think I led him on to say more than he meant. I could not bear

to be thought immodest,' faltered Miss Elizabeth.

'No, sister,' replied Miss Power, while a rare and tender smile softened her whole face, 'I do not think anything of the sort. I only think you have made a mistake—a thing we are all apt to do, my dear. Let us say no more about it.' And she walked slowly down the path and into the house, stopping to look down into the valley, where the blue reeks of smoke rose up through the still air.

'Cruel only to be kind!' The words rang in her ears, but they brought little consolation to her heart, and the remembrance of her sister's tear-stained face followed her into her cool bedroom with its dimity hangings.

When Miss Elizabeth was left alone, she crushed the rose she had plucked and let it fall to the ground. Her hopes, her late-begotten romance, the dreams of home-life and happiness, so natural to every true woman—all these were at an end. She was no heroine, only a simple old maid; yet, sitting there in the gathering twilight, weeping softly over the wreck of her rosy dreams, she made a picture of infinite pathos, terribly real in its calm resignation and absence of all youthful passion and rebellion.

An hour or two later, the sisters sat at their usual game of piquet in the old-fashioned parlour, with its high-backed chairs and sombre sideboard. No sign betrayed their recent painful conversation; but it was a secret relief to each when Miss Elizabeth won the game with a 'carte-blanche.'

'How unusual!' said Miss Sabrina, rather wearily as she hid the pack in the old fern-covered box. 'Not a single coloured card!'

'No,' responded Miss Elizabeth sadly—'not a single coloured card, Sabrina.'

For a minute or two the sisters sat without speaking.

'How hard life is!' thought Miss Sabrina; and 'How hard life is!' thought Miss Elizabeth.

'I will have my cocoa in my bedroom, Elizabeth,' remarked Miss Sabrina after a pause, during which the clock ticked peacefully on the mantel-shelf. 'Good-night, my dear; you can have your supper here, or in your bedroom too, whichever you prefer; and kissing her sister's cheek, she left the room.'

When Miss Elizabeth heard the door of Sabrina's bedroom click to, she rose, put out the lamp, and with a parting stroke of unconscious pussy, she, too, went to her bedroom.

Neither sister had any supper, but each thought of the other comfortably sipping her cocoa in 'deshabille.'

'Most annoying, most annoying,' muttered good Dr Meadows as he closed the wicket gate after Miss Elizabeth Power and walked down the quiet lane. He was a massive-looking man, about forty-five, with iron-gray hair, and a square clean-shaven chin. Like most north-country men, he was slow to form likes and dislikes; but when a feeling once took possession of him, it clung to him with great tenacity. Ever since the first few months after the death of his first wife he had watched Miss Elizabeth with increasing solicitude. His first marriage, late in life, had been an unsatisfactory one. Like

many men whom necessity has kept hard at the grindstone during early manhood, prohibiting all thoughts of marriage for the time, he had been at thirty-nine very susceptible to woman's charm, and falling in love with a London belle, whose finances were scarcely sufficient to supply her in gaieties and trinkets, had married, fondly believing in the disinterestedness of his wife's affection, never dreaming that his hard-earned 'ducats' could have any intrinsic value in her eyes. But he woke from his dream of love to find his wife extravagant, rapacious for gaiety, and utterly insulted to settle down to comfortable domestic life as the wife of a country doctor. But no one ever guessed the shadow that darkened his life. To outward gaze he was a kind affectionate husband; and Clara Meadows had no reason to complain of his inconsiderateness or tyranny. The absence of that loving homage which sanctifies marriage did not affect her, and she was quite content while her whims were gratified without interference on her husband's part.

When, three years after their marriage, his wife was killed in a railway accident, Dr Meadows could not pretend to feel any passionate grief or remorse. He simply laid the past aside quietly; and when Miss Elizabeth's gentle personality began to fill his thoughts, he held it no slight to his dead wife, between himself and whom there had never been any deep and lasting attachment. He was not a bold man, or one that would ride over any obstacle without hesitation, and he had waited till all seemed smooth for his suit. To have made up his mind to an actual declaration of his feelings meant a great moral and mental effort; and as he walked home on that June afternoon, the relaxation that follows on the heels of any effort begun to make itself felt. He was almost thankful that he had been spared the ordeal, for his was no fiery passion of youth, eager to secure the beloved object, but the steady flame of mature affection, that can wait without the fever-heats of delayed happiness. Doubts came over him as he sat in his study that evening.

'I have no attractions,' he thought. 'Why should I imagine that any woman can care for me now? Ought I to try to turn the current of that calm life? If, in seeking love, I lose friendship, I shall indeed have made a fatal mistake.' So he pondered over the long churchwarden that was his only companion during the long evenings. At last he came to the conclusion that the matter should be decided by Miss Elizabeth's manner to him at their next meeting.

'If,' he thought, 'she receives me kindly and with some little embarrassment, which I may reasonably expect, should she feel able to return affection, I shall conclude all is well, for she cannot now fail to have understood my feelings towards her, and I will then speak more plainly. But if she treats me with any assumption of reserve or coldness, I shall simply let the matter drop, and cling all the more closely to our pleasant friendship.'

I believe in the bottom of his heart Dr Meadows had a secret conviction that Miss Elizabeth would not be averse to his suit, for his eyes wandered round the room with an expression of serene satisfaction, and he smoothed the crumpled

antimacassar on the sofa, thinking, I feel sure, of the little hands that loved so well to straighten all disorder and smooth away all pain and sorrow.

'ROAD-AGENTS.'

TRAVELLING into the Black Hills on a Pullman sleeper to-day presents a marked contrast to the manner we came in, in the old times, when the newest railroad was two hundred and fifty miles from Deadwood. But what memories are stirred up within the breasts of those pioneers who fought Indians, braved hardships, encountered 'road-agents,' or highwaymen, as they are called in more civilised countries, and lived on bacon, game, and slap-jacks! Yes, the old days are gone, never to return; so are the road-agents or stage-robbers; and the visitor now can listen to the yarns of the old-timers as he travels to and fro comfortably seated in the cars without feeling his hair raise the hat off his head, as would have been the case in years gone by. He feels no nervousness now as his informant tells him of Lane Johnny, who was hanged near this railroad station; and of Jim Wall and Dunc Blackburn, who often hid for days in the woods, back of the town which is now the terminus of the railroad. He can laugh, too, at the idea of a stage-company hiring these very men to refrain from attacking the coaches, which, strange as it may seem, is an actual fact. The company made money by doing so too, because, while the coaches on the other roads were held-up, sometimes every night for a week at a time, this company's gained the reputation of being the safest to travel by, and consequently got the most of the passengers, besides many thousand dollars in gold-dust.

One of the favourite stories told of the exploits of road-agents is that relating to the mysterious killing of a stage-driver named Johnny Slaughter within four miles of Deadwood in April 1877. The coach had left Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific Railroad, about three hundred miles distant from Deadwood, with a full load of male passengers, many of them on their first trip in the West. Some old-timers who occupied outside seats had enlivened the long tedious journey across the plains of Wyoming by relating stories of hair-breadth escapes from Indians and road-agents, until the nerves of the pilgrims or 'tenderfeet' were strung to the highest pitch. As they found their journey nearing its end and without accident, they regained their usual flow of spirits; and when, fifty miles from Deadwood, Johnny Slaughter took the reins, each one was ready to persuade himself that the old-timers had been yarning to them. Usually, a Western stage-driver takes a delight in keeping the ball rolling, so far as working on the nervousness of his male passengers, by corroborating every story they have told to them, no matter how far-fetched the narrative may be. But in this instance the ribbons were handled by a man whose reputation was—that he always tried to allay any fears his passengers might entertain. He had driven stage in the mountains and on the plains so long without molestation, was so fearless himself and light-hearted, although he knew perfectly well that many a desperado had

threatened to 'do him up' if a good chance presented, that his presence on the driver's seat seemed to impart confidence to the most timid of his passengers. It was generally believed that if Johnny's coach was ever 'held-up,' he would never stop unless wounded or killed outright. In this particular he was differently constituted from most stage-drivers, who usually throw on the brake and stop the team at the first order to 'halt,' considering that they are not paid to take chances of being shot.

No wonder, then, that this coach-load, who had all heard of Johnny Slaughter, should have been enjoying the last fifty miles of their long ride more than any other portion of the journey. The scenery was becoming more picturesque and varied as the road wound in snake-like twists and sharp curves along the banks of a swiftly-running mountain stream, or over the top of a rugged rocky mountain, or through dense pine forests, and across beautiful natural parks, having every appearance of the watchful care of the professional forester. Daylight was giving place to dusky twilight as the coach neared the mouth of Gold Run Gulch, one of the tributaries of Whitewood Creek, on which Deadwood is located, when, without the least note of warning, the report of a rifle-shot reverberated through the cañon, and Johnny Slaughter fell from his seat, pierced through the heart by the assassin's bullet. His reputation for never halting did not desert him at this critical moment, for, as he fell, he passed the reins to the passenger seated beside him. The team, four spirited, half-broken mustangs, took fright at the shot, and started to run at the top of their speed. In a short time the coach-load of frightened passengers stopped at the stage office, where the usual crowd of frontiersmen were gathered to see its arrival. The word was passed that Johnny Slaughter lay near the mouth of Gold Run pierced by a bullet. In an incredibly short space of time a posse of well-armed determined men had started on horseback to avenge his death, and others in a wagon to fetch in his body. It was found that the cruel bullet had pierced his heart, and caused almost instantaneous death. But no trace of his murderer has ever been discovered. A thorough search was made on the night of the murder, as well as a thorough canvass of the whereabouts of the desperadoes to whom the finger of suspicion might point. The assassination is to-day, more than thirteen years after its occurrence, still enshrouded in mystery.

Funny incidents, as well as sad and tragical like the foregoing, we can also call to mind in reviewing the exploits of the road-agent. One night in '79 the court stenographer for the Black Hills District was returning from a visit to the States, and the agents halted the coach. He was a very small man, and in order to enjoy a talk with the driver, had climbed to the seat next to that dignitary. His feet would not reach the footboard of the boot, so, to prevent any sudden lurch of the coach from unseating him, the friendly driver had passed a red sursingle around his chest under his arms and buckled it at the back of the seat. When the 'halt' was given, the short stenographer was noticed by the robber who demanded the mail-sacks and treasure-box—or pie-box, as we used to call this. 'Never mind

getting down, Bubby'—a favourite expression used when addressing a young boy in the West—'we ain't making war on kids, so you can stay where you are.' This offended the dignity of the court official, who resented the remark by answering: 'If I had a gun I would show you that I am no kid.'—'Well, then,' was the robber's reply, 'if that is so, just hand down your watch and money, and be lively about it too.' This demand was quickly complied with, for the glistening barrel of a heavy revolver in the hands of the road-agent pointed directly at the little fellow's breast was a powerful persuader. Several months afterwards, this very watch was the means of convicting one of that gang, and sending him to the penitentiary.

At another time, an Eastern man, with more courage than discretion, when told to alight from the inside of a coach, commenced shooting at the brawny thief who was searching the passengers, with a small pocket-pistol, the report from which sounded like the noise made by the small boys' fireworks on Guy Fawkes's day. 'If one of those pills hits me, and I find it out,' said the road-agent, as he unconcernedly proceeded with his search of another passenger's clothing, 'it will go hard with you.'

Evidently, these stage-robbers of our own day had read of the gallantry of Dick Turpin and Claude Duval in their treatment of ladies, for it was no unusual occurrence for these modern knights of the stage-road to demand a kiss in consideration of allowing lady passengers to pass on without loss of jewellery and pocket-book. Of course, the sheriff's officers and guards employed by the different companies used every effort to hunt down and arrest the desperadoes who made life such a troubled dream for the passengers; but in the then sparsely-settled condition of the country this was a very hazardous and difficult undertaking. Nor were the road-agents without friends, although most of those friends were rendered so by compulsion; because living at lonely farms, ranches, and stage stations, it was to their interest to be friendly, or at least keep quiet, in order to save their homes and stables from repeated raids by the freebooters. But this state of affairs is now a thing of the past, as much so as the buffalo, bear, and hostile Indian.

THE RIVER.

For centuries oceanward it has flowed on,
Through moorland wild, beneath the hills' great feet,
Past orchards rich, and flowered meadows sweet,
Singing its happy lay; the sun has shone
In silver splendour o'er it, and the moon
Has blazoned silver etchings here and there
Upon its glancing waters; the soft air
Has crisped it, and the winds made sullen moan
Above it, like weird spirits seeking rest.
So flows my life through scenes of joy and woe:
Around me now sweet summer flowers blow,
And now I see the dreary desert's guest;
Yet, like the river, ever on I move
To the vast ocean of Eternal Love.

WILLIAM COWAN.

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THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND.

THE character of the interior of Greenland has long had a special interest for geologists from its bearings on the theory of glacial action, which appears to have been so potent an agent in the moulding of the earth's surface. Nordenskiöld in 1870, and again in 1883, penetrated some distance into the interior on the 'Inland Ice,' but, in common with others, still adhered to the view that Greenland is not wholly ice-covered. It was to settle this point that Nansen undertook his expedition of 1888. (*The First Crossing of Greenland*. By Fridtjof Nansen; translated from the Norwegian by H. M. Gepp. 2 vols. Longmans, 1890.)

It is impossible to read Nansen's fascinating narrative without becoming convinced that love of adventure supplied an impulse without which the desire to solve a point mainly interesting to geologists would scarcely have induced the young student of zoology to leave his own studies and incur the hardships and dangers of so arduous an undertaking. Nansen was well known in his own country as a proficient in the national pastime of 'skiløbning'—the art of traversing snow and ice on the long wooden runners known as 'ski.' The success which attended the use of 'ski' in Nordenskiöld's attempt on the Inland Ice in 1883, convinced Nansen that it would be possible for a party of strong and skilful 'skiløbers' to cross the Inland Ice on their 'ski'; each man dragging a light sledge containing the necessary supplies. Funds for the expedition having been obtained, largely through private generosity, Nansen found no difficulty in procuring the co-operation of kindred spirits, imbued with something of the old viking love of adventure, and all, like himself, proficient in the use of 'ski.' It was thought well to procure the assistance of Laplanders on account of their hardihood and power of enduring cold. The two Laps who completed the party of six undertook the work

purely as a matter of business. They proved to be the least useful members of the expedition.

Dr Nansen gives due prominence in his book to the description of the outfit. 'The expedition,' he says, 'owed its origin entirely to the Norwegian sport of "skiløbning." A whole chapter is devoted to this subject, and it is among the most instructive in the book. A map is given showing the enormous extent of country in Northern Europe and Asia in which 'ski' are employed. A zoologist feels bound to apply the doctrine of evolution to every problem, and it is ingeniously argued that the primitive method of facilitating progression over snow by means of a wooden board strapped to the foot is susceptible of development in two ways. The first is by making the board long and narrow, the final result being the Norwegian 'ski.' The second method is that of substituting for the board a framework with a network of sinews stretched across, the highest development of this form being the Indian snow-shoe. This latter form is more suitable where the snow is very soft; and the snow-shoes with which the expedition was furnished were, in fact, occasionally, though not often, used in place of the 'ski.'

Nansen determined to start from the east coast, a method opposed to the traditions of Arctic exploration. One advantage is apparent—namely, that if a start were made from the west, the route must ultimately be retraced. On the other hand, former attempts to effect a landing on the east coast had failed owing to the fact that the cold polar current brings down a barrier of ice which renders access to the coast almost impossible even in summer. On July 17, 1888, the little expedition in their two boats put off from the 'Jason' in latitude sixty-five and a half degrees north, confidently expecting to make their way through the floe-ice direct to the shore. This, however, was not to be. The floes jammed; they were compelled to haul their boats up on the ice; and a rapid current carried them southwards; whilst the parting of the ice and the encroachment of the sea rendered their situation

perilous in the extreme. After ten days of terrible anxiety, a fortunate change of conditions brought them close to shore, and a landing was at length effected, but two hundred and forty miles south of the point at which they had aimed. The next fortnight was occupied in working northwards close under the shore, a time of less peril but of strenuous exertion. An interesting account is given of the meeting with a camp of the heathen Eskimos of the east coast. The Arctic traveller has one advantage over explorers in most parts of the globe—the natives are uniformly friendly. 'A smiling face,' says Nansen, 'is the Eskimo's greeting to a stranger.'

On August 15, being now in latitude sixty-four and a half degrees, it was determined to begin the work of crossing. The boats were abandoned, and the ascent of the eastern slope of the Inland Ice was begun. The ice was intersected by numerous crevasses running generally at right angles to the direction of ascent. The work was exhausting and the danger great, yet no serious accident occurred. 'It was singular,' the author remarks, 'that none of us ever fell through a crevasse further than the armpits.' After some days' climbing, the gradient became less steep, and the party found themselves on safer ground. Three days of incessant rain now obliged them to remain idle in their tent. The rest would have been more welcome had not the inexorable leader kept the party on short rations when work was not exacted. The Laps, who thought the outlook very bad, devoutly read their Testament. The Norwegian gentlemen in their sleeping-bag studied the 'Nautical Almanac.'

The rain having at length ceased, the march was resumed; but by August 26th—altitude six thousand feet—it was apparent that the slowness of their progress hitherto had rendered it impossible to reach Christianshaab before the departure of the last ship for Europe. The course was accordingly altered for the more southerly settlement of Gothaab. Availing themselves of a favourable wind, more rapid progress was made by tying the sledges two abreast and sailing. On the 29th of August the wind dropped, and the work of hauling was resumed. On the 31st, land was seen for the last time, from this point the country being completely covered with snow. The character of the coasts of Greenland indicates that the country is as mountainous as Norway. So vast is the accumulation of snow, that, as Nansen has now shown, the valleys are filled by it, and the mountains are buried beneath its smooth surface. For many days the journey was over an horizontal plateau. The progress made was only five to ten miles a day, owing to the difficult nature of the snow. The cold, too, was intense at this altitude of from eight to nearly ten thousand feet—greater, indeed, than has been registered at this time of year in any other part of the globe.

The monotony of this part of the journey seems to have told somewhat on the spirits of the expedition. At this point only does Nansen's story lose something of its singular cheerfulness and elasticity of style. The solution of the problem they had come so far to solve was

before their eyes, but 'food,' he says, 'was the axis on which our whole life turned, our ideal of enjoyment was—enough to eat.' The ideal was far from being attained on an allowance of one kilo (two and one-fifth pounds) per diem in such an atmosphere and with unremitting toil. By September 11 a fall of the ground was just perceptible; on September 17, just two months after leaving the 'Jason,' a snow-bunting was seen, the harbinger of land. The 19th was the most exciting day of the whole journey. The ground was now sloping decidedly to the west; and a strong easterly gale springing up, the sledges were lashed together as on a former occasion and sails hoisted. The violence of the wind rendered the sledges unmanageable, till a device for steering was contrived. A pole was fastened between the sledges, projecting in front, and this was grasped by the steerer, who determined the course of the sledge by the direction in which he turned his 'ski.' The pace was terrific, and the danger correspondingly great; but the practised 'skilöbers' were equal to their task. No accident happened, and the spirits of the party rose with the exhilaration of rapid motion. Towards evening, land was seen in the distance. The descent became steeper; the ice-slope of the western side had been reached; and a sudden exertion of strength and skill by the steersman alone prevented the foremost sledge from falling down a broad crevasse.

More cautious progress was now necessary; but the journey was continued by moonlight till, finding themselves amongst a perfect network of crevasses, a halt was at length called after a run of more than five-and-thirty miles. That night, Nansen and Sverdrup forgot to wind up their watches, a remissness not hard to understand after the strain of such a day. Captain Dietrichson, however, in whose punctual performance of every duty Nansen sees the influence of military training, was not remiss; so that the determinations of longitude were fortunately not thrown out. During four more days the dangers of the western ice-slope were encountered, till, on September 24, their feet once more felt the springy earth, and the Inland Ice was crossed. The distance from the starting-point was about two hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies. They struck the head of a fiord the opening of which is a little to the south of Gothaab. In the course of a few days a frail boat was constructed from the tent, and some willow boughs cut from a thicket. On September 28, Nansen and Sverdrup—the sailor of the party—embarked, leaving the rest behind in camp with a not too abundant supply of provisions. Gothaab was reached on October 3; and shortly afterwards, the other members of the expedition were brought to the settlement in boats.

Thus was accomplished the first crossing of Greenland, a great feat, the performance of which cost neither life nor limb. No disagreement marred the life of the comrades, the narrative affording in this respect a refreshing contrast to much of the recent literature of travel. As an author, Nansen is as successful as in his other undertakings. His style is vigorous and buoyant; and the diligence with which he used pencil and camera has enriched two volumes with illustrations many of which have considerable artistic

merit. The translator's work, too, has been thoroughly well done.

Nansen goes north again in 1892. All will wish him success in his second venture.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IX.—FOR STRATEGIC REASONS.

'GEORGE!' Mrs Maitland remarked abruptly to her husband one evening, a few weeks later, as they sat by themselves, towards the small-hours, in the High Ash drawing-room, 'we must put our foot down without delay about Geraldine and this flighty girl of poor crazy old Dumaresq's!'

The General wavered. He was an old soldier, and he knew that when your commanding officer gives you a definite order, your duty is to obey and not to ask for reasons or explanations. Where Geraldine was in question, however, discipline somewhat, and the General ventured to temporise his conscience—by pretending not quite to understand his wife. 'Put our foot down how?' he managed to ask, prevaricating.

Mrs Maitland, however, was not the sort of woman to stand prevarication. 'You know perfectly well what I mean,' she answered, brilling up, 'so don't make-believe, George, you haven't observed it yourself. Don't look down at the carpet, like a fool, like that. You've seen as well as I have all this that's going on every day between them. Geraldine's behaved disgracefully—simply disgracefully. Knowing very well we had an eye ourselves upon that young man Linnell for her—a most eligible match, as you found out in London—instead of aiding and abetting us in our proper designs for her own happiness, what must she go and do but try her very hardest to fling him straight at the head of that broad-and-butter miss of poor crazy old Dumaresq's? And not only that, but what's worse than all, she's helped on the affair, against her own hand, by actually going and playing gooseberry for them.'

'But what can we do?' the General remarked helplessly. 'A girl of Geraldine's spirit?'

His commanding officer crushed him ruthlessly. 'A girl of Geraldine's spirit!' she repeated with scorn. 'You call yourself a soldier! Why, George, I'm ashamed of you. Do you mean to tell me you're afraid of your own daughter? We must put our foot down. That's the long and the short of it!'

'How?' the General repeated once more with a shudder. It went against the grain with him to repress Geraldine.

'There are no two ways about it,' Mrs Maitland went on waving her closed fan like a marshal's baton before her. 'Look the thing plainly in the face, for once in your life, George. She *must* get married, and we *must* marry her. Last year, she refused that rich young Yankee at Algiers. This year she's flung away her one chance of this well-to-do painter man. She's getting on, and wasting opportunities. There's Gordon's got into difficulties at Aldershot again; and Hingh, well, Hingh's failed for everything; and the boys at Winchester are coming on fast; and unless Geraldine marries, I'm sure I don't know what on earth we're ever to do for ourselves about her.'

'Well, what do you want me to do?' the General asked submissively. A soldier mayn't like it, but a soldier must always obey orders.

'Do? Why, speak to her plainly to-morrow,' Mrs Maitland said with quiet emphasis. 'Tell her she *mustn't* go round any more wasting her time with these half-and-half Dumaresqs.'

'Dumaresq's a gentleman,' the General said stoutly.

'Was one, I daresay. But he's allowed himself to sink. And anyhow, we can't let Geraldine and abet him in angling to catch this poor young Linnell for his daughter Psyche, or whatever else he calls the pink-and-white young woman. It's a duty we owe to Mr Linnell himself to protect him from such unblushing and disgraceful fortune-hunting. The girl's unfitted to be a rich man's wife. Depend upon it, it's always unwise to raise such people out of their natural sphere.—You must speak to Geraldine yourself to-morrow, George, and speak firmly.'

The General winced. But he knew his place. 'Very well, Maria,' he answered without a murmur. He would have saluted as he spoke had Mrs Maitland and military duty compelled the performance of that additional courtesy.

So next morning after breakfast, with many misgivings, the General drew his daughter gently into his study, and begged her in set form to abstain in future, for her mother's sake, from visiting the Dumaresqs.

Geraldine heard him out in perfect composure. 'Is that all, Papa?' she asked at last as the General finished with trembling lips.

'That's all, Geraldine,' he said it piteously.

'Very well, Papa,' Geraldine answered, holding herself very tall and erect, with one hand on the table. 'I know what it means. Mamma asked you to speak to me about it. Mamma thinks Mr Linnell might marry me. There, mamma's mistaken. Mr Linnell doesn't mean to ask me, and even if he did, I don't mean to take him.'

'You don't?'

'No, Papa; I don't. So that's the long and short of it. I don't love him, and I won't marry him. He may be as rich as Croesus, but I won't marry him. More than that; he's in love with him. Psyche; and Psyche, I think, is in love with him. They want my help in the matter very badly; and unless somebody takes their future in hand and makes the running very easy for them, I'm afraid Mr Linnell will never summon up courage to propose to Psyche. He's so dreadfully shy and reserved and nervous.'

'So you mean to go there still, my child, in spite of what I say to you?'

Geraldine hesitated. 'Father dear,' she cried, putting her graceful arms round the old man's neck tenderly, 'I love you very, very much; but I can't bear not to help poor dear lonely Psyche.'

The General's courage, which was all physical, oozed out like Bob Acres's at the palms of his hands. This was not being firm; but he couldn't help it. His daughter's attitude had his sincerest sympathy. The commanding officer might go and be hanged. Still, he temporised. 'Geraldine,' he said softly, bending her head to his, 'promise me at least you won't go to-day.—Your mother'll promise me to stop with me if you go to-day.—'

'And protect you, you old dear!' She reflected

a moment. 'Well, yes; I'll stop at home just this once, if only to keep you out of trouble. Give Mr Linnell a chance of speaking if he really wants to. Though what on earth poor Psyche'll do without me I'm sure I don't know. She's expecting me to-day. She counts on my coming. I'll have to write and tell her I can't come; and Psyche's so quick, I'm afraid she'll guess exactly why I can't get round this morning to help her.'

The General breathed more freely once more. 'There's a dear girl,' he said, stroking her hair gently. 'Your mother would have been awfully annoyed if you'd gone. She thinks it's wrong of you to encourage young Linnell in his flirtation with that girl. Though I quite agree with you, Geraldine, my dear, that if you don't love a man, you oughtn't to marry him.—Only—it'd be a very great comfort to us both, you know, my dear, if only you could manage ever to love a man who was in a position to keep you as we've always kept you.'

'I don't know how it is,' Geraldine answered reflectively. 'I suppose it's original sin or the natural perversity of human nature coming out in my case; but I never do like men with money, and I always fall in love with men without a ha'penny.—But, there; I've no time to discuss the abstract question with you now. I must run up at once and write this note to poor Psyche.'

CHAPTER X.—AS BETWEEN GENTLEMEN.

That same morning, Linnell sat in his own room at the Red Lion, with a letter of Sir Austen's lying open before him, and a look of sad perplexity gathering slowly upon his puckered brow. It was natural, perhaps, that Sir Austen should wish to settle the question once for all before leaving England: natural, too, that Sir Austen should look at the whole matter purely from the point of view of Frank Linnell, 'the parson in Northumberland,' whom alone he had been sedulously taught from his childhood upward to consider as his cousin, though the law would have nothing to do with countenancing their unacknowledged relationship. And yet Linnell was distinctly annoyed. The tone of the letter was anything but a pleasant one. 'Sir Austen Linnell presents his compliments'—What a studiously rude way of addressing his own first-cousin, his next of kin, his nearest relative, the heir to the baronetcy! Linnell took up his pen and, biting his lip, proceeded at once, as was his invariable wont, to answer offhand the unpleasant communication.

'Mr C. A. Linnell presents his compliments'—No, no; as he wrote, he remembered with a blush that verse of Shelley's, 'Let scorn be not repaid with scorn'; and rising superior to the vulgar desire to equal an adversary in rudeness and disrespect, he crumpled up the half-written sheet in his hands, and began again upon a fresh page in more cousinly fashion:

DEAR SIR AUSTEN—I can readily understand that your friendship and affection for my half-brother Frank Linnell should prompt you to write to me on the unfortunate question of the succession to the title before leaving England. The subject, I need hardly say, is a painful one to every one of us: to none of us more so, I

feel sure, than to myself. But as you are the first to open communications upon it, there can be no reason on earth why I should not answer your queries frankly and straightforwardly without reserve. In the first place, then, during your lifetime I can promise you that I will not overtly or covertly lay claim in any way to the heirship to the title and estates of the baronetcy. In the second place, during my brother Frank's lifetime I will not lay claim to the baronetcy itself, should it ever fall to me, thereby implying any slight upon him or upon my father's memory. But, in the third place, I will not, on the other hand, permit him to put any such slight upon me or upon those whose memory is very dear to me by claiming it for himself without any real legal title. Such a course, I think, would imply a dishonour to one whom I revere more than any other person I have ever met with. I hope this arrangement, by which I practically waive my own rights and my place in the family during my brother's life and yours, will prove satisfactory and pleasing to both of you.—With my best wishes for your success in your African trip, I am ever your sincere friend and cousin,
CHARLES AUSTEN LINNELL.

He wrote it at one burst. And when he had written it, he felt all the lighter for it.

He had an appointment that morning at eleven with Psyche, and as soon as the letter was off his mind, he went round to the Wren's Nest trembling with suppressed excitement. In his hand he carried the water-colour sketch of the cottage, now completed and framed, for presentation to Psyche. If he saw her alone, he had it half in his mind to ask her that morning whether or not she would be his for ever. Those lines from the Lord of Burleigh kept ringing in his ears—'If my heart by signs can tell, Maiden, I have watched thee daily, And I think thou lovest me well.' Surely, surely, Psyche loved him. So timid and sensitive a man as himself could not have been mistaken in his interpretation of her frank confidence and her crimson blushes.

He was not destined to find Psyche alone, however. As he entered, Haviland Dumaresq met him in the garden, tearing up a note from Geraldine to his daughter. The note had annoyed him, if so placid a man could ever be said to display annoyance. It mentioned merely 'in great haste' that Geraldine would not be able to come round and assist at the sitting to-day, as Mamma was dreadfully angry about something, and poor Papa wanted her to stop and break the brunt of the enemy's assault for him. Psyche knew in a moment what the letter meant—she had old experience of Mrs Matland's fancies—and handed it without a word of explanation to her father. The great philosopher took it and read it. 'All women are alike, my child,' he said philosophically, crumpling the paper up in his hand: 'they insist upon making mountains out of molehills. And there's nothing about men that irritates them more than our perverse male habit of seeing the molehill, in spite of all they may say to magnify it, in merely its own proper proportions. A due sense of social perspective is counted to our sex for moral obliquity.—Go in and get yourself ready, Psyche. I'll wait out here and talk to Mr Linnell for you.'

When Linnell arrived upon the scene, picture in hand, a few minutes later, Haviland Dumaresq, straight and proud as ever, stepped forward to meet him, tearing up the peccant letter into shreds as he went, and scattering its fragments over his own dearly-loved and neatly-kept flower-beds. He saw what the water-colour was at a glance, and taking the painter's hand in his own, with some chilliness in his manner—for it was clear this young man was seeing quite too much of Psyche, when even Mrs Maitland noticed it and unobtrusively upon it—he said with the air of a patron of art, not magnificently at all, but simply and naturally: 'So you've brought home the sketch. We shall be glad to have it.'

Linnell was taken aback by the quiet business assumption implied in his tone, and looking up quickly into the great man's face—for to him Dumaresq was always great in whatever surroundings—he stammered out in answer with a certain shamefaced awkwardness: 'I hoped Miss Psyche might be good enough to accept it from me.'

The philosopher glanced back at him with an inquiring gaze. 'Oh no,' he said coldly, examining the picture with a critical eye. 'This sketch was a commission. I asked you to do it for us. You must let me pay you whatever's proper for it.'

Linnell hardly knew whether to feel more amused or annoyed. Dumaresq, he felt sure, must have received his eight hundred guineas already, and be inclined to assume a princely air of patronage to art on the strength of this sudden access of unwonted opulence. Still, even though the money came directly out of his own pocket, he couldn't bear to sell the sketch of Haviland Dumaresq's cottage to the great philosopher—and to Psyche's father. 'It was a labour of love,' he ventured to say with quiet persistence, in spite of Dumaresq's chilling austerity. 'I did it with more than my usual success, I dare to think, because I was inspired by the importance of the subject, and because I thought you would allow me to present it as a memento to Miss Dumaresq. Besides, you know, it's only right she should accept it from me in return for the trouble I've given her about the other painting. Your daughter has put me under great obligations in permitting me to paint her in the foreground of my Academy picture.'

Dumaresq drew himself up even more stiffly than before. 'My daughter,' he said with a very cold and clear intonation, 'is not, as you seem to think, a professional model. She doesn't expect payment in any way for her services. If her face is of use to you for the purposes of art, we are both of us glad that art should be the richer for it. A beautiful face is a gift of nature, intended for the common good of humanity: a beautiful picture makes the world so much the better for its existence and its beauty. I would not grudge to art the power to multiply beautiful faces—and Psyche's is beautiful—to the utmost of its ability. But you must tell me how much I owe you for this sketch, all the same. It's unbecoming the dignity both of art and of philosophy that an artist and a philosopher should haggle together in the matter of price over such a subject.'

Linnell bowed his head in silent acquiescence. After all, he thought to himself, fifty pounds was

not worth fighting about; the money in the end came out of his own pocket. And he didn't wish to offend Psyche's father. In a very little time, perhaps—and his heart beat high—it would matter very little which of them had the money, himself or Psyche. 'If you insist upon it, Mr Dumaresq,' he said at last with a painful effort, 'though it's a great disappointment to me—not to be permitted to offer the picture as a present to your daughter, we'll make it, as you prefer, a matter of business. Suppose, then, by way of putting a price upon it, we set down the value at twenty guineas.'

Haviland Dumaresq drew a long breath. This was eleven pounds more than his utmost imagination. But he was far too proud to show his surprise openly. He had Macmurdo and White's twenty-pound note that moment in his pocket. He drew it forth with calm determination, like a man to whom twenty pounds is less than nothing, and adding to it a sovereign from his purse, laid it simply in the painter's palm. The coin burned into Linnell's hand, for he, too, was proud—proud and sensitive. He had never been paid so brusquely in his life before, and the hard matter-of-fact mode of the business transaction made him for the very first time feel ashamed of his profession. But he gave no outward sign, any more than Dumaresq himself had done, of his internal feelings. He thrust the money loose with his hand into his trousers pocket, and muttering something inarticulate about the lights being bad to-day for painting, begged to be excused from going on with the portrait. Then he turned around, and walked slowly out of the garden gate, and up on to the Downs, where he wandered long alone, reflecting bitterly with himself that great men when you come to see them at close quarters fall often in the end to correspond with one's preconceived opinion of their innate greatness. It must be always so. They give the people of their best, of course; and the people judge the whole by the sample.

As for poor Psyche, who, waiting in the drawing-room, had heard this brief colloquy through the open window, she went up-stairs to her own bedroom, and flinging herself on the bed in her Arab costume, cried her poor little eyes out to think that Papa should behave so harshly to that dear Mr Linnell, who admired him so much, and would give his life almost to do anything for either of them.

For Psyche, too, in her clear girlish way, was quite certain that Linnell loved her.

WOODCOCKS IN SPRING AND AUTUMN.

MARCH.—Woodcock-shooting. This is the heading of the month in an Illustrated Almanac published in 1854. There is a quaint picture of two gentlemen in long-waisted coats and immense leggings beating a cover with the help of two brace of beautiful little cocker spaniels, one of whom has just flushed a woodcock.

It seems barbarous to us now to shoot these birds after the legitimate season, the winter, has closed. Though the law does not protect them till the 1st of March, few sportsmen will kill them after pheasant-shooting is over.

The chief cause of this forbearance has been that we have at last learned that woodcocks will, if undisturbed in February, frequently stay to breed with us. Formerly, numbers were killed during the spring migration, and as the woods were constantly disturbed, few remained to breed. A hundred years ago a woodcock's nest was a great rarity; now there is hardly a county in England in which a pair have not been known to breed. Sussex is one of their favourite places. Mr Monk has calculated that there are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred nests each year in Eastern Sussex alone.

The increase in woods in Scotland has also been in their favour. St John says that every year the number that breed in Sutherland and Ross-shire increases with the growth of the fir plantations. They are very early nesters, for eggs have been found during the first week in March. This was, however, rather an exceptional case, for the birds generally lay at the end of that month. The eggs are deposited in some dry spot at the foot of a tree, or in a clump of heather, often at a long distance from the feeding-grounds. They are four in number, of a dirty yellow ground colour, blotched and spotted with brown and gray.

The old birds carry their young to the springs and marshes, and will also transport them if threatened with danger. Though gamekeepers and Swedish naturalists had asserted the fact, and it was indeed self-evident, owing to the great distance from marsh-land at which the nest is sometimes placed, the method of carrying the young was long debated by naturalists. The bill seemed ill adapted for supporting a weight, the feet had little grasping power, and it seemed impossible for either to hold the young ones firmly. Scopoli, an Austrian naturalist, who wrote in 1770, said: 'The woodcock, when flying from an enemy, carries its young ones in its beak'—a statement Gilbert White evidently doubted, 'though he will not say a thing is false because he has not been a witness of the fact.' Later observations have cleared up the mystery. The little birds are generally clipped tight between the tarsi or else between the thighs. In the former case, they hang, as Mr Stuart, the observer, said, 'like a parachute'; in the latter, they are pressed close to the body.

At the end of March and beginning of April they may sometimes be seen at dusk flitting to and fro in the glades of woodland country, and tilting at one another with their long bills. Occasionally one will pursue another over the tree-tops, wheeling and twisting with wonderful rapidity. This is the courting-time; for many of the birds that nest in Scandinavia pair before arriving at their breeding-grounds, where they are later in nesting than in England. Before the close-time was fixed, poachers and pot-hunters used often to lie in wait for and kill the birds in these glades; a practice the Swedes still continue, in spite of the birds being at the time in miserable condition.

By far the greater number of the woodcocks killed in England are birds that have come from the North. The first large flight generally occurs

during the second week in October. It is chiefly composed of females, for, like chaffinches and some other birds, the two sexes separate at the approach of winter. Soon the cock-birds follow, and by the middle of November all have left Sweden and Norway.

Now that posts of observation have been established at most of the lighthouses round our coasts, we are supplied with much valuable and reliable information on the migration of birds. Mr John Cordeaux has carefully investigated the reports from the signal stations, and finds that, contrary to the old assertion that the birds liked a moonlight night, the majority come in hazy weather with drizzling rain. Unless the wind is very strong, they seem little affected by it, and often come in the face of a strong north-west wind. October 12, 1882, was a typical day, or rather night, with a strong easterly wind and drizzling rain. Apparently, the woodcocks left Norway at dusk, and crossed the North Sea in slightly diverging lines, for Mr Cordeaux received reports of their arrival from every signal station between Orfordness in Suffolk and the Firth of Forth.

Sometimes considerable numbers travel farther westward than they had intended. Probably a strong wind has carried them over England during the darkness, and at daybreak the birds find themselves over the Atlantic. In 1848 the sea beyond Land's End was one day strewn with dead woodcocks; and Gilbert White records an instance of a great number arriving in the Scilly Islands. Their powers of flight are so great, that unless the wind is very high, they are not much exhausted by the journey. Unlike the birds that land on our southern shores in the spring migration, the first arrivals are in excellent plumage and condition.

Though great numbers arrive in England on the same day, they do not, as a rule, migrate in flocks, but fly independently of leaders. Geese, ducks, cranes, and many other birds invariably move southward in regular bodies; but a flock of woodcocks is rarely seen.

The birds vary so much in size and colouring that it was long maintained that there were two distinct varieties. 'We have two kinds of cocks,' wrote Newman in his 'Letters of Rusticus'—'the little dark-coloured fellow and the large light-tinted bird, the former being much the rarer.' Many naturalists thought that the latter was the hen-bird; but Gould showed that the balance of size was slightly in favour of the male woodcock. All the best authorities seem now to be agreed that there is but one species of '*Scolopax Rusticola*' in Europe, though the individuals vary greatly both in weight and plumage. Young birds weigh from nine to ten ounces, the older from eleven to thirteen. Sometimes a brooding-nag specimen is recorded; the largest of all, 'both on scales and steelyard,' weighed twenty-seven ounces. Of this specimen, an eminent naturalist writes: 'It is impossible to contradict a lady [the authority], but a bird of this size I have never seen.'

Though the number of home-bred birds is steadily increasing, the total number of woodcocks shot in the kingdom is undoubtedly smaller than formerly. Seventy years ago they rarely cost more than sixpence a couple; now, their price is from three to four shillings each.

Increased demand may have done much towards enhancing their price, but our grandfathers fully appreciated woodcock on toast. The couplet—

If the partridge had the woodcock's thigh,
It would be the best bird that ever did fly—

is a very old one, for Willughby, who wrote in 1688, quoted it.

This decrease in numbers is probably due to the persecution they undergo in Scandinavia, where nests are harried and the birds shot in the spring; and still more to the immense numbers killed in Greece and Albania. Since these great woodcock preserves have been discovered, they have been constantly visited by sportsmen. As from forty to fifty couple are often killed by two guns in a single day, the total number shot must be very large, for the birds remain in these countries from November till March.

Shakespeare's frequent allusions to these birds and the springs in which they were taken show how common they were in his time. Now, it would be hard to find a man who knew how to make a spruce. Mr Knox, in one of his charming books, gives a description of one which an old man made at his request; and there is also a beautiful drawing by Wolff of a woodcock caught and strangled in it.

Netting, too, was formerly largely practised, and though it has been abandoned in England, is still employed on the Continent. In Holland I have seen nets used with great success. The birds, which doze all day in some warm and dry copse, start soon after dusk for their feeding-grounds, flying low, and generally passing through any opening between trees, rather than rising above them. The gamekeepers watch in the October evenings till they discover a place such as an opening in an avenue, a glade in a wood, or a space between two copses where the birds are accustomed to pass. Here, two poles are set up, and a light net stretched between them and fastened by a cord. One that I knew well was in the avenue leading from the Great Wood at The Hague to Baron Van Brien's house Clingendael. The poles were erected just where a lane cut through the double line of beech-trees, a favourite passage for the birds. I have often met Baas Solms, the Baron's steward, on a winter evening going to hoist the net. The flight lasted for barely an hour at dark and daybreak, so that the Baas had not long to wait; not much longer than he needed to finish his big lump of tobacco which he had previously packed in the china bowl of his pipe. Holding the cord as he stood motionless by one of the poles, he was ready, as soon as he heard a 'hout snij' strike the net, to bring it down with a jerk and capture the bird.

There is no need to search for a fresh netting-place each year. For generations the birds visit the same copses and fly night after night to the same springs. While the individual woodcock is a capricious bird, here to-day and a hundred miles off to-morrow, the species is most regular in its habits. On every estate there are particular spots where keepers look each year for woodcocks. Two such places I can especially recall: one an isolated thorn-bush on the steepest and roughest side of Camdsale, in Derbyshire; the other, a big holly-bush in a Devonshire furze-break. Many other clumps of bushes on both these hills look

more snug and sheltered; but these have long been known as the woodcocks' favourite spots.

Woodcock-shooting is one of the most fascinating forms of sport. Its very uncertainty adds to its interest. It is difficult to make sure of finding the birds; and if they are missed, they are not likely to be flushed next day, for few birds are more shy and quicker to move from a district where they have been disturbed. And it is very easy to miss them, for their swift and uneven flight makes them no easy mark. But when one has been shot, how lovely are the shades of the plumage, dark brown, chestnut, and gray, matching so closely the dead leaves among which woodcocks love to sit; and what an excellent dish the bird makes when delicately browned on toast! It is amusing to watch the care that a sportsman who is something of an epicure takes with his newly-killed bird. First, the whole plumage is carefully smoothed down, and the 'painter's feathers'—the outside feather of each bastard wing—extracted and placed in his hat. Then the lower part of each leg is twisted off and the sinew drawn from the thigh; after which the bird, instead of being placed in the game-bag, is confided to the keeper, with strict injunctions to carry it by the stumps of the legs, for fear the 'tail' should be lost.

At the present time, almost all the woodcocks shot are killed when the covers are beaten at regular battues. Formerly, dogs were usually employed, and the small breed of cocker spaniels much valued. The scent of the birds is strong, and dogs hunt them keenly; and in wild rough countries spaniels are still much used when the furze-breaks and small spinies are beaten for rabbits, woodcocks, and straying cock-pheasants. Even good shots will constantly miss woodcocks, probably in three cases out of four from being in a hurry. I once saw a woodcock flushed twice in a small wood, and missed by three good shots in succession. The bird flew close past the only 'duffer' of the party, who emptied both barrels without touching a feather. The woodcock flew about one hundred yards down the hill-side and pitched by a hedge. Away ran the sportsman without waiting to reload, making sure, from the bird's curious sidelong descent, that it was killed, and delighted at having succeeded where his more experienced friends had failed. The bird allowed him to approach within half-a-dozen yards, then flapped slowly out of the hedge, and went straight away to the opposite side of the valley. Sometimes they will when flushed fly considerable distances, but more frequently settle quickly. A story is told of a Devonshire baronet and his son who pursued a woodcock for a whole morning, and flushed him fourteen times before they succeeded in securing him.

One more story of woodcock-shooting. A certain clergyman in the west of England was appointed to a living near the coast, a favourite place for woodcock on their first arrival. They used, however, to stay but a short time, departing soon to the large woods inland. The clergyman was very fond of shooting; and as he was anxious to make a good bag, determined to begin shooting as soon as the birds came. One of his parishioners, a curious old fellow, who, when young, had been a well-known smuggler and poacher, was, he was

told, the most likely man to know first of their arrival. He lived in a tiny little cottage in a small valley leading from the low cliffs to the beach. The vicar interviewed old John Beer, who readily promised to bring him word as soon as ever the woodcocks came. A few days later, as the vicar was reading the second lesson on Sunday morning, old Beer came into church—a place, I am sorry to say, he rarely entered—and made his way up the aisle to a seat near the reading-desk. He waited till the lesson was finished, then leant over the side of the high pew, and said in a stage whisper, 'They are comin.'

The woodcock, as it has always been a favourite with sportsmen, has now a better chance of increasing in numbers; since, under the Wild Birds Protection Act of 1880, it has been assigned a close time, extending from 1st March to 1st August.

THE RING AND THE BIRD.

CHAPTER III.

I WENT into the dining-room, where, even at that moment of confusion, I saw that my presence created an additional awkwardness. I did not heed the others, but turned to Louisa, who paled before my glance. 'What were you saying?' I asked.

'What do you mean?'

'What did you say about Agatha a moment ago? Will you repeat it?'

Louisa's face grew sullen behind its fear. How black these gold-haired women look sometimes!

'I said that Agatha had stolen Colonel Farrer's ring.'

'That is not true!' I exclaimed.

Mrs Gretton broke in: 'Oh, Mr Laurence, I'm as sorry for you as I am for myself; though of course you can throw up Agatha, and nothing can undo the fact that she is my poor dead brother's child. But there's no use denying it; she has confessed to the theft.'

'I don't believe it. You have misunderstood her.'

'I wish that were possible. But you see the motive was there, and really we can't altogether blame her—at least'—

'What do you mean by the motive?'

'Will—her brother. You have seen him?'

'Yes; he dined here once—a pale, weak-looking young fellow.'

'It is Agatha who is weak over him—the only subject on which she ever shows any softness. She would never have left him, although his gambling and getting into debt were breaking her heart and wearing out her health, if he hadn't decided to go to America. Then I persuaded her to come here. But in less than six months he was back again. She would have gone to live with him again; but he himself put so many hindrances in the way that it was evident he didn't want her. And he really seemed to be doing better. It was a surprise as well as a shock to her when she got his letter this morning saying that he wanted money. And poor girl, I can't blame her too much if the ring tempted her.'

'I see no excuse for dishonesty,' said the Colonel, with a pompous indignation which even at that moment struck me as ludicrous. I remembered how he had obtained the ring.

'Agatha told me nothing of all this,' I said, feeling some pain that she had withheld any confidence from me.

'She wouldn't like to expose family troubles; and, besides, Will seemed to be quite steady now,' said Mrs Gretton.

'She didn't want to risk losing you,' said Louisa.

I turned to Mrs Gretton. 'Will you ask Agatha, for my sake, to come down-stairs for a few moments, and give us some explanation of this matter?'

'She won't come,' Mrs Gretton declared; but when I pressed the matter she consented to tell my sweetheart of my request. While she was gone another thought struck me, and I asked from Louisa, and obtained, Will March's address.

When Agatha appeared I think even the Colonel must have pitied her. I know the parrot did, for he cried out 'A-ga-fa!' with a wail of commiseration in his strident voice. How pale she was I cannot tell you; loose tendrils of her brown hair hung about her troubled brow, her lips trembled, and her eyes were strained and colourless with weeping. She shivered as with cold, although the evening was warm and mild, and her shoulders and arms were covered with a half-transparent white shawl drawn closely round her, under whose meshes one could barely see the outline of her hands.

I went up to her and put my arm round her waist. 'Agatha,' I said, 'do you know the accusation that is brought against you?'

'No,' she answered with wondering eyes; and Louisa ejaculated, 'What nonsense!'

'Before I tell it you,' I went on, 'I want you to know that I do not believe it, that my trust in you is as complete as ever.'

She broke into tears. 'O Frank, Frank, I don't deserve your trust; I don't think I should have done it. But I belonged to Will before I ever saw you—my little brother that I have cared for all my life! I promised my mother to look after him. I had to help him.'

'Then he needed help to-day?'

'Yes.'

'Why did you not come to me, dear? Surely I have the right to know your troubles.'

'It wasn't my trouble; it was Will's. And, beside, men—good men—are hard, even the kindest of them. You would only have said bitter things of my poor boy, and refused to aid him after all. I had to take my own way, right or wrong.'

My sweetheart's words were very bitter to me. I had trusted her, and she had not trusted me. I had been tender with her—all the more gentle because so long she had stood and fought alone, because I knew that love of any kind had never smoothed her path. I had tried, consciously tried, to make her feel that my life was bound with hers; I had risked boring her with my disappointments, my ambitions, and my hopes, rather than let her fancy I had a thought apart from her. I had brought only little troubles to her as yet, because, thank God, I had no great

ones to bring; but I had striven, even in those early days of our betrothal, to begin that union of mind and soul I looked for in our marriage. I had meant nothing but love, and to her I had seemed cold and hard, unready to help. Pain made me cruel when I thought of this, and recalled her statement that, for fear of my refusal to aid her brother, she had taken 'her own way, right or wrong.'

'And your way,' I said, 'was theft!' For I forgot at that moment that I had promised to trust her against the accusing of all the world, and I was angry with myself for feeling that if she would only raise her eyes to mine I could not but 'believe herself against herself.' Surely now, I thought, she would flash a glance of anger or reproof at me. But she only drooped her head a little lower.

'I suppose you have the right to call it that,' she said pitifully. 'I didn't think of it in that light at the moment. The need was so great, so pressing, that I only felt that the power to help was in my hands. I should have felt guilty if I had not used it. And I hoped that in three days, when I got my salary, I should be able to put all right without your knowing. I didn't know that I was doing really wrong. I can't quite feel it even now.'

'Why, Agatha, cried her aunt, 'I don't know what you mean! That comes of going to nasty Socialist meetings, where I believe everybody is an infidel. Can't feel that you did wrong, indeed! Where is your conscience, if it doesn't tell you that you were wrong—wickedly, sinfully, wrong—in taking Colonel Farrer's ring?'

Agatha looked up now, but in utmost bewilderment. 'Colonel Farrer's ring! What have I to do with that? I have never seen it since this afternoon, when Louisa tried it on.'

'How dare you talk so, you wicked girl! In face of your own words, too. Didn't you tell Louisa yourself, when you came in, that you had taken the ring?'

'Never!'

Mrs Gretton and Louisa both broke into exclamations of horror at her dishonesty, deceit, and boldness. Agatha paid no heed to them. She turned to the Colonel, and stretched out her right hand—her left was still half-hidden by the shawl, but I could see that it was pressed against her throat, as if to keep down an hysterical sob that would hardly be repressed. 'Colonel Farrer,' she said solemnly, 'I swear to you that I have never touched your ring, that I have not seen it since this afternoon when it was on my cousin's hand.'

'I don't believe a word you say, Miss March,' said the Colonel rudely; and again the two women began their howling of reproach. I could stand it no longer.

'Look here, Miss Gretton,' I cried; 'the last time the ring was seen it was on your finger. It doesn't seem so very unlikely that you knew what became of it afterwards, that you knew where it is lying now.'

'Oh! Frank, don't talk like that,' cried Agatha; while Mrs Gretton turned on me like an infuriated mother-hen, and asked me how I dared address such language to her child.

Louisa alone remained composed. 'It is natural that you should want to screen Agatha at any

one's expense,' she said; 'and perhaps you could manage it better if it weren't for her own admission, made in your hearing, that to oblige her brother she has done something which, if she confessed it, you would consider wrong.'

Her words were unanswerable. I looked at Agatha in a mute appeal for the explanation I felt it would be useless to demand. She only shook her head. I turned to Colonel Farrer, and addressed myself to him: 'As Miss March's future husband!—' 'Good gracious!' I heard Mrs Gretton exclaim, as if she doubted that I still could think of making Agatha my wife.—'As Miss March's future husband, I take the whole responsibility of this matter. I am going out now to investigate it. I hope to make it all clear; but I promise you that if I cannot give you back your ring, I will pay you the value of it, if I have to sell the coat off my back and beg in the streets for the money.'

'Fine talk,' said the Colonel; 'but I won't trust to it. That young woman will be inside a police cell before she is half an hour older.'

'If she is, you shall know the lash of a horse-whip before another hour has passed,' I retorted.

'Keep any watch you like while I am gone; but if you sent her out of this house, you will remember what you have done till your dying day.'

I hurried to the address given me by Louisa, in search of Will March. He lived not far off, in one of the gloomy streets off Theobald's Road, a locality not frequented by hansom and unknown to the cabman I had called. Thus some time was wasted before I found the place, and I knew that Agatha was suffering all the time. Happily, however, my brother-in-law elct was at home. It was May, and warm for the time of year; but he was cowering over a fire in one corner of the shabby stuffy room, and sucking desperately at a short briar pipe. He looked a miserable object, whom only his youth—he was younger than Agatha, only a little over twenty—made a fit object for pity rather than contempt. He was taken aback at my appearance. I think he guessed at once that I meant to tackle him on the subject of the help he had received from his sister, and tried to stiffen himself into an invertebrate obstinacy.

'I believe you are in want of money,' I began without any preamble of greeting.

'What's that to you?' he retorted with a rudeness that surpassed my own. 'I haven't asked you for any.'

'No; but you asked your sister, and that's the same.'

'Oh, is it?'

'You know what I mean—that your sister is engaged to me; and I'm not going to have her robbed, and tortured, and driven to despair through your conduct.'

'You'd better wait till Aggie herself complains before you take up that tone.'

'It is time to take it up when she is threatened with disgrace for helping you.'

'Disgrace!'

'Yes; she is accused of theft, and won't give a satisfactory explanation, for fear of compromising you.'

'That's nonsense. They can't make out anything against her.'

'I don't know about that. She is under guard

at this moment, and threatened with the police office. I don't myself understand her conduct; but I expect that you do. Now, look here, March; I wouldn't lend you a shilling to save you from penal servitude, as far as you yourself are concerned; but for Agatha's sake, I'll pay this debt of yours, or whatever it is, if only you'll make a clean breast of the matter.

Confession did not come easily to my companion; he was too anxious to excuse himself to tell a straight story; but, put briefly, it was the familiar tale of gambling, debt, the cherished chum developing into the pressing creditor, and embezzlement committed to meet his claims.

'It's not much—only fifteen pounds; but it's enough to play the mischief with me if I can't account for it to-morrow. At least it would have been if Agatha hadn't helped me out of the bog.'

'Did she give you money?'

'Not exactly. She hadn't enough; and those beasts at the College she teaches at wouldn't advance her salary, though it's due next week. She thought she could get it that way; but they wouldn't give it her—the mean hounds.'

It was wonderful what scorn Will felt for the Secretary and Treasurer of that College.

'That was when she left me in the morning. When she came back in the afternoon she told me of the refusal, and we were at our wits' end, till she thought of something else.'

'What did she think of? What did she give you?'

'It doesn't matter about that, does it?' he asked, looking more uncomfortable than ever.

'That is just what does matter.'

'It was a ring.'

'A ring!' I sat down and groaned aloud. It was all true, then. Agatha was a thief. She had put her own head in the noose to save this miserable young scapegrace. But how could she have been so mad as to think she could escape detection?

'Where is it now?' I asked at last.

'Pawned.'

'Have you the ticket?'

'Yes.'

'And the money?'

'Yes.'

'I'll give you a cheque for the sum; but we must go to the pawnbroker to-night and redeem it.'

'It's too late.'

'If it were midnight, I must get it out to-night. I'd rout up the Seven Sleepers to get it. Come along and show me the place.'

'But look here; you'll act square?'

'I have promised you a cheque sufficient to cover that—deficit. I'll give it you just now if you like, if you'll give me the money you got for the ring and take me to the pawnbroker.'

He brought it out—two dirty five-pound notes, three sovereigns, and a handful of silver—a miscellaneous collection that made fifteen pounds in all. Fortunately, I had a cheque-book in my pocket, and gave him a cheque for the amount.

'It's all right, I suppose?' he said, fingering the paper dubiously.

'Of course it's all right,' I replied with some anger. 'I'm not a rich man; but I should

think myself disgraced if I incurred a liability I couldn't meet.'

He coloured at the taunt, but did not resent it. 'There's another thing,' he went on with more hesitancy. 'You won't throw Aggie over for this. She's really awfully fond of you; it would break her heart if anything came between you and her, and you know she's one of those quiet girls that things go fearfully deep with. She cried—you've no idea how she cried over that ring; but she thought she ought to help me. She has always helped me, you know. But upon my word, I—yes, I would now—I'd sooner go to jail than make any mischief between you and her. Promise me not to throw her over.'

'I don't know,' I answered slowly. 'There are some things one doesn't like to think of in one's wife. But still, as you say, it was for your sake. She wouldn't have done it for her own.'

'Not to save herself from starving,' said Will emphatically.

I said nothing, and we went out together. The pawnbroker's was near—a mean place, where business was done mostly in half-worn gowns and coats, thin blankets, silver watches, and tawdry dangling earrings. I could not but think that the sacred ruby of Ram Asoka had got into strange company.

My sternness and young March's pallid face made the pawnbroker comprehend that there was something wrong. I believe he thought I was a detective, and made but small demur about showing me the ring, though he kept assuring me that he was an honest tradesman who had never had so much as a suspicion about him. 'And the young gent looked like one that might have a thing of that sort naturally enough. But remember, sir, that I know nothing about it; I'm quite innocent.'—

'All right,' I interrupted. 'There's no suspicion of you; you're in no danger if you'll make haste and produce that ring.'

He did so. Was the pang that went through me one of relief or shame? For it was not Colonel Farrer's ruby that I saw, but Agatha's diamond engagement ring.

HOW SOME POPULAR INSTITUTIONS BEGAN.

'REUTER' is a word which is pretty familiar to most newspaper readers, yet few are aware that Reuter's system of news-supply is practically not more than thirty years old. In 1849, Baron Reuter tried to introduce his agency into the metropolis; but the London newspapers would have nothing to do with him. At first, he confined his attention to the supply of financial intelligence; but in 1859 he managed to be first in the field with a report of the speech delivered by Napoleon III. at the New-year's reception in the Tuileries, and from thenceforward Reuter's Agency became an established fact.

The Press Association, or 'P. A.' as it is called by newspaper people, is an even more recent institution. Prior to 1868, it was unknown; but

in that year, when the telegraph system was taken over by the State, newspaper proprietors formed themselves into an Association for the distribution of news. That Association has now correspondents, one might almost say, everywhere; and there is not a town and hardly a village in the kingdom that does not possess its 'P. A.' man, who is ready to flash to the head office in London any important event occurring in his district. At the head office the item is carefully edited, and then sent to newspapers all over the country.

'Hospital Sunday' is another institution now deservedly popular, yet, strange to say, it has not yet reached its majority. For a long time it had been the practice on the Continent to make a special collection in the churches every year for the hospitals in each particular district; but until Dr James Wakley, editor of the *Lancet*, started the Metropolitan Hospital Home Fund in 1873, 'Hospital Sunday' was practically unknown in Great Britain.

Flower Services, which are now universally held, and which do so much to brighten the dreary lives of hospital patients and workhouse inmates, were initiated in 1853 by the Rev. W. M. Whittemore, D.D., rector of St Katharine Cree, Leadenhall Street, E.C. The flower service is now an annual institution in churches belonging to nearly every denomination in the kingdom.

Working-men's Clubs, so numerous now, did not exist a little over thirty years ago. In 1858, the Rev. E. Butcher Chatmer, vicar of St Matthias, Salford, established the first regularly organised Working-men's Club. Miss Adeline Cooper, with the Earl of Shaftesbury's assistance, followed suit with the Duck Lane Workmen's Club in Westminster in 1860; and in 1862, the Working-men's Club and Institute Union was established. At first, Working-men's Clubs—which really owe their origin to the zeal of the advocates of temperance—were teetotal establishments; but it was soon found that these, however excellent in intention, would never become national in the wider sense of the term; and other Clubs were organised the refreshments in which were not limited to beverages of a non-alcoholic character. These Clubs, many of them political, are now scattered far and wide throughout the country.

Not far removed from the Working-men's Club is the 'British Workman Public-house.' This movement was begun by Mr and Mrs Hind Smith in 1867. The 'British Workman' or Coffee Palaces as they are called, were established with the object of counteracting the attractions of the bar parlour. In 1875, the Cocoa House system was inaugurated at Liverpool; and most of the large towns in the kingdom are now fairly well provided with houses for the sale of non-intoxicating refreshments. Many of them, too, are so successful financially that they are able to pay a very respectable dividend.

Associated with the objects of the British Workman Public-houses are the Temperance Societies, and the origin of most of these is of recent date. The first teetotal pledge was signed by Mr Joseph Livesey and a few friends at Preston, on September 1, 1832; and the word 'teetotal' was unknown until it was invented by 'Dicky Turner,' one of the Preston band, in 1833.

There are now, probably, between five and six million teetotalers in the United Kingdom.

Among temperance societies the Good Templar Association occupies a prominent place. The 'I.O.G.T.' had its birth in New York in 1851. In 1868 it was introduced into England by Mr Joseph Malins, who is still the leading member of the order. Since its introduction into this country the Good Templar movement has obtained many adherents, though of late it does not seem to have engaged so much of public attention as it did some years ago. At the beginning of February 1890 the membership under the Grand Lodge of England numbered about one hundred thousand, and as these were joined during that month by the North of England Grand Lodge and the United Service Grand Lodge, the total membership must now reach an enormous number.

Another temperance agency which has obtained considerable notoriety is the Blue Ribbon movement. This also had its origin in America, where it was begun by Francis Murphy, and was known as the 'Murphy Movement.' It was inaugurated in England by Mr William Noble at the Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, on February 10, 1878. One million adherents to total abstinence were obtained during the first three years of its existence.

Speaking of agencies of this character, the early history of the Salvation Army suggests itself. This was begun in 1865 by the Rev. William Booth, under the title of the 'Christian Mission,' and was carried on under that name till 1878, when the title of Salvation Army was substituted. The 'Army' is now represented in every centre of population in the kingdom, and the uniform of its 'soldiers' is known in nearly every country in the world.

Another army, which, though of quite a different character from, and with more military associations than Mr Booth's, has become quite a regular institution in our midst, is composed of old soldiers, who receive the title of Commissionaires. The idea of forming a corps of messengers came originally—as the name commissionaire will suggest—from France, for Paris possessed its public street messengers before they were thought of in Britain. The corps was first established in this country by Captain E. Walter in 1856, and it now contains a large and most trustworthy body of men.

Among all our popular institutions, there are perhaps none which appeal more strongly to our sympathies than those which have for their object the saving of life in times of sudden danger. The Fire Brigade and the Lifeboat Service are the most prominent of these. From 1832 to 1866 the extinguishing of fires in the metropolis was performed by the Fire Insurance Companies; but in the latter year this duty was transferred to the Metropolitan Board of Works; and since then, the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, with Captain Shaw at its head, has enjoyed an ever-increasing popularity. Every town in Britain has now its Fire Brigade; and very few country districts are not possessed of some organisation, voluntary or otherwise, for the protection of life and property from fire.

The Lifeboat Service is an even more popular institution, and has a century's record of gallant deeds to look back upon. The Royal National

Lifeboat Institution was founded in 1824; but more than thirty years previously (in 1789) the first lifeboat made its appearance at South Shields. It was constructed by a Mr Greathead, whose services to mariners in danger were recognised by the Society of Arts, which presented him with fifty guineas and a gold medal.

The Ambulance Association, another life-saving agency, has already far exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of its promoters. It was established in 1877 by the Duke of Manchester, and since its establishment has been the means of conveying much-needed knowledge as to the preliminary treatment of the injured to probably not fewer than one hundred thousand students.

So much has been said and written about Post-office history, that it seems a work of supererogation to refer to it here. It may, not, however, be generally known that in 1683 a London upholsterer named Robert Murray successfully established a penny post in the metropolis; and that afterwards, when the system came into the hands of William Doweray, the business had become so valuable that Government, with an eye to the main chance, obtained a King's Bench decree that the whole thing should be 'handed over to and remain the property' of the royal establishment. The introduction of the penny-postage system, properly so called, in 1840 does not require a reference here.

The Money Orders issued by the Post-office had their origin in a private speculation by three Post-office officials, who began the system in 1792. At that time, however, no order could be issued for more than five guineas, and the charge for sending that amount was 4s. 6d. The system was taken over by the Post-office in 1838, and the five guineas for which 4s. 6d. was charged in 1792 can now be sent for fivepence.

Postal Orders are but a decade old. Their issue was begun in 1881; and since then, their popularity has increased year by year, so much so, indeed, that, in business circles, postal orders now frequently pass through many hands as a medium of exchange before being presented for conversion into cash at the Post-office counter.

A ROMANCE OF MIDDLE AGE.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

THE next morning nothing unusual marked the conduct of either of the Miss Powers. Miss Sabrina was calmly dignified, as was her wont; and if Miss Elizabeth's cheeks were a shade paler than usual, her laugh was ever on her lips, and her spirits seemed even brighter than usual. That pride of ours which bids us don the mask of mirth was strong in her. Sabrina should never guess the impression that Dr Meadows' conduct had made upon her foolish old heart! While the sisters were sitting at breakfast, Bridget, their one domestic, brought in a foreign-looking letter. Chloë, their married sister, was living in Marseilles with her husband, M. Cervay, a French architect, who was superintending the building of a large theatre there; and her weekly letters were looked forward to with great pleasure by both sisters, though Miss Sabrina had an inborn horror of France and everything French.

The very words suggested something highly improper and objectionable, in her opinion. But this was not the usual day for Chloë's letter, so they felt a little anxious as the envelope was torn open.

'I hope nothing is wrong, Sabrina?' asked Miss Elizabeth. She would not have dreamed of looking over her sister's shoulder to ascertain for herself.

'No; nothing is wrong, Elizabeth; but the letter contains some important news,' answered Miss Sabrina, handing the letter to her sister.

The news was that M. Cervay had been urgently requested by his father, who lived in Chicago, and was failing in health, to pay him a long visit as soon as his present work should be at an end.

'Eugène will see the completion of his work here next week,' wrote Chloë, 'and we shall then start for Chicago. Work is scarce here; and my husband thinks of settling in the United States, probably near his father. But, meanwhile, we should like our one child, Bien Aimée, who is about nineteen, to have a quiet house. She is not very strong, and the unsettled life we shall lead for a time would be very bad for any girl. Dear sisters, you can guess what I am about to ask you. Will you take our child till we are settled in a home of our own? All arrangements shall be made. While I write, a telegram has come to hasten our visit, as my father-in-law is growing rapidly worse. Counting on your ready consent, we shall put Aimée under the escort of a friend who is also coming to England, and she will be with you, all being well, on the evening of next Friday.'

Then followed many injunctions to take care of 'our dear child, our Bien Aimée,' and to teach her the housewifely gifts that Chloë knew her sisters possessed.

When Miss Elizabeth had finished reading the letter, she drew a long breath.

'I am glad Chloë has such confidence in our love for her,' said Miss Sabrina with moist eyes. 'I shall write her at once to say how more than glad we shall be to have her child. She will brighten us up, quiet old maids that we are.'

'We will give her the front bedroom, Sabrina, and I will move into the little one over the kitchen,' said Miss Elizabeth, ever intent on kindly deeds.

But her sister opposed her with quiet determination. 'I shall sleep in the back room, Elizabeth. You know, my dear, how liable you are to take cold; and there is a most trying draught from that chimney.'

The intervening days—it was then Sunday—were spent in removing Miss Sabrina's belongings and making the guest's room as pretty as possible, Miss Elizabeth denuding her own room of many of its quaint ornaments that Bien Aimée might have everything bright around her.

On the Friday morning, Miss Elizabeth went down into the village to order supplies for the week-end, and as she came up the hill carrying a basket of fresh brown eggs, she met Dr Meadows coming out of the chemist's shop. He accosted her with a friendly greeting. The hand that lay in his for a moment trembled, and the basket nearly fell; but remembering Sabrina's injunctions, Miss Elizabeth drew her slight form up

with wounded pride and resolved to treat Dr Meadows very coldly.

'Shall I carry your basket for you, Miss Elizabeth?' he asked, bending down to catch a glimpse of her averted face.

'Thanks, Dr Meadows; but I prefer to carry it myself.'

For a few moments silence ensued; and Dr Meadows stopped at the gate of his own house, and determined to make one more attempt to melt the little lady's icy tones. 'May I walk up with you, Elizabeth?' he asked in tones of reproachful tenderness and respect.

Wounded by what she was forced to believe his meaningless sentimentalism, Miss Elizabeth looked straight into Dr Meadows' eyes and said coldly: 'No; I thank you—I prefer to walk by myself.'

With a low bow, the Doctor turned in at his gate; and Miss Elizabeth, with sore and wounded heart, toiled up the hill alone—only prevented from bursting into tears by the grim satisfaction of having done her duty.

About eight o'clock that evening the village omnibus drew up at the back gate of Sunnysbank Cottage, and a slight tall girl, with pale tear-stained cheeks, alighted, and ran into the arms so kindly held out to greet her. She suffered herself to be led into the cool drawing-room and laid on the couch by the open window.

'Poor tired child!' said Miss Sabrina, with unwonted tenderness, smoothing the girl's dark hair as she lay and cried for very weariness.

'But cheer up, my dear. Here is your aunt Elizabeth bringing you some sweet cakes of her own baking and a glass of new milk. Try to eat, and then you shall go to bed.—To-morrow you will wake up quite refreshed and happy.'

Thus urged, Aimée dried her eyes, and slipping her arm round her aunt's neck, kissed her on both cheeks in her impulsive foreign way.

'You are a good kind aunt.—Aunt Sabrina, is it not?' she asked in broken English.—'And you are Aunt Elizabeth? But I shall call you Tante Elise; it is prettier, do you not think?' she added, turning to Miss Elizabeth.

'Call me what you like, dear, if you will only eat what I have brought you. To-morrow, we will hear all about your mother and father,' said her aunt, stooping to kiss the cheek held up to her.

'Ah, you are so kind, so kind;' and the tired girl fell to crying again, touched by the tenderness of the two gentle ladies.

'Come, my dear,' said Miss Sabrina when Aimée had been prevailed upon to drink the milk and nibble a morsel of cake. 'I am going to put you to bed without asking your leave.'

Nothing loth, Aimée followed her aunt upstairs, and was soon tucked up in her welcome bed, where she slept the dreamless sleep of wearied youth, and woke the next morning to see a yellow ray of sunshine slanting in through the white blind.

'Ah, you look better to-day, my dear,' Miss Sabrina said as Aimée came into the parlour at breakfast-time with cheeks rosy from a walk round the garden and eyes bright after a long sleep.

'Oh yes, ma tante. I do not mean to be a damp blanket—I think you say,' she answered gaily; 'and I may explore these lovely woods

behind the house, and learn to bake these sweet cakes—may I not? And ah, but there will be a thousand things to do; and you must hear all about la belle France.'

A few days passed full of delightful novelty to Aimée; but Miss Sabrina noticed that her sister's cheeks were growing paler, and was not deceived by her assumed cheerfulness.

'Elizabeth,' she said one evening, after Aimée had gone to bed, tired from a long ramble in the woods, 'I have been thinking that this would be a very good opportunity to pay your long-promised visit to Mrs Carruthers'—naming an old friend of Miss Elizabeth's who had recently become a widow. 'You see, I shall have Aimée to take care of me; and I think the change will do you good.'

There was no escaping the scrutiny of those all-seeing gray eyes, so Miss Elizabeth quietly dropped her mask and assented.

Accordingly, the next day she packed her little trunk, and steamed away submissively to her friend's house at Carlisle, a distance of about twenty miles.

On the evening after her departure, Aimée was watering the grass in front of the porch, when a low cry reached her ears through the open door that led into the lobby. Running into the house, she found her aunt sitting on a chair in the hall, evidently in great pain.

'Hélas!' she cried, 'what is it you have done, ma tante!'

'I fear I have sprained my ankle, dear,' answered Miss Sabrina, her face all drawn with pain. 'Will you send Bridget for Dr Meadows? I cannot move till he has done something for me. I stupidly caught my foot in the stair carpet where those nails have come out.'

In about a quarter of an hour Dr Meadows came hurrying in, and, with Bridget's assistance, carried Miss Sabrina up to her bedroom, after first bandaging the injured ankle.

Leaving her with strict injunctions not to move, he went down-stairs, followed by Aimée, who introduced herself in her pretty foreign way: 'Vous savez—ah, you know, monsieur—that Tante Elise is away—Mees Elizabeth, I should say. It would be better—would it not?—to keep the news of this little accident from her, in order not to spoil her holiday?'

'Is Miss Elizabeth away?' asked the doctor rather abruptly, knitting his heavy brows.

'Ah yes. She was not looking as she ought. Her cheeks were pale; so ma tante sent her to get a little change.'

'I am sorry to hear she is not well,' said Dr Meadows, as he stood with his hand upon the half-open door.—'Well, you will not allow your aunt to get out of bed, Miss Cervay. I will call in the morning. Good-evening to you.'

'How nice Monsieur le Docteur is!' said Aimée when she returned to her aunt's bedside. 'He has an air so strong and noble. Is he long your doctor?'

'He is a very old friend,' said Miss Sabrina with some constraint. 'But we have been fortunate enough not to require his professional services very often.'

'He is married, n'est-ce pas?'

'No; he is a widower,' and the subject dropped. A week or two passed, and the doctor called

every day. He was amused by Aimée's impulsive ways, and enjoyed listening to her lively chatter. She soon became quite at home with him, and told him about her father and mother, and 'la belle France'; for he was not a busy man now, and would stroll round the garden with her after seeing his patient, and draw out her childish confidences, till her affectionate nature, together with the instinct that made her trust him so completely, soon caused her to regard him as an old friend—almost as a temporary father.

Soon Miss Sabrina was allowed to come downstairs for a few hours every day, and from the drawing-room window where she lay on the couch she watched the middle-aged man and the young girl take their habitual stroll together, and gradually the idea grew in her mind that Dr Meadows was seeking a bride in earnest—the niece, and not the aunt.

The night before Miss Elizabeth's return, Aimée was talking to the doctor of her younger aunt. He had been drinking tea with them in honour of Miss Sabrina's first walk round the garden. 'I should say, mon ami,' she said reflectively, 'if Tante Elise were younger, that she had "la grande passion." For see, when a girl in France has it, she grows pale; she seems not to hear you when you speak to her; and then her laugh sounds strange and harsh. So it is with Tante Elise; and are not English and French alike in that? But then, alas! I fear she is too old for la grande passion.'

'Too old!' said the Doctor indignantly, adding involuntarily: 'I am not too old.'

Something in his voice caught the girl's attention. She looked up curiously at him, and he, foolish ancient lover, blushed like a girl beneath her inquiring eyes. 'Ah!' she cried archly, 'you—my mock-papa—are you in love? Why, of course,' she cried again, clapping her hands in childish delight at her own quick perception. 'You are in love with Tante Elise. Why did I not guess before?' Then, noticing that his face was very grave, her mood changed at once, and raising his hand to her lips, she kissed it impulsively. 'Ah, I am so sorry,' she said apologetically. 'I should not have said it. I will not be rude again; and with a hasty "Good-bye" she turned and ran back into the house.

Miss Sabrina had been watching the little scene, and never doubted that Dr Meadows would now ask for Aimée's hand at the earliest opportunity.

'I shall refer him to her parents, of course,' she thought; 'yet I am sure they could not but approve. I knew he would choose a young bride. What a good thing I warned Elizabeth in time. I shall tell her first thing when she comes home; and meanwhile I will not mention the subject to Aimée.'

The next day Miss Elizabeth returned, looking a shade fresher for her change; and for a long time that evening the sisters were closeted in Miss Sabrina's bedroom. At the end of that time Miss Elizabeth emerged very white and drawn, and she knelt long into the silent watches of the night, praying for the spirit of unselfishness, which should make her rejoice in her niece's good fortune.

When Dr Meadows left Aimée at the gate,

he swore inwardly at having betrayed himself; but when his wrath had cooled a little, he thought of her words, and soon the manliness within him began to cry out against the timidity and self-deprecation that had held him back from making a straightforward appeal to Miss Elizabeth's feelings. Then and there he decided once more to 'screw his courage to the sticking-point,' and 'We'll not fail!' he said to himself as he stood on the doorstep; and he pulled the bell so vigorously that the servant came running to the door in dishevelled alarm.

Accordingly, the morning after Miss Elizabeth's return he donned a fine white waistcoat, buttoned up his frock-coat with agile fingers, and sallied forth to place his happiness in the scale of fickle fortune. He was fortunate enough to find Miss Elizabeth alone in the drawing-room arranging flowers in a gown of Quaker gray. Determined at once to broach the subject uppermost in his mind, he began—after a little humming and hawing—in this wise: 'Miss Elizabeth, I have come to speak to you on a subject which concerns my happiness very deeply.'

So it was true; Sabrina had been quite right!

'Yes, Dr Meadows,' said Miss Elizabeth nervously, pulling a pansy to pieces as she spoke. 'I know—that is—we are quite prepared—I will go and fetch Sabrina.'

'Fetch Sabrina!' echoed the good Doctor in astonishment at this novel way of receiving a speech so obvious in its meaning.

Miss Elizabeth became more and more flurried. 'Well—I will fetch Aimée,' she said tremulously. Then, catching the Doctor's eye, and reading a strange tale therein, she added wildly, in her confusion, 'or both of them.'

Suddenly it all flashed upon the Doctor. He moved to where Miss Elizabeth was standing, and took both her hands in his. 'Is it possible, Elizabeth, that you can mistake what I mean?'

'Oh, please don't talk like that, Dr Meadows,' sobbed Miss Elizabeth in dismay. 'I promised Sabrina that I would not let you lead me into foo-oo-lish sentiment-a-lism.'

'What do you mean, Elizabeth? I love you. I want you to be my wife. It is "Yes," is it not?' he asked tenderly, for Miss Elizabeth had unconsciously laid her head on his shoulder and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

'But Sabrina said you were only a bee-ee-e,' she murmured piteously through her tears, 'and that you—flew about—sucking a little honey—here and—there; and that if you ever were to settle, it would be on some g-gorgeous flower; and I am only a—comparatively p-poor old maid.' She had learned her lesson well.

At that moment Dr Meadows hated Miss Sabrina with a vindictive hatred. But he controlled it, and gently putting his arm around Miss Elizabeth, he drew her to him and tried to soothe her agitation. 'I don't think I am a bee,' he said, hardly able to keep from smiling at the apt comparison; 'and if I am, why, my dear, I have got a cosy hive, and you shall come and be my queen.'

Then he laughed at his foolish words, and Miss Elizabeth laughed too, and was just wiping her eyes, when Sabrina opened the drawing-room door. She stood still for a few moments, looking with bewildered eyes at the 'tableau vivant.'

'Miss Sabrina,' said Dr Meadows, stepping forward, 'I have asked your sister to become my wife, and she has done me the honour to accept my offer. I cannot ask for your sanction, but I should like your blessing and continued friendship. Believe me, I am not the light rover you imagine. I will take care of Elizabeth, and you shall not feel that you have lost a sister; but only, by God's help, that you have gained a brother. And stooping, he raised Miss Sabrina's hand to his lips.

AN IMPORTANT IRISH INDUSTRY.

HOW IT MAY BE REVIVED.

FOR some time past the production of Irish flax has been on the decline. It is one of the most distressing facts in connection with that distressful country, that while the linen industry of Belfast has been growing and prospering, the native cultivation of the raw material upon which it depends has been growing smaller by degrees and enfeebled less. Flax-imports into the United Kingdom from the Continent now amount to the formidable figure of seven million pounds per annum. Russia, Holland, and Belgium each send their quota to the merchants of Belfast. According to competent authorities, this state of things does not arise from the natural inferiority of Irish flax or the unsuitability of soil and climate. It is said that Ireland should not only be able to provide for all its own needs, but should also be a large exporter of flax. Professor Sullivan of Cork writes: 'I have examined all the soils of Europe and of nineteen American States; none of all these possesses the properties for the production of fibre equal to the soil of Ireland.' The failure of Irish flax in the native market, which is just now attracting serious attention across St George's Channel, can be explained only by the defective way in which the crop is cultivated.

There is one all-important difference between the flax industry of the Continent and that of Ireland. In Ireland, the farmers produce the crop and prepare it for the cloth manufacturer. In Belgium, in Holland, and in Russia, on the other hand, the farmer concerns himself solely with the cultivation of the crop. The preparation of the fibre is in the hands of persons specially skilled and trained in the work. The continuance in Ireland of the old system is known to entail much loss and waste; while it is equally on account of the greater efficiency and higher quality arising from the division of labour that the Belfast manufacturers so frequently prefer the foreign to the home-grown article. After the farmer has sown the seed and gathered the crop, several processes remain before the flax can be used in the cloth-mills. The most important are technically known as 'steeping' and 'scutching.' By steeping is generally meant sinking the straw in deep water. Different methods of steeping prevail in different countries, according to local circumstances. In Holland, stones are scarce, so the flax has to be laid on the surface of the water and then covered with mud raked up from the bottom of the water. The finest flax in the world comes from Contrai, in Belgium, where the fibre is steeped in the

river Lys, whose velocity, is only at the rate of three miles an hour. The straw is sunk packed in crates, and for many miles both banks of the river are used as steeping-grounds. In Russia, on the other hand, the flax is merely spread upon the ground and the rain is left to do the steeping. On Irish flax farms the straw is thrown into pits or wells with the seed still on it, the farmers not having learned the continental trick of saving the seed and yet getting good fibre. Much expense is consequently incurred in obtaining seed from abroad. On the Continent, too, the method of 'scutching' is widely different, the yield of fibre being usually wider and better. So general is the necessary technical knowledge that in the scutching-mills the labour is mostly that of girls and lads from seventeen to twenty years old, instead of men as in Ireland, earning thirty shillings a week. Both the cheapness and the efficiency of the labour are said to be due to the separation of the functions of the producer from what are really those of the manufacturer.

There are two methods by which this is accomplished. The farmer may buy the seed and sow it on his land, in order to sell it to the factor, who will prepare the flax for the market. The factor, on the other hand, may himself provide the seed and hire the land from the farmer, whose remuneration for preparing the land, sowing the seed, &c., will be included in the rent. It is to the adoption of one or the other of these plans that some people in Ireland are looking for a revival of what should be one of its most important industries. At the present time the crop is only cultivated to any extent in seven out of the thirty-two counties, the production of flax in all the southern counties being quite insignificant. The average crop of the seven counties is worth eight hundred thousand pounds per annum; so that, if the other twenty-five counties were producers in the same proportion, Ireland's flax industry—regardless of the seed that should be saved under an improved system, which would in itself represent a considerable sum—could be made to realise an income of between three and four million pounds yearly. As a matter of fact, the experts are of opinion that with its well-watered valleys, the south of Ireland is even better adapted to the production of flax than the north. Before the farmers of the south can supply Belfast market with fibre equal to that which is now imported from across the sea, there must, it is thought, be some intermediate agency by which the preparatory processes could be undertaken. Some two years ago, a Belfast manufacturer made a very successful experiment with flax-growing in the south on the continental system. He rented sixty acres of land near Cork which he had prepared for a flax-crop. Last season the land yielded eighty stones of fibre of the value of ten shillings per stone, and seed to the value of six pounds per acre, the profit being over three hundred per cent. This is probably an exceptionally favourable result, but it certainly shows that, under proper conditions, the production of flax in the southern parts of the island can be made to yield wealth beyond the Irish farmers' dreams of avarice. In order to give the continental plan a trial in Tipperary, Mr Thomas Dickson,

M.P., has started a guarantee fund for the renting and working of a hundred acres. Ireland sorely needs industries of some kind or other; and in this movement all party antagonism can surely be sunk.

ALUMINIUM.

ALUMINIUM has steadily advanced in importance of late years, and recent discoveries, largely reducing the cost of production, cannot fail to lead to a considerably augmented output of this metal, which appears undoubtedly destined to play an increasingly commanding part in the metallurgical world. Hence, a few words dealing with this comparatively new metal, its history, methods of production, and applications in the arts and industries, may prove of some passing interest to our readers.

The name is derived from the 'alumen' of the Romans, though the metal we thus designate is not believed to have been known to the ancients. Margraff, in the middle of the eighteenth century, proved the earth alumina to be a distinct substance; but it was not until about the year 1828 that Wöhler, to whom must be credited the true discovery of aluminium, first succeeded in extracting the metal. Aluminium remained, however, a laboratory product until some thirty years later, when St Claire Deville, under the auspices of Napoleon III., perfected its manufacture, and placed the metal on a commercial basis. The first works for producing aluminium in any quantity were established near Arles, in France, and by what has since become known as the Deville process; the metal could be procured in Paris in 1857 at about 7s. 6d. per ounce.

In 1860, works were started at Battersea, near London, in which aluminium was produced more economically from cryolite and sodium by methods due to Dr Percy, and saving about half the cost of the Deville process. Cryolite, which contains about 13·5 per cent of aluminium, is, it may here be stated, a mineral found only in one part of Greenland; but so extensive is the deposit that no danger exists of its exhaustion.

Before dealing with the many processes now in the field for the cheap production of aluminium, we may briefly glance at the properties and special characteristics of the metal under consideration. Aluminium has a white silver-like appearance, is both malleable and ductile; and from its sonorous properties is much used in the manufacture of bells. An exceedingly important feature is its lightness, a property which favours its employment for many special purposes. Aluminium has a specific gravity of only 2·56—that is, is two and a half times as heavy as water, and is four times lighter than silver. Heat and electricity are conducted by aluminium as well as by silver; whilst it does not oxidise in air even at red-heat, has no action on water at ordinary temperature, and preserves its lustre where silver would tarnish; being thus specially remarkable as the lightest metal capable of resisting the action of air even in the presence of moisture.

We have already indicated the broad feature of the production of aluminium. At the present

time the principal processes in the field for the manufacture of the metal are: the Castner process; the Netto process; the Cowles electrical process (differing from the first two named in not producing the metal itself, but alloys of aluminium with other metals), the Grabau system, the Héroult process (in use at Neuhausen, in which again electricity is employed), and the Hall method (carried out both in Great Britain and America, and extracting the metal from clay).

Passing to the varied uses to which this comparatively new metal has been put, we find, amongst others, telescope tubes, opera glasses, sextants, physical and surgical apparatus, statuettes and works of art; culinary utensils, coinage, jewellery, and a host of similar objects made from it, in which lightness and resistant tarnishing are desiderata.

In forming alloys generally, aluminium has a very wide field. With iron, three or four pounds to the ton reduces the melting-point to such a liquid state that the mixture fills the smallest interstices and produces the finest castings. With copper, steel, and silver, aluminium also produces valuable alloys.

It is not a little curious to note that a metal so difficult and costly of extraction is in its oxidised condition very abundantly met with in nature. Thus, an ordinary brick contains an appreciable amount of aluminium; and a recent writer has pointed out that an annual production of ten million tons of the metal from such a source would at the end of one hundred years leave practically untouched in this country alone the inexhaustible deposits to be found.

Enough has been said to prove the many valuable properties and ever-increasing utility of the new metal; and with the unlimited supplies provided by Nature, and the constantly improved methods for cheapening production, there can be but little doubt that a very extended sphere lies before the metal we have briefly sketched.

THE SEA.

A RICH red radiance fills the western sky
Ere darkness comes once more;
The weary waves with ceaseless rise and fall
Dash on the pebbled shore.

The mournful cadence of the seething tide
Is silent in mine ear;
My heart is full of that sweet soul who died
In the wane of yester year.

The wind sounds shrilly in the hollow cave,
The sea-gull shrieks hard by,
The surging breakers ever burst and leave
The rocks beneath; but I

Am deaf unto wild Nature's harmony.
One soft voice fills mine ears—
The voice of one that I shall never see
Through all the coming years.

W. DEYREUX.

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RAILWAY SIGNALMEN.

THE public seldom come in contact with this class of men. They know them, however, from seeing them in their box, or more often looking out of their windows, intently gazing into all the carriages as they pass. The eye of the signalman gets so used to watching a train in motion that he can generally tell if there are any inspectors or other officers travelling in them; and should there be one, the fact is soon sent on ahead. The 'cute, officious, or disagreeable officials generally have a nickname, and the notice will then be telegraphed thus: 'Shark on the line.' 'Bear 11.15 hence.' 'Bull in rear carriage.' A certain signal inspector once, however, got into a box ahead before the message came, and while he was there it was being received, and being able to read the instrument, he took the message himself, which ran: 'Old Butterhead is about.' He then replied to it thus: 'And will be with you next up-train.' Arriving at the signal-box whence the message was sent, he said: 'You see Old Butterhead is here; and he fines you a shilling for using the telegraph instrument for other than Company's business.'

Signalmen have to spend from eight to twelve hours in their boxes at a time, and are supposed never to leave it while on duty. Some of the country boxes are very cheerful, especially where the men are fond of flowers; for there is often plenty of room for two or three dozen pots of plants, and in the winter there is a fire burning night and day, so that with a little care they can be kept thriving till the spring. A table, a chair, a stool, and a fixed desk constitute the furniture of the place. A row of levers kept beautifully bright adds to the cheerfulness of the sparsely-furnished chamber. Telegraph instruments and dials showing whether the line is blocked or clear are decidedly ornaments. Here, then, lives the man so many hours a day; and in a busy place he must work hard. The pulling of some of the levers is no child's play; and when this part of his work is done a hundred and fifty times in

eight, ten, or twelve hours, and all the trains have to be booked, besides signalling the trains forward, one can imagine that when his day's work is finished the signalman is tired out. I know one box which would not be considered a busy one where at times the man on night duty has not had time to eat a meal without having to get up from it constantly. During the day, in busy boxes there is a lad who does the telegraphing, but at night the signalman has to do it all himself.

There is a vast difference in the system of signalling to-day from that of twenty years ago; mechanical science has made such strides, that the whole business of signalling is done by machinery, worked by a man, but so interlocked that in some cases he could not cause an accident if he would. Carelessness and forgetfulness are the only causes of accidents now, so far as signalmen are concerned. But though they are assisted so much by every contrivance to ensure safety, yet the signalman should be a man of nerve, with a cool head and a steady hand, for, when an accident does take place, much depends upon his judgment whether the effect may be intensified. He then has to stop all trains, by using the telegraph; to inform his superior officers; and on their arrival, to act as a telegraph clerk. This may seem nothing; but with a train wrecked within sight, and groans of the injured within hearing, it requires an immense amount of coolness to do that work properly.

Knowing as they do their important and responsible position, they have banded themselves together in a very strong union, and of all classes of railway servants they are the most given to grumbling. They have received more consideration from their directors than any other class, and some years back their discontent threatened to result in a strike. I believe the date was even fixed when they should all leave their work. But the executive of the different railways had foreseen this, and if it had come to pass, they were prepared to place a man in every box competent enough to let the traffic continue, though with much more delay. Fortunately for both

the signalmen and the public, this did not then take place. A strike is only justified when men are unreasonably dealt with. Not even the success of a strike is a proof of its justification. Labour never has been and never will be victorious over capital; neither can capital compel labour; therefore, the only basis on which they can get on and agree is that of reasonableness towards one another. If some of the men have cause to complain of very hard work, some can also grumble at not having enough to do. In the latter case they often fill up their time at wood-carving, fret-work, bird-cage making, and such-like employment, and get very skilful at it; but the silent monotony of such a signal-box as there is at Ribbleshead must be worse than overwork. Few men stop there willingly; and I believe it has been made a sort of House of Correction for troublesome men till the last few years. A native is now stationed there, and is happy, much to the joy of those who have been and might be there again.

The signalman has been called the 'lighthouse-man of the iron road,' and that is exactly what he is; but he has a more pleasant life. The solitude of the lighthouse, and the vast expanse of sea around, with occasional storms of such violence as can scarcely be imagined by the landsman, irrespective of all deeds of daring and bravery, will ever make the calling of the lighthouse keeper a romantic one. But there is no romance in railway life, and the novelist who should endeavour to make it so will be well patronised if he succeed. The feelings of the signalman and lighthouse keeper must be alike when the one sees a train bounding on to destruction, and the other sees a ship coming straight on to some dangerous rocks. They both will hear the cries of the injured and dying; they both will see mangled bodies lying about, and they both have to put their wits to work to help the sufferers. A thunderstorm at sea as seen from a lighthouse is an awful sight; but from what I have heard from signalmen in exposed positions, I am inclined to believe that it is more awful in a signal-box. The lightning flashing about the levers, the loud cracking reports of the telegraph instrument, which emits sparks of fire, and no one near to speak to, has unnerved for life more than one signalman. It is bravery and a sense of duty that makes a man in that position stick to his post and continue his signalling work. That, as a body, they are mindful of the safety of the public, is proved by the following fact. At a certain signal-box the signals were seen to be clear for an up and a down train to pass; but before the trains came up, all the signals were observed to be at danger. The trains were brought to a standstill; but no signalman was seen in the box. The guard went up to it, and saw the signalman lying dead on the floor. He must have felt that he was dying; and thinking of the safety of the trains, he pulled the levers to danger with his last strength and fell dead.

Signalmen are not allowed to have strangers in their boxes, nor other servants of the company except on business. That they often do so, the public are well aware; but they may not know that the men so offending are heavily fined. The tiresome monotony of eight or ten hours' working without any company is certainly a great temp-

tation for them to break the rule. The reason for the order is similar to the one on board ship which says, 'Do not talk to the man at the wheel.'

Most signalmen have been porters, and when they have learned the telegraph, are competent to take charge of a box. When, however, a man with little or no experience is to be made a signalman, he has to go through a course of instruction which will occupy him a month or so according to his capabilities. Some are very slow in learning, and some have to be given up entirely. Such a one was a man from the plough, who every time that the inspector examined him as to what he should do under certain circumstances replied, 'I am sure I don't know.' This went on week after week, till the inspector's patience was getting tired out, and he was told that he would have one more chance. The day came, and a question as usual was put to him, and he gave the same old reply. 'Well, one more question,' said the inspector. 'Supposing an express train passed this box while your signals were at danger, got off the line, and ploughed into those fields yonder, what should you do?' The man scratched his head and replied, 'I should let the darned thing go, and give "line clear." His case was hopeless.

Signalmen are generally divided into three classes. The first-class men are those at large stations and important junctions, such as Doncaster, Crewe, and Carlisle; the second class at smaller stations; and the third at roadside stations and block boxes. The last are boxes placed between two stations which are some miles apart, so as to shorten the block. Signal-boxes are seldom more than three miles apart.

The men are allowed a uniform, and similar privileges as are given to porters. Their wages vary according to the class they are in, and are about equal to skilled mechanics. Some lines give the men a half-yearly bonus of twenty or thirty shillings if they have not been fined above a certain amount during the year. They have a great deal of responsibility; but they have shown themselves equal to it. They are eligible for promotion, and many become inspectors and station-masters in places where there is a great deal of outdoor work. Their position, therefore, may, taking all things into consideration, be considered a comfortable one.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XI.—FOOL'S PARADISE.

HAVILAND DUMARESQ, left to himself in the garden, paced up and down the narrow gravel walk, and turned over in his mind all these things seriously. Could it be that Mrs Maitland was right after all? Was the painter man really coming after Psyche?

Women are lynx-eyed in matters of emotional expression, he reflected to himself in his generalising way: in that, they resemble savages and the lower animals. Yes, and women of the inferior intellectual grades, like Mrs Maitland, are more lynx-eyed as a rule even than others: the lower the grade, the more developed the instinctive perceptive faculty. Their intuitions stand them in stead of reason. And such intu-

tions seldom err. No doubt she was right: no doubt she was right. The young man wanted to marry Psyche.

But in that case, what ought he himself, as a father, to do? The young man had probably neither money nor position.

In any other relation of life, indeed, Haviland Dumaresq would never have thought for one moment of inquiring about either of those adventitious circumstances. And he would have regarded their possession to a great extent as a positive disadvantage to the man who was cumbered with them. Money, he would have said, was a bar to exertion: position was antagonistic to wide human sympathies. Those men best know the universe in which they live, those men best love their kind and all other kinds, who earn their own bread by the sweat of their brow, and who have felt the keen spur and common bond of hunger. So, as recommendations to a man in the abstract, poverty and insignificance were far more important in Haviland Dumaresq's mind than money and position.

But where Psyche was concerned, things seemed quite otherwise. The old philosopher had wasted his own life in the way he liked best, in obedience to the imperious demands of his own inmost and highest nature; but he wasn't going to let that beautiful girl of his waste hers in the same foolish spendthrift manner: she should profit, he whispered to himself fondly, by her father's hard and dearly-bought experience. For his own part, Haviland Dumaresq would not have taken from Charles Linell a twenty-guinea picture; but for Psyche, he was ready to take from the first corner man a thousand a year, and a title, and a castle, and a place in the peerage, and anything else of vulgar estimation that the world, the mere wealthy commonplace world, could give him. He was prepared to debase himself to Mrs Maitland's level.

A twenty-guinea picture, indeed! The young man seemed to ask twenty guineas for it as if money were water. Nay, he seemed actually to be putting his price very low, as a matter of friendship to a special purchaser—and if so, Haviland Dumaresq felt he ought certainly to resent the unequalled for liberty, for what right had the fellow to presume upon doing him a favour when he didn't even so much as wish it? But, setting that aside, and thinking only of Psyche, if the young man could really get twenty guineas—or more—for a mere casual water-colour sketch, mightn't the matter be worth inquiring into, after all? Mightn't he be a rising and well-to-do artist? Haviland Dumaresq hated himself for the unworthy thought; but for Psyche's sake he must hunt up something about this twenty-guinea painter fellow.

After all, painters are often somebodies—even as the world judges, often somebodies. A painter—Heaven forgive him for so low a point of view of an ennobling art—a painter may rise to be P.R.A. at last, and gain a knighthood, and be posted and admired, and earn lots of money, and lose his own soul—whatever was highest and purest and best within him—and make his wife be called My Lady, and give her all that money can buy of place and pleasure, and drive her out in the Park in a carriage with footmen, and take her to Court, like an African savage, bedizen-

with powder and paint and ostrich feathers.—Pah! the lowliness, the meanness, the vulgarity, the barbarism of it!—But for Psyche!—A painter may often be a really rich man. Why, yes, he was really and truly sinking to the awful level of a Mrs Maitland!

Mrs Maitland! An idea! The note! The note! What made Mrs Maitland angry about Psyche? Not merely because Psyche had got an admirer. Clearly, she must have thought that Psyche was setting her cap—as she would call it in her own hideous match-making dialect—at this twenty-guinea painter fellow. But if so, that meant, as Haviland Dumaresq instinctively knew, that Mrs Maitland wanted the painter fellow herself for Geraldine. And surely Mrs Maitland wouldn't want the young man unless she was sure he was a good investment. The Maitlands lived up to the very last penny of the General's pay and the very last farthing of Mrs Maitland's small fortune. The boys were expensive: one in the army; two at Sandhurst or Marlborough; and one who, as his mother ingeniously observed, had 'failed for everything,' and must now be shipped off to try his fortune in New Zealand or Manitoba. It was positively necessary, as the Maitlands would put it, that Geraldine should marry a man with money. And a man with money enough for Geraldine Maitland would presumably have money enough for his Psyche also.

Haviland Dumaresq paced up and down the garden walk, revolving these things long in his own troubled mind, turning them all over this way and that, and unable to arrive at any decision about them. At last, wearied out with his own anxious thought, he sat down on the bench under the gnarled old apple-tree, and taking from his waistcoat pocket that small cardboard box with the silver-coated pellets, raised one of them mechanically to his trembling lips to calm his nerves from the tempest that possessed them.

Psyche's happiness! Ay, Psyche's happiness! It was no less than Psyche's happiness that was at stake. And to Haviland Dumaresq, now that the Encyclopædic Philosophy was well off his hands, and launched upon posterity, the universe consisted mainly of Psyche. Talk about the anthropocentric fallacy indeed! Who had done more to dispel that illusion than Haviland Dumaresq? Who had shown more clearly than he that instead of the universe revolving about man as its fixed point and centre, man was but a single unimportant species, on the wrinkled surface of an unimportant satellite, attached by gravity to an unimportant sun; the final product of arrested radiant energy on the outer crust of an insignificant speck in boundless space? And yet, when it came to the actual internal world, was it not also a fact that for Haviland Dumaresq the central point in all the universe was Psyche, Psyche, Psyche, Psyche! and that around her as primary all the stars and constellations circled in their orbits like obedient servants? Was it not for her that the cosmos itself loosed the bands of Orion and shed the sweet influences of the Pleiades through long leagues of space upon her nightly dreams?

He was roused from his reverie by a footstep on the gravel path outside; not the foot-

step of a labourer slouching by to work on the allotments beyond: Haviland Dumaresq, in his inferential fashion, knew it at once for the firm and even tread of a gentleman. The Loamshire hinds loiter about like the half-emancipated serfs they still are, he said to himself quietly: this is the step of a freeman born, who walks the soil of England as if it belonged to him. And sure enough, raising his eyes across the hedge, he saw before him Reginald Mansel.

'Ha, Mansel,' he cried, beckoning his painter neighbour to turn aside into the garden, 'this is luck indeed. Coincidence seldom comes so pat. You're the very man I wanted to see. I've made my first appearance on this or any other stage as an art-patron to-day, and I'd like you to come and judge of my purchase. What do you say to this now?' And he held up the water-colour, which lay beside him still on the rustic seat, for Mansel's critical and professional opinion.

The artist glanced at it with a smile of recognition. 'What, Linnell's?' he cried. 'Oh, I saw it earlier. I've watched it along through all its stages. It's a very good sketch, very good indeed. He never did better, to my mind, with an English subject. Not over-elaborated with those finikin touches which often spoil Linnell's best work. It's a perfect little idyll in green and ultramarine.' And he eyed it appreciatively.

'You like it then?' Dumaresq asked in a curious tone.

'Like it? Well, of course. One can't help liking everything of Linnell's. He has the true touch of genius in all his work, if only he were a little bit less supremely self-conscious.'

'What do you think I gave for it?' the old man suggested, with his head on one side like a critical connoisseur.

'Gave for it?' Mansel repeated with an incredulous stare. 'You don't mean to say, then, Dumaresq, you've actually bought it?'

'Bought it and paid for it,' the philosopher answered, with something very like unphilosophic complacency, enjoying his hearer's obvious surprise. 'Ah, you didn't think I went in for pictures! Well, I don't as a rule: I leave those things to the great of this world. But, you see, as this was a special subject, of peculiar interest to myself and Psyche, I thought I couldn't let it fall to a mere stranger. I'd fix it at once: I'd keep it in the family. So I commissioned it beforehand, I think you call it; and when Linnell came round this afternoon I paid him his price and 'gived it in bond,' like the Northern Farmer.—How much should you say, now, I ought to have spent upon it?'

Mansel regarded first the picture and then the philosopher in hesitating silence for a few seconds. 'Well,' he said irresolutely, after an awkward pause, 'I don't know, of course, what Linnell's likely to have put it at for you; no doubt he let you have it a little cheaper; but the picture as a picture's worth fifty guineas.'

'Fifty guineas!' Dumaresq echoed in dismayed astonishment.

'Yes, fifty guineas,' Mansel answered quietly. 'Linnell commands his market, you know. He could get that for it any day in London.'

Haviland Dumaresq's gray eyes flashed sudden

fire. His first thought was that Linnell had been guilty of rank disrespect to his person and position in letting him have a fifty-guinea picture at considerably less than half-price. Poor he might be—he had sat up half last night, indeed, toiling like a galley-slave at that penny-a-line article on the Conservation of Energy for his hard-earned 'honorarium,' as no doubt his publishers grandiloquently termed it—but what right had a painter fellow whom he'd hardly even seen in his life yet, to lower prices for him, like a beggarly skinflint, or to take it for granted he couldn't with ease, from the plenitude of his wealth, spare fifty guineas?

His second thought was that a man who could earn fifty guineas 'any day in London' for a bit of a water-colour no bigger than a page of the *Athenæum*, might perhaps after all be able to make Psyche happy.

'That's a very large sum,' he said, drawing a long breath and looking hard at Mansel. 'Men of letters get nothing like that for their work, I'm afraid. But then, they don't have anything to sell which can minister to the selfish monopolist vanity of the rich and idle. No Manchester merchant can hang upon his walls a unique copy of "Paradise Lost" or a solitary exemplar of the "Novum Organum," and say to his friends after dinner with vulgar pride: "Look here, So-and-so, that's Milton's or Bacon's greatest work. I paid fifty thousand guineas down for that lot." Still, even so, I'm surprised to hear you painters earn your money so easily. Twenty guineas seemed to me in my ignorance a very big price indeed, to pay for it.'

'Oh, Linnell can get that readily enough,' Mansel answered with a short uneasy laugh. 'His oils he sells at good prices at Christie's. His water-colours are snapped up every year at the Institute. But then, you know, they take him a good bit of time. He's a slow worker, and doesn't get through many canvases in the course of a twelvemonth.'

'Now, how much do you suppose a painter of his sort ought to earn on an average per annum?' Dumaresq asked offhand, with too evident an assumption of easy carelessness. 'How would his income compare, for example, with an author's or a journalist's?'

'Well, I really can't say,' Mansel answered, smiling, and perceiving his questioner's drift at once. 'Perhaps some five or six hundred, all told; perhaps a thousand; perhaps more than that.—But then,' he added, his thoughts keeping pace all along with Dumaresq's, 'he may have private means of his own as well, you know. He spends freely. I've never known him pressed for cash. I don't think he lives altogether on his pictures.'

'No?' With keen interest.

'No; I should say not. I've always imagined he had means of his own. For one thing, he had plenty, I know, at Christ Church.'

'He was at Christ Church, was he?' Dumaresq put in reflectively. 'An expensive College. The most fashionable at Oxford. A man must have money who goes to Christ Church!'

'Not necessarily,' Mansel answered, putting him off the scent once more. 'I was there myself, you remember, and Heaven knows I

was poor enough in those days in all conscience. But then, I had a studentship of eighty pounds a year, which makes a difference, of course: whereas Linnell came up as an ordinary commoner.

'And you think he has money then?' Dumaresq asked eagerly.

'I think so. But mind, I know nothing about it. Linnell was always the most reticent and mysterious of men, full of small reserves and petty mystifications. He never told anybody a word about himself. He's always been close, provokingly close. For aught I know, he may be as poor as a church mouse in reality; and for aught I know, again, he may be as rich as Croesus. So far as my observation goes, he always acts like a wealthy man, and talks like a poor one. But if anybody ever takes him with opulence, he resents the imputation as a positive slight, and declares with effusion he's almost on the very verge of beggary.'

'Many rich men?' Dumaresq mused dreamily, 'are pursued with a peculiar form of mania called *timor paupertatis*, and what you say's just one of its recognised symptoms—that the sufferer never will admit his wealth, for fear other people should try to swindle him or rob him or beg of him. You may remember that in the fourth volume of the Encyclopædic Philosophy—the volume that deals with Heteropathic Affections in the Empirical Individual—I bring the phenomenon of concealment of wealth under the same law with the pseudomorphic corrugation of cooling metals and the facts of mindery in animal evolution. It's a most interesting branch of psychological study. I shall watch this young man. I shall watch him—I shall watch him.'

He spoke in a droning half-sleepy undertone; and Mansel, who had seen the great thinker more than once in this state before, and who always felt creepy at the strange look in his eyes, made haste to concoct some plausible excuse for a hurried departure. 'When Dumaresq gets into that curious vein,' he said to himself internally, 'philosopher or no philosopher, he's simply unendurable. From a man of singular intellect and genius, he dwindles down at once into a mere bore. All his brilliancy and ability seem to desert him, and he talks platitudes to you three times over in varying language, like the veriest old driveller at the Seniors in London. When these fits come upon him, the wise man will do well to leave him alone. He goes silly for the nonce: *hinc tu Romane carere*.' And he walked off, whistling, to his own studio.

But Haviland Dumaresq, having learned all he wanted from Linnell's friend, strolled away by himself, regardless of lunch, upon the open downs, that overlook the sea with their bare green knolls and their deep curved hollows. He strolled along, crushing rich flowers under foot as he went, wrapped up in his own thoughts, and with the poison within him gaining deeper and deeper hold upon his swimming and reeling brain each moment. The sun shone high over the purple sea; the hills rolled boundless and undulating before him; the noise of the bell upon the foremost wether of the ruddled flock that cropped close grass in thecombe hard by rang distant in his ear like most delicious music. Birds sang; bees hummed; gorse crackled; grass-

hoppers chirped; the scent of wild thyme hung thick on the air. The opium was transmuting earth into heaven for him. Space swelled, as it always swelled into infinite abysses for Haviland Dumaresq when the intoxicating drug had once taken full possession of his veins and fibres. The horizon spread boundless in vast perspective with its clear blue line against the pale gray sky; the shadows in the hollow combs lengthened and deepened into romantic gloom; the hills rose up in huge expansive throes and became as high mountains to his dilated vision. A white gull flapped its gleaming wings overhead: to Dumaresq it revealed itself as some monstrous albatross. His own stature even seemed to double itself as he stalked along the dividing line of open ridge, till he loomed in his own eyes larger than human on the bald and rounded crest of the gigantic hog's back. All nature assumed a more heroic cast: he walked no longer our prosaic world: each step appeared to carry him over limitless space: he trod with Dante the broad floor of Paradise.

And wonderful vistas opened ahead for Psyche also. She, too, his darling, she, too, should be happy. This man who had come to woo her in disguise, he was rich, he was great, there was mystery about him. In his present ecstatic frame of mind, Haviland Dumaresq hugged and magnified the mystery. The poetic element in his nature, sternly repressed by the philosophic side in his saner moments, found free vent at times in the unnatural exaltation of narcotic excitement, and ran riot in wild day-dreams of impossible splendour. He had passed through the golden gate to-day. He saw his Psyche decked out in all the barbaric splendour of pearl and diamond that his soul desired: he saw her floating in silks and gauzy stuffs and laces: he saw her circling round in the giddy dance, one blaze of glory, in the glittering rooms and slippery halls that he hated and eschewed as surviving relics of savage and barbaric antiscial luxury. High-stepping grays whirled her along in state in a light and graceful carriage through thronged thoroughfares of over-wealthy fashion. Flunkies, whom Haviland Dumaresq could have kicked with pleasure, bowed, doffed in servile hand, to see her take her seat on the padded cushions. Massive silver and Venetian glass and hideous marvels of cunning architecture in ice and sugar loaded the table at whose head she sat in dainty brocade or in shimmering satin. Money, money, money, money: the dross he despised, the pleasure he looked down upon, the vulgar aims and ends he himself had cast like dirt behind him—he dreamed them all for the daughter he loved, and was no longer ashamed: for Haviland Dumaresq the philosopher was dead within him now, and there remained for the moment but that shell or husk, Haviland Dumaresq, the incipient opium-eater. He had forgotten everything but the joy of his day-dream, and he stalked ever forward, more asleep than awake, yet walking on sturdily, with exalted nerves, towards the edge of the down, to the broad blue sea, that danced and gleamed with pearl and sapphire in the bright sunshine before him.

Suddenly, after walking on in a dreamy way for miles and miles over the springy turf, he hardly knew how, the old man found himself beside a clump of gorse, face to face with the mys-

terious painter fellow. He started at the sight. Linnell had come up to the downs, too, to walk off his chagrin, and to swallow as best he might his disappointment at not seeing Psyche.

Always sensitive, the young artist was more morbidly sensitive than usual where women were concerned. To say the truth, he had known but little of woman's society. Rich as he was and cultivated to the finger-ends, the circumstances of his life had thrown Linnell to an exceptionally small degree into contact with families. His world was a world of clubs and studios and men's lounging-places: so little had he seen of the other sex that he hardly felt himself at home even now in a lady's drawing-room.

This was not to be wondered at. His mother had died before he left America: at Oxford he had fallen in with none but college acquaintances: his English cousins refused to acknowledge him: and the Boston-bred lad, shy and ill at ease from his congenital lameness and strangeness of the novel surroundings in whose midst he was thrown, found himself cast at nineteen entirely on his own resources in the matter of gaining an introduction into our cold and austere English Society. It wasn't surprising, therefore, that he knew hardly any one except his brother-painters; or that he loved to escape from the vast blank of London life to the freedom and the space of the African desert. There at least he felt perfectly at home with the world: there no Bedouin ever trod on his social combs, no distracting matron ever strove to win him from his bohemian solitude to the irksome respectability of white ties or five-o'clock tea-tables.

So Linnell, perhaps, made a little more of a girl's fancy, as he thought it, than most other men of his age and position would have dreamed of doing. He had retired to the downs, to brood over the supposed slight to his feelings in private; but a brisk walk upon the bracing turf, all alive with orchids and blue viper's bugloss, had almost succeeded in restoring him to sanity again, when all at once a sudden turn into a smallcombe brought him up sharp, with unexpected abruptness, full in front of Haviland Dumaresq.

The old man gazed at him vacantly for a moment. His eyes were glazed and very hazy: they explored space for some seconds with a distant interest. Then, on a sudden, he seemed to wake up into life with a start, and recognising the painter with a burst of intuition, Linnell's shoulder.

The gesture took the young man completely by surprise, for Dumaresq was one of those self-restrained, self-respecting natures whose strong sense of individuality in others assumes the form of an almost instinctive shrinking from anything that borders upon personal contact. Linnell looked the philosopher back in the face with a melting expression of mingled doubt and pleasure, as he hesitated slightly.

'I wanted to speak with you, Linnell,' Haviland Dumaresq began in a dreamy voice, motioning the young man over to a dry bank in the broad sunshine. 'I want, in point of fact, to apologise, or at least to explain to you. I'm

afraid I was perhaps a trifle brusque with you at my cottage this morning.—No; don't say I wasn't; I know I spoke sharply. Perhaps I even hurt your feelings. My training in life has not, I fear, been of a sort to encourage sensitiveness in myself, or to make me sympathise with it as much as I ought. I'm aware that I often err in that respect. But if I erred it was not through any personal intent, but under the influence of a strong impelling motive. I've been exercised in mind a good deal of late.—There's something, in short, I want to speak about to you.'

He went on still in a thick, half-dreamy wandering tone, and his dilated pupils seemed to fix themselves vaguely on a point in infinity; but he delivered his words with regularity and ease, though somewhat stiffly, and it was evident to Linnell that he was making a very strong effort to master himself for some great object, under the influence of some fierce overpowering emotion. The painter allowed the old man to lead him unresisting to the bank, and took his seat beside him with a beating heart, wondering what of good or evil for himself or Psyche this strange exordium might prove to forebode, and anxiously awaiting its further development. 'I wasn't at all annoyed, Mr Dumaresq,' he said in a low voice, perhaps not quite truthfully: 'only a little grieved that a man—well—whom I so much admired and respected as yourself should refuse to accept so small a present from me.'

'But it cost you a good deal of time and trouble,' Dumaresq answered slowly, in the same fixed mechanical far-away voice; 'and time is money, you know, Linnell; time is money. I shouldn't feel it right to occupy so much of a young man's time without making him what I thought an adequate repayment. You must forgive me that: it's a principle of mine: rather a sacrifice to my own ideas as to individuality than an act of unfriendliness toward any particular person.' Then he added suddenly in a very different tone: 'I'm an old man, you must remember; a worn-out old man. I've wasted my life in a hard service—the service of science, the service of humanity. Bear with me, bear with me, a little while, I beg of you. I'm an old, old man. There's not much now left of me.'

Linnell was touched by his appealing look—the look for a moment of the real Haviland Dumaresq, who felt in his great heart the full pathos of his own unrequited sacrifice for the good of his kind, as he firmly believed it.

'Indeed,' the young man made answer earnestly, 'I wasn't vexed, Mr Dumaresq. I only wanted you to accept a small tribute, in part payment, as a single instalment, from one who owes to you intellectually and morally more than he can ever find words to tell you.—And as to the picture, it really didn't take me long. I value my own work very lightly, indeed. I should have thought myself more than repaid for my pains in painting it if a man whom I respect and revere so much would have condescended to accept it from me and keep it as a memento.'

'You remember what I told you the other evening,' the old man replied, with a more

searching glance at his companion's features. 'Do as I say, my friend, and not as I do, if you wish to flourish. Don't despise money foolishly—as I have done. My advice to a young man setting out in life is simply this—Follow the world: the world is wisest. You can't afford to fling away sovereigns like water. You're a painter, and you must live by the practice of your art.—Now, why did you sell me that picture so cheap? Mansel came in after you'd left this morning, and told me you could have got fifty guineas for it any day in London.' He clasped his hand gently round the painter's arm. 'Don't be utopian, my dear fellow,' he went on with unwonted colloquialism. 'Tell me why you let me have it for twenty.'

Linnell blushed and hesitated a moment. At last he determined to blurt out the truth and shame the devil. 'Because I knew you couldn't afford more, Mr Dumaresq,' he said shyly.

Haviland Dumaresq did not resent the unexpected remark. 'You were right,' he answered with a sigh. 'I am poor, poor. The money I gave you was all I had in the house just then. You have been quite frank with me, and I am quite frank with you in return. I have still to earn to-morrow's dinner.'

A strange doubt flitted for a moment across Linnell's mind. His eight hundred guineas then? What on earth could have become of them? Was it possible that Haviland Dumaresq, the deepest and broadest of living thinkers, could stoop to tell him so despicable a lie? But no! impossible! He rejected the idea with scorn, as any man with one spark of nobility in his nature must needs have rejected it. No doubt Macmurdo and White hadn't yet sent in their annual account. The secret of Dumaresq's new-made opulence was not yet out; he was still unaware of the magnificent sum of which he was already potentially master.

(To be continued.)

HARD WINTERS.

THERE is a prevailing idea that winters in this country have become milder than they once were; and against mild winters there is a strong popular prejudice. In both respects the current opinion is now admitted to be incorrect. The winters of 1878 and 1879 were equal in severity to almost any season recorded in more remote times; and other hard winters occurred a few years earlier, regarding which a brief statement may be interesting.

On the 30th of December 1866 began a snow-storm which indicated how powerless in conflict with the elements are even the most skilful arrangements of modern civilisation. In London, the mercantile centre of the world, business was practically suspended for several days. Snow lay on the streets so thickly that wheeled conveyances were stopped, foot-passengers could move only with difficulty; and business men residing in the suburbs could not reach the City though every modern facility for travel was at their disposal. Shop windows in London were crusted with ice for days, so that decorations inside could not be seen even had people been abroad to look at them. As customers had in great measure ceased to frequent the shops, some

leading merchants half closed their doors and commenced stock-taking. Labour outside was generally suspended; and in London alone sixty thousand operatives were reduced to subsist on charity.

In the provinces, matters were equally bad. Along the coast of Kent snow fell about the 10th of January to a depth in some places of several feet. Traffic by railway from London to Dover was much interrupted; and metropolitan newspapers were issued without any continental correspondence because the mails from Paris had not arrived. In all the eastern counties of England, traffic was much hindered; roads were blocked with snow; mail-gigs were buried in the drift; and grain could be brought to market only with great difficulty, because rivers, canals, and railways were choked with snow and ice. Even in the Isle of Man a parson woke up on the morning of Sunday the 13th of January to find a snow-wreath of seven to twelve feet in depth between the parsonage and the church, the porch of which was likewise filled with snow to the ceiling. To make matters worse, it was found there was no bread in the house, the baker having failed to make his rounds on the previous day owing to the storm. In Scotland, matters were worse. On the Ork of Caithness, in the far north, snow had accumulated to a depth of twenty feet.

About Christmas 1860 occurred one of the most remarkable frosts that has been experienced in this century, or, indeed, at any former period in the history of this country. The summer had been cold, sunless, and rainy; the harvest was late, and was saved from failure only by some bright weeks in September and the beginning of October. About the 26th of the latter month the fine period ended, and the winter was conspicuous for rain, sleet, frost, and snow in continuous succession. On the three days beginning with the 24th of December the temperature was considered to be lower than it had ever been formerly known in Britain. At nine o'clock on the morning of Christmas Day the thermometer in Hyde Park indicated seventeen degrees of frost; but this was moderate compared with experiences in other localities. Near Nottingham the thermometer never rose above twenty degrees on the 24th of December; and from seven o'clock on Christmas morning till eleven next day the temperature never rose so high as zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer, thus indicating thirty-two degrees of frost all the time. The lowest point reached in that locality was eight degrees below zero; and this extremely low temperature was indicated also in Edinburgh.

One result of this unusual cold was an increase of mortality in January sufficient, along with the whole tendency of recent statistics, to dissipate the old idea that a mild winter is particularly unhealthy. In London, the rate of mortality for the week ending with the 19th January 1861 had risen to 1923, or 585 more than the estimated average for the same week, and about double the number of deaths for a week in autumn. This increased mortality was attributed to the effects of cold, especially on the respiratory organs; and pulmonary complaints, exclusive of phthisis, carried off in one week 702 persons, whereas the corrected average was only 301 for the corresponding week in ordinary years. Deaths

from bronchitis were nearly three times the estimated number for the corresponding period of the year. Apoplexy increased greatly during the cold weeks; paralysis increased in a still greater proportion; and heart diseases, according to the official record published at the time, were fatal in 119 cases, while the usual average was only 53 for the same period. In the City the mortality rose within seven of the number recorded in 1848, during a visitation of the cholera. Among hill sheep there was great destruction in the spring following that remarkable winter. The total loss to flockmasters in Ettrick Forest alone was estimated at £40,000 sterling. About one-fifth of the old sheep in that locality perished, and three-fourths of the lambs, besides a deterioration in the constitution of those left alive. Among hill shepherds it is still remembered as 'the bad year.'

It is no new idea that the death-rate rises with a falling thermometer. The month of January 1795 was a very cold month; but the corresponding period in 1796 was uncommonly mild. In the latter month the maximum reading of the thermometer near London was 55, the minimum 38, and the mean a little over 47 degrees; so that during the whole month it was never less than six degrees above the freezing-point. It is narrated that on the 6th of January that year there was in an orchard in the parish of Ashford, near Barnstaple, an apple tree with blossoms in full perfection; and another tree with apples set. On the other hand the winter of 1795 was very severe. A snowstorm began early in January, which lasted, with some interruptions, till the close of March—a period of thirteen weeks. In Scotland it was popularly known as 'the long storm.' Snow lay on the ground to a depth of twelve inches or more, with a clear calm atmosphere, and the frost sometimes intense. More than one person died from the effects of cold; one of them, a butcher, belonging to Kelso, who was found dead on a country road with his horse and dog standing beside the lifeless body. The contrast between January 1795 and the corresponding month in the subsequent year was subject of general remark; and a paper was presented to the Royal Society by Dr Heberden the younger, containing a comparison of the mortality in the two months. From this it appeared that the excess of deaths in January 1795 over the corresponding month in the year following was 1752 in London alone; a number, said Dr Heberden, surely sufficient to awaken the attention of the most prejudiced admirer of a frosty winter. The month of January 1796 was so mild that most people complained of unseasonable weather, and apprehended serious effects on the public health; 'apprehensions which,' said a commentator on Dr Heberden's statistics, 'this interesting fact seems to resolve into mere vulgar prejudice.'

On the general question, whether or not our winters have become milder within a limited period, there is something to be said. The allegation is not new, and was made in the latter years of the eighteenth century with as much persistency as it is now. It may be admitted that improved cultivation has tended somewhat to modify the temperature in Britain. This is quite perceptible to any one who passes from a fertile

strath of drained and cultivated land into a district of moist and spongy moor. In the former case the atmosphere is often clear, balmy, and bracing; whereas in the latter it is cold, damp, and foggy. Over moist, undrained land, clouds form more readily and showers are more frequent. As matter of observation it is known that the temperature of the soil over wide tracts of country has by thorough draining been raised three or four degrees; and the temperature of the air over such land has become higher in a corresponding degree. These phenomena, however, have only a partial and local influence, and do not affect the great wind-currents which regulate the seasons. Drainage of land will not avert east winds; and east winds are certain to bring and deposit their burden of snow, sometimes even in the month of May. The drainage of bogs may have carried off surplus vapours that engendered agues and rheumatisms; it has likewise improved the temperature of the soil, adding to the vigorous growth of crops; but has not greatly diminished the average fall of rain or snow, nor changed the tendency of atmospheric conditions incidental to every season of the year. One reason for the prevailing idea that a change has occurred may be found in the fact that a hard winter or a hot summer has always left on the rural mind a deep impression, just as it does at present, while many ordinary seasons have slipped quietly away and fallen into oblivion.

In point of fact, hard winters come only at irregular intervals; and it is well that this is so, both for the sake of the flocks and of the public health. Looking back two centuries, we find matters much the same as they are now. Among the high and stormy hills of Ettrick Forest the winter of 1674 has always been memorable for 'the thirteen drifty days.' Traditions regarding that stormy time lingered for ages in the wilds of Selkirkshire, and were embodied in a connected narrative by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. The great drift occurred in the month of March; but previous to its commencement, the ground was covered with frozen snow; and the storm which then came on from the north-east lasted thirteen days without intermission. During all that time the cold was intense. When the storm ceased there was on many a high-lying farm not a living sheep to be seen; and about nine-tenths of all the sheep in the south of Scotland were destroyed. On Eskdalemuir, in Dumfriesshire, which was understood to maintain 20,000 sheep, only forty young sheep were left on one farm, and five old sheep on another. The farm of Plawhope, near the source of the Ettrick, was said to have remained twenty years without a tenant, after which it was let at the annual rent of a gray coat and a pair of hose. On Bowerhope, a farm belonging to Sir Patrick Scott of Thirlstane, all that remained of 900 sheep was one black ewe, which was chased into St Mary's Loch by some idle dogs and drowned. From other sources information comes to hand showing how serious was the loss of stock in that disastrous year. James, Duke of Monmouth, as husband of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch, was an extensive proprietor in the district, and in 1675 obtained a license to import from Ireland 4800 'holt' of a year old and 200 horses, to make up for losses

sustained on the Buccleuch estates in that memorable drift. The sheriff of Roxburghshire, W. Scott of Minto, was cautioner that the number should not be exceeded, and the letter of the bond was observed; but as some of the oxen were more than a year old, the sheriff was fined £200 sterling—a good round sum in those days.

In the present century, the years 1838 and 1814 are historically the most notable instances of a hard winter, and in both cases the severe weather occurred in January. The frost of 1838 was preceded by three months of conspicuously high temperature, on which a paper was read by Dr Lindley at a general meeting of the Horticultural Society in London. In December 1837 the mean temperature in London was fifty-one degrees; the lowest point reached was five degrees above freezing; and the thermometer indicated fifty-four degrees on Christmas Day. With the beginning of 1838 came a remarkable change; and from the 7th till the 20th of January frost continued without any change or intermission, but with a gradual increase of intensity. On the morning of the 20th, at half-past six o'clock, the thermometer at the Receiving House of the Royal Humane Society in Hyde Park indicated three degrees below zero, or thirty-five degrees of frost. About noon on the 21st the wind veered to the southward, signs of thaw became apparent, and on the 22d the thermometer rose to forty-seven degrees, but fell again at night, and frost returned with scarcely diminished intensity.

As might be expected, with such low temperature continued over days and even weeks, the Thames was completely blocked with ice. On the 21st of January navigation was suspended; and men were able to cross the river on the ice below London Bridge. On the 25th a sheep was roasted entire about the centre of the river near Hammersmith; and at the same date, skittle-grounds were formed on the ice, where large numbers of people were occupied for many hours every day. Till the 7th of February the frost continued, after which a thaw came on, and the ice was gradually dispersed.

Still more memorable was the frost in 1814, which has always been considered the worst season in the present century. Early in January snow fell, and this was followed by intense frost. About the middle of the month accounts reached London from many parts of England with details regarding a most unusual fall of snow. At Exeter there had been nothing comparable to it for at least forty years. Hardly any one moved out of doors except under pressure of necessity; and the stagnation of business was greater than could be recollected at any previous period. About the same date, masses of ice had collected on the Thames about London Bridge, making it nearly impossible to carry on the usual traffic. At Edinburgh and Glasgow roads were blocked with snow; and the thermometer indicated about twenty-five degrees of frost every night. So much ice had accumulated on the Mersey at Liverpool that traffic was suspended, and no poultry or fresh vegetables could be had in the market. About the 21st of the month a fresh fall of snow in London occurred, and was accompanied by a bitterly cold wind. In parts of the metropolis where houses were old, it became necessary to

relieve the roofs by diminishing the load of snow; but this, added to the quantity already on the streets, made pedestrian exercise still more difficult. Water-pipes were generally frozen; but a supply was maintained by opening plings in the streets, and the streams of water becoming frozen, increased the difficulties of pedestrian or other traffic. Navigation having been practically suspended, and travelling by road having likewise ceased, the price of coal increased to a most alarming extent, and other necessities of life became equally scarce.

The Frost Fair on the Thames in 1814 has been often described; but there was a similar carnival on the Tyne at Newcastle. On the 15th of January the Tyne was frozen across, and skating on the river had begun. Snow fell heavily on the 15th and 16th; but on Monday the 17th the snow was cleared off by keelmen, whose occupation of navigating the river had been temporarily suspended. On the 18th snow fell so heavily that skating was impossible; but some rain followed and reduced the quantity of snow. What remained got frozen by a return of low temperature, and this added greatly to the thickness of the ice. Crowds of people continued to amuse themselves on the river daily, and the sports lasted far into the night. Booths were set up, fires lighted, races organised, and games of football enjoyed by many hundreds of people. The average thickness of the ice was about ten inches. About the same date a company of fifty gentlemen dined on the ice near the centre of the Tweed at Berwick, an occurrence that had not been witnessed previously since the great frost in 1740.

We have referred to the severe winters of 1878 and 1879, and may add that that of 1881 was also severe. On January 4, in Scotland, there was ten degrees of frost; on the 7th, fourteen; on the 9th, twenty-one; on the 15th, the thermometer fell to zero; and on the 17th, to twenty-two degrees below zero. In the present winter there has also been severe frost, the Thames having been again frozen over.

THE RING AND THE BIRD.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

I HURRIED home with the desecrated ring in my pocket. The first thing that met my ear was the screaming of the parrot, which seemed more violent than I had ever known, and from other sounds I guessed that he was throwing the weight of his body against the wires of the cage.

'Can't you stop that creature?' I asked the servant who opened the door to me.

'No, sir. I've covered it up and done all I could; but ever since the ladies went up-stairs it has been screeching like mad.'

'The ladies are up-stairs?'

'Yes, sir, in the drawing-room, and the Colonel with them.'

A wild scream came from the parrot.

'Let Polly out, Jane,' I said; 'that is the only way to keep it quiet, and my head is aching.'

They were all in the drawing-room; they had moved there in something like military order,

and all the time of my absence the other three had watched poor Agatha as cats might an unfledged sparrow. Louisa and the Colonel had gazed unflinchingly—I heard all this afterwards; but Mrs Gretton had shed tears as every moment their prisoner grew more exhausted and more deathly pale. They had given her a cup of tea, which now stood untasted by her work-basket on the small table by her side. There their charity had ended; none had spoken a word to her. She looked half-dead as I entered, but she turned her sad eyes despairingly to me. I answered the look by clasping her in my arms.

'It's all right, my darling; I know all about it now,' I cried.

'And Will?' she asked; 'what about him?'

'I have made it all right for him in the meantime. We'll talk about that afterwards.'

Then turning to the others, I said: 'It's all right; you made a mistake. It was her own ring—my ring—that Agatha gave her brother.'

I took the diamond from my pocket, and put it again on her hand, the hand she had kept concealed—I could guess why, *now*—under the folds of her shawl.

'Oh Agatha, I'm so glad,' cried Mrs Gretton; but Louisa said: 'It may be all right about Agatha, but it doesn't explain what has become of Colonel Farrer's ring.'

The Colonel took up the strain. 'Oh yes, it does,' he said contemptuously. 'That precious pair of lovers are in collusion, that's all. They know where my ring is well enough; and I shouldn't wonder if that brother of Miss March's has it in his possession. He seems to be a scapegrace at the best; and it wouldn't injure his character so much as it would that of the estimable and affectionate couple here if stolen property were found in his possession. That, I take it, is the whole mystery.'

This was too much for me. I had, I think, kept my temper fairly well up to this moment; but the Colonel's wholesale accusation, and the strain in which he worded it, stung me past patience.

'I have known one thief in my life, Colonel Farrer, one receiver of stolen property,' I cried, 'and that one is—you! I have not got your ring; I should be ashamed to possess a thing that had such a history. My hands are clean; I possess nothing that I have not honestly won. But you became the owner of the ring you have now lost by means of robbery and murder. It is a ruby in your eyes: it is a great blood-stain in mine, and I hope you will never know a moment's peace in possessing it. If you had any sense of honour, your chief desire would be not to get that ring back for yourself, but to restore it to its rightful owner.'

'Its rightful owner! And supposing I don't own that ring, may I ask you to tell me, in that fine eloquent way of yours, who it belongs to?'

'To Ram Asoka.'

'And where am I to find him?'

The Colonel had me there. 'I—I can't say, but that parrot seems to know, and'—

The Colonel actually smiled, so pleased was he with his advantage. 'The idea of referring to a parrot for information as to the abode of a departed spirit seems—well'—

'I don't care,' I burst in impatiently. 'The parrot knows something; he knows everything; and I believe that the soul of Ram Asoka, the man you killed, is imprisoned in that bird's body.'

'Mr Laurence, I am a Christian,' said the Colonel with all imaginable dignity. 'I don't believe in the transmigration of souls or any such heathenish doctrine. And if I did, I couldn't make restitution to a parrot. It couldn't wear a ruby ring.'

'I don't know; I'd give it a chance. It evidently wants the ring.'

'And he won't be happy till he gets it,' sang a shrill voice behind me. I turned, and there was the parrot—I had almost said Ram Asoka—hopping in at the door. He looked at me in a confidential manner, and with the courteous comment of 'Right you are, says Moses,' sprang upon the back of a chair and surveyed the company.

We all laughed, even poor pale Agatha, even the indignant Colonel. With the parrot's opinions most of us sympathised; but there was no denying that his manner of expressing them partook of the language common to Ratcliff Highway or Seven Dials, or wherever was situated that dreary retreat from which Mrs Gretton had rescued him. Like a good many Indians who pick up our language from conversation, he used our colloquialisms with more aptness than dignity.

But when our brief outburst of amusement was past, we were still left face to face with the question, Where was the ring? Indeed, Polly's entrance had, after all, but brought it back from those cloudy regions where my bewilderment, my superstition, perhaps, had taken it.

'This is very amusing,' said the Colonel, 'and no doubt Mr Laurence appreciates the valuable support his opinions have received. But even he must admit that before I give the ring to his learned parrot I must get it back myself; and that,' he added truculently, 'will, I think, be best managed by giving Miss March into custody.'

We all exclaimed; but the parrot's cry of grief rang high above all. I began some threat, inarticulate, blustering; but Agatha, turning to the parrot, said in a piteous tone: 'O Polly, can't you save me?'

No stronger proof could well be given of our growing faith in the mystic connection between the ring and the bird than this appeal of Agatha's. It sounds absurd when set down here, but at that moment it seemed most reasonable and just.

And Polly came to the rescue. He fluttered on to the little table which held Agatha's work-basket. There he pushed with all his might against the slim wicker-case till he thrust it and, as it chanced, the half-cold cup of tea as well, on to the drawing-room floor. And there, among the cotton bobbins and balls of worsted it lay, flashing its crimson gleams, that outshone the red light of the sunset, the ruby of Ram Asoka. Somehow at that moment I began to understand how the greed of possessing such a gem as that might tempt a man to sin. I made some allowance for the Colonel.

We all rushed to the ring; but the parrot was ahead of us. He picked the ring up in his beak, and flying to Agatha's arm, dropped it into her hand. Then he retired to his chair-back as one who has done his work.

Agatha went up to the Colonel. 'I am very pleased,' she said with a cold smile, 'to be the person who hands to you the ring which had so miraculously disappeared.'

He took the ring from her; but it was to the parrot that he directed his reply. 'T,' he said, 'am much obliged to you for discovering the ring, which, by some means or another, had got hidden in Miss March's work-basket.'

The sarcasm of his tone roused me once more; but as my voice was raised in protest, Agatha interfered. 'Oh Frank, let him alone,' she cried. 'For my sake, don't quarrel with him. I can't stand more to-night.'

So, most unwillingly, I held my peace, and before long we separated, weary with the strain of the day.

A few words more will end this brief eventful history. Next morning, the Colonel heard a tapping at his door. He thought it was Jane, who had brought his hot water. After a minute he opened the door; but there, on the mat, there stood, not the harmless water-can, but—more dreadful to him than Edgar Poe's raven to the gloomy bard—our magically gifted parrot. (We found out afterwards that he had managed to unfasten the door of his cage and so make his way out.) With an exclamation that had better be left unrecorded, the Colonel started back, and Polly hopped into the room. He made straight for the dressing-table on which lay the ruby ring, still too small for the Colonel's injured hand. He seized it, while the human claimant stood helpless and amazed at this latest development. Holding it in his claw, he bent his eyes on the Colonel, and again said, as he had so often done, 'Who killed Ram Asoka?' Then, the ring still tightly grasped, he flew out of the open window, and was lost to view among the surrounding chimney-pots. And that was the last any of us saw or heard of Ram Asoka.

Was the spirit of the murdered priest indeed confined beneath the bird's green feathers, and did he come thus to claim the gem of which he had been robbed? Or was the whole thing a chapter of accidents, and our parrot no more than a mischievous thievish bird, to whom chance gave an appearance of reason in his deeds? I cannot venture to say. I think—what I think!—and Agatha agrees with me. But for yourself, reader, answer the question as you will, and as you are the more akin in mind to Horatio or to Hamlet.

THE NEW ELECTRIC UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

It is now only sixty years since Salvatore de Nigro, the Paduan Professor, discovered that by means of the electric current he could generate continuous motion; and yet at the present time there are some two hundred and fifty different lines of railroad where electricity is used as the motive power. This is an age of progress indeed, and unique in both the rapidity and daring of its strides, for in no other surely could half a century have changed a scientific toy into a potent commercial factor. As a matter of fact, however, it is the last decade that has seen the introduction

and spread of electric railroads, which seem to have been successfully started for the first time at the Industrial Exhibition held at Berlin in 1873. Since then, more than two thousand miles of electric railroads have been laid, and active preparations are being made in many places for the extension of the system. At the present moment a new line is proposed from Vienna to Buda-Pesth, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, on which it is hoped a speed of sixty miles an hour will be obtained; but nearer home we have at Portrush, in Ireland, a short line; and on the 18th of December there was opened to the public the New Electric Underground Railway, known as the City and South London Railway. Although this is not the first railway on which 'captive lightning' is made man's dashing steed, it presents so many noticeable differences from the railroad so well known to us all, that a short account of it will doubtless prove interesting.

When first proposed some years ago, the engineers obtained powers from Parliament without specification as to the motive power to be used; the only proviso being, that at any rate steam would not be employed. The line is only three and a quarter miles long, but noticeably differs from the other London underground lines. In the first place, instead of trying to take a bee-line from station to station, the directors have wisely avoided the expense of compensating landowners by following the line of the streets above; and in order to do this in narrow thoroughfares, the 'up' and 'down' lines are laid in separate tunnels, one being directly beneath the other. Thus it comes about that the stations are at depths varying from twenty to sixty feet below the surface, although the employment of hydraulic lifts prevents this being an inconvenience to the passengers. The tunnels are made of short segments of iron tubing, some ten feet in diameter, and these are firmly bolted together and cemented into the soil, so that there is no possibility of subsidence above. When the line was cut, workmen removed the soil from a space a little less than the proposed tunnel, and then a sort of gigantic paste-cutter, the exact size of the tunnel, was driven forward by hydraulic pressure, forming the head, as it were, of an enormous worm, into whose neck fresh segments of tube were from time to time introduced. All this was not, of course, accomplished without difficulties of many kinds; and more than once the much-dreaded water tried to force its way in. But now all is done; and the passenger, seated in a car brightly lit by incandescent lights, passes safely along under the Thames itself, as secure from collision and mishap as is possible in this world. Collision there cannot, humanly speaking, be a chance of; for the 'up' and 'down' trains run in separate tubes; and the employment of the 'block' system and Westinghouse brakes prevents two trains on the same line from colliding.

The trains consist only of an engine and three carriages, so built as to practically fill up the whole space of the tubes, thus forming an excellent set of air-pumps for the ventilation of the line. The motor gathers its power from an insulated rail placed on the sleepers between the

other two; and no trace of the wonder-working 'fluid' escapes, unless it be an occasional flash as the train passes the points necessary at Stockwell and London Bridge. The carriages are about twice the length of a tram-car, and the seats are along the sides. They are further all connected together, as in the Pullman system; and two attendants travel on each train to close the gratings through which passengers enter at the ends of the carriages. Two points especially attract attention—one being that the carriage floor is on a level with the platforms, and hence there is no need to practise gymnastics before a journey, as one must perforce do in some places. The second point is, that in each carriage is displayed conspicuously the name of the next station at which the train will stop, a feature that enables a traveller to know where he is, even if ignorant of 'English as she is spoke by porters.'

On leaving the train, there is no need to search through all one's pockets for the self-hiding tickets provided by ordinary companies, for when you enter the station you start from twopence laid down at the turnstile has franked you for any, or the whole, of the distance. Here, again, the Directors have made a step in advance, though it is hardly to be hoped that other railways can possibly follow; just yet, at all events.

Altogether, then, a journey on the new line presents many novel features, and seems to give promise of greater things in the near future; but to many, the journey on the lifts is almost as interesting as the journey along the line itself. In this case, however, electricity is not employed, but hydraulic power; and each lift will accommodate half a train-load of passengers. Here, again, every possibility of mischance is provided for, since not only does each lift work independently of its fellow, but if any of the supporting ropes should yield, ten or twelve safety-clips would come into immediate action, any one of itself being able to sustain the whole load. To the engineer, the interesting point is that all the lifts are worked from the Stockwell terminus; so that this is the heart, as it were, whence the life and power of the whole system emanate.

But will it pay? will it pay? is the important question asked by many; and to this, of course, no definite answer can well be given. Rather unfortunately, perhaps, part of the line runs between places possessing excellent tramway service; and while on the underground the journey from the Kennington Oval Station to the Elephant and Castle costs twopence, you can 'tram' it for a penny. But, on the other hand, the trams take much longer on their journey, and do not, besides, run across the river; whereas the railway carries you from the Oval to London Bridge in about ten minutes. In addition to this, any one who knows the congested condition of the traffic from the Elephant and Castle to the City cannot doubt that many hundreds of passengers would daily make use of the 'drain-pipe'—as the line has been irreverently called—even if the fare were much higher than it is. Still, more than half a million of sunk capital is no light burden, though doubtless the same energy which has secured such great success up to the present will be used by the able Directors and Engineers to ensure financial success to the first of our English electric

railroads. The pioneer has always to bear the brunt of the fight; but energy, patience, and perseverance ever succeed in the end. 'Labor omnia vincit.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A CLEVER little instrument founded upon Professor Hughes's Microphone has recently been tried with successful results. It is the invention of Captain de Place, is called the Sciseophone, and its mission is to detect flaws such as air-holes and imperfect weldings in metals. That such an instrument will be of extreme value, especially for testing metals employed in the rolling stock of railways, is obvious, for many lives must often depend upon the perfect condition of the materials used in such work. The apparatus consists of two parts, one being a tiny hammer, which taps the metal as it traverses its surface, and which works by pressure upon a pneumatic ball held in the operator's hand, while the other, a telephone, is carried into another room, so that the taps of the hammer can only be heard through the instrument—an effect which is brought about by including in the battery circuit a microphone. The listener at the telephone can tell by certain variations in the character of the sound when the hammer is near a flaw. He then touches an electric button, which rings a bell in the room where the hammering operation is carried out, so that the faulty place may be at once marked for subsequent careful examination.

In an interesting article upon Life in the African Forest, Lieutenant Stairs, who passed eight months in Fort Bodo during the Emin Relief Expedition, gives his opinion that medical authorities are at fault when they caution Europeans suffering from fever in tropical countries to abstain from eating much meat. His advice is that to prevent such fevers, and their consequent feebleness, the strength should be kept up with flesh-food. 'With vegetable food,' he says, 'no white man doing hard work day after day can keep up his system unless he be perhaps a vegetarian from childhood.' He also says that it was a matter of common remark at Fort Bodo that fifteen days of bad food meant fever, and that white men used to beef all their lives cannot give up that nourishing article of diet without suffering for it.

So much attention is now concentrated upon the important subject of speed of ships, that the introduction of a new form of boiler for marine engines is a matter of general interest. The boiler to which we refer is the new Water-tube Boiler, which has been designed and successfully tested by Mr Yarrow, one of the well-known firm of torpedo-boat builders; and although the new form of boiler is primarily intended for that class of vessel, it will no doubt be employed for far larger craft when its many advantages become better known. We have not the space for a full description of the new device, but we may say that it differs from the locomotive form of boiler commonly used in one important particular. Its tubes, instead of giving passage to the heated air from the grate, and so heating the water which circulates round them, contain themselves the

water, which is heated and caused to circulate throughout the system by means of the flames which play freely around them. Many forms of water-tube boilers have previously been designed, but they have all been open to objections which have prevented their adoption. In the Yarrow boiler these difficulties seem to have been cleverly surmounted.

The most recent official Report upon the subject of Mortality from Snakes and Wild Beasts in India contains the grave information that in spite of the large and increasing sums spent in rewards for the animals killed, fatalities increase at an alarming rate. There is reason in fact to believe that the offer of these rewards has in some cases stimulated the breeding of snakes. Taken as a whole, therefore, this Report would seem to indicate that the reward system has failed to accomplish its purpose. It is now suggested that the cover round about the villages which affords lodging for snakes should be destroyed, and district officers are to be instructed to see that this is done. In the year 1888, twenty-three thousand persons, as well as seventy-six thousand cattle, met their death through snakes and wild beasts of various kinds in India.

The Council of the Royal Meteorological Society have announced their intention of holding an Exhibition in London of rain-gauges, evaporation-gauges, and kindred instruments. The Exhibition will be open for a few days only during the third week in March, but is sure to attract many visitors, for all are interested in the supreme question of weather, and are anxious to ascertain how its vagaries can be registered and, to a certain extent, forecast. The Committee will be glad to receive for exhibition instruments or apparatus which have been devised or first constructed during the past twelve months. They will also be thankful for photographs or drawings which bear upon meteorological science, including photographs of lightning-flashes and cloud-formation. In connection with this matter of weather registration it may be interesting to note that during the severe frost in January this year the lowest reading recorded at Greenwich had only been equalled on three occasions during the past fifty years.

Those who happen to have exhausted all the pleasures of life, and are in search of something entirely new, cannot fail to regard with interest the scheme which has recently been elaborated for dropping a roomful of living persons from the top to the bottom of the Eiffel Tower without hurting them. Like the switchback railway, the enterprise is designed simply and purely as a new means of excitement, with something more than a spice of danger in it, and in one or two of the French papers illustrations are given of the manner in which the singular idea is proposed to be carried out. The room in which the visitors are placed is shaped like a conical bullet, and is allowed to slide into space point downwards. To break its fall, and to prevent any unpleasant concussion to its inmates, the projectile is to fall into a deep basin of water. We believe and hope that this ridiculous scheme will not, for the credit of human nature, get much farther than the initial stage.

Some interesting particulars have been lately published with regard to the telegraphic cables

which now form such a network over the world. The submarine cables are owned by twenty-six companies, with a combined capital of forty million pounds sterling, and a revenue of more than three millions. The first cable was laid in 1851, between Dover and Calais, and it is still in use. From this small beginning the number of cables has gradually increased, until at present their total length reaches the wonderful figure of one hundred and twenty thousand nautical miles. One of the most noteworthy feats ever performed by telegraphy was the sending of the result of last year's Derby from Epsom to New York in fifteen seconds; which means that the name of the successful horse was known in New York almost before the animal had time to pull up after passing the winning-post. This result was brought about by stopping all business on the lines directly the race commenced, and having operators on the alert to telegraph immediately the two or three letters which, by previous agreement, were to distinguish any particular horse. That every one must have been on the alert for the news and ready to act upon his instructions without delay is evident when we state that the message had first to be sent from Epsom to London, thence to Ireland, from Ireland to Nova Scotia, and thence to New York.

A paper upon the use of Opaque Glass in Decoration, recently read by Mr. J. C. Powell before the Architectural Association, was full of interesting matter, and dealt with a phase of art about which little is known by the general public. It traced the history of decoration of this kind both of walls and pavements, from the earliest times, and gave an elaborate account of the most beautiful and important applications of opaque glass in mosaic, as it is termed. This art, the reader tells us, is of the greatest antiquity, and has been practised by many different nations with various materials. Long before the Christian era, this kind of architectural ornament was largely employed, fragments of marble being used, but chiefly for pavements. About the fourth century, opaque glass came to be largely used in this kind of decoration, the glass being rendered opaque by the addition of oxide of tin, and coloured by means of various other metallic oxides. The work was probably carried out as it is to-day at Murano, where a number of crucibles are arranged like wash-hand basins in a lavatory, with a wood-fire beneath. These crucibles contain the molten glass, which when sufficiently soft is ladled out on to a metal table and pressed into circular cakes averaging about eight inches in diameter and about three-eighths of an inch thick. These are annealed, gradually cooled, and are then broken up into fragments of a convenient size for the use of the artist.

Most of us hardly realise the extreme depth of some of our coal-mines, in which men daily work to win for us one of the first necessities of our lives. One of the deepest mines in this country is in Lancashire, and is known as the Ashton Moss Colliery. When we say that it is one thousand and forty yards deep from the surface, the mind fails to comprehend any idea of the matter; so that we must look for a comparison with some well-known thing or place before we can grasp what this great depth means. St Paul's Cathedral is a good object for the purpose,

for most people know it by sight, and also know that it is four hundred feet in height from crown to base. Now the coal-mine referred to is just upon eight times the depth represented by a plummet dropped from the top of the Cathedral. Strange to say, the miners do not experience any serious inconvenience from working at so great a depth, except that they are somewhat less energetic than they would be if they worked at the surface, a circumstance which is probably accounted for by the high temperature of eighty-seven degrees which is found at that depth. The air is dry, there is very little water in the mine, and the gas given off is not greater than in workings nearer the surface.

About ten years ago, when Edison's phonograph first appeared before an astonished world, many curious ideas were ventilated as to the power of the instrument to preserve the utterances of the dead for future generations. This notion has been to a certain extent realised, for not long ago a party of literary gentlemen met in London on the anniversary of the poet Browning's death, and were able to listen by means of the instrument to a reproduction of words spoken by the deceased. A curious point in connection with the matter is that when making the original record on the phonograph cylinder the poet in quoting some of his own lines had to be prompted by a bystander, for his memory failed him. This prompting, together with the apology from the poet which followed, were duly reproduced by the instrument.

The recognition of the Germ theory of disease, which has of late years caused such wonderful progress to be made in battling with many of those terrible ills to which human flesh is heir, is also responsible for the promotion of many absurd ideas as to fancied dangers lurking amid the most innocent pursuits and pastimes. The latest of the alarmist rumours is represented by the suggestion that drawing-room carpets, being probably the haunt of dangerous microbes, should not be danced upon by giddy feet, in case those germs which are always ready for mischief should arise in clouds and attack the human occupants of the room. Now, if householders were in the habit of cultivating uncleanness in their carpets and hangings, or lending them out on hire to fever hospitals, there might be some sense in the suggestion. So there would be if it had been proved that the sweeping or beating of carpets and the dusting of furniture were peculiarly fatal occupations. As things are, the statement is a foolish one, and mischievous as well, for it may receive some credence by those who are of a nervous disposition.

Many deaths from burning are still attributable to the improper use of paraffin lamps, although several appliances have been invented which will cause one of these lamps to be extinguished should it be upset or thrown down. Some time ago a Committee of scientific gentlemen inquired into the question of paraffin-lamp employment generally, and laid down certain rules which ought to be observed in their use. One of these related to the common mode of extinguishing the wick by blowing down the chimney of the lamp. This custom was strongly condemned as being fruitful of danger, and users of lamps were directed to blow across the open mouth of the chimney, after

the wick had been turned down by the regulating button. Curiously enough, this Committee failed to point out that if one of these lamps is turned down to its lowest point, the flame will in a very short time die out of itself without any help from the breath. This seems to be a simple matter to call attention to, but in view of the very many fatal accidents which are recorded as resulting from ignorant use of lamps, it is of great importance.

Successful trials of some novel hydraulic appliances have recently been carried out at Portsmouth on board H.M.S. *Valiant*, the new torpedo depot ship. These appliances consist of two enormous 'gooseneck' cranes, one on either side of the vessel, whose duty it is to act as davits, for the purpose of lifting the twenty-ton torpedo boats, of which the ship carries six, and dropping them into or lifting them out of the water. The cranes have each a total height of sixty-five feet, the major portion of which is hidden below deck, where huge hydraulic rams furnish them with their motive power. By their use a torpedo boat can be slung out of the water and deposited on any part of the deck of the ship, for the cranes have a reach, or 'rake,' of thirty-eight feet, at a speed of ninety feet per minute. The cranes are supplied from Sir W. G. Armstrong's works at Elswick, and various novel fittings belonging to them have been recently patented.

A wonderful feat in gunnery is reported from Singapore. During some target practice there with one of the new breech-loading nine-inch guns, a flagstaff was hit and broken at a range of three and three-quarter miles. This is hardly credible; and a correspondent of the *Times*, who signs himself 'Munchausen,' evidently thinks so, for he pertinently asks, 'What was the diameter of the staff which was visible when three and three-quarter miles off to a human eye directed along the line of sight of a gun; and what was the power of the particular eye which contrived to see it?' He further suggests, what will doubtless be present to the minds of most practical men, that the result must have been brought about by what billiard players call 'a fluke.'

Pyrogravure is a newly-invented process for drawing patterns upon wood or other combustible material by means of a graving-point which is kept at a white heat. This point is of platinum, and it is kept hot by a supply of mingled air and hydrocarbon vapour. Other means have before been adopted for burning ornamental devices upon wood for decorative purposes, and such ornamentation, if artistically carried out, is very effective in appearance.

A writer in the *Hygienic Review* gives some interesting particulars with reference to the diet of the Hindus, and points to the common error made by speakers and writers in dealing in general terms with the inhabitants of India, instead of remembering that the country contains a variety of natives, who are distinct from one another in appearance, habits, and language. It is not true that the inhabitants of India are all vegetarians, for some of the best and the worst are meat-eaters, but all the same India affords examples of the efficiency of a vegetarian diet. Among the Sikhs especially may be found splendid specimens of powerful men who have never tasted meat.

A rough-and-ready kind of railroad is in use at Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, for the purpose of carrying timber from the woods to the river. The rails are made of spruce poles joined end to end, and spiked down to sleepers of the same material; and the rolling-stock consists of an eight-horse-power engine and a couple of light cars. The tires of all the wheels have a flange on both sides, and are wide enough to accommodate themselves to the varying thicknesses of the wooden rails, which vary from six to four inches in diameter. The little engine is placed between the two cars, so that shunting and alteration of position are obviated. This railway is probably the cheapest ever yet constructed.

THE CRYPTOPROCTA.

ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL AT THE 'ZOO.'

It is frequently the case that an animal arrives at the Zoological Gardens which has never before been exhibited to the public. It is also quite the usual thing for a rarity of this kind, which has perhaps cost a large sum of money, to die at once without allowing itself to be seen. Within the last few weeks the Zoo has received a specimen of a curious creature from Madagascar, which fortunately still survives, and may be inspected at any time in the 'Small Cats' House.' At the moment of writing (January) there is a little difficulty in finding out which is the animal in question; for it has not yet been provided with a card of introduction to the public, that is, with a label.

Madagascar is the home of many extraordinary animals, but of none more interesting than the Cryptoprocta. This animal, according to Professor Cope, is the sole remnant left to us of a large group of Mammals which flourished in great abundance during the 'Tertiary Period.' The name given to this group is *Crocodonts*, which of course means much the same as *Carnivora*. The *Crocodonts* were quite as ravenous and bloodthirsty as their modern descendants, and equally well furnished with teeth and claws; but they were behindhand in the matter of brain; and being thus perhaps unable to cope with the wiles of their more highly endowed prey, were starved out of existence long before the present epoch, and have only left us a few bones and teeth to tell of their former numbers.

Madagascar is just the place where waifs and strays of this description, which ought to have effaced themselves from creation ages ago, chiefly congregate. That island is supposed to have been originally connected with the African Continent; when it became separated, it was stocked with animals, which were at that time widely distributed. The advent of new forms settled the question of the survival of these creatures on the mainland in the negative; but the representatives of these persecuted and vanquished forms, which had emigrated to Madagascar before the separation, continued to live on in a dignified seclusion, free from the intrusion of any new-comers and only broken by their own intercaste quarrels. Fighting the matter out among themselves, the result was the present fauna of Madagascar, which abounds in ancient types, such as those monkey-

like creatures which are not really monkeys, the Lemurs, and the *Cryptoprocta*.

The scientific name of the animal is *Cryptoprocta ferox*. Judging from the demeanour of the animal at the Zoo, 'ferox' is a rather libellous name. It frisks about in a playful manner, and does not give one the impression of being the most bloodthirsty and savage of all the *Carnivora*; this, however, is the character that it has somehow got. The ferocity of the *Carnivora* is almost in inverse proportion to their size: one of the fiercest known is the little weasel, which will kill and destroy merely for the love of the thing, long after its appetite has been glutted. *Cryptoprocta* may occasionally perform the same office in farmyards in Madagascar that its distant relations, the weasels and stoats, perform in farmyards in England, and have thus earned the title of 'ferox.' But the unprejudiced visitor who can endure for a sufficiently long period the decidedly pronounced odour of the cats' house, will come to the conclusion that for sheer malignity of character, unredeemed by any playfulness whatever, some of the wild-cats easily bear the palm. At the same time it would, perhaps, not be very advisable to attempt any familiarities with the *Cryptoprocta* in spite of his apparently friendly disposition; an attempt of this sort might lead to the demonstration of a very interesting fact in the structure of this animal—namely, that its claws are quite well developed and are retractile.

Cats, as every one knows, walk upon their toes; they are *digitigrade*, as the expression is; and as a natural consequence, the claws can be retracted, so that their softened footfall may allow them to approach their victims and make the fatal spring without betraying their whereabouts. Another advantage of this power of sheathing the claws is naturally to keep the sharpness unblunted. On the other hand, the *Civets* have only half-retractile claws, and many of the *Carnivora* walk upon the soles of their feet instead of upon their finger-tips. The *Cryptoprocta* is a mixture of these different conditions; it has retractile claws, but it walks partly upon the soles of the feet: it is semi-plantigrade, to use the technical term.

The *Cryptoprocta* is of a uniform tawny-brown colour, something like the lion or the panther; there are other cat-like creatures which are thus coloured.

The tawny colour of the lion is compared to the colour of the deserts which it inhabits, and is said to have been brought about in order to render it inconspicuous. The young lion whelps are distinctly spotted, which shows that in all probability the ancestors of the lion were more like a leopard than their descendants. The leopard has changed his spots, but the question is whether the usually received interpretation is the right one. The lion needs no protection from enemies; the muscular power of his limbs and jaws is quite enough protection.

But it might be suggested that a colour-resemblance to the ground upon which he crouches would deceive the herbivorous creatures into fancying that no danger was near until they were actually seized by their fierce and powerful enemy. Probably this is so, if it be true that a hunting lion approaches his prey always with due regard to the direction of the wind. To

admit that probability is, however, a long way from admitting that the colour has been produced for that very purpose; while the coloration of the puma and the *Cryptoprocta* cannot be accounted for in that way at all. One way out of the difficulty is to assume that the two last-mentioned Carnivores once inhabited deserts, but later on, changed their abode, the corresponding colour-change not having yet come into operation. But this is only put forward to show in what straits those who believe in the universal use of colour in relation to surroundings, animate and inanimate, and for other purposes, must occasionally find themselves. All we can say at present is that there appears to be a tendency among Carnivora to lose their spots and stripes and to assume a uniform tawny colour. The young of the *Cryptoprocta* is not known; but the newly-born puma is much more conspicuously spotted than the young lion of the same age.

A YEAR'S EMIGRATION.

Very few of the general public, except those who are directly interested in shipping, can form any idea of the enormous number of people of all nations, creeds, and classes who annually leave our shores with the intention of forming fresh homes across the seas. We have before us as we write a Board of Trade return of the 'numbers, nationalities, and destinations' of the persons who left the United Kingdom for places out of Europe during the twelve months ending December 31, 1890. During this period no fewer than 316,145 souls left our shores. This does not of course in any way represent the total number of persons who emigrate annually, but simply the number who leave the United Kingdom.

Of this 316,000 odd, the majority are English—140,000; the Irish come next with 57,000; and then the Scotch with 30,000. The foreigners numbered 98,000. Of this number the great majority went to the United States; some 88,500 English, 52,000 Irish, 14,000 Scotch, and 81,000 foreigners, being 'dumped' there during the twelve months. The next country in favour was British North America, which received during the same period 18,500 English, 2400 Scotch, 1700 Irish, and 9500 foreigners. Australasia comes next with 16,000 English, 2750 Irish, 2500 Scotch, and only 392 foreigners. When we come to Africa we notice a very great falling-off, only 12,000—English, Irish, Scotch, and foreigners—having sought their fortunes at the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, &c. Some 17,000 emigrated to places not specified in the returns; and so in this way we make our total of 316,000. From these figures it will be seen that the vast majority of these emigrants are British or of British origin.

It is admitted on all hands that emigration is a sure index of prosperity or otherwise of a country. In times of prosperity more people emigrate than in times of poverty. When this statement, strange as it may appear at the first glance, is looked into, it will be found that such should naturally be the case. In times of depression a man has barely enough to keep body and soul together, and though he would willingly leave Old England, he cannot do so for want of money, even though the amount required be only

two or three pounds. In times of prosperity, however, the same man can manage to scrape together a few pounds, and then he 'gets off' with it to what he fondly trusts will be a better and happier land. For example, the year 1889 was a more prosperous one than 1890, except perhaps the latter part of the late year, when trade revived somewhat. In 1889 we find that, to be exact, 342,641 persons emigrated to the various countries mentioned; whilst last year, as we have already stated, 316,145 left 'the old home,' a decrease of no fewer than 26,496, or about eight per cent. This may not appear a very great falling-off; but when we come to reckon the amount in pounds, shillings, and pence, we find out what an enormous difference it must make in the circulation of that needful commodity, as well as to the pockets of our shipowners.

Let us look at the amount received by the various companies for passage-money to the United States and British North America. If we take it at four pounds per head, a low estimate, we find the total to be £1,062,004; of this the Britishers contribute £699,992. It is somewhat difficult to get a fair average cost of the fares to the other countries; but we think we are within the mark if we take it in the following manner: The total number of emigrants to Australasia, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, and all other ports, was 50,644. We average the fare at twelve pounds per head. This amounts to £607,728. It must be remembered, however, that the passage money does not all go to the shipowners; but we can fairly say that after allowing for all extras, &c., at one pound per head, we can credit the shipowners with £1,353,587 as the result of last year's emigration. In 1889 they must have netted something like £1,541,443; so that last year there was a decrease as compared with 1889 of 28,496 persons, representing in hard cash, £197,858. It has been calculated that each emigrant when he lands at a foreign port is worth to the country where he lands at least twenty pounds. If we figure this out, we find that the United States, British North America, Australasia, &c., amongst them received last year something like £6,322,900, and this from the one source alone—Emigration.

THE FORGE BY THE FOREST.

It stands half-hidden in the greenwood's edge,
Its music greets the dawn that glimmers white,
Before the sunbeams chase away the night,
Or the first warbler twitters in the sedge;
All day the anvil rings beneath the sledge,
The forgo-fires roar, and gleam with ruddy light
Till crimson sunset crowns the distant height,
And all its fringes fade along the ledge.

Then, though the whispering leaves above it bend,
And night-birds call, and moonbeams round it play,
The voices of the smithy die away;
When in the dusk the evening dew descends
In silent slumber all its labours end—
Its music mute, its ashes cold and gray.

J. G. F. NICHOLSON.

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TRINIDAD ISLAND AND ITS TREASURE.

The latest story of buried treasure is not that which Mr. Clark Russell recently told in these pages to the readers of 'My Shipmate Louise,' but one just narrated by Mr. E. F. Knight, who in the year 1889 went out to search for a reputed hoard on the island of Trinidad. This is not the tropical West Indian paradise with which Mr. Grant Allen made our readers acquainted a few years ago, but an islet of the same name and of very different character in the South Atlantic. It is a rocky, desolate, surf-encompassed islet, in latitude 20° 30' south, and longitude 29° 23' west, about seven hundred miles from the Brazilian port of Bahia. Mariners avoid it because of the coral reefs and deadly crabs by which it is encircled, and rarely, until recent years, has human foot trodden its shores. Its only inhabitants are very loathsome and destructive land-crabs, numerous sea-fowl, and gigantic turtles. Once upon a time it was covered with a dense forest from beach to summit, but for well-nigh a century the forest has been filled only with gaunt and leafless trees. This dead forest is one of the most ghastly features of a peculiarly ghastly and forbidding island. When and how the trees were stricken by the death-blight, no man knows; but it was probably some volcanic eruption which at one stroke changed a land of fruit-groves and spicy arbours into a forest of desolation, for Trinidad is the centre of a small volcanic patch in the South Atlantic. What vegetation now remains is confined to some tree-forms and acacia-bushes on a plateau high up among the mountains, and to a growth of wild beans in some of the gullies.

Another peculiarity of the island is that it seems wholly brittle, for landslips are continually occurring, crags falling, ravines filling and opening, and the general configuration altering. As described by Mr. Knight, it seems like one of the forlorn islands of the old sea-romances, on which the bloody deeds of pirates have left a curse, so that the treasure is guarded by evil spirits. The great seas which roll up without

any apparent cause, even after days of windless weather, the ever-tottering crags, and all the forces and terrors of nature, seem in combination to keep man from off the secret hoard, while the land-crabs are ugly and evil and diabolical-looking enough to represent the spirits of the bloodiest pirates ever known.

On this desolate spot, there was buried, in the year 1821, a great store of gold and silver plate and specie, which, during the Peruvian war of independence, was being conveyed from the Cathedral of Lima to Spain for security. The vessel conveying it was captured by pirates, who then deposited it in a part of Trinidad known as South-west Bay, marking the spot with three cairns. They left it there, intending to return, doubtless, when Lord Dundonald should cease from scouring the pirate-infested seas; but they fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and were all hanged at Cuba—all save one—a Russian Finn—who about the year 1850 confided the secret of his life and the treasure to a Newcastle captain then in command of an East Indianman engaged in the opium trade. This Newcastle mariner brought home the secret and the pirate's plan of the island; and some years afterwards, sent out his son, in a Newcastle vessel trading with the Brazils, to look for the hoard. The vessel reached the island; but after beating about for a week, could not find a landing-place, and the captain resolved to give up the attempt. The young man, however, was permitted to swim ashore; and after spending a night alone on the island, where he was nearly devoured by the land-crabs, was hauled by a line through the surf to the boat and taken on board again. He reported that he had identified the spot described by the pirate; that it corresponded exactly with the description he had received from his father; but that a great landslip of red earth had evidently fallen on the treasure, and that not for the whole treasure itself would he spend another night in such a place.

Here, then, was confirmatory evidence of one sort; while an inspection of the archives of Cuba

revealed the fact that a gang of pirates who had plundered Spanish vessels sailing from Lima had been hanged at Havana at the very date given by the Russian Finn to the Newcastle captain. Then it was known that a large portion of the treasure which Lord Dundonald reported as existing at Lima—valued by him at over six millions sterling—had never been traced. Some portion of it fell into the hands of the Peruvians, and other portions were recaptured by Dundonald from the pirates who had plundered the Spanish vessels. But a large portion remains to this day unaccounted for, and thus there was *prima facie* evidence in favour of the Trinidad story.

It was so firmly believed in by some very shrewd Tynesiders, that in the year 1885 they despatched an expedition in a barque called the *Aurea* to make thorough search for it. The mistake was in sending a square-rigged vessel of such large size that she could not be brought near enough to the shore. With great difficulty seven men were landed in a small boat with some tools, and no sooner were they landed than the ship was blown out of sight by a high gale, and could not make the island again for three weeks. By that time the party ashore were so demoralised by deficiency of food, exposure to rain, and the haunting presence of the land-crabs, that they eagerly re-embarked at the first opportunity. They had done very little digging, although they had identified the spot described by the pirate; but they were so emaciated and ill, that the leader of the party determined not to risk the lives of any more of his men, and so abandoned the search.

Besides these, three other expeditions had attempted to disinter the secret of Trinidad Island before Mr Knight had heard of it. This was only after his return from a cruise in the *Falcon*, the story of which was given to the world some few years ago, during which he had happened to land on and explore Trinidad without being then aware of the romantic interest attaching to it. He had discovered a moderately safe landing-place, had followed passes through the mountains, and knew where water was to be found. Thus, when he heard the treasure story, and remembered things about the island which seemed to lend colour to the piratical tale, he determined to organise a more thorough search than had yet been attempted.

Thus it was that the 'Crnise of the *Alerte*' was projected. The *Alerte* was a stout-built yacht—rigged as a yawl—which was purchased at Southampton, and specially fitted out for the work. She was only some fifty tons or so of yacht measurement, but quite big enough for a party of thirteen adventurers and all their provisions and tools for excavation. These tools were very complete, and included hydraulic jacks, forges and anvils, boring apparatus, materials for shafting, crowbars, shovels, wheelbarrows, tents, wire-fencing, &c.—enough to furnish a pretty extensive

mining 'claim' in America. Ample stores of provisions were also taken, and every preparation was made for a prolonged stay, since the reported landship implied probably the removal of many thousands of tons of debris before the hiding-place could be laid bare.

The company was to consist of nine gentlemen-adventurers, including Mr Knight himself, to whom the others were to pay one hundred pounds apiece, and to yield implicit obedience, each receiving in return one-twentieth of the gross proceeds of the venture. Mr Knight's contribution was the vessel, provisions, and tools; and further, he engaged four paid-hands, who were not to be entitled to any share of the treasure, but were to be liberally paid whatever happened. Before the *Alerte* reached Trinidad, the number of gentlemen-adventurers had been reduced to five, and the paid crew changed and increased to five, so that the full number of those who actually engaged in the search was only ten. Unfortunately, among the gentlemen who, from one cause or other, dropped off from the expedition were the only two who had knowledge of photography, ornithology, &c., so that the collections which were expected were not obtained.

Sailing from Southampton at the end of August 1889, the *Alerte* made first for the Salvage Islands, which the party had been recommended to try in the first instance for a treasure reputed to have been buried there in 1804, the story of which is well known at the Admiralty. This story is, that a vessel from South America for Cadiz, laden with produce and two million dollars in money, was, when within a few days' sail of her destination, warned by a neutral that war had been declared, and that English frigates were watching the whole Spanish coast. Thereupon the captain resolved to run back to the Spanish Main; but the crew mutinied, murdered the captain, buried the money on an uninhabited island, and finally wrecked the ship in trying to make the West Indies. A survivor told the story to the captain of an English man-of-war, and the Admiralty ordered a preliminary search; but the results were so discouraging that it was not thought worth while to prosecute the matter further.

As the uninhabited island of this story was identified with one of the Salvage group, which lay, after a manner, in the route of the *Alerte*, it was resolved to make some attempt to test the truth of it. The Salvages consist of three islands between Madeira and the Canaries, and are carefully avoided by vessels on account of the dangerous shoals that surround them. These three islands are Great Salvage, Great Piton, and Little Piton; and it was on Great Piton that the search was to be made. Here a camp was formed, and systematic digging continued for four days, with no result; and as the information was so vague that the adventurers did not even know if they were on the right island, the search was then abandoned, and the course of the *Alerte* shaped for Bahia, which was reached on the 2d of November.

Here fresh provisions were taken in, letters received and despatched, some changes made in the crew, and a little delay caused by bad weather. Finally, sail was set on the 11th of November, and Treasure Island was sighted six days later. Sighted, yes; but it is one thing to sight Trinidad and another thing to land on it, as previous adventurers had found. This, indeed, seems one of the most obstinately inaccessible of all the earth-children known as islands—a lonely ocean-castaway, as jealous of its seclusion as the Grand Lama of Tibet. The mountains rise sheer from the surf, which ever boils and seethes, even when there is no wind. Their sides are cleft by awful ravines with perpendicular precipices; pinnacles here, and huge cones there, show where masses have been shattered by volcanic commotions, and great slopes of red and black debris betray the changing character of the surface. The peaks tower to three thousand feet or more above the sea, and are ever wrapt in vaporous wreaths, torn and twisted into curious shapes as the winds eddy among the summits. Indescribably savage and grand is the scenery of this weird island, where silence is unknown, and where the sorrow of the sea is never quiet. The roaring of the surf on the beach and up the rocky ravines becomes at times almost deafening, and it is accentuated by the shrill cries of myriads of melancholy sea-birds.

The first thing to do was to land at a sort of natural coral pier that Mr Knight knew of; but this is some miles from Treasure Bay, and only availed for a preliminary survey-party of two. Afterwards this was used as a place at which to water the yacht, which anchored in the vicinity for the greater portion of the time of the search—Treasure Bay itself being too exposed and dangerous for even a small vessel. Crossing the island by the mountain passes which he had discovered nine years before, Mr Knight and a companion, after a dangerous and toilsome journey, reached the site of the supposed hoard. They found relics of the *Avoca* expedition, and they also found, what was better, that a good water-supply was available with moderate labour.

The nature of the scenery around us, writes Mr Knight, 'was now grand in the extreme, and had a weird character of its own that I have never perceived on other mountains. The jagged and torn peaks, the profound chasms, the huge land-slips of black rocks, the slopes of red volcanic ash destitute of vegetation, in themselves produce a sense of extreme desolation; but this is heightened by the presence of ghastly dead vegetation, and by the numberless uncanny birds and land-crabs which cover all the rocks. This lonely islet is perhaps the principal breeding-place for sea-birds in the South Atlantic. Here multitudes of man-of-war birds, gannets, boobies, cormorants, and petrels have their undisturbed haunts. Not knowing how dangerous he is, they treat their superior animal, man, with a shocking want of due respect. The large birds more especially attack one furiously if one approaches their nests in the breeding season; and in places where one has to clamber with hands as well as feet, and is therefore helpless, they are positively dangerous. As for the land-crabs, which are unlike any I have seen elsewhere, they swarm all over the island in incredible numbers. I have seen them

two or three deep in shady places under the rocks; they crawl over everything, polluting every stream, devouring anything—a loathsome set of brutes, which were of use, however, in our camp as scavengers. They have hard shells of a bright saffron colour, and their faces have a most cynical and diabolic expression. As one approaches them they stand on their hindlegs and wave their pincers threateningly, while they roll their hideous goggle eyes at one in a dreadful manner. If a man is sleeping or sitting down quietly, these creatures will come up to have a bite at him, and would devour him if he was unable for some reason to slink them off. But we murdered so many in the vicinity of our camp during our stay on the island that they certainly became less bold, and it seemed almost as if the word had been passed all over Trinidad that we were dangerous animals, to be shunned by every prudent crab.'

When Treasure Bay was reached, the pirate's landmarks were readily identified, and arrangements were made for landing the stores and tools. This had to be done through the surf by means of a whale-boat, for carriage over the difficult and dangerous mountain-passes was out of the question. Landing through the surf was laborious and dangerous enough, but it was effected in a series of exciting journeys, and then a camp was formed and operations were commenced.

It was seen at once that these would have to be extensive and prolonged, for the exact locality of the cairns under the fallen debris could not be determined, and therefore almost the whole of it would have to be removed. This was done by systematic trenching; while the huge rocks were lifted out of the way by means of the hydraulic jack which had been brought. For three months the whole party laboured in turn as navvies, ceasing only during the heat of mid-day and on Sundays; and they left almost literally not a stone unturned in the ravine where ought to have existed the cavern where the pirates' hoard was deposited. But they discovered neither the cavern nor the hoard.

All hands were not on shore at a time, for at least three were needed to take charge of the yacht, whose anchorage was by no means secure. Indeed, so frequent and erratic are the winds which eddy from the summits of Trinidad, even when it is calm out at sea, that after a while it was determined that it was safer to leave anchor and to cruise off and on the island—drifting away at night, and beating back during the day. When the weather permitted, a boat would be despatched from Treasure Bay to the vessel, or *vice versa*, to exchange news and compare notes; but sometimes for many days together this intercourse was impossible. Then the supply of oatmeal gave out, and Mr Knight with a couple of hands ran the *Alerte* all the way to Bahia to get fresh stores. He was so detained by bad weather that when he returned to the island he found the shore-party on the verge of starvation, and just preparing to launch themselves in the whale-boat on the open sea in the hope of being picked up.

On off-days, the island was explored by the members of the expedition, who discovered the remains of what had evidently been a Portuguese settlement—several huts and stone walls overgrown with creepers. From appearance, this

settlement must have been of some duration; and it would be interesting if some one could evolve its history from Portuguese records. It may be, indeed, that the non-discovery of the treasure and the existence of this settlement have some connection. Who knows to whom the Russian Finn communicated his secret before he met the Newcastle captain? This is assuming that the pirate's story was true, and really there seems no good reason to doubt it. In spite of his non-success, Mr Knight, with all his knowledge of the island, has very little doubt that the treasure of the Cathedral of Lima was once really deposited on Trinidad. Whether it has been already removed, or whether it lies buried under some other landslip, cannot be said, and will probably never be known.

Certainly, the *Alerte* party made a gallant and persevering effort to recover the treasure, without stopping to consider what moral or legal claim they had to it should they discover it. When it was resolved to abandon the search, the weather was becoming so bad that every hour's delay meant danger. Happily, everything was got on board safely, and the yacht started for the other Trinidad, in the West Indies, where the party was broken up, and each man went to his own home, rich in experience of a novel sort, if not in the treasures of Lima. 'They did not catch that whale, brave boys;' but they did something to think about and talk about for the rest of their lives.

It cannot be recommended that any should follow their example. Six expeditions within twelve years have found the Spanish treasure on Trinidad to be pretty much like the Spanish fleet in the ballad.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

BY GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN AIL SHADERS.'

'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—THE BUBBLE BURSTS.

'It's terrible,' said Linnell to Dumaresq, breaking the short pause, 'that after all you have wrought and done for the world you should still be able to say *that* to day—you, the greatest thinker in our modern Europe.'

'Not for me,' the old stoic answered with a resigned nod; 'not terrible for me: I'm used to it: it suits me: but for Psyche, I grant you, yes: for Psyche; for Psyche.'

'Miss Dumaresq deserves all the world can give her,' Linnell replied boldly.

The old man's eye fired up once more with a brilliant flash, and then grew slowly dim again. If only he could see his way to make Psyche happy! He wasn't sordidly anxious to sell her for gold: oh no, oh no; he would sell her to no man: but he wanted to see his Psyche happy. He clutched Linnell's hand once more and spoke earnestly, fervently. 'Listen here,' he cried in more vivid tones; 'you're a friend—a disciple. I can tell you. I can trust you. I know I've thrown away my own life: I could endure that easily, if that were all; but that's not all. I've thrown away hers too; I've failed

in my duty to her. You can't think how that wrong weighs upon my spirit now. I ought to have toiled and moiled and slaved and sweated, not to write the Encyclopædic Philosophy for the good of the race—how little that matters!—but to carve out for my child a place in the world well worthy of her. One or the other course I might rightly have pursued; but not both together. If I meant to devote my life to philosophy, I should never have been a father. Becoming a father, I ought to have devoted my life to *her* alone. I gave a hostage to fortune, and I failed to redeem it. I became responsible for a life, and I failed to guarantee it a proper future. And now in my helpless old age, I see my error. I see it too late; I see it too late; I see it, and I pay for it.'

'You are wrong,' Linnell answered firmly. 'So great a life as yours demands a great account to be given at last of it. The vast organising genius, the wonderful brain that conceived and wrought out the Encyclopædic Philosophy, was not only your own to do as you would with: it was a gift held in trust by you for the world and for the ages. You played your part well. It is for us, the remainder, who profit by your just and due, yet none the less splendid and self-sacrificing use of your own great powers, to see that neither you nor she is a loser by your grand and unselfish action.'

'You think so?' the old man asked, looking up at him with a passing expression of doubt.

Linnell hesitated, like one caught in a trap. Was the philosopher trying to probe his secret? 'I think so,' he answered aloud after a short struggle.

'Then that brings me back at once to what I wanted to say to you in confidence to-day,' Dumaresq continued, glancing at him with a strangely remorseful face. 'Mr Linnell, I'm going to trust you. You understand exactly how I feel towards Psyche. I know how sweet and rare a flower it is that blooms around the wreck of my ruined life. I know it, and I cherish her as she ought to be cherished—jealously, scrupulously, reverently, tenderly. I want my child to fill her proper place in life: I want to see her happy before I die. Unless she goes away to fill it and to be happy—well, I hope she may cling to the ruin still while there's anything left of it to hold together.'

'Yes,' Linnell answered, half chilled by his words. He sympathised, in a way, with that strange old man; but Dumaresq had struck by accident the feeblest of all the resonant chords in his complex nature for a father to work upon. No apt response could there be expected.

'Yes,' the old man answered, his eyes growing tenderer each moment as he spoke, and his lips quivering. 'Pardon me if I've noticed your feelings towards my daughter. I know you've been seeing a great deal of Psyche lately. I know Psyche's been thinking a great deal of you.—It surprises you that I should have noticed it!—Ah, well, that shows you don't know how closely I watch over Psyche. You fancy I'm blind to these things, because I'm old, and a dreamer, and a philosopher, and a stoic. No doubt, where human trivialities are concerned I'm often blind; I see nothing. You can't keep

your whole soul fixed at once upon the main order of the cosmos, and the minutest details of Mrs Grundy's dinner-parties. But where even the veriest trivialities touch my Psyche, my eyes are at once as sharp as a lynx's. Then the blind but wakes up and sees: the mole opens his narrow eyelids, shakes the dust of grimy burrowings from his coat, creeps out from his hole, and peers about him with the sharp vision of a very Argus. That's how it is when Psyche's in question. He took Linnell's hand in his own for a moment once more. 'Bear with me,' he went on, pleadingly—'bear with a father who asks you only because he loves his daughter. I don't want to see her affections too deeply engaged without knowing what are the prospects of her future happiness. You love Psyche; oh, yes, I know it. You can't conceal that from me. I have eyes. I see it; but before Psyche commits herself to loving you, I must earnestly ask you—as a father, I feel compelled to ask you—are you in a position to marry?—have you the means and the power to make Psyche happy?'

It was not an unnatural question for a father to put, as fathers go: even a man less hardly tried by fortune and less devoted to his daughter than Haviland Dumaresq might easily have asked it; but nothing could have been worse adapted for meeting a man of Linnell's nature. The painter's quick suspicion was aroused at once. Dumaresq's ardour chilled him.

'I never said,' he answered, disengaging his hand with difficulty from the old man's grasp, 'that I made any pretensions to be regarded as one of Miss Dumaresq's suitors. That honour is one I never ventured to claim. It would be the more usual course to ask me such a question as you now ask me when I came before you of my own accord to beg your consent, after I had already made sure of your daughter's wishes. As it is, you discomit the future somewhat too brusquely—you have no reason to suppose my feelings towards Miss Dumaresq are anything warmer than those of the merest polite admiration.'

'The more usual course!' Haviland Dumaresq answered, looking across at him with a profoundly surprised air. 'The more usual course! and Psyche's happiness at stake! Ah, Linnell, Linnell, you don't know how I watch over her! Where Psyche's concerned, do you think it matters to me one farthing what's usual? I know how you feel. You're young, and you love her. For you, and for her, that would be quite enough, of course. At your ages, that's all young blood should think about. In the fitness of things, I acknowledge your attitude. But me! I tell you, it's my duty to guard her with all my soul from her own too hasty or too foolish feelings. I know what it all means—poverty; long waiting, a cheek grown pale with hope deferred; an imprudent marriage at last; my darling worn out with infinite petty cares and sordid shifts of a young family, brought up too sentimentally. I've seen it and known it. Would it be right of me to let Psyche expose herself to all that? If I see you're beginning to think of my Psyche, mustn't I make sure for myself beforehand who and what you are, and what you can do to make her happy? Don't suppose I'm so blind as not to know you think of her. No man

reads emotional expression worse than I do, I know—my mind moves on a different plane from that—but I must be a poor reader and speller indeed if I couldn't spell out what's written in letters as big as my fist across your very forehead—what pervades every act and look and word of yours whenever I see you one moment near her. So I venture to ask you now in plain words beforehand if my Psyche loves you as you love her, are you in a position to make her happy?'

'Mr Dumaresq,' Linnell cried, taken aback, 'I beg of you, I pray you, whatever you do, not to breathe or whisper one word of this to—Psyche. I can't bear to think that Haviland Dumaresq should be capable of speaking to me in such a strain; for many reasons which you will readily guess, it would surprise and distress your daughter even more profoundly. Don't let her know—pure and beautiful, and shrinking as she is—don't let her know you have so thrust her name in such a connection upon a perfect stranger. For her sake, for the sake of her unaided dignity, which I at least respect if you do not, forbear to speak to me any more about her. I will not admit I have any other feeling on earth towards Miss Dumaresq; but I have at least too much reverence and regard for her position to breathe her name to any man living before I have asked her own permission to discuss her.'

Haviland Dumaresq paused irresolute for a moment; then he answered once more in a very soft voice. 'You say well,' he murmured; 'but—you admit the impeachment.—What you allow is more than what you deny. I won't put my question, therefore, on the ground to which you object: but I will ask you plainly, as a matter of general abstract information, which I'm anxious to obtain, have you any means of your own of a private sort, or do you live—well—entirely by the practice of your profession?'

'And I will answer you,' Linnell replied, drawing himself up with a determined air, 'that the question of my income is one which lies entirely between myself and the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.'

'Your answer is evasive,' Dumaresq said, drawing back and eyeing him hard with that keen clear glance of his. 'If anything except Psyche's happiness were at stake, I ought to take the hint and forbear to press you. But there, I can't help myself: for the very way in which you say it makes me see you're trying to hide from me, for some inexplicable reason, the fact that you have money.' He drew his hand across his forehead with a vague dim air. Again the strange dreaminess seemed to come like a cloud across him. His eye grew glazed. 'For myself,' he went on slowly, 'I care nothing for money. You know I care nothing. For myself I despise it. Have I not worked like a galley-slave all my life long, on bread and water sometimes, in the service of truth, caring for nothing—money, honour, fame—if only I could fulfil my appointed life-task? When did any man bribe me with gold or with position? When did any man turn me from my own high purpose? But for Psyche, oh, for Psyche, I'm very jealous. I can't bear to think that Psyche should lead a life of drudgery. I toil hard for her now; but I can't toil much

longer. I'm almost worn out. I want to know that after my time Psyche will be happy. It would be wrong for me to let her get her affections engaged with any one who hasn't the means to keep her as she deserves to be kept. That must be my excuse for reading your secret. At any rate, I've read it. I can see it—I can see it: I can see you have money.' He repeated the word dreamily once or twice to himself, 'Money, money, money, money.'

Linnell recoiled from him with a startled look of surprise and annoyance. Had he known under what strange influence Haviland Dumaresq spoke, he might have been less astonished: as it was, he could hardly believe these words came from the lips of the Encyclopædic Philosopher and Psyche's father! The painter's disillusionment was indeed for the moment complete. His idol had truly feet of clay. 'You make a mistake,' he answered coldly, with a repellent air. 'But I myself am in no way answerable for it. I have never given either you or Miss Dumaresq the slightest reason for believing that I laid any claim in any way to the possession of riches. If the thought ever occurred to me—and I do not say it did—that I might perhaps venture to aspire—that I might ask Miss Dumaresq to share her life with me, then certainly it occurred to me only in the form that I might ask her to share a journeyman painter's early struggles—and perhaps in the end his success also. I thought she would sympathise with such an attitude. I thought she would not refuse to aid me in my first endeavors. If I asked at all, I would ask Miss Dumaresq to accept me just as I am; to take me for the sake of myself and my art; to inspire my work and to accept my devotion. It surprises me to hear you talk as you do.' He paused for a moment. 'If I had not heard it from your own lips,' he added slowly, 'I could never have believed it of Haviland Dumaresq. Even now, I cannot believe but that Haviland Dumaresq's daughter would surely behave in a way more befitting her father's character. If ever she marries any man, she will marry him, I firmly hold, not for money, not for position, not even for happiness, but just because she loves him. And if ever I asked Miss Dumaresq to accept me, it would be on that ground, and on that ground alone, that I could think of asking her.'

Were ever unconformable natures more inopportunistly thrown together? By pure accident, either's angles offended the other mortally. They came so close in most ways, yet with such unfortunate capacities for creating mutual misunderstandings.

The old man's face relaxed rapidly. The collapse from an opium paradise is often almost miraculous in its suddenness. The gay bubble bursts even more quickly and strangely than it swelled. As Haviland Dumaresq sat and listened to Linnell's cold and guarded answer, the effect of the drug, which was already beginning naturally to wear off under the influence of exercise, cleared away all at once in a horrid awakening, when the disenchanted dreamer recognised at a single stroke his own needless degradation, and the total downfall of the magnificent palace he had been rearing for an hour or two on such an

airy basis. In a second the illusion was utterly dispelled. Space shrunk once more like an empty bladder to its normal dimensions. The mountains fell slowly into long flat downs. The colour faded from earth and sky. The sea subsided to its natural level. The perspective of the world restored itself at once in all its ordinary meanness. And Linnell the mysterious stood revealed before him after all as a mere hard-working, penniless, struggling painter, with nothing but the chances of his art to subsist upon. Not such the dream he had cherished for Psyche. She must marry some one who could keep her at least in modest luxury—or else cling to the ruin.

'Then—you—have—no—means?' he gasped out slowly, clutching the stem of the elder-bush at his side for support, and gazing hard into the painter's face.

'Miss Dumaresq would not ask for money,' Linnell replied with an evasive smile.

The old man's face fell slowly. 'Have you nearly finished your picture?' he asked at last in a very quiet voice.

With a start of unwelcome surprise, Linnell divined his meaning at once. But he repressed his feelings. 'Another day will finish it,' he answered in the self-same unemotional tone, as coldly as the philosopher himself had spoken.

'That is well.—Come to-morrow and get it finished,' Haviland Dumaresq said with reluctant determination.

Linnell bowed. 'And after that?' he asked, looking hard into the old man's face.

'And after that,' Dumaresq answered, leaning forward apologetically, 'I think, for Psyche's sake, for all our sakes—it would be better she and you should not meet again.—Ah yes, I pain you! You fancy I'm hard. You fancy I'm cruel. That's just because I'm really so tender. I feel it my duty to guard my daughter from the bare chance of misery, poverty, drudgery. Drudgery! I know what it means, my friend. For a man, those things are easy enough to bear; but for a woman—tenderly, delicately nurtured—how could I expose her to them? I must not; I cannot. I've gained experience myself on my path through life. I paid for it dear. Psyche shall have the benefit of it for nothing. No penniless man shall drag her down, down, down, to a wretched struggle with sordid poverty. Psyche is beautiful; Psyche is intelligent; Psyche is animated; Psyche is clever. She has been much admired. She's reaching the age when a girl should come out. If I take her to London—and I'd work my fingers to the bone to do it—she can mix in society and meet the sort of man she ought to meet with. I may be poor, but I'm not unknown. My name is worth much. I can get introductions, invitations, acquaintances for Psyche. Once seen in London, she's sure to marry, and to marry as she ought. I must guard her for the present from throwing away her life for a future of drudgery.'

'I see,' Linnell answered bitterly. 'You think the world's wisdom for women is summed up in that one short phrase—to marry well—do you?'

'You say it yourself,' Dumaresq answered oracularly. 'You say it, not I.—But perhaps you're right, after all. To marry well! It means, what the wisdom of the world has made

it mean—to marry where the means of happiness are best forthcoming?' He said it musingly.

Linnell bowed his head once more in solemn acquiescence. 'I may see Miss Dumaresq to-morrow?' he asked after a pause.

'You may come in and finish your picture of course. That's mere common justice. Take as many days as you find needful to finish it. I wouldn't waste so much valuable work for worlds by curtailing in any way your opportunities for completing it.'

'And I may see her *alone*?' the painter asked again, trembling.

Dumaresq hesitated. 'Yes, you may see her alone,' he answered, after a moment's consideration; 'but you know my views, and as a man of honour, you will not try to take advantage. I'm sure, of the permission—I may even say, the concession, I make to you. You will not incite a girl of seventeen to differ from her own father on an important matter affecting her future. I allow you to see her only because it's possible you may have already said things to her you would now wish to withdraw or to explain away. I rely upon your sense of honour for the rest.' He faltered for a moment with a sudden servile air. 'I'm an old man,' he repeated once more, almost dumbly; 'I only want to make Psyche happy.'

The last two sentences were plaintively said. They touched Linnell somehow, in spite of himself. 'Very well,' he replied; 'you may rely upon me then.' He looked at him fixedly. 'I have come to the age of disillusionments,' he went on; 'but no disillusion I've ever had in all my life was half so bitter as this of to-day's has been. I have seen with my own eyes a king of men dethroned from his high seat—a prince of thinkers lowered from his pinnacle to the level of the commonest and vilest humanity. But for the sake of what you have said, I will spare you more. Miss Dumaresq shall never marry a penniless painter.'

'Oh, remember, it's for her sake,' the old man cried appealingly, wringing his hands, and now unstrung by the sudden collapse of the opium-ecstasy. 'It's for her sake, remember! Don't be too hard upon me, I beseech you, Linnell. She's very young; I must guard her youth, her ignorance, her innocence. I would be doing wrong as a father if I didn't preserve her from the fatal consequences of her own impetuosity, as we take away knives from very young children. It's my duty to guide her by my elder experience. Many a woman who married herself for love at twenty—and led a life of hopeless drudgery—regrets it enough when she's reached fifty to make her daughters marry better than she did. The world knows best: the world knows best: it's wiser by far than any one of its component members.'

'Good-bye,' Linnell answered, rising up with an effort from the dreary bank. 'I'll call in to finish the picture at ten to-morrow.'

'At ten to-morrow!' Haviland Dumaresq repeated in a dreary voice. 'At ten to-morrow!—Good-bye for the present, then. It's for Psyche's sake. At ten to-morrow.'

And sinking down on the bank, when Linnell was gone, he buried his face in his hands like a child and sobbed bitterly. 'I hope I've

done right,' he cried to himself in his profound despair. 'I hope I've done right. Perhaps I'm wrong. But I never could sell my Psyche to a life of drudgery!'

BLUE WATER AND GREEN WATER.

If we wished to publish all that has been written during the last half-century on the subject of water in the household, water in the manufactory, the industrial arts, and in agriculture, the effects of water as steam, as ice, as rain, and as water properly so called, mineral or medicinal waters (natural and artificial), water as a vehicle of zymotic or infectious diseases, and water in the treatment of fevers and inflammations—we should require to fill some ten or twelve large volumes.

With all this, there are some important facts which have been to a great extent overlooked, and are little known, though they appear to be replete with interest and practical consequences. Some of our readers may have had an opportunity of comparing the fine emerald green colour of the sea in the Strait of Dover, for instance, with the beautiful blue tint presented by the waters of the Mediterranean. Others may be cognisant of the unsatisfactory disagreement among many eminent Professors as to the proper mode in which water should be analysed, in order to determine whether it is good enough for domestic purposes. But very few people are aware of the broad generalisation brought to light some years ago by a learned Frenchman, M. Gerardin, who boldly asserts that there are only two kinds of water in the whole world—blue water, which is good; and green water, which is bad.

Without at all endorsing this theory, we may safely grant that there exists something useful in his arguments; therefore, we will exhibit in a few words what he has to say upon the subject. After devoting a considerable number of years to the examination of water from every variety of source, the author just named has come to the conclusion that all common kinds of water—that is, all water which is ordinarily met with in Nature, such as river-water, well-water, rain-water, and spring-water—may be classed into two perfectly distinct types, and into two types only, which are well represented at Paris by the water of the river Vanne, which is *blue*, and that of the river Seine, which is *green*.

Let us examine, in the first place, the qualities that are attributed to the blue-coloured water. It is at once distinguished by its colour. Blue water shines with a peculiar brilliancy: it allows the light of the sky to pass into it without reflecting it from its surface. It flows over a hard bottom, which can always be used for fording without danger. When evaporated at a low temperature, it leaves a residue in which the microscope detects very little, if any organised matter, only a few rare and shining diatoms. It can be preserved for a long time without undergoing any particular change, decomposition, or fermentation; and the blue water of the river Dhuais was found by direct experiment to have retained its normal quantity of air after being kept for no less than eighteen months in ordinary glass

bottles. In blue water the infinitesimally small particles which it holds in suspension are not gradually deposited or precipitated to the bottom of the vessels; on the contrary, they remain suspended in the liquid for an indefinite length of time, for they are endowed with that peculiar molecular motion known as 'Brownian vibrations,' often alluded to in the writings of microscopists—a motion, the cause of which no one appears able to account for.

In these blue waters, aluminous matters, such as white of egg, for instance, froth by shaking, and produce abundant scum; which is admitted to be due to the fact that such froth depends upon vesicles of water, filled with air, and grouped around the solid microscopic nuclei that are present in the water. On account of its purity, blue water is the best of waters for domestic use. On the other hand, it is not so well adapted, we are told, for industrial purposes, as it does not allow matters in suspension to be very readily deposited; but that appears to us rather problematical.

The second type of water is characterised by its green colour; it is quite as distinctly green as the former kind is blue. Green water is dull, and devoid of brilliancy; it is not transparent to the light of the sky, which is reflected from its surface as from a mirror. The bed over which it flows is muddy, and not safe for fording. Evaporated, like the former kind, at a low temperature by means of the air-pump, it leaves an abundant residue, consisting largely of microscopic plants, such as are known as 'unicellular algae.' When kept for a certain time, it undergoes a kind of decomposition or fermentation, and then acquires a more or less offensive odour.

When shipped on board a vessel, the green water of the river Somme was found to lose about sixty-five per cent. of its dissolved oxygen (air) in about a week. Green water deposits rapidly all substances that it holds in suspension as long as it is in motion. As soon as the water is quiet, these substances are precipitated to the bottom of the flask, because, it is asserted, these bodies are not possessed of the 'Brownian movements.'

This 'Brownian' vibration—named after the great botanist, Robert Brown—is that peculiar molecular movement, or vibration to and fro, which affects the minutest particles of mineral matter, or organic matter of a resinous and insoluble nature, suspended in the liquid. It was first observed by the botanist just named, and since his time, has been seen by many hundreds of observers accustomed to the use of the microscope. By stating that the extremely minute particles suspended in green water are not endowed with this peculiar vibratory motion, our author means, of course, that they are too large; hence, also, they are readily deposited when the water is left at rest. When shaken up with aluminous matters, green water gives neither froth nor scum; a most singular and characteristic phenomenon. It is by no means a good water for drinking, and should be employed exclusively for industrial and manufacturing purposes, for which it is affirmed to be better suited than blue water.

But our author, whose communication to the Paris Academy made some sensation, and attracted

a good deal of attention, goes much further than this. He asserts, as the results of his observations pursued for many years, that neither the same microscopic plants (algæ) nor the same mollusca are found in green water and in blue water; and he is of opinion that certain geological strata, such as the Tertiary limestones, have been deposited from green water; whilst other varieties of limestones and sands have been deposited in ancient times from blue water. This is inferred from the examination of the microscopic elements contained in these strata. Another curious fact follows, which it would be perhaps difficult to contradict. M. Gerardin says that there is no practical method by which green water (bad) can be transformed into blue water (good); whereas there are a thousand methods of converting blue water into green water. Organic matter in a state of decomposition, or sewage, is a fruitful means of accomplishing this undesirable transformation. Thus, he finds that the water of the river Seine is blue at Corbeil before it enters Paris, but becomes green at Paris; and it remains green as far as Camillebec, that is, until it begins to receive the purifying influence of the sea.

This consideration leads to the important conclusion that the practice of running sewage and other organic refuse into rivers is day by day diminishing the quantity of blue water in most of our European countries. Day by day, also, the good blue water stored in dirty cisterns becomes green and unwholesome.

The best way to examine the colour of a sample of water is to place the liquid in a long tube closed at each end by a plate of glass. Whilst one extremity of the tube is directed to the source of light, the colour is noted at the other. By using the same tube for a series of water-samples, it will be possible thus to get properly comparable results.

We should like to affirm that the water problem has been solved by these ingenious considerations; but it is evident that before thorough reliance can be placed upon the conclusions drawn so boldly, the experiments and observations upon which they are based will have to be repeated by others.

Some years ago, Mr Shirley Hibberd, whose recent death is deeply deplored by all who knew him, showed us how this pure blue water can be obtained abundantly—namely, by utilising the rainfall. And it can thus be obtained almost for nothing, and certainly without paying any water-rate. The rainfall of London averages about twenty-five inches; and one inch of rain falling upon an acre of ground is equal to 22,622 gallons. Mr Hibberd supposes that there are twenty-five houses on that acre of land; then, the total annual rainfall is exactly that amount for each of them. But if only one-tenth of the total rainfall is caught, that alone amounts to 2262 gallons for each house per annum. There need be no difficulty in keeping the first part of a shower—which washes the dirt out of the atmosphere and from the house-tops—separate from the subsequent portion of it, which falls pure from the sky. Vessels of proper capacity receiving the first water, which becomes foul, may be made to act automatically, so as to divert the remaining supply to other reservoirs for the

storage of pure water, which, after subsidence and filtration, may be rendered as wholesome as that of Loch Katrine, for instance.

To pronounce upon a specimen of water as to whether it is or is not fit for drinking is not to be done with absolute certainty on the strength of analytical data only. The analyst can prevent us loading our stomachs or our kitchen boilers with water which contains sulphuric acid, lead, or arsenic, &c.; but when it comes to detecting the elements of infection, the chemical conclusions are apt, as Professor Huxley says, to present a good deal of 'biological turbidity.' It has been contended that the water of a stream which is impregnated with sewage at one point becomes pure again after a comparatively short flow from the source of contamination. But this is a chemical assertion which the physiologist will not admit. A subtle source of typhoid fever, scarlatina, and other ailments is to be traced to the adulteration of milk with impure water, and even, it is said, to the rinsing of milk-cans with water to which sewage has access.

Some time ago, eight cases of typhoid fever broke out in five houses at Bristol. It was ascertained that each of these houses was supplied with milk by a dealer who drew his supply from two farms. One of these farms was beyond suspicion; it was from the other that the houses in question derived their milk supply. This other farm drew its water from a stream which ran through it, and which had the appearance of beautifully pure water. The medical officer of health for that district was balked; but he decided, with praiseworthy activity, to trace this stream to its source. After following the course for about two miles, he came upon an accumulation of filth emptying itself into the brook: a mass of sewage oozed from an overflowing cesspool, and in the immediate neighbourhood were several putrid carcasses of calves and pigs. Here was the source of the virulent typhoid poison, which the chemists who might have examined the water of the brook at the farm could not possibly have discovered; nor had the flow of two miles removed it by oxidation or otherwise.

THE GOLDEN LAMP:

A TALE OF FISHER'S FOLLY.

By THOMAS ST. E. HAKE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—MR GIRDLESTONE'S HEIR.

In the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate Without, and only separated from that noisy street by a narrow lane of lofty warehouses, stands an old square. This square, which is mostly composed of fine mansions, was once the very centre of fashion. Here was to be found the ancestral home of more than one aristocratic family: it was here that the Countess of Devonshire—some two hundred years ago—lived and died. It was here, as we are told by Stow, the best of old chroniclers, that 'Jasper Fisher, free of Goldsmiths, late one of the six clerks of the Chancery, and a justice of the peace,' built for himself a magnificent residence. He laid out his grounds in regal style with pleasure-

gardens and bowling alleys, for his guests to wander in and listen to the songs of birds: even 'the Queen's Majesty Elizabeth did lodge there.' No wonder, then, that crowds of the nobility and gentry came to visit Jasper Fisher. His hospitality and extravagance might almost be compared to that of an eastern potentate: a calif could scarcely have been more ostentatious. But 'Fisher'—so the story goes on—'being a man of no great calling, possessions, or wealth, and being indebted to many,' was unable for any length of time to keep up so large and sumptuous an establishment. He retired once more into private life: the place gradually fell into wreck and ruin; and so it came to be called 'Fisher's Folly.'

One autumn evening, some years ago, a young man entered the precincts of Fisher's Folly and looked keenly about him. At that time the place was the home of merchants, who had their counting-houses on the ground-floor. The man had the appearance of one who had recently landed from a long voyage: he wore a rough overcoat and waterproof hat; and his fresh complexion and bright eyes spoke eloquently of stiff breezes on a briny sea. His face expressed as he glanced about something more than mere idle curiosity. 'I thought I should have remembered the old house,' he muttered to himself; 'but I was only a lad; and one house was the same as another in those days. I didn't know then what I know now,' and he walked round the square, peering up at the doors and windows and down into the great areas, dismal and deserted, and faced by rusty iron rails. Presently he stopped opposite a corner house. It was the largest in the square: it had two windows on each side of its massive door, and five windows on the stories above. In the roof was a low smoking chimney; and in the deepening gloom this chimney, with a round garret window on each side, had the appearance of a shapeless monster, as it seemed to the young man, staring down over the parapet when he looked up.

As he was on the point of turning away, though the front door of this mansion stood invitingly open, a gleam of light in the windows overhead attracted his attention. He stepped back, and stood in the roadway with an eager expression on his uplifted face. The light moved swiftly about, glimmered dimly in the five windows, and presently became concentrated in the one above the front door. In the bow of this middle window, inside the room, stood a large lamp—unlighted. This lamp, raised upon a pedestal, was peculiar. It had the appearance of a lantern suspended under a gilded dome, the dome being supported by foliated pillars. The whole ornament, as far as could be seen at that distance, was a remarkable piece of workmanship. And while the young man stood there looking up, as if the lamp were of exceptional interest to him, the figure of a girl became apparent. The girl, carrying a taper in her hand, stopped before the lamp. The lantern was soon lit; and the brightness from it fell upon her face. It was a vision of beauty—an exquisite apparition of loveliness, upon which the lamp threw a pale subdued light; and then an arm was stretched out, the curtain

drawn across the window, and the lamp and the lovely face had vanished.

The young man now went up the steps, and found himself in a large hall, with a broad oaken staircase beyond. Upon a door on one side of this hall was written in white letters upon a dark panel, 'Girdlestone, Carter, & Co.' After a moment's hesitation and a glance up the staircase, as though another glimpse of the enchanting face were possible, he opened this door and found himself in a dingy old counting-house, where the clerks, five or six in number, were seated on high stools, as if to get light, when any came that way, from the barred and dusty windows behind them. They all looked up when the visitor came in, like so many automats, and then looked down again.

'Is Mr Carter within?'

A clerk came forward. 'What name?'

'John Westcott.'

The clerk opened a door on which was inscribed 'Mr Girdlestone' in faded letters. The room into which he stepped was in darkness; but the clerk lighted two antique candlesticks on the high mantel-shelf. He then placed a chair for John Westcott and disappeared.

Westcott's expression of curiosity increased. The room had a mysterious and neglected appearance: there were many signs of its not having been occupied of late. The desk was covered with dust, and dusty cobwebs hung in the corners of the walls and across the chinks in the closed shutters, as though even the spiders had forsaken the place. A few sheets of paper lying upon the desk were as yellow as old parchment; and the ink in a pewter inkstand had evidently dried up long ago, with the tip of a quill pen sticking there, as if the hand that had dipped it had ended the records of a life and had vanished.

John Westcott sat down in the chair—probably Mr Girdlestone's—facing the old desk. His eyes wandered searchingly into the deep pigeon-holes and over the brass-handled drawers, quaintly designed with the heads of satyrs. Suddenly he glanced up. An antique picture—the portrait of an old man—faced him: it was hanging over the mantel-shelf between the two candles; and the eyes seemed to him to express extraordinary capidity. Westcott moved from the desk, lifted one of the candles from the mantel-shelf, and, shading it with his hand, examined the portrait with acute interest. 'Yes,' said he, in an undertone, 'it is the face I remember. There is a look of insatiable greed in those searching eyes—in the hollow cheeks and wrinkled mouth. And what expressive hands! Why, yes, they seem to be grasping imaginary gold!'

While he still stood gazing at this painting, as if unable to take his eyes from it, the door opened, and the clerk requested him to 'step this way.' The room which he now entered had a cheerful appearance. It was well lighted, and a bright fire was burning in the hearth. Upon the rug, with his back to the fire, stood a somewhat careworn-looking man of about forty-five or fifty. He stepped forward, however, with a pleasant smile on his face, and held out his hand to the visitor.

'Well, John,' said he in a cordial tone, 'so you

made up your mind at last to come to England. You have done well, and I am delighted to see you.—But what has happened? I have been puzzling my brain ever since your letter came to hand. "John Westcott"—as I could not help saying to Marian—"has got some surprise in store for us." And Marian was somewhat of my opinion.'

If a sign of embarrassment crossed Westcott's face as he drew a chair towards the hearth, it escaped Mr Carter; for that gentleman had bent down to stir the fire into a brighter blaze, as though to give a more cheerful appearance to his welcome, and at the same time to hide the slight tone of reproach in which he spoke. The merchant was evidently one of those men who, when having an unpleasant duty to perform, are glad to get it over as agreeably as possible. The young visitor, after a quick glance about the room—as if reviving his memory, as he had done in the square and Mr Girdlestone's office—quietly remarked: 'So it seems strange to you, Mr Carter, that I should care to revisit my uncle's old home?'

'Indeed, it does,' replied Mr Carter frankly. 'I had concluded, long ago, that no possible motive would induce you to return. Has there not been more than one strong reason, during the last fifteen years, why you should come back? But you have all the while remained abroad.' Receiving no reply, Mr Carter went on. 'Was there not the prospect of a partnership?' said he. 'Did not Mr Girdlestone, as we wrote and told you, seem to set his heart upon having a relation in the house?—That did not bring you home?'

'I had chosen a profession,' replied Westcott. 'Even the certainty of inheriting a large fortune by working at the desk could not tempt me to retire from the navy. I had a passion for the sea.'

'Well,' said Mr Carter, half apologetically, 'perhaps I ought not, you will say, to express any opinion on the subject. Your refusal to come into the business led to my promotion. Mr Girdlestone, despairing of getting you to join the firm, made me a junior partner.—But was there not another reason, a far weightier one, for a visit to England a year ago? And still, John, you stopped away.' Mr Carter looked, as well as spoke, reproachfully now.

'You mean,' said Westcott, steadying his voice, 'at the time of my uncle's death.'

'You received my letter?'

'Yes; at Madras. You told me that he had left his property—except your share in the business—to your daughter Marian. It is she, as I understand, who is now the senior partner in the old house.'

A slight smile passed over the merchant's face. He had censured the young man so far as, in his opinion, his conduct merited reproof, and on that point his conscience was set at rest. 'Yes; Marian is senior partner. That is the position, John,' said he. 'I am junior still.'

For some moments Westcott pondered deeply. 'Mr Carter,' he presently said, 'I have no wish, as you must know, to dispute my uncle's will. He made me a generous offer, and I refused. Had I fallen in with his views, instead of opposing them, I should have been made his heir.'

'Unquestionably,' said Mr Carter.
'Fifteen years ago,' continued Westcott, 'I was very young. I had no judgment: I was all activity and impulse. But I have now—at least I hope so—arrived at years of discretion. I am thirty-two; and I should like to settle down in life. Will you help me?'

Mr Carter's face grew thoughtful.
'Don't misunderstand me,' Westcott went on. 'I will begin, as you did, at the foot of the ladder.'

The merchant appeared surprised. 'Would you accept a clerkship,' said he, 'in your uncle's old house?'

'Why not? I wish to be guided entirely by you. I cannot ask you to make me a partner,' said Westcott with a slight smile. 'I have little or no means. Though I ought to tell you,' he added, somewhat mysteriously, 'I am not without expectations.'

Mr Carter reflected a moment; then he said: 'I should indeed be ungrateful, John, if I refused to help you. Mr Girldestone was a true friend to me. And if I appear to hesitate,' he added, 'it is because I am thinking of you, not of myself. I will briefly explain my meaning.' He seated himself opposite his visitor; and the careworn look, which Westcott had noticed when he came in, appeared to increase. 'You must know, John, that your uncle was a great financier—how great, I did not realise until taken into partnership. I sometimes doubt if I fully appreciated his genius even then. The amount of capital in the business was amazingly small. But such confidence was placed in Mr Girldestone as a financier, that had he drawn bills to the extent of a hundred thousand pounds he would have had no difficulty in getting them accepted.' After a short pause Mr Carter continued. 'When Mr Girldestone died, as you may imagine, the position was altered. With small capital and greatly diminished credit, I have had to sustain the reputation of an old-established City house. I have been doing my best; you will not doubt that. But I do not profess to have a talent for finance like my late partner. What has been the result? For a whole year I have been at my wit's end how to save the firm. It has been a hard struggle: affairs have gone from bad to worse. You have appeared, John, at a most trying moment. Had you arrived a few weeks later, you would probably have found the old place locked up and in the hands of creditors.—How, under these circumstances, can I help you?'

John Westcott rose from his chair. There was a look of energy in his face. 'Who knows of this?'

'No one,' replied Mr Carter, 'except Marian.' Westcott reflected a moment. 'What sum is required to save the house?'

'Twelve thousand pounds.' The young man answered: 'I scarcely possess that number of shillings. But something—though one must not be too sanguine—something may be done.'

Mr Carter appeared lost in thought. His face expressed deep despondency. It was not merely the dread of losing the position he had gained through close attention to business: it seemed to him that if the house failed—as it could never have done, in his opinion, while his old partner

was alive—the catastrophe would throw a blot on Mr Girldestone's memory. Mr Girldestone had chosen him as a trustworthy and competent person, one most capable of upholding the traditions of the firm after his death. But independent of that, as Mr Carter could not hide from himself, his daughter would suffer: if failure came she would participate in the calamity. The gloomy prospect was almost overmastering. And now John Westcott, Mr Girldestone's one surviving relative, had come unexpectedly upon the scene—had come as if to remind him, at the eleventh hour, of his serious responsibility.

As Westcott stepped towards the door, Mr Carter recovered himself and said: 'You will be our guest? A room shall be prepared for you—your old room. Where shall I send for your luggage?'

'I left it in a coach at the entrance to the square.'

The merchant hastened out to give the necessary instructions. When he returned, Westcott was standing with his hand on Mr Girldestone's door, a side-door communicating with Mr Carter's room. 'May I take another glance,' said the young man, 'at that portrait of my uncle? It struck me as being a remarkable work of art.'

'By all means,' said Mr Carter. 'It is by a great master.—Will you excuse me?' he added, seating himself at his writing-table. 'I have a number of matters to see about. We dine at seven o'clock.'

The candles in Mr Girldestone's room are still burning. Westcott takes up one of them and again looks intently at the portrait of his old uncle. 'It is your secret'—and his eyes still rest upon the picture.—'I will see it, as you would have wished me to do, to save the house. He puts the candle on the bureau; and again he sits down in the chair facing the desk. He does not hesitate now. He places his hand into an apparently empty pigeon-hole, and the inner wall falls open. In a moment he has drawn forth an oblong paper. He glances rapidly at the inscription. It is the 'Last Will and Testament of Jeremiah Girldestone of Fisher's Folly.' And at the foot of the document, in a quaint handwriting, John Westcott reads the following significant words: 'For the key to the secret strong-room, wherein will be found fifty bags of hard cash, look behind the Golden Lamp.'

THE SARDINE FACTORIES OF KENT.

THESE flourishes at the present day in the little town of Deal what is probably the most curious of the many industries in which the sea-coast populations of this country find employment. The fragrant and picturesque occupation of blower-curing, and the noisy bustling business of fish-packing for the Billingsgate market, are familiar enough details of our maritime towns. But what will the reader say on learning that the sardine manufactory, which he has doubtless hitherto associated with the shores of the Mediterranean and the confines of Nice, has found its way into the historic Cinque Port, nestling gloomy in antiquity upon the coast of Kent? It has been frequently asserted that the annual take of the genuine sardine is not one tithe sufficient to

supply the manifold demands for the delectable little fish. Statistics which have been issued of late in France would seem, however, to disprove this statement. Those qualified to speak upon matters of gastronomy assure us, so perverted is our taste in this direction, that were we to get the real thing our appreciation would need due education to do justice to the unctuous morsel. It is the little home-keeping pichard which has won the reputation of depraving our palates, and which lying decapitated, immersed in savoury oil, has so long successfully hoodwinked the epicurean relish. Not many years ago, however, a season arrived when this usually prolific fish grew almost as scarce as the tiny original which it was made to emulate. A substitute had to be found for a substitute—here was proper scope for the development of an *ars in arte*—and what more natural than that the sprat, the much-despised sprat, should suggest itself as likely to serve an end which a mere matter of nomenclature had hitherto hindered it from attaining?

There is probably no tract of our home waters more generous in its yield of sprats than the Downs. For generations the hardy Deal boatmen, as regularly as the winter season recurs, have plied their trade upon that fruitful stretch of sea; returning by night, when luck has attended their 'shooting,' with their little bluff punts sunk deep under the sparkling silvery burden of several 'lasts.' Hence, few spots upon the southern coast could be better adapted to the establishment of a factory, having as its object the transmutation of the sprat into the 'saurine à la huile,' than the town of Deal. A tour of inspection of one of these buildings forms an experience alike instructive and amusing. Perhaps the most interesting of the three sprat emporiums which are in full swing during the season is the one that pioneered the industry in the year 1873; and this, being typical of the others, we will select to view. Exteriorly the edifice offers little enough suggestion of the curious trade which is being prosecuted within. A long low line of sheds, erected within biscuit-toss of the sea, black and grimy to the eye, with scarcely an unbroken pane of glass in the whole row of little windows, constitutes the premises. The first impression upon entering can scarcely be termed salutary, so far certainly as it affects the olfactory organs. A nauseating odour of stale oil is borne upon the whiff of hot air which greets the nostrils on passing into the interior, and the sound of machinery in motion falls with a dissonant *boom* upon the ear.

The scene which meets the view of one who, regardless of these trifling inconveniences, takes a leisurely survey of the place, is as much like the picture of an animated fish-market as anything it can be likened to. From the time the sprat enters wriggling, still full of life, and maybe hope, down to the period when the last rites of its little tin sepulchre have been observed, there are several processes to be gone through, all of which may here be witnessed. The first department that claims our attention is the cleaning and gutting room. This is a spacious, bare, brick structure, erected at the extremity of the row of sheds. Into this the fishermen bring the silvery spoil which they have just snatched from its watery home. The sprats come in small wooden

boxes; and as the burly boatmen deposit these upon the earthen floor, groups of picturesquely attired girls gather around and proceed to shoot the sparkling contents of them into huge green tubs. In these they are thoroughly washed, and then conveyed to the gutting table to be cleaned. There are half-a-dozen of these tables, each about twelve feet in length, ranged side by side in a row, and on either hand stands a file of women, their arms bared to the elbow as they diligently ply their gleaming knives. The process of decapitation and removing the oil from each individual fish, although it strikes an onlooker as tedious in the extreme, is in reality a very light form of labour; and the persons employed in it speedily acquire such dexterity that one hundred of them working for six hours during the day can clean forty lasts (a last is ten thousand sprats), that is, four hundred thousand fish, in that period. The people engaged in this particular branch of the industry are all girls; they are paid by piece-work, and their earning powers range from two to three shillings a day. The oil is cast into movable troughs fitted to the tables, which, when they are full, are removed and the contents—so greatly esteemed by horticulturists—sold for manure.

From the dissecting-knife of the women the sprat again goes into the large green tubs, and here it is scrupulously cleaned. Then follows the process of drying, which is accomplished by means of machinery. A great horizontal shaft, like an elongated boiler, encased in wooden walls, receives the sprats. A large cone-shaped fan is inserted into the aperture of the shaft, whilst the other end is hermetically sealed. This fan is driven by a steam-engine, and in revolving, injects hot air into the apparatus. By the aid of this simple appliance an incredible number of fish can be dried within the space of a few hours. Indeed, it is astonishing what facilities are provided in this establishment for dealing with the sprats. Statistics usually convey but a slender idea to the uninitiated; but some notion of the proportions of the industry may be derived from knowledge of the fact that during the season, which begins in November and ends in February, an average of fifty lasts of sprats pass through the complete process of transformation every day.

The fish being now cleaned, washed, and dried, are ready for cooking. They are first rung one by one upon huge gridirons, and perhaps the occupation of placing them singly upon the wires is the most tiresome part of the work. The sprats being thus prepared, are next cooked in oil; and here it may be of interest to say a few words concerning the kind of oil used for this purpose. It is not unfrequently stated, even to the extent of the publicity of the press, that the quality is very inferior, and indeed actually unwholesome. No assertion could be more ill-founded, nor, let it be added, unjust. The oil used in the factories at Deal is the finest olive oil which the vineyards of Italy can yield. It is exported in bulky casks called 'pipes,' two of which are equal in measurement to one tun. The cost of one tun of this oil is fifty-five pounds. That olive oil, even in its purest quality, is a highly digestible form of nourishment is a question upon which variance of opinion is permissible; but certain it is that if the oil in

which these sprats are cooked and preserved contains anything deleterious, it cannot be impugned to the noxiousness of inferior brand. The average consumption of oil is one hundred tuns each season.

The sprats are now ready to be packed in tins; and this brings us to the contemplation of another industry which is comprised within the precincts of the factory. It consists of the manufacture of those little metal boxes, so familiar a detail of the breakfast table. Sheets of new glittering tin, stacked in great piles against the walls of the shed, bespeak the department of this branch of the trade. The process of cutting the parts is perhaps the simplest of any portion of the business. One of the tin plates is placed in a small machine, of which half-a-dozen are employed for the purpose; a lever is pulled, the cutter descends, and rises again, leaving the sheet cleft to the proper dimensions. The divided part is then put under another instrument, which stamps a circle upon its centre and raises the edges on every side. These form the lids and bottoms of the boxes; and an experienced hand can cut and mould as many as ten thousand of them in one day. The sides of the cases, which are lacquered and embossed with the inscription, 'Sardines à la Huile,' are imported from the Continent in whole sheets, and the strips are cut and bent into the requisite form by machinery. The parts then come to the hands of the solderman, who proceeds very deftly to join the sides to the base. He may, if he is at all nimble with his iron, easily earn from two to three pounds a week.

The sprats—it is but a pleasant equivocal to call them sardines—are now packed into the little flat cans. Each tin holds twelve of them; and when they have been carefully laid in and the interstices between their tiny bodies filled with oil, the metal cases are once again passed to the solderer, who fits the lids and hermetically seals them. The process is now complete; nothing remains but to pack the tins, which are put into wooden crates, one hundred in each. These are then sent away to London by water-carriage or by rail, whence they are distributed in whatever directions the demand for them may arise. The manufacture is ostensibly carried on solely for the purposes of exportation, notwithstanding which, a considerable proportion of the sprats find their way into the shops of the locality, whence they are retailed at the price of fourpence-halfpenny a tin. This is a cost which places a palatable article of food within the means of the poorest classes.

It is urged in justification of the apparent disingenuousness of offering these fish, not as sprats in oil, but as 'sardines à la huile,' that the two families are so nearly analogous that, like the distinction between the dab and the flounder, it is very difficult to determine where the one ends and the other begins. It must be admitted in appearance, the difference is very slight, and often imperceptible to all but the practised eye. The only definite points of dissimilarity are that, as a general rule, the sardine runs smaller in size than either the sprat or the pilchard; and the ridge of its back is of a lighter hue than those of the two latter fish. The sprat may lack the piquancy of flavour peculiar to the sardine; but

nevertheless, when thus prepared, it forms a savoury morsel. The great market, curiously enough, for the commodities of the Deal factories is in France. The business, although comparatively in its infancy, is in a flourishing condition, and with the exception of a pilchard factory upon the coast of Devonshire, somewhat similar in its manner of treating that fish, may be deemed a unique industry in this country. The method of preparation is identically the same as that pursued by the most celebrated firms upon the Continent.

The supply of sprats is not always by any means adequate to the demands of the factory. Of late years the fishing seasons have been very scanty in their yield, and the promoters of the establishment were willing enough to purchase the fruits of the boatmen's labour in this direction at a fixed rate of twenty-five shillings a last. But the winter of 1890 produced a superabundant harvest for the Deal watermen. The factories were glutted; they were obliged to refuse taking the fish in; with the result that during the month of January sprats were to be bought at eight shillings a last, a most unprecedented price, and quite outside the pale of the most aged fisherman's recollection.

The industry affords employment to above one thousand people during a season of the year when the pinch of poverty is necessarily greatest. From the earliest days of November down to well into the month of February, the traffic is in full drive. It not unfrequently occurs that the little town of Deal cannot supply labour sufficient to cope with the thriving business of these institutions; and when this happens, a number of Frenchmen are imported to assist. There is no reason, however, why this trade should remain so purely local as it has hitherto been. It is an industry that is surely capable of considerable development. Not only does it supply the fisherman with a market for a certain species of his takings, but it furthermore affords the means of placing a wholesome and tasty article of food upon the humblest table. Our home-waters teem with sprats during the winter months; and the sea-coast communities are, as a general rule, largely composed of a class to whom the opportunity of earning even a slender pittance at this season would be very grateful. The trade has been initiated at Deal with more than ordinary success, and indeed it may safely be asserted that no more flourishing institution exists upon the southern coast than the sardine factories of Kent.

A TALE OF A CANDLE-END.

At an hotel in New York, a few years ago, I fell in with a mining engineer from Mexico, who told me a stirring tale from his experiences in that romantic region. This tale I may well remember, for, as will be seen, it was impressed on my mind by a scene which formed a sequel to the story, and of which I was a witness that very evening.

The engineer and I had dined together, and spent a pleasant time in talking over our past adventures. There in the smoking-room we lost count of the time; the other guests dropped off

one by one, and the vast hotel became silent. It was past midnight when my friend began his story, a long one for the time of night; but I did not interrupt him. I was only too glad to sit still and listen, with my eyes on the dark bearded face opposite, lighted up at times by the memory of dangers past and gone. There was a look of anxiety on his face when in repose, the meaning of which I was soon to learn, but by the strangest accident.

My wife and I (he began) were married, away there in Mexico, two years ago. Now, it is just two years ago that what I have to tell you took place. At that time I was engineer to several mines in Mexico, travelling about from one to another the greater part of the year. Some of those mines had been worked for centuries, following where the veins of silver led, thousands of yards away from the little opening in the mountain side, which looked like a rat-hole from the valley below. Not a few of these were in a very dangerous state; but of all the mines in my district, none was in a more critical condition than the three old workings above the picturesque village of Palos de Santa Fé.

It was always very pleasant to me to stay a few days at the little 'posada,' perched a mile or so above the village, and to look down the valley of Santa Fé from my lounge on the long veranda. This posada was kept by an old Spaniard called Díez—his full name, if you please, was Antonio Juan María de Díez y Antigüera. He was a solemn, long-visaged old fellow, clean-shaven and very dark, a bandit every inch of him, by descent and by preference too.

But to return to Santa Fé. You cannot have seen it in your wanderings, or you would remember that valley, if nothing else in all Mexico. The village itself was at the head of it; down the middle rushed a broad deep stream, which never dried up; and the lower hills on either side were hills, and not walls of granite, as they mostly are in those parts. Altogether, the valley was ravishing, luxuriant, restful; only above the sloping verdure rose the mighty peaks of the Sierra. Many a mid-day hour of blazing heat have I lounged away on that veranda, while the distant thud of the engines came throbbing through the 'sing' of the mosquitoes. One could be lazy then.

But at night, when the engines were silent, and instead came murmurs and cries from among the thousand lights of the village below, I could not help thinking of the forces at work in those silent hills, where the scattered watch-fires glimmered by the shafts above me. I knew, if no one else did, that incalculable masses of water were stored somewhere among those peaks, and that our workings were bound to tap sooner or later that everlasting reservoir. The inevitable disaster must be very near now; the wonder was that it had not already come during the hundreds of years the mines had been worked. This was the ghost that sat brooding above the village of Palos de Santa Fé.

About the beginning of August, it was my duty to pay a visit to Palos. You may imagine

that with my anxiety about the mines this visit was a less pleasant prospect than the delightful climate and surroundings of the place seemed to hold out. On my arrival I found that the owners had at last made up their minds to consult me seriously about the danger to which I have alluded. What was more, they determined, if necessary, to close the mines. They knew there would be serious trouble with the miners, and they had therefore obtained from the government the despatch of two companies of soldiers to maintain order; a large convent a mile or so from the inn where I was staying served as barracks for the troops.

The miners, more than a thousand in number, were enraged at this determined action, but were powerless in the face of such a force. Besides, they were by no means unanimous. A certain number, chiefly Americans and Germans, were unwilling to risk their lives against professional warnings such as mine; the presence of the troops gave this minority the support they needed. The malcontents could only grumble and, as it turned out, plot against us. The storm was but waiting till my arrival to burst; all depended on my verdict, I may say on my life, for it was pretty well known what my verdict would be.

The heat of the day was only partly spent, but, it being Sunday, and especially because of the great excitement, the village streets were crowded. Men, women, and children were all abroad. I could tell by the men's faces, by the sullen scowl or the uneasy, anxious glance, the adherents of either party. But when I had ridden into the courtyard of the inn I saw that the worst of my opponents were there. Now, this was the only posada in the place—more than that, it was the only place where I could put up. The owners of the mine lived far away, and the manager himself was at Palos only when he was not wanted at some mines twenty miles away, worked by the same company. He was staying at the inn when I arrived. This man had little influence with the miners, and was not to be relied on in an emergency like this. He was known to be very much against closing the mine, so that it needed great pressure from the directors to compel him to take the necessary steps.

You can see how uncomfortably I was placed. The whole responsibility was laid on me for a proceeding certain to make me the enemy of hundreds of fierce revengeful fellows, who had evidently their headquarters at the solitary inn where I was staying. To set against all this I had a guard of two hundred soldiers about a mile away, and on the spot a representative of my employers, who was prejudiced against me, and who would be the last man in the world to raise a finger in my defence, if the need arose.

Within a week of my arrival three several attempts were made on my life. During one of these attacks I had the ill luck to wound, in self-defence, one of the ringleaders, a Spaniard named Antonio, nephew to my worthy host. This young man had thus two reasons for wishing my destruction, and a third was supplied by a circumstance of which I had then no suspicion. To this day he is the only enemy I am aware of possessing, but I have a foreboding that he will yet do me or mine some fatal injury.

After the failure of these three attacks, I was not surprised to find that the conspirators had resolved to give me a few days' rest; but I was not deceived by their inactivity. I had refused an escort from the commandant at the convent simply because I felt that my own vigilance was the only safeguard likely to be of any use. My enemies, I suspected, were but biding their time to put in practice some more safe and certain scheme than open attack had proved to be. The event showed I was right. Meanwhile, I was not idle. I was carrying on my work of inspection from day to day, and had, in fact, nearly finished my written report to the directors. This I had taken care to support by the authority of more than one eminent geologist and engineer. The closing of the mine was, in my opinion, an imperative necessity.

All this time I was preparing unconsciously for myself the greatest danger of my life, a danger which has not yet passed away; but with it was to come to me a blessing which has enriched my whole existence.

I think I have never seen a more perfect specimen of the heavy-villain class than Diez, my worthy landlord at Palos; and certainly never a woman who charmed me more than his daughter. Juanita was a girl of fourteen when first I came to Palos; I can remember having admired even then her pretty face and graceful, shy manners, and having wondered how such a radiant creature could be the daughter of my coarse and sometimes brutal landlord. As for myself, I do not mind confessing that, half conscious only as I was of any feeling of a tender sort, I had one reason which I have not mentioned before for making my visits to Palos de Santa Fé as long as possible. Juanita's attractiveness had for me been growing as she grew to early womanhood; she never appeared more lovely than when I saw her that Sunday evening after my three or four months' absence. My all-absorbing anxiety would have prevented any love-making, even had I had any thought of such a pastime. But I remember having noticed, after my escapes from assassination, a new shade of thoughtfulness on the girl's dark face. At the time I put this down to the persecutions of her cousin Antonio, who was devoted to her in a savage, jealous way, which made her very uncomfortable. He was evidently favoured in his courtship by his uncle, Diez.

Attracted as I was by Juanita, I could not help taking a great deal of interest in this lovely, persecuted by one who, I had no doubt, was my bitterest foe. So it was that I noticed a great change in Juanita's treatment of her admirer. Hitherto, her dislike for him had been evident; besides, she was apparently afraid of him. Now, to all appearance, the pressure put on her by her father, of whom she was very fond, and who treated her with surprising indulgence, and even respect, had proved too much for her powers of resistance. Her manner was now one of shy acquiescence in her lover's claims; whereas before this time you would have thought her less than kin to the eager Antonio, now I at least considered her more than kind to him.

Unreasonable as it was, this state of things added, I know, to the feeling of loneliness and

depression which was growing upon me. I put it to myself that I was disappointed in the girl.

Though still shy and timid in her lover's presence, my landlord's daughter had altogether changed in her behaviour to the frequenters of the inn. Instead of keeping to her own room when the house was full of men, or going quietly about her household duties, the young girl began to loiter near the bar, listening to the conversation of the miners. Diez, no doubt, attributed the change in his daughter's habits to her growing love for his charming nephew, who was always there; at any rate he never interfered. I myself could only think as he did, and acknowledge to myself with a sigh that Juanita, too, was in the enemy's camp.

At last, three weeks after my return to Palos, the great report was finished. I handed it to the manager, and received from him an acknowledgment in writing. My work was over, and I was heartily glad of it. I at least had done my duty; it only remained for the directors to do theirs. The next day I would see the last of Palos; I did not doubt that with the force at their command, the company would close the mine before many days were past. I could not help being sorry; the village would cease to exist; Diez would have to close the posada, and this lovely valley would be deserted for many a long day to come. Still, the company had other mines not very far away; they could start new workings there, and use a good deal of the old machinery. The miners, too, would soon perhaps get work again; but they would be the chief sufferers by my decision.

I was in very good spirits that evening, so that it seemed to me quite natural that every one about me should be wondrously polite and even cordial. My host was overwhelming with his attentions, forced his company on me upon the slightest pretext, and grew eloquent as he told me with gay confidence of his plans for his dear Antonio. His nephew, it seemed, was a good fellow if ever there was one, only a little too warm-hearted and too sensitive. Did he not seem to me a little sullen? I confessed that he did. Ah! So I, too, had noticed it! The poor fellow was in love, and all lovers were despondent at times. And, would I believe it? Antonio had actually an idea that I did not like him, and he had such respect for me!—And so on. At last the old fellow became so affectionate and so garrulous that I was glad to get off with a promise to drink to the health of his new enterprise, an hotel in a neighbouring mining town, in a bottle of his best champagne.

Everything seemed for the best in the best of all possible worlds as I lay back in my favourite lounge on the veranda, hobnobbing with the genial old scamp, my landlord. The only thought which troubled my serenity was that Juanita had been invisible since the morning, and now the sun had set on my last day at Palos. Would she take the trouble to see me off in the morning?

I intended to go to bed early, worn out as I was by anxiety and hard work. Already the veranda, which, I must tell you, ran all round the house, was dark, for the house lay in the shadow of the lofty western peaks, and as yet there was no moon. A curious little heartache

came to me as I thought that I might never see Juanita again. And while I lingered there in my dreamy, sentimental mood, half-listening to the landlord's endless flow of talk, Juanita, my Juanita, was struggling madly to escape from an outhouse in the distant corral, pausing now and then to listen with sickening dread for the sharp, clear sound of dynamite exploding in the open air on the veranda—not this time the dull report of blasting among the hills!

I have often wondered since that time how it was that I did not more distrust the landlord. During the whole of that visit to Palos I had been oppressed by the thought of how great an injury I was unwillingly inflicting upon him. But this evening I had cast aside all suspicion, and, but for being armed according to my habit, I had taken no precautions whatever; Diez might have been my father for all the suspicion I then had of him. You may think it was the champagne, if you like; but I really believe that made no difference to me, except, perhaps, to exhilarate me a little, and to make me whistle a tune as I rose to take my candle and go off to bed.

Diez had called for the candle; but when it was brought, lighted, I noticed that his face was as white as skin of that sallow tint can become. I thought he was ill, and told him so. He answered not a word, though he seemed to try to speak, but took the candle with a trembling hand and—blew it out!

I said I was ready to go; but he pressed me to stay a little longer and take another glass of wine. He himself sent for brandy, which he gulped down at a draught, and sat in the darkness quite still and apparently asleep. At last I took the candle and lighted it. I turned to the landlord as I was about to go, and began to say something about my early start on the morrow. To my surprise, he had disappeared. I turned away and walked slowly along the veranda, the way I always went to my room at the back of the house. As I went I whistled the tune I had started before. I shall never forget it.

The engineer ceased speaking, and remained a few moments in deep thought. The absolute stillness of the night was awful to me in the excited state of expectation to which I had been gradually worked up. When he resumed, he spoke in an awe-struck tone, low but clear, and as if living those few moments over again. 'I shall never forget it,' he said; 'the air I whistled went like this;' and he whistled softly an air I had often heard before. He was not half through it, when a piercing shriek rent the silence of the night, then a heavy fall, and all was still again.

The engineer turned pale, and seemed rooted to his chair. I ran to the door, opened it, and rushed into the hall, where he joined me at once. The hall was dimly lighted by one lamp near the outer door; a gallery ran round it a great height from the floor. There a white figure, a woman, was rising to its feet, and then another of those awful shrieks, and she rushed with arms outstretched along the gallery. She had turned the corner to our left, when a door opened close to where the woman had first fallen. It was a man this time, who glided

swiftly after the woman; in his hand he held something which flashed once, dimly, in the light of the lamp. My companion started, ran forward, and fired. The white figure stopped, but the pursuer still ran on; he was near her now, when another shot rang out; the man fell forward and lay quite still.

The following day, the engineer introduced me to his beautiful wife, whose life he had certainly saved that night. It was from her I learned how that exciting scene was the sequel and the completion of her husband's story. It was Antonio the Spaniard who had met his fate at the moment when he was about to take his revenge, nursed now for two long years. He and his uncle, the worthy Diez, had, it seems, conspired to kill the engineer by means of a dynamite cartridge made to imitate the lower part of a candle. To this cartridge a very small piece of candle was fixed with a little gunpowder cartridge inserted in the top of the dynamite. The whole looked like a good-sized piece of candle. Two or three minutes, and the dynamite would explode, and certainly kill the bearer of the candle.

Juanita had discovered the plot, as, indeed, her object for several days before had been to learn what the miners, and especially her relatives, were plotting against the engineer, the man she loved. Unfortunately, she had been herself suspected by her father, and shut up in the corral away from the inn. She had escaped, but only just in time to snatch the candle from her lover's hand and hurl it down into the ravine below, where it exploded harmlessly before it reached the ground.

The happy pair had escaped to the convent, and been married there; but the excitement of that day had left its mark on Juanita. At times she would walk in her sleep, and go through in fancy the scene she could never forget. But the shock of that other scene where she awoke on the gallery of the New York hotel effectually cured her. Only her husband remained to remind her of the plot of the Candle-ent.

A DEAD GRIEF.

ALL is over! Come away;
Buried is my grief to-day;
See! it lieth deep and low,
With a name upon its breast.
Hush! in quiet let it rest.

Open is it to the sky!
But the grief so still doth lie
In its coffin peaceful sleep,
Ne'er again to throb with pain;
Listen! on it falls the rain.

Shielded well by sorrow's pall,
What though other griefs may fall?
Shall I—can I fear them more
Than that coffin'd grief can fear
Clods which fall upon its bier?

M. G. SALMON.

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ON WORK.

From the dawn of life until its close man without exception needs 'something to do.' 'What shall I do now?' says the child when its light task is accomplished. 'What shall I do now?' meditates the man whose work for the day is over. It behoves us to consider carefully what it is that maintains so firm a grasp upon us from the cradle to the grave, that we may give it its due, and not more than its due; that we observe it religiously, not bow down to it superstitiously.

Work, though so huge a portion of human life, is not an end, but a means to an end; and being a means, should find its due proportion, not swallow up a share beyond its deserts. Necessity alone can excuse the man whose life is centred in work and in work only. To be so absorbed in work as to disregard, or to regard without sympathy, the illness of a member of the family; to be too busy to correct the faults, to enter into the pleasures, to make smooth the stony path of children; to have no time to spare for an old friend or to listen to the pleadings of the poor—this is to hold work in a reverence that is, we venture to think, superstitious. The end of all work, says a philosopher, is to obtain leisure: to the poor, leisure to eat and to sleep; to the intellectual, leisure to cultivate their minds; to the frivolous, leisure to indulge their trifling. But by the very act of passing so many hours in work many minds enter into a kind of slavery, from which they find it well-nigh impossible to free themselves, and the leisure they have obtained is useless to them. They have lost sight of the end, in obtaining facility in the means; and continue to practise the business—formerly necessary for their livelihood—now, when the gain is no longer needful to them. Proportion in work, therefore, includes the perception necessary for the art of leaving off. It is said only first-rate artists know when to leave a picture alone. Orators, talkers, over and over again spoil their points by too much insistence;

authors, even, have been known to write on more for the writing's sake than for having more to tell us; in short, work comes to be loved for its own sake, not for its results.

Many women pride themselves on being 'always busy.' A friend calls upon one such, needing perhaps a kind word or look, sympathy with some joy or sorrow, or it may be only the refreshment mind should receive from contact with mind. But how is the visitor received? The work-worshipper having mentioned the calls upon her industry of her Guild or Work Society, straightway gives half her attention, as well as her eyes and hands, to her task, regardless of the fact that the perpetual plying of her needle acts as an effectual bar not only to all confidence, but to all conversation except the merest commonplaces. Nevertheless, she has a keen eye for the blue-eyed angel who has dropped her work and sits with folded hands, lost in some heavenly reverie, whom she remorselessly rouses and urges on to the fulfilment of her possibly unnecessary task.

Professor Tyndall assures us that without honest labour there can be no deep joy. That honest labour may be productive of deep joy we readily admit; but that there is an infinite quantity of honest labour without any joy deep or shallow to season it, we believe as firmly as that there is—we are thankful to think—an infinite quantity of deep joy without labour honest or otherwise. The joy of listening to the first song-bird of the year, nightingale or thrush; the joy like his whose heart leaped up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky; the joy of hearing of a kind or noble action, or, better still, of trying to perform one; the joy when we have succeeded in pleasing those we love and reverence—these are the joys, not of the intellectual gladiator—to whose honest labour we accord, however, our sincerest admiration—but they are the harvest of the quiet mind, the single eye.

We have heard it argued that enforced idleness is a greater punishment than hard labour. We are not so sure that hard labour is a boon, except

to those unhappy ones whose remorse it may help to deaden. Not to have leisure until the muscles are strained to aching, the hands too cramped to grasp the instrument of toil, until the brain is dulled and the eye dimmed; not to have time to think until thought is all but an impossibility, and naught but baffled longings remain—this is the elysium of hard labour. On the other hand, we have spent many a pleasant half-hour reading of the marvellous escapes planned and executed by prisoners whose hands were free to follow the dictates of their brains; many a touching anecdote of the skill, or patience, or tenderness, which a state of captivity unfettered by grinding toil has evoked in a man towards an insect, a reptile, or a plant.

The higher the scale of intelligence, we should say the greater the value of meditation. An insect buzzes unweariedly all day; but an elephant gives himself time to feel his way. Wait a while, says the philosopher, that we may finish the sooner. But it is not waiting alone that we would insist on; it is not vacant leisure that can renew us for fresh exertion. The world of art can recreate the busy by a change of thought such as nothing else—at least of this world—can give them. It is a sovereign remedy for a superabundance of leisure, that fatal superabundance which is the very nursing mother of misapplied industry; and which, in an age gone by, set our grandmothers to work on that trial to the eyes and nerves called patchwork. Have our readers ever beheld, as we have, a dress, a gown, entirely composed of the tiniest diamonds of printed calico; a gown, moreover, with two flounces to it? or, as we have, hangings, that is, curtains, valances, and valances, for a four-post bedstead, all a tissue of these tiny morsels of stuff cut up for the purpose? But though we may and do consider such industry misapplied when regarded as *work*, as an amusement it was no doubt entitled to pass muster. It was not every one in those days who could, like the famous Mrs Battle, unbend their minds over a book after fatiguing them at whist.

The art of unbending the mind after a toil perhaps as cramping to it as hard labour to the sinews, is one to be early cultivated in order to be made useful. It will not avail us to have got leisure, to have curtailed our work perhaps for the purpose, if we are unable to fill that leisure with what shall at least equal our work in interest. It is a great thing to be able to control our minds, so that the thought about our work shall not follow us into the occupations of our leisure—to be able to say with Barleigh, when he laid aside his robe of office, 'Lie there, my Lord Treasurer.' For if a man be devoted to one pursuit only, be that pursuit what it may, his mind becomes painfully limited. It is not learning alone that can give wisdom; the merely learned man is often guilty of childish folly in practical life, simply because he has directed his thoughts entirely in one groove.

Some happy few there are, whose work and vocation being identical, require no leisure for refreshment of the faculties. Thackeray's 'J. J.', for example, rising early, standing all day before his easel putting loving touches to his work, surprised at the sun's going down—what an existence it is! But it is, we fear, given to few

of us to live to work; to work in order to live is oftener the rule. Yet, how the natural bent, the vocation, makes itself apparent almost pathetically in the lives of some men! For instance, the cobbler who has worked hard from Monday morning till Saturday night will cheerfully trudge miles on the Sunday to a meeting where he will hold forth to edification, simply because now he is labouring in his vocation. In like manner we have hunting parsons, soldiering lawyers, and praying doctors—men whose work is not their vocation, and in whom the natural bent is too strong to be wholly turned aside or hidden. To labour, says the Latin proverb, is to pray. How comes it, then, that the reputation of the busybody, of the one who works, is in such ill odour? There is nothing in the word itself to convey the idea of malice or mischief with which, however, it is associated in modern ears. Its degeneration is perhaps due not merely to the fact that work may be noble or ignoble—the labour of the first busybody having presumably been ignoble—but to this, that work itself is not necessarily meritorious. Work, like facts, may be of the highest importance or of none; or it may be mischievous, like that of the busybody. It is sometimes worthless because ill done; but quite as often it is mischievous from want of proportion, being unnecessary, misapplied, or impertinent, as in the case of over-ornamentation in details, or over-elaboration in design. And this is applicable not merely to the labour of the hands but to the work of the brain. When Dr Johnson said of a book that 'it had not life enough to keep it sweet,' the sentence was simple, direct, sufficient, or, as we say, in proportion; but when, in the redundancy of his learning and his love of Latin terminations, he elaborated that simple sentence into this, 'That it had not vitality enough to keep it from putrefaction,' he weakened rather than supported his idea. Again, when Bernal Osborne, that sayer of good things and worker in words, asserted that Disraeli's last illness was a great deal too protracted, adding, 'But he always did overdo everything,' we feel instinctively that the wit has overdone his own cynicism and allowed it to degenerate into brutality.

It is this well-balancing of all work that produces a sense of ease consequent on proportion. How the very phrase 'laborious politeness' condemns the breeding that allows the labour to be apparent! In all things done, our satisfaction is doubled if it be, only apparently, easy to the doer. Thus, all art is concerned to conceal the labour that has conducted to its production. And a thought that it has taken years of the discipline of life to perfect, which has only crystallised after passing through the alembic of time and fortune, is spoken of as a happy intuition of genius. Not that genius is without its intuitions by any means, but that we hardly care to acknowledge the want of time, of leisure, the pressure of work, in fact, which robs the world of but too many of the results of genius born into the world.

And if the pressure of work represses, as we believe it too often does, the 'noble rage' of the highly gifted, what is its effect on the everyday human being? It leaves him a prey to a

thousand little infirmitates of mind or temper, which the leisure for a sincere love of art or science might have cured him of, or for which a love of literature might have left no room.

Parodying a saying of Goethe's, we would say in conclusion: 'Encourage leisure, since work encourages itself.' But encourage it for acquiring that which will console you in affliction, comfort you in loneliness, will never quit you; will, if you are poor, make your poverty respected, and adorn you if you are rich; which will maintain within you a spirit unsubdued by what it works in; a mind rich in thought, strong in reason, abounding in resource, capable to fulfil all the relations of life which have been fastened on you by duty or fortune.

DUMARESQU'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE PARSON IN NORTHUMBER- LAND.

LINNELL, for his part, had made his mind up at once: Psyche Dumaresqu should never marry a penniless painter. But unless she was ready to marry a penniless painter, father or no father to the contrary notwithstanding—unless she was ready to forsake all and follow the man of her choice willingly, to poverty or riches—she was not the girl he imagined her to be; and dearly as the wretch would cost him now, he would go away the very next evening, and never again set eyes on Psyche.

Not, indeed, that Linnell had any doubt whatsoever in his own mind upon that score. He had never felt before how deeply he loved Psyche—how profoundly and implicitly he trusted her instincts. He knew she could never harbour so mercenary a thought in her pure little soul as that fallen idol, her unworthy father. He knew she would take him, money or no money. He knew that *there* he could never be mistaken. He had watched her daily, he repeated to himself once more in the words of the ballad, a little altered, and he *knew* she loved him well. If he went to Psyche to-morrow, and asked her plainly, 'Will you marry a penniless painter who loves you from the very bottom of his heart?' he felt sure she would answer, with her own sweet innocent guileless boldness, 'I will, gladly;' and he would love her all the better for that naive frankness.

To do that would be no real breach of the virtual promise he had made her father; for was he not rich? Was he not well-born? Would he not make her supremely happy? Would he not be keeping the spirit of his bond by thus evading it in the outer letter? He said to himself 'Yes' to that question ten thousand times over, as he walked home alone across the breezy downs to the Red Lion, with the keen wind blowing fresh against his flushed hot face, and the blood running warm in his tingling cheeks at the memory of that hideous unsought interview.

Not that he really meant thus to break even the letter of his bond with Haviland Dumaresqu. Oh no; he needed no such overt trial of his beautiful Psyche's fidelity as that. He could trust her implicitly, implicitly, implicitly. Besides, the trial would be taken out of his hands.

Dumaresqu would go home, full of his discovery, his miserable discovery that Linnell was nothing but a common artist—a painter by trade—a journeyman colour-monger. That sordid philosopher, that mistaken father, would tell Psyche more or less directly the result of his own unspeakable inquiries: he would warn her against listening to that penniless young man: he would talk to her the common stereotyped cant of worldly-wise paternity: he would sink the brain that conceived the Encyclopædic Philosophy to the miserable level of the Maitland intelligence. Linnell could hear in his ears even now the echoes of that hideous unholy cant—'they were dangerous guides the feelings,' and so forth, and so forth, *usage ad nauseam*, as though Haviland Dumaresqu, a prophet born, had consented to dwell in his old age in the coasts of the Philistines. He could hear the greatest thinker of our time, in that sad dotage of his, 'with a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart!' Oh heavens! It was incredible, it was loathsome, but it was nevertheless true. He hardly knew how to believe it himself, but he admitted it grudgingly to his own soul; Haviland Dumaresqu had feet of clay, and the feet of clay had tottered to their fall in these last stages of a once mighty intellect.

But Psyche? Ah, well! He had no fear at all in his heart for Psyche. He could never conceive his own beautiful, free, great-hearted Psyche 'puppet to a father's threats, or servile to a shrewish tongue.' He knew what Psyche would do; he knew it perfectly. Psyche would burst in upon him to-morrow morning, when he called round to finish her father's picture, and flinging all conventional restrictions to the four winds of heaven—rules like those were not for such as Psyche—would cast herself upon him with a wild emotion, clasp her arms around his neck in a torrent of joy, and cry aloud that, rich or poor, come what might, she loved him, she loved him. Or if Psyche didn't do that—for after all, a maiden is a maiden still—at least he would see from the timid and tearful way she greeted him that she at anyrate was wholly unchanged by anything her father might have said to her overnight against a penniless lover. She would treat him more kindly and tenderly than ever; she would say by her actions, if not by her words, 'I would love you still though you had no roof to cover you.' That was how a girl like Psyche ought to feel and act; and because he knew she would feel and act so, he loved her, he loved her. In Psyche's presence he was no longer shy. Perfect love casteth out fear. Psyche would never be bent aside by such base considerations as swayed that clay-footed idol, her father. The grand incorruptible Haviland Dumaresqu of former days, that was dead now in the old man's shrunken and shrivelled soul, lived still in the purer and nobler nature of his spotless daughter.

And then, when Psyche had thus proved herself worthy of her high lineage—for what lineage after all could be higher in any real scale of worth than direct descent from the greatest and deepest of modern thinkers—he would clasp her to his breast in an ecstasy of passion, and tell her plainly, what he had never yet told any living being, that the sacrifice she thought she was

making for his sake had no existence—that all her father asked for her she should freely enjoy—that money, position, respect should be hers—that she should be everything he himself had never been. For Linnell was rich, if it came to that; from Haviland Dumaresq's point of view quite fabulously rich; wealthy beyond the utmost dreams of Dumaresquian avarice; and if for some quixotic fad of his own he had chosen so long to give up the money that was rightly his due to the service of others, and to live entirely on his artistic earnings, he would not consider himself bound any longer to continue his obedience to that self-inflicted, self-denying ordinance, when he had a wife's happiness to consult and to provide for—and that wife his own matchless Psyche. He was rich; and he stood next heir in blood to an English baronetcy. Many things had conspired to make the shrinking sensitive painter feel the importance of his own position far less acutely than most men would have done; but that was no reason why others should not value it at the current valuation of such things in the world of England. He could go to Haviland Dumaresq, if need were, and say to him honestly with unblushing pride: 'The penniless painter has asked your daughter's hand in marriage, and has been duly accepted. But the man who marries her is rich beyond the furthest you ever demanded from your daughter's suitors, and belongs to one of the oldest and most distinguished families in all England.' It was horrible, indeed, to think of coupling such a base and vulgar thought as that with the honoured name of Haviland Dumaresq; but if Haviland Dumaresq had in point of fact sunk so low, Linnell would meet him on his own new level, and ask him still for his guileless Psyche.

With such thoughts as these whirling fast in his brain, the painter strolled back to the village inn, the air all full of Psyche, Psyche, Psyche. As he passed the Mansels', he caught through the hedge the gleam of a rustling white summer dress, and overheard the tones of a most educated voice, which he recognised at once as the final flower of Girtorian culture. He hoped Mrs Mansel would let him pass by without calling him in, for he was in small humour that day to discuss the relative merits of Wagner and Mendelssohn, or to give his opinion in set epigrammatic phrase on the latest development of the subjective novel. But Mrs Mansel spied him out with keen vision as he passed the gate, and came over with her sweetly-subdued smile, in a Greek-looking robe looped up with an old gold oriental scarf, to call him for colloquy into her most cultivated garden. The *Academy* and *Mind* lay beside the learned lady's vacant place on the rustic seat, but in her hand she held coquettishly that far more mundane journal, the *Morning Post*. Curiosity survives as a maternal legacy even in the most highly-strung of the daughters of Eve; and Mrs Mansel's curiosity was now at boiling-point. 'Oh, Mr Linnell,' she cried with unwonted eagerness, 'I'm so glad you've come. I've been longing to see you. I wanted to ask you something so important. Have you any relations living in Northumberland?'

The question fell upon Linnell's ear like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. He hadn't the slightest idea in his own mind what on earth

Mrs Mansel could mean. But glancing hastily at her finger on the open page, the thought occurred to him with lightning rapidity that perhaps his half-brother Frank had just got married. That was the secret, then, of Sir Austen's desire to have the question of the succession settled upon a firm and secure basis before he left England! Linnell hesitated a fraction of a moment; then he answered doubtfully: 'I believe there's one member of my family living there at present. But I know very little of him. I've never seen him. To tell you the truth, our family relations haven't been always quite what you could call cordial.'

'A clergyman?' Mrs Mansel asked with her soft low voice.

'A clergyman, yes,' Linnell made answer, bewildered. 'Is there anything about him in the paper to-day, then?'

'Oh, I felt sure he must be one of your family,' Mrs Mansel cried, still holding that tantalising sheet tightly in her small white hand. 'The name's Francis Austen Linnell, you see, and I recognised him, as I recognised you, by the peculiar spelling of the name Austen.'

'We're all of us Austens,' Linnell answered with a short uneasy laugh. 'It's a point of honour with every Linnell I ever heard of to continue the family tradition in that respect. It's gone on in an unbroken line, I believe, since the time of Charles the Second; and it'll go on still till baronetries are as extinct as dolos and megatheriums.—But may I ask what my respected namesake's been doing at all to get himself mentioned in the *Morning Post*? Up to date, I can't say I ever remember any performance of his, except his birth, being thought worth recording in a London newspaper.'

'Like Mark Twain's hero,' Mrs Mansel suggested with a musical little laugh, 'who up to the age of seventy-five years had never shown any remarkable talent—and never showed any afterward: so that when he died, ill-natured people said he'd done it on purpose to gain notoriety.'

'Died!' Linnell exclaimed, holding out his hand incredulously for the paper. 'You don't mean to say Frank's dead, do you?'

'Oh yes, I forgot to say it's his death that comes next by way of record,' Mrs Mansel went on, with serene composure. 'In fact, of course, I took it for granted you'd have seen the announcement somewhere already.—No, not in the Births, Deaths, and Marriages: it's later than that.—See, there's the place: Appalling Catastrophe on the Great Northern Railway.'

Linnell took the paper from her hand with trembling fingers and ran his eye hastily down the lengthy telegram. 'As the 6.45 night express was steaming out of Doncaster yesterday evening . . . goods-wagons laden with heavy pig-iron . . . both trains were completely telescoped . . . harrowing scenes among the dead and wounded . . . the following bodies have already been identified . . . The Rev. Francis Austen Linnell, Vicar of Hambleton-cum-Thornhaugh, Northumberland.'

He handed back the paper, very white in the face, to Mrs Mansel. It was clear that the news profoundly affected him. 'Why, Mr Linnell, I didn't know you were so much interested in the man,' the learned lady cried, astonished and

penitent. 'If I'd thought you were so deeply concerned as that, I'd have broken it gently to you; indeed I would.—Was he such a very near relation then?'

'He was only—my brother,' Linnell answered with a gasp. He had never seen him; but blood is thicker than water after all. A nameless shock seemed to run through his system. Two thoughts came uppermost in the painter's mind amid the whirl of emotion that those words had brought upon him. The first was a sense of profound thankfulness that he had written and posted that letter to Sir Austen before he knew of his brother's sudden death. The second was the idea that even Haviland Dumaresq would now no doubt be satisfied to accept as Psyche's husband the heir-presumptive to an English baronetcy, who had no longer any reason for concealing his position and prospects from the world in deference to the feelings of an illegitimate relative.

THE VARIETY STAGE.

THE amusements of a nation are sometimes considered a good index of the character and abilities of its citizens. The artistic and brutal propensities of the ancient Greeks and Romans are well reflected in the amusements of their theatres and arenas. Modern nations have various forms of amusement more or less refined, or the reverse; each of these forms is adapted to the wants of one particular class in society, and it is impossible to isolate any particular form of public amusement and call it national. For example, no one could form a just idea of the character and genius of the Anglo-Saxon race from observing the phases of life to be seen in the music halls of London, Liverpool, New York, or Chicago. An idea thus formed would not be a flattering one. There is nothing intellectual in the varied features that make up the programmes of existing music halls. Of course, it must be admitted that some of these features are very amusing, and they are so because the performers possess physical skill in acrobatic and tumbling feats.

When music halls were first established, some really good opera and ballad music was considered the principal attraction at almost all the halls, notably so at 'The Oxford,' whose grand selections were performances that would not have discredited the Opera or Monday Popular Concert. Now all this is altered. There is not a music hall in the metropolis—with the exception of the Alhambra, where, recently, the high-class vocalisation of Miss Ada Lincoln and Mr F. H. Colli of the Carl Rosa Opera Company affords some relief from the inanity and buffoonery of the variety elements—where good music is considered at all necessary. Yet, notwithstanding the entertainments at these halls have deteriorated, there never was a time when they were more popular than they are now. The music halls at the present time take equal rank with the theatres in public estimation. How is it good music has been banished from the halls? It may not be uninteresting or unprofitable to consider the question, and try to answer it.

Music halls, or, to give them the more recent and appropriate term, variety shows—are quite

modern institutions. Fifty years ago they were unknown. The Canterbury was the first established, and it owed its origin to the following circumstance. Close on fifty years back there was an actor named Sam Cowell on the comic lyric stage. Sam was a good comedian, an excellent singer, and a remarkably able mimic. He was also an intelligent and observant man of the world, and also, as every actor worth his salt should be, a keen observer of human nature. Mr Cowell's observations were chiefly directed to the curiosities of low life as seen in the slums of the cities. In his excursions round the slums of London, the actor had noticed that thousands of people never entered the doors of a theatre; the stage had lost its hold on the masses, whose principal or sole relaxation consisted in lounging in the bars and taps of flaring gin palaces and low 'pubs.' This free-and-easy life, with its everlasting smoking and drinking, and absence of all restraint, was congenial to the jaded and depressed men and women of the slums. To sit out a play required more attention than these poor wretches could give after a long day of severe toil and privation. How to reach these toiling men and women and give them suitable amusements was a problem that suggested itself to the mind of the actor. Here, it is curious to reflect that the theatre occupied the same position in respect to the poorest and most degraded of the people as the church did; likewise, that both these institutions—so different as they were—made use of the same means to reach and influence the masses. Both stooped to the level of the people they desired to influence by establishing the music hall and the mission hall. The music hall is to the theatre what the mission hall is to the church. The great Sam would have made an excellent missionary; very few men understand the lower classes so well as he. Charles Dickens was well aware of this, and on more than one occasion the great novelist accompanied the actor in his sallies round the dark city. Sam Cowell was ever welcome in the taprooms and 'kips' (low lodging-houses), where he often entertained the people with a song. Even in these dark places music had charms, and funny comic songs had a great many more.

These practical experiences convinced Mr Cowell that a place of amusement where a variety of serio and comic songs were sung by competent artistes would not fail to draw in low neighbourhoods. In these new places of amusement there must be no more restraint and conventionality than would be absolutely necessary. A man must be permitted to wear his working-dress, smoke his pipe, and have his beer or spirits. One Sunday night Mr Sam Cowell spoke about the matter to a friend of his, the landlord of a public-house in Lambeth Marsh. The latter, who was an enterprising and ambitious man, saw at once the feasibility of the scheme. He had a large and lofty room at the back of his house, and he determined to make use of it in the venture. It was very unfortunate that at the outset the scheme was put into the hands of the publicans. As a matter of business, these gentlemen are interested in promoting the sale of intoxicating liquors, and this interest would always be paramount and in the way of any abiding excellence in the music and other entertainments to be

devised later on. Sam Cowell's scheme was the mingling of good music with burlesque and dance; and as a matter of fact some really good music did form the best element in the music hall entertainments. The publicans, who in all the halls held the general management, were not slow in observing that good music did not encourage drinking half so much as did the most foolish and insane of comic songs, and all their efforts were directed to the task of vitiating the public taste by the gradual withdrawal of good music from the performances. That they have been successful any one may judge by a visit to any music hall in London or the provinces. When the Canterbury Hall was opened, great difficulty was experienced in obtaining artistes for the entertainment. A new profession had to be created. Sam Cowell was equal to the occasion, and on the opening night and for some time after the comedian alone gave the entertainment. He sang both serio and comic songs, and danced the dances, from the first, the most attractive feature of a variety show. The success of the Canterbury fully equalled the most sanguine hopes of its promoters, and very soon a host of others sprang up in London and the provinces, and afterwards in America.

The well-dressed and aristocratic people who frequent the palatial Pavilion and Tivoli little imagine that they patronise an entertainment originally designed for roughs and crossing-sweepers. 'Things are altered now,' they may say. So they are—for the worse. Do any of my readers remember the Oxford as it was fifteen years back? Then the Oxford was the leading music hall, and the entertainments excellent, varied, and musical. The 'grand selections' from popular operas were magnificent, and some really good singers sang the solos. We doubt whether any of these gifted artistes would ever obtain an engagement at their old home now, and most certainly not at the magnificent Tivoli or the splendid Pavilion. Mr F. Johannmann was for many years the able conductor at the Oxford. It was Mr Johannmann who introduced Offenbach to a London audience. In 1862 the management introduced a selection from Offenbach's earliest and most brilliant opera, 'Ophée aux Enfers.' The liveliness and brilliance of the music and the admirable way it was rendered at the Oxford paved the way for the production of 'The Grande Duchesse' at Covent Garden Theatre. Many habitués of the Oxford of those days will not forget the fine singing in this and in other selections of Mr Robert Green (afterwards at the Alhambra). Mr Green was an able musician, and had a really magnificent voice. Had Mr Green appeared before a London audience with an Italian name, he would have become one of the most famous singers of the day. Another gifted singer at the Oxford was Miss Fitzhenry, afterwards well known in opera-bouffe under the *nom de théâtre* of Miss Emily Soldene. Miss Constance Loseby of the Gaiety Theatre was also a music hall artiste. At the time of the American War of North and South, Miss Constance sang at every music hall in London a stirring war-song, 'The Death of Stonewall Jackson.' Mr Vernon Rigby, the eminent tenor, began his professional career at the Alhambra, where, at that time, good music alternated with displays of physical skill by the greatest

gymnasts and acrobats of the day. A succession of great artistes of the arena drew all London to the Alhambra, chief of whom was the famous Leotard. Jules Leotard was a splendid specimen of manly beauty—a perfect figure united to a strikingly handsome face, always grave and reposeful.

The story of the great gymnast's career has seldom been told. A native of Toulouse, in the south of France, young Leotard passed many of his earliest years in the beautiful city of the sunny south. His father kept a swimming-bath, having several skylights that were opened and closed by long ropes. It was young Leotard's office to open and shut these skylights, and he was in the habit of swinging from one rope to the other, doing so with so much grace and skill as to attract much attention from the visitors to the establishment. His first public appearance was as an amateur at the Municipal Fête. It so happened that among the people who witnessed the performance was the director of the Cirque de l'Impératrice at Paris. This gentleman was astonished at the skill and grace of the young athlete, and also at the novelty of the performance; and the next morning he made his way to the Leotard swimming baths and had an interview with the father. A few days hence and Jules Leotard set out for Paris. On his arrival in the gay city he was taken to a theatrical costumier, and a gay doublet of crimson velvet and gold spangles was fitted over the snow-white tights he had brought from the country.

'Take it off!' he said to the costumier. 'I am not going to play the clown.'

'Take it off! mon petit, the beautiful doublet? See how well you look in it—grand, magnificent, superb!'

'Think you so? I do not. I'll never wear spangles like a harlequin.'

'Ah! mon Dieu! was there ever seen such a drôle? Eh bien! mon petit, what is it, then, you will wear? You must have a doublet of some kind.'

'Have you any black velvet?'

A roll of plain black velvet was produced, and out of this material was made the young aspirant's doublet. And subsequently M. Leotard always wore the simple and elegant dress of a black velvet doublet over snow-white tights; a dress that served admirably to display the magnificent form of the gymnast. The début of the young athlete in the Paris arena was a veritable triumph, which was renewed on his first appearance in London. The flying trapeze became the rage, and a whole host of flying trapezists appeared at the music halls, none of whom, however, had the skill and marvellous ease of the master.

In 1865 the Alhambra management was undertaken by Mr Frederick Strange, assisted by the dramatic critic and journalist, Mr John Hollingshead, who became later on the projector and manager of the Gaiety Theatre. Up to this time ballets had not been much of an attraction at the Alhambra; but under the new régime they became, what they have always been since, the specialité of the Leicester Square Theatre.

An experience of the writer, who, in the early part of Mr Strange's management, was on the Alhambra staff, may not be uninteresting to the readers of this *Journal*. It is one of the most

remarkable instances of human folly ever recorded. Among the frequenters of the canteen behind the scenes there figured an American, who, judging by the lavish way he spent his money, might well have been taken for a millionaire. This man generally had on his fingers no fewer than six magnificent diamond rings, and not one of these rings could have cost less than three hundred pounds. He used to make his appearance, almost every night, at the time the corps de ballet trooped off the stage after the spectacle; and many of these dancers were constantly regaled by him with the best champagne at a pound the bottle. The way that American threw his money about was—to use one of the ballet-girl's language—a caution. He gave costly breakfasts at public gardens and lived 'like a lord' at the Langham Hotel. He had jewellery enough to stock a shop, and many of the girls received some very costly trinkets from his hands. He used to hand away these valuables with a princely air, and spent his money freely; every one in the place received something from his hands. All this sort of thing tallied exactly with popular notions of American *nouveau riches*, so all sorts of rumours floated about the hall respecting the position and riches of the 'American Prince,' as the ballet-girls termed the stranger. Some averred that he was a 'silver king' from Nevada; others, a great ranch-owner from Texas; while others were sure he was a pig-sticker in a big way in Chicago. Mr Silas W. Steggs himself said nothing about his antecedents; he let 'the almighty dollar' to tell its own tale. No one was seen more lavish with his money in the Alhambra canteen; and as time passed and this man kept coming and going, his face became a familiar one at the Alhambra.

With the manager, the late Mr Frederick Strange, Mr Steggs maintained a close intimacy, and one night he opened his mind to him. The London Alhambra was, he assured Mr Strange, the most splendid place of amusement to be seen anywhere; and, as an American citizen, he was sorry they had no place to equal it in the Empire City. A New York Alhambra, he went on to say, would certainly prove a good paying concern, if conducted on the same lines as the London establishment. He, Mr Steggs, had made it his business to study the management; in so doing, he had spent his money freely; that did not matter a cent; he had an object in view which would repay him every dollar. He proposed to himself to erect in the city of New York a large and palatial building, to be called The New York Alhambra. A large sum of money would be required; he had enough and to spare. One favour he begged of the Alhambra directors—permission to recruit his staff among the minor members of the Alhambra company. No objection was raised to this proposal; and when it was noised abroad, those of us who desired to better our positions were greatly excited. Mr Steggs lost no time in making his arrangements; and negotiations were at once opened with all manner of people connected with the Alhambra. All these people were to cross the Atlantic in the same vessel. What one hundred ballet-girls and a number of barnmaids were to do during the time the place was building never seemed to be thought of. However, we all believed we

should be paid up, work or not. I was one of the officials Mr Steggs had engaged, and of course I had to give up the place I held under the Alhambra directors. I did so, as I was promised a much better position in New York. Before we set out, the American gave us a sumptuous breakfast at the Café de l'Europe; the next day we went to Liverpool to embark. Mr Steggs had taken berths for all on board a Cunard screw steamer, and he had spared no money in making us all comfortable.

Everything went on all right during the voyage; though I noticed with surprise that the American had parted with all his costly jewellery.

When we arrived at Sandy Hook, Steggs went on shore to secure, so he said, lodgings for all of us at the Metropolitan and other hotels. All that day we waited for a message from him, but none came. The next morning several of us landed and made our way to the Metropolitan Hotel, and to our astonishment and dismay, we learned that no person of the name of Steggs was staying there, nor did the hotel people know any one of that name. We returned to the vessel, in hopes Mr Steggs would return; but he never came back. Here we were in a strange country, and what to do became a pressing question. It was well for Mr Steggs he could not be found, for the ballet ladies were infuriated, especially so the fine young woman who was to have been the 'première danseuse.' Mr Steggs had made love to this graceful dancer and had promised to marry her. Mademoiselle Blank as a prospective wife of a millionaire had given herself airs, and had made herself disagreeable to the humbler members of the company. Her mortification was all the more intense. The greater part of these women were sent back to England by the consul. Some of the men also returned. Some of us, including Mademoiselle Blank, determined to stay in New York. This lady at once obtained an engagement at Niblo's Garden in the spectacle of 'The Black Crook' (afterwards produced at the Alhambra). The writer obtained employment on the press.

One bitter cold night in the succeeding winter I was passing through one of the streets at no great distance from the Bowery, when my attention was drawn to the painful spectacle—alas! as common now in New York as in London—of a number of tramps waiting outside the police station for a night's shelter. I do not believe I have ever seen such a mob of wretched objects as was gathered there that night. One man in particular was a most pitiable object; he was dressed in filthy rags held together by a number of pieces of string. This man's face seemed familiar to me; but when and where I had seen him I could not remember. I looked at him a few moments before I recognised him: he was none other than the quondam millionaire, Silas W. Steggs. I called him out of the rank and asked him how he had come down so low. His story was a strange one. He had two years before inherited eighty thousand pounds, bequeathed by an uncle who had been a merchant in San Francisco. Unused to the control of money, he had placed his fortune in a bank, and begun a round of dissipation in the saloons of New York. From the Empire City he passed

over to Paris, and afterwards came to London. In these three capitals this madman had actually accomplished the feat of squandering eighty thousand pounds in eighteen months. When we arrived in New York, Silas W. Steggs had lost all. He landed with five dollars in his pocket; beyond that small sum he had not a cent.

This episode in the history of the Albemra Variety Theatre may well conclude a slight sketch of the rise and progress of the Variety Stage.

THE GOLDEN LAMP:

A TALE OF FISHER'S FOLLY.

CHAP. II.—MR GIRDLSTONE'S MONEY.

THE room with the five windows, in the centre one of which stood the Golden Lamp, was an old dining-hall. The oaken walls were hung with large and valuable paintings; and from the centre of the ceiling was suspended a great chandelier. At one end of this room a fire was burning in the open chimney; and near the rug, in front of the fire, was placed a round dining-table, laid for three. Leaning over this table, to arrange some exotic flowers in a centre vase, was the beautiful lamp-lighter who had attracted John Westcott's attention an hour ago.

No antique room, with so lovely a figure placed there, would have better represented a former century: a period, one might say, in which Fisher's Folly was the abode of beauty and fashion. The girl was plainly dressed; the fair hair was drawn back from the broad forehead into a Grecian knot, and the dark velvet robe fitted closely to the tall and slender form. Her face was undeniably handsome; but there was something more than mere beauty in the large brown eyes and resolute mouth; each feature expressed that quick intelligence which awakens confidence. It was the face of a woman with character—a woman likely to exhibit resource in a difficult situation. Such was Marian Carter, the head partner in the old house. Having touched the flowers softly with her long expressive fingers—a touch of the butterfly's wing in tenderness—she turned away and moved through folding-doors into an adjoining room. It was a small room, but with panelled walls of dark oak, like the dining-hall. In an armchair near the fire sat Mr Carter with his head resting on his hand. His face was more troubled in expression; since his interview with Westcott he appeared to have even more fully realised the magnitude of the calamity which was pending. As Marian approached him, however, he made a strong effort to overcome his depression.

'Is all ready, Marian?' said he, with cheerfulness in his tone.

'Everything.'

'Is the lamp lighted?'

'Why, father, do you think I would neglect that? Would it not be too thoughtless,' said she laughingly, 'on an occasion like this?'

As Marian seated herself beside him, her father said: 'How strange that John Westcott should have returned to-night.'

'It is strange,' said the girl with a smile. 'And

what is still stranger,' she added, with a slight blush, 'some one—I think it must have been Mr Westcott—was standing below the window when I lit the lamp. Is he likely to prove a friend?'

'Ah! I was wondering,' said Mr Carter. 'He has the character of being an excellent and shrewd young fellow. But I fear,' he went on, 'that even if he had his uncle's financial genius, he would find it no easy matter to——' He stopped abruptly; for at this moment Westcott came in. The change in his appearance, now that the rough costume was gone, was remarkable. Mr Carter scarcely recognised him; there was little of the sailor even in his face, and nothing in his manner. He had all the style of a refined gentleman. The merchant rose from his chair and formally presented him.

Had she seen him, thought Westcott, when standing in the square below the windows? There was something in her look, something in her very attitude towards him, which made him doubt if he was an entire stranger. He had recognised her; and he had conjectured, while in conversation with the merchant, that the beautiful 'vision' at the Golden Lamp could be no other than Marian Carter. But he had no time for more than this passing reflection. The dinner was unannounced; the folding-doors were thrown open, and they passed through and took their seats at the table.

The first object that attracted Westcott's glance was the old lamp. Marian's look followed him. She smilingly asked him: 'Do you remember it?'

'No; I had forgotten the house,' said he. 'I was seldom here.'

'Ah! It is strange you should have forgotten that lamp,' said Marian.

'So I am thinking,' Westcott replied. 'The workmanship is exquisite.—But,' he added, 'is it not a lantern?'

'It can be used as such. It is called the Golden Lamp. It was called so long before I was born. It belonged, as you may have guessed, to Mr Girdlestone. He used to call it mine. It has stood where it now stands, I believe, for nearly a hundred years.—But the lantern,' said the girl, 'can easily be detached; it hangs from a hook, as you see, under the dome. I have forbidden any one to touch it. I trim and light it myself all the year round.'

'No wonder,' replied Westcott gallantly, 'that it burns so brightly.'

'Not for the world,' Marian went on, 'would I miss doing so. It is to me a sacred duty.'

Westcott could not suppress a smile. 'What reason can you have, Miss Carter,' said he, 'for being such a conscientious lamp-lighter?'

Marian looked serious. 'It was Mr Girdlestone's wish,' said Marian, with a glance towards her father; and receiving no look of disapproval, she added: 'As long as the lamp is lighted—it was a sort of superstition with him—luck will not leave the house.'

As soon as the two men were alone over their wine—though they could see and hear Marian at the piano, for the folding-doors stood open—John Westcott turned to Mr Carter and said: 'There is something about that lamp—and I hope you will not think me too inquisitive—'

which interests me. May I look at it more closely?'

The merchant readily acquiesced; and the young man, stepping across the room, bent over the lamp; and had not his back been turned to Mr Carter, the expression of keen excitement which came over his face might have puzzled him. Seating himself once more opposite to his host, after a somewhat lengthy examination of the lamp, Westcott said: 'There is a large key, I observe, hanging behind the lantern. Is there any tradition attached to that?'

'I cannot tell you,' said Mr Carter. 'No one knows.'

'Do you mean, sir, that it fits no lock?'

A slight smile crossed the merchant's face. 'You know how curious women are,' said he. 'I need scarcely tell you, John, that Marian has tried every keyhole in the house. She has not solved the mystery.'

'Have you no theory, Mr Carter, concerning that key?'

'None.'

'Has it never occurred to you that it might have been the key,' said Westcott, 'to my uncle's financial genius?'

'Ah! that is a shrewd remark,' said Mr Carter thoughtfully. 'But let me tell you,' he added, 'something about that strange man. It will interest you. No one, unless it was his Indian servant, knew Mr Girdlestone more intimately than I did.'

That eager expression again passed over Westcott's face, but it escaped Mr Carter's notice. After a short pause, he began; and the low sound of music in the adjoining room added to the earnest tone of his voice.

'Through a long life, John, your uncle had lived alone in this old house—alone with this Indian. During office hours he often occupied his room down-stairs—the room in which that fine portrait hangs; but he received no visitors there. All matters of business were arranged in my room—in the room, at least, which became mine when I was taken into partnership. There, in his magic way, he settled questions of finance. No one was ever allowed to pass beyond the staircase. Even Marian, to whom he was greatly attached, never visited the upper stories except when Mr Girdlestone took her to look at this lamp. At six o'clock every evening the great hall door was locked and bolted behind us—that is, myself and the clerks—by the native servant; and never, under any circumstance, was it opened until nine the next morning.'

'An odd character,' said Westcott in an undertone.

'This eccentricity led to all sorts of rumours. It was generally believed that Mr Girdlestone was a man of great wealth; and his excessive caution and secret ways suggested a hoarding disposition. It was thought that his gold was stored in great heaps in the garrets. I often heard these tales. But I have since convinced myself that these rumours were unfounded.'

'You discovered nothing?'

'I will tell you,' said Mr Carter, 'exactly what happened. During the years that I served Mr Girdlestone—more than twenty in all—I never knew him to be absent for one day from his desk. There were times when he remained in

the counting-house only an hour or two; those were what I called his restless days; for I could hear him pacing this room, which is just above the office, with a peculiar tread which I have never forgotten. It was the only exercise he took; and it always foreboded some new and frequently gigantic financial scheme. I sometimes fancy, when I am very busy, that I can still hear him walking up and down.'

Westcott looked about him. 'In this room?' he interposed. 'You believe it was here?'

'So it sounded to me,' was Mr Carter's reply. 'But it is a strange old house; and I have sometimes thought,' he added, 'that there may be rooms up-stairs or down-stairs of which we know nothing.—But let me finish. One afternoon, towards the hour for locking-up, I heard a groan. It came from Mr Girdlestone's room. I went in, and found my old partner leaning forward upon his desk with his head sunk upon his arms. That was his last day in the counting-house—he died that night.' Mr Carter paused, with a distressed look on his face. The details of that painful incident were passing vividly through his mind. Presently he concluded: 'No sooner was Mr Girdlestone dead, strange to say, than his Indian servant absconded. No one knows where he has gone. He seemed to me like a man who had received some shock. I could make nothing of him. Doubtless, he possessed a great deal of information about his master. If Mr Girdlestone was a hoarder of gold, he must have found it out. But I, who have lived here ever since my partner's death, have discovered nothing. And as to the mystery, John, about that key,' he added, 'who can solve it?'

Westcott made no reply, but he sat watching the merchant attentively; and he soon noticed a look of drowsiness coming over him. The fatigue and anxiety of the last few days were beginning to tell upon his overwrought brain. The more sleepy he became the more wakeful grew the expression on Westcott's face. As soon as he had assured himself that Mr Carter was asleep, the young man rose from his chair, stepped softly across the room, and approached Marian's side. Standing where the light fell strongly upon him, some paces from her, he whispered: 'Don't stop playing, Miss Carter: your father will wake. I have a secret to tell you; and much will depend, within the next few minutes, upon your presence of mind. But do not be alarmed,' he hastened to add. 'Play as you are playing now, and listen.'

Marian was a true musician; and at the moment that John Westcott came and stood there she was carried away by the enchanting effect of some melody. His unexpected appearance startled her; it was like being suddenly roused out of a dream. She could not hide her agitation; even the flood of harmony threatened to fall into discord. A false note was struck; and then, in a troubled voice, she murmured, as she half lifted her eyes from the keys: 'A secret to tell me?'

Westcott sat down, though without approaching nearer; for his first thought was to reassure the girl. 'Do not be distressed, Miss Carter; place confidence in me. Can you not—for your father's sake? He needs a friend.'

The girl fixed her eyes earnestly on Westcott's face: it was a handsome and sympathetic face. Why was his manner so mysterious and perplexing? But his appearance pleased her, and there was a genuine ring in his voice. She quickly decided: she put away all suspicion as ungenerous, and answered him. 'I am listening. Pray, do not hesitate to speak.'

The young man gave Marian a grateful glance. 'I have come to England,' said he, after a moment's pause, 'on an affair which deeply concerns your father—the affair of the utmost importance. I have come to do what is in my power to save the old house of Girdlestone and Company from ruin. Much that Mr Carter told me had already reached my ears—through what medium, and how strange a one, you will hardly guess.'

The weird stories that Marian had heard about this old house in Fisher's Folly—and of the quaint figure of Mr Girdlestone, who had lived here so many years—were still fresh in her memory: even while a child, her mind had been busy puzzling out the meaning of these mysteries. But she was more puzzled now; and as these thoughts came rushing upon her—thoughts which Westcott's words had recalled—something of her strange mood seemed to enter into her expression while she played.

Westcott presently resumed. 'You remember that Indian servant of Mr Girdlestone's?' said he. 'Well—I have seen him; and he has told me every secret he knew about my uncle.'

This was indeed startling news for Marian. She looked up at Westcott with eager eyes and half-parted lips. She even ceased, in her excitement, to move her fingers over the keys; and for a moment there was a dead silence. But she quickly recovered herself, and fell into playing soft and dreamy music while listening to all that now followed from Westcott.

'The secrets which this man has told me, as I hope, will enable me to restore credit to the house. But nothing is yet sure; and for this reason I hesitate to tell your father. Can the house be saved? Before Mr Carter wakes, let us try to settle this question.'

'Is it possible?' whispered Marian.

'Yes; I sincerely believe so,' said Westcott in an earnest tone. 'During the many years that this Indian lived here, Miss Carter, he kept his eyes wide open. But he was shrewd enough not to betray any signs of curiosity. He was discreet and honest. Indeed, my uncle, I am inclined to think, could scarcely have chosen a better servant. But he developed, owing to the circumstances which surrounded him, into a panic-stricken man. All that he had found out about his master's affairs, and the strange incident that followed, struck terror to his heart. He confided all this to me on his death-bed. It was quite pitiable.'

Marian, with a wondering look in her eyes, whispered: 'What strange incident?'

'One which was the cause of his sudden flight. This is what he told me. Years ago, when he first became my uncle's servant, he discovered that his master was a hoarder of gold. With that lantern in his hand, which you call the Golden Lamp, Mr Girdlestone would walk about the house long after midnight. He naturally supposed that his servant was asleep in his garret. But the man was following him like a shadow

from floor to floor. It became a fascination—a sort of mania. It was like following some uneasy spirit about these old rooms and staircases. And so near did he creep along behind him, with naked feet and sometimes on his hands, that he could at any moment have touched his master; and although Mr Girdlestone sometimes flashed the lantern round him with suspicion, the native was too agile in his movements to be detected. A particular panel became known to him—one that led to a secret strong-room. That panel is in this room: it is within a few feet, Miss Carter, of where you are seated.'

The startled look had come back into Marian's face. What strange story was this? She had heard nothing so weird about Fisher's Folly before. She followed the young man's glance towards the oaken wall, and again the music was almost inaudible.

'There!' said Westcott, pointing across the room. 'That panel can be moved. It is a door that leads down narrow steps, as the Indian assured me, into a huge cellar. Here are to be found bags of money: thousands of pounds, Miss Carter, in hard cash.'

Marian's cheeks were flushed with excitement; and the melody sounded as if following her thoughts into a shower of gold. 'Why,' said she, 'did Mr Girdlestone's servant hide this from us?'

'Ah! I am now coming to that,' said Westcott. 'On the night that Mr Girdlestone died—a rainy, gusty night—the Indian could not sleep. The loss of his old master distressed him deeply; but the secret which he had stolen distressed him still more. He could never restore it now; and it seemed as much a crime in his eyes as if he had stolen the gold. He took the lantern from its place and wandered about as he had seen his master doing. Neither the pattering of the rain against the windows, nor the moaning of the wind in the draughty rooms and corridors, gave him any concern. He had never experienced the least fear: it had all been wonder and breathless interest at his master's ways. Terror suddenly seized upon him for the first time. How the feeling came he could not explain; but without looking round or even listening, an overwhelming conviction took possession of the man: his master was following *him*! But it was not a living master, but a dead one—the noiseless ghost of Mr Girdlestone.'

Marian could not help shuddering; and her tremulous notes showed how deeply all that John Westcott had been relating affected her. The young man noticed this, and waited while she tried to overcome her emotion. He then rose from his chair, and taking from his pocket the document which he had an hour ago discovered in Mr Girdlestone's desk, approached Marian and pointed out the words written at the foot: 'For the key to the secret strong-room, wherein will be found fifty bags of hard cash, look behind the Golden Lamp.'

'And now,' said he, 'I will steal quietly into the dining-room and get the lantern.'

Marian looked up with an expression almost of awe. 'Have you the hardihood—all alone—to make this search?'

Westcott smiled. 'I'm not frightened when I've a good light. And was not the lamp lit

by you?"—Marian dropped her eyes—"lit for this very expedition? It was my uncle's wish.—Besides," he went on, "is not the key which has been hanging there all these years the key to the secret strong-room?"

Westcott steps into the dining-hall and glances at Mr Carter, who is sleeping soundly. Marian looks over her shoulder, but never ceases playing. She sees Westcott detach the lantern; and as he comes quickly back with the softest tread, he stops and touches a panel near the fireplace. His lips convey these words to the girl, for his voice does not reach her: "This is the way."

Marian whispers back distressfully: "If he wakes?"

"Stop playing: it will warn me. But tell him nothing."

The girl glances towards the clock on the mantel-shelf. "I shall count the minutes. Shall you soon be back?"

Westcott looks at his watch: "In ten minutes."

"So quickly as that! But it will be like ten hours to me."

He approaches the wall and presses upon the panel, which yields to his hand. He glances back at Marian, and their eyes meet. His heart is beating fast, but her encouraging look makes it beat the faster. Westcott stoops down and steps into an open space in the wall. A cold, damp draught of air rushes into the room. The music trembles, as if an icy wind had caught the keys. For a moment the lantern glimmers; and Marian sees the light moving away. John Westcott and the Golden Lamp have disappeared.

SOMETHING ABOUT MICE.

In an Encyclopædia article dealing with the Mouse tribe, we find the observation, that of the domestic mouse 'the habits and appearance are too well known to need any description.' Though, so far as relates to the animal's appearance, this remark may be correct, we think that those persons who have made the little creature's ways a matter of close observation will have noticed some things respecting *Mus musculus* that are not generally known. The mouse appears to have a particular attraction for human beings, for we notice that when visitors to the Zoological Gardens, children especially, spy a mouse in one of the dens, they generally watch it more eagerly than they do the lawful occupant of the enclosure. A few notes, therefore, which we once made respecting some mice which were the only mammals sharing with us the shelter of a cottage which we occupied in the Tasmanian bush, may not be without interest to lovers of the animal world. Finding mice in the dwelling when we took possession, we at first attempted to destroy them; but we soon determined to treat them rather as pets and to watch their ways. Their number never amounted to more than about a dozen of all ages; so their increase, which is naturally so rapid, was probably checked by wild animals catching them when they ventured out of doors.

We early came to the conclusion that the

common mouse has slight, if any, natural fear of mankind—that is, instinctive dread, like that possessed by English hares, wood-pigeons, &c. What they fear and start at is anything, animate or inanimate, which moves suddenly. We do not suppose that they comprehend a man as an entity inimical or otherwise. We have more than once when rising from a chair crushed a mouse under our foot which had been resting on the heel, and under which the mouse had doubtless run for shelter the moment that we began to stir. Very frequently, too, as we have stood motionless, mice have tickled our skin greatly by climbing up and down our clothes as high as the shoulder. They have also coolly walked round our book as it lay on the table before us, and apparently looked into our eyes without the slightest fear; but they fled at the sight of any sudden movement, if only of a finger. A mouse which I came upon in a large tin case made frantic efforts to escape by jumping out; but upon my putting my hand down to capture it, so far from avoiding me, it ran up my coat-sleeve and over my shoulder and back, and so to the ground.

We found the mouse's action in this respect paralleled by that of the rat-kangaroos in the bush. These animals fled like wild rabbits at the sound of our approach through the scrub, fearing, doubtless, a thylacine (the 'tiger-wolf' of the colonists); but if they happened to see us standing still, they would unsuspiciously continue to grub up roots within a pace or two of our feet. Like mice, they feared the undisciplined, but not man. Tasmania has never been sufficiently populated to give them a natural dread of the human hunter. But such an instinctive fear they may acquire—through natural selection—before they are exterminated by human weapons.

The percentage of mice which have been captured by men in the way that they are caught by cats has been too small for the creation of any instinctive dread of man as a whole. But, as he has always, presumably, trapped mice in large numbers, the creatures have, as might be expected, a horror of the smell of his fingers. Evidence of this we found by placing our hand over a small heap of flour. The mice came for the flour; but when their noses touched our naked fingers, they precipitately fled. Afterwards, when we covered our hand with a kid glove, they fearlessly put their heads between the parted fingers to get at the flour. They even allowed us—provided our movements were very slow—to drag them away by their tails, and would still return to the food. No corresponding fear seemed to be inspired by the smell of the human foot, as they would readily eat flour laid on our naked toes. We have often read of mice being 'tamed' by prisoners and others; but we have never seen it stated whether they learned to ignore sudden movements made by their human friends, or became indifferent to the smell of their fingers.

We were certainly surprised to find what could be done with these creatures without scaring them. If we tied a piece of bread at the middle of a long piece of string, one end of which was fastened to the wall, as we slowly raised the bread by pulling at the other end of the string, the mice would cling to the bread by their fore-

paws till they were half a yard from the ground. Upon their being let down to the floor again, they would immediately recommence their disturbed repast. This, done over and over again, seemed nothing more to them than the swinging of a bough is to a bird.

The organs of hearing and smelling in mice are, of course, very efficient; but their eyesight is, we believe, poor. Their intelligence is, we should think, low, as might be expected from the paucity of convolutions in their brains. We suspended a tin of flour at such a height from the ground that our little friends could not quite jump into it, though the smell of the food made them very persevering in their endeavours to do so. We then arranged a string so that by a detour they could get at the good stuff that way. One mouse by following that course attained to the desired goal, but evidently by chance, for being startled out of the tin, it continued for a long while to make futile efforts to recover its lost position by jumping up, never again seeking the road which had led it before to the object of its desire. For hours we have lain in bed watching mice trying in vain to spring into the tin of flour, none of them ever perceiving that there was a feasible road leading thereto.

Before we had much observed mice, the use to them of their long tails was a question that had puzzled us. We do not now know of what service they are to the females; but to the bucks they are, we see, of use in their combats; for, when they fight, they very often face one another standing on their hindlegs, the tail then making, as with kangaroos, the third feature of a tripod. Their appearance, when they thus stand facing one another with their heads thrown back, and their paws raised in front of their faces, is, on account perhaps of the resemblance it bears to the posture of prizefighters, extremely comic. Small mice, also, when attacked by their bigger congeners raise their paws before their faces, the attitude in that case strangely suggesting one of deprecation. What occurs when belligerent bucks actually engage, only instantaneous photography could record, so rapid are their movements. Presumably, they try to bite; but must consider defence the better part of valour, for they never appear to get hurt much, and between the rounds will nibble away at the crust which brought them into vicinage, only showing their excitement by rattling their tails against the ground. Occasionally, a tail seized by the teeth leads to one mouse having to drag his enemy over the floor till the latter lets go.

We are sometimes now reminded of our mice when the old worn-out wooden pavement of a London roadway is being broken up. A crowd of mice feeding on a sprinkling of bread-crumbs would scatter at our approach, and would come back one by one when the danger appeared to have passed away. If a mouse lighted upon a relatively large bit of bread, he immediately fled to his hole with it. So the little street arabs cautiously purloining the smaller scraps of wood in the roadway are seen to flee away at the approach of the man who has bought the lot; but as he moves away, one by one they return to fill their aprons, their eyes always open to the danger of capture. Should a child contrive to secure one whole block of the old wood, like the

mouse with the big morsel, there is immediately a hurried scamper home with the treasure.

In conclusion, we think that we can recommend—under some circumstances—an invalid who wants a novelty with which to beguile the time, to balance the advantage of suffering to live in peace any little murine visitors to the sick-room against the drawbacks which their presence is usually held to entail.

A CHINESE WEDDING.

AN American lady resident in Shanghai sends us the following account of a Chinese wedding, which she was lately invited to attend.

In the American settlement Hong-kew, to reach which you are obliged to cross a river known as Soo-chow Creek, there is a small neat American Episcopal church, which is cared for by a Christianised Chinese clergyman, the Rev. Mr Yen, and here the wedding took place. According to Chinese custom, the bridal procession was formed at the bride's house. First, there are a number of boys who are hired to walk ahead, carrying red banners fastened to long poles; then come the musicians, some playing wind instruments much resembling in sound Scotch bagpipes; others scraping elongated fiddles; others clumping gongs of varied sizes and discordant tones; while some are beating hollow pieces of bamboo, which give forth a dull clattering sound. The whole cannot be said to harmonise, but gives out a conglomeration of disconnected sounds rather like a badly-rehearsed toy symphony, but altogether delightful to the native ear. Apropos of music, the Chinaman regards the foreigner as far superior to him in civilisation and in business, but firmly believes that in the one subject of music he is the foreigner's superior—in fact, that he leads the world! After the band, come more boys carrying large red parasols, with long red and gold fringe; these parasols are on sticks ten feet long; then more boys with red banners, which bear Chinese characters in gold on either side expressing all sorts of complimentary things to the bride. Then more parasol-bearers; and after all this comes the bridal chair, which is a most magnificent affair. This ancient mode of locomotion will bear close description. It is a large structure about six feet high, borne on two long lancewood poles or shafts, and carried by four men, two in front and two behind. As weddings are not very frequent in a Chinese family, it is hardly to be supposed that the chair belongs to the bride. It is almost invariably hired for the occasion and at an enormous expense, sometimes as much as thirty or forty 'taels,'—a tael being about six shillings sterling. In the case of a family of small means, this unfortunate custom plunges the family into a debt which it will take them years to pay.

Red being the colour denoting Chinese joy, the chair is of course of this colour. It is about as large as two ordinary sedan chairs, and is a mass of rich carving and gilt, inlaid with pieces of jasper, jade, and mottled Chinese marble, and draped with richly embroidered silk curtains both outside and inside. Besides all these there are strings of jade and gold beads, and tiny silken tassels strung from corner to corner on the outside. Inside, is a comfortable seat and a foot-

stool, covered with red silk. A small mirror and pictures hang on the sides. It is shut up, so that you cannot see in; but the person inside can look out.

After the bridal chair come any number of banner and umbrella bearers, and more musicians, followed by the friends of the bride, generally in sedan chairs, unless the distance is short, when they walk.

The music, or as they call it in pigeon-English, 'sing-song,' is kept up until the door of the church is reached, when the native gives way to the foreign 'sing-song,' and the bride is greeted with Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played on the organ by my friend Mrs M—, through whose invitation I had this opportunity of seeing a Chinese wedding.

The bridegroom on this occasion was a Christian Chinaman, who had been educated in America, and become very much Europeanised. When in America, this young man, a handsome and very intelligent fellow, had worn foreign clothes, and had adopted much of modern manners, becoming enlightened according to our civilisation, and losing faith in the customs of his mother-country. The contract for him to marry this young woman had been made years before, when both were children, yet he never had seen the girl, and had no idea what she was like. Upon his return to China the bridegroom had presented himself at the home of his bride-elect, in the hope of seeing her; but she would not receive him, preferring to remain loyal to the ancient customs of her race. During his stay in America, this young Chinaman had written to his future wife, asking her not to pinch her feet according to the practice prevailing in China, and to seek education in modern ways, to befit her for his wife. Her reply was, that she knew what was right for her to do as a Chinese lady; that she knew the Chinese poets, and the history of her country, and could embroider beautifully. This seemed to sum up the whole of her creed, and to these three or four articles of faith she was true.

Bishop Boone, the head of the American Church Mission in China, officiated in Chinese. In the church the native customs gave place to the observance of Christian rites, though I believe the bride was not a professing Christian.

The bridegroom and his friends had already taken up their position in the church when the procession arrived. The bridal chair having been set down at the door of the church, it took some time to get the bride out and on to her feet, if such tiny things can be so called; they were not more than three inches long, as I had a chance to see later on. In her progress to the altar she was assisted by four women, who were attending her as maids, more to hold her on her feet or pegs than anything else. This part of the procession was the slowest thing I ever saw; it seemed as if the four women, guilting a moving bundle of clothes, would never reach the altar. My curiosity was excited to such a point that I could scarcely restrain myself from turning round, as every one else seemed to be doing. It should be said that the six bridesmaids had preceded the bride to the altar, where they stood, awaiting her arrival. When at last the bride did reach the altar, the ceremony prescribed by the Episcopal Church, was soon over, and the husband

and his friends left his newly-made wife with four servants and six bridesmaids in the church, and made off to the house of Mr X, a Chinese missionary, where the couple were to live for a time. Almost all the Chinese men vanished with the exit of the husband, leaving only a very few to act as escort to the foreign guests.

After a lot of trouble, the bride was once more carefully packed up in her chair, and the whole procession re-formed, proceeding with renewed vigour and much hallelaloo to Mr X's house, whither the husband had already gone.

The regular Chinese custom is for the bride to be carried to the home of the bridegroom's parents. In this instance, however, the husband's parents not being Christians, the house of Mr X, a characteristic Chinese house, was taken as representing the paternal roof. We foreigners, about twenty of us, having taken carriages from the church, reached the house in time to see the procession arrive. The banners, the parasols, the musicians, and the whole motley crew came on, and crowded the courtyard in front of the house; the bridal chair again made its appearance; and not without much trouble the newly-made wife was got out and half carried into the house. It was here that I first had an opportunity to see the bridal clothes. These, like the bridal chair, are generally hired for the occasion at a great expense; but we were told that, as far as the bride's costume went, it was her own property and the work of her own hands. The material of her dress or robe was of rich crimson silk, beautifully embroidered in gold and colours, the design embodying almost everything you can think of—flowers, vines, houses, trees, animals, birds, butterflies, beetles, and lots of other things, jumbled together in an artistic but apparently meaningless manner.

The dress consists of two pieces, the lower one or skirt being the more elaborately worked; while the sleeves of the upper garment and the middle of the back were one solid mass of embroidery. Over her head she wears a very thick red silk veil, through which she can manage to see what is going on without being seen herself. This reaches below her waist. Over the veil she wears an immense bridal crown of gold or 'looksee' gold. This appears so heavy that it makes you tired to look at it. It is about eighteen inches high, and is made up of almost everything ornamental, heaped up tier above tier—gold, real gold, jade, silver, silk, embroideries, pendants, tassels—in fact, a pile of Christmas-tree ornaments, weighing several pounds. What must this poor girl have suffered wearing it all day! This crown is invariably hired.

The bridegroom's dress was also hired, as the young gentleman having affected European clothes was not in possession of a Chinese wardrobe. His costume was of ink-blue satin, heavily embroidered with gold, the back being plain, with the exception of a square of about ten inches between his shoulders of very rich gold embroidery, which I thought at the time would just make a nice anti-necessary. We learned afterwards that this unwilling husband had been obliged to return to China by his parents, who have supreme authority over their children here; also, that his queue or pigtail was false, and was fastened inside his hat, removable with ease.

Arrived at the house of the bridegroom, or the substitute for it, the Chinese ceremony begins. The bride is accompanied by her bridesmaids, her servants, and her friends, who lead her up one side of the reception room, while her husband is escorted by his friends up the other side. In the centre of this room is a large table with two seats at one end, the right one for the bride, the left for the groom. While the couple are proceeding to their places, a man, a relative of the groom, stands by the table, and in the soberest manner, yet in a sing-song tone, pours forth complimentary speeches about the bride and all her relations; while opposite to him an old woman, representing the bride's family, does the same by the groom and his relations. This simply amounts to an expression of mutual flattery. The table is decorated with flowers, amongst which is a stone jar filled with money which has been given to the bride. Besides this, all the guests are supposed to make presents of money to the bride; and in many cases the couple are dependent on these offerings to defray the expenses of the wedding—in fact, that is what it is for, just like a collection at church.

While the complimentary speeches are being droned out with many bows and much solemnity, some eatables are being brought in by an old waiting-woman, and set upon the table in front of the happy pair. These comprise about a dozen dishes of all kinds of Chinese foods, rather decorative than substantial, and are brought in for appearance only. A woman approaches the bride, and with chopsticks and bowl in hand pretends to feed her with some of the viands; but as the heavy veil is never lifted, nothing whatever is eaten, and only the appearance of it is indulged in. The same office is performed by another woman for the bridegroom, who, though not veiled, was equally content with going through the motions. Then a glass of native wine is poured out and handed to the groom, who puts it to his lips only; the same cup is then applied to the outside of the bride's veil, and both are supposed to have partaken. The couple are then tied together, always at a respectful distance, by two pieces of coloured silk ribbon, red and green, the ends of which are tied to the right wrist of the groom, and the left of the bride. This, I believe, is the nuptial knot. In this position they remain for about a quarter of an hour, being subjected to the gaze of all the guests and inflicted with more music by the band, which has by this time found its way into the room.

In due time—that is, when everybody's patience is quite exhausted—the couple are released from their silken bondage, and are conducted, each in the escort of two women, out of the room and up-stairs to the bridal chamber, all the visitors following in the train. This chamber contains, among other things, a bed of great splendour—a complete museum in itself. In shape it is a very large-sized four-poster of dark-red hard wood, richly carved, and with small round slabs of mottled Chinese marble let in wherever there seems a place for them. But the principal feature is the richly-embroidered curtains hanging from the top of the frame down to the ground, but made in such a way that the wooden frame of the bed is allowed to be seen in front of the

draperies. The bedclothes consisted of a number of hand-worked quilts, and two magnificently-embroidered pillows, which were laid down the middle of the bed in very neat order. Outside the curtains, this extraordinary piece of furniture was ornamented with all sorts of small specimens of embroidery of varied designs, looking like pen-wipers, pincushions, and the like, some shaped like dragons, others square or triangular, and all dissimilar. We heard that all these elaborate embroideries were the work of the bride, and that she had probably spent the whole of her life in preparing for this great event, such being the custom among Chinese women.

Having reached the bridal chamber, the company proceeded to examine the wedding presents, which were displayed on the Chinese dressing-table. These were partly Chinese, partly foreign, but all very nice and well chosen—a pair of costly vases, a *manicure* set, a toilet set, Japanese tea-service, pieces of silk embroidery made by friends, and many other things beside jewellery. But what was very characteristic was noticed on one side of the room—a pile of black boxes tied up with strips of red paper. These boxes were heaped up one over the other till they nearly reached the ceiling. There may have been twenty of them, all as like as peas, and each large enough to contain two or three ladies' dresses. It is regarded as a sign of wealth to have a large number of these; and such is their love for show, that a Chinese lady would sooner not be married than not have a large display of these boxes, which are supposed to contain her trousseau. Of course, some of these boxes may have been empty, and others may have contained old clothes, as great care was observed to have them sealed up and their contents safe from examination.

In one corner of the room, on a table, were a number of small cardboard boxes, covered with red paper, with gauze on the top, through which you could see that each contained a small handful of Chinese confections. Every one leaving the bridal chamber received a box. This corresponds to our custom of giving each guest a piece of wedding cake, and, indeed, may have been its origin.

The whole company, followed by the bride and bridegroom, then descend to a reception room, shortly to be shown into a long room furnished only with chairs. In the middle of the floor is a piece of red cloth; on one side are two bridal chairs, very elaborate and coloured red, standing a little distance apart; and facing these, on the other side of the carpet, are two ordinary chairs for the reception of the guests each in turn. These chairs, however, were scarcely used on this occasion, the guests remaining standing. This part of the ceremony—it was more like a scene in a drama—was perhaps the most characteristic of the Chinese ways and customs, and was devoted entirely to 'chin-chin,' or saluting. The groom had taken up his place beside one of the chairs, and there stood ready to receive and pay homage to the male guests each in turn; while beside the other chair stood the bride, bowing to the lady guests.

The gentleman who chanted the complimentary speeches at the make-believe breakfast table now acted as master of the ceremonies, and brought

in a male friend, placing him directly in front of the bridegroom. Then commenced a series of oriental salams; the husband, the guests, and the master of ceremonies all on their knees, and with hands clasped and raised above their heads, bow down to the ground again and again. In order to enable them to move together, the master of ceremonies sings a doleful strain, rising and falling to suit the action, and apparently done to enable the trio to move in concert. The more influential or rich the guest, the more 'chin-chin' they receive.

The first male guest having been disposed of, the groom takes a rest, and our attention is directed to the bride. She is assisted by an 'alma' (Chinese nurse), who stands beside her and assists her to bow in a manner which seems more forcible than polite. A lady having been placed opposite, the same show begins, and the same extravagant salutations are indulged in. Then the groom begins with another man, while the bride has an opportunity to straighten out her back, and so on, until all the celebrities and intimate friends have been done homage to. With this, the first day's ceremonies are at an end, and the festivities begin. Other portions of the wedding festivities are held on the next two or three days, the final festivity not taking place for some days. It takes a long time to get married in China!

SOME FASHIONS IN HEELS.

'Whar's your name?' asked old Prince Esterhazy, when Haydn at the age of twenty-eight was introduced to him. 'Haydn,' was the reply. — 'Ah! I've heard of you. Get along and dress yourself like a Kapellmeister. Clap on a new coat, and mind your wig is curled. You're too short. You shall have red heels; but they shall be high, that your stature may correspond with your merits.' The 'red heels' promised to the composer in so offhand a manner by the princely old lover of music in 1760, had for nearly a hundred years been a mark of the man of fashion in England as well as abroad. The beaux who sauntered along the Mall in the days of Charles II., proud of their long curling wigs, heavy with scent, their canes and their snuff-boxes, were proud also of their scarlet heels. In the reign of Queen Anne, red-heeled shoes formed an essential part of the costume of those 'smart fellows' and 'pretty fellows' whom Steele so often mentions with good-natured satire in the pages of the *Tatler*. 'Smart fellows' were succeeded by other varieties of the genies fop, but red heels remained the fashion. Gay, in his 'Trivia,' describes the dangers of the streets braved by a beau:

Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head:

At every step he dreads the wall to lose,

And risks, to save a coach, his red-heeled shoes.

And later, in 1754, Colman, describing a needy beau—a predecessor of Goldsmith's Bean Tibbs—says that his shoes, though perhaps capped at the toe, had red heels to them; and his stock-

ings, though often full of holes, were constantly rolled up over his knees in the then fashionable manner. It is uncertain when these scarlet heels ceased to be fashionable, but they did not survive the eighteenth century. They probably went out with so many other fashions and customs during the French Revolution.

A much more venerable and persistent fashion in heels is the habit of wearing them high. Early shoes and boots would appear to have had very slight heels, if any at all; but when once the heels began to be made high and stilted, the fashion became firmly fixed, and has lasted to the present day. It would be difficult to say exactly when high heels first appeared, but they were worn in England at least as long ago as the early part of the sixteenth century. They reached this country from Venice, and the Venetians imported them from Turkey. The Turkish original was a kind of patten, worn, doubtless, to raise the wearer above the dirt. In the plates to George Sandys' 'Travels,' a well-known seventeenth-century book, the Turkish women are represented wearing these chopines, or 'chippines,' as English writers called them. In Venice, they were in very common use. They were made of wood, covered with leather of different colours, and were often curiously painted and sometimes gilt. They were worn absurdly high, some being raised eighteen inches from the ground, the degree of nobility possessed by the lady-wearer being indicated by the height of the chopine. On stilts of this kind, unassisted walking naturally became no easy task, and hence was seen the ridiculous spectacle of a lady supported on either side by attendants, when she went abroad, so that she might not fall.

The word 'chopine' was supposed by our older writers to be of Italian origin, and was often spelt *cioppina*, and in the plural *cioppini*, as if a genuine Italian word. But, strangely enough, notwithstanding the fashion that undoubtedly prevailed at Venice, the word does not appear in Italian dictionaries. It is probably of Spanish origin. The modern Spanish *chapin* means a clog with a cork sole. Hamlet alludes to these exalted pattens in his welcome to the players, when he says: 'By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.' This shows that the Venetian fashionable foot-wear was familiar to Elizabethan Englishmen; but its influence in the shape of high-heeled shoes had long before been felt in this country.

At the Tudor Exhibition, held recently in London, there were to be seen the shoes worn by Henry VIII. at the famous meeting of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. They were of velvet, beautifully embroidered, and had silver edges and pretty high heels. Some shoes worn by the unfortunate Anne Boleyn were also shown; and their heels were decidedly high. Another exhibit was a pair of shoes formerly belonging to Queen Elizabeth, which she left at Northiam, in Sussex, where on one occasion she dined on the village green on her way to Rye. The heels of her majesty's shoes were very high. In Elizabethan times coked shoes were much worn, the cork thickening towards the heel. In an old comedy, 'The Fleire,' printed in 1615, a lady who

inquires, 'Why the citizens wear all corks in their shoes?' is told: 'Tis, Madam, to keep up the customs of the city, only to be light-heeled.'

During the reigns of Elizabeth's immediate successors heels increased in height. In King James's days, or in the early years of Charles's reign, before political troubles and civil war drove dandyism out of sight, and almost out of existence for many years, a fop delighted to exhibit his white silk stockings, embroidered with elaborate 'clocks' in a variety of colours, above shoes with heels cut away at each corner and of portentous height. About this time the ladies, too, got upon their stilts and took to chopines, for the eccentric John Bulwer, writing towards the middle of the century, denounces their adoption of this fashion, which, he says, is a monstrous affectation, imitated from the Venetian and Persian ladies.

After the Restoration, when dress once more became an absorbing pursuit with many a handsome cavalier, and the scented beaux sunned themselves and their love-locks in the Park, fashionable shoes rejoiced in long toes and heels that were still high. Ladies followed the same fashion. An old ballad in 'Vindication of Top-knots and Commodors,' in the Bagford collection, dating from about 1680, says:

There's many short women that could not be match'd
Until the Top-knots came in fashion;
Tho' they wore their shoes high, both painted and
patched,
And humour'd the tricks of Love's passion.

Top-knots and commodors disappeared, and were replaced by many strange varieties of head-gear, both male and female, but foot-wear still continued high. In the time of George I. the beau or 'snart' wore square-toed shoes with very small diamond buckles, a great flap on the instep, and high red heels. The speculative mania of 1720, the famous bubble year, produced a great crop of caricatures and satirical songs and prints. Many of these were collected in a folio volume published in Holland, and among them is a large engraving satirising generally the madness of speculators. It represents Fortune being driven by Folly, her car being drawn by figures representing the chief bubble companies, from the South Sea and the Mississippi schemes downwards. The attire of Folly, the driver, gives us a complete picture of the female fashion of the day; it includes a great hoop petticoat, patches, and shoes with very high heels. The fine gentleman of a few years later is well depicted in the figure of the young nobleman in the first picture of Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode.' He has been admirably described by Hazlitt. 'The beau,' he says, 'sits smiling at the looking-glass, with a reflected snimper of self-admiration and a languishing inclination of the head, while the rest of his body is perked up on his high heels with a certain air of tiptoe elevation.'

In France, throughout the eighteenth century, heels were worn very high. English writers forgot or were ignorant of the fact that this fashion had long prevailed in this country, and were accustomed to denounce it as an importation from France. A satire of about 1780,

describing female fashion, which at that period was marked by great variety and sudden changes, says:

Now high in French heels, now low in your pumps;
Now monstrous in hoop, now trapish, and walking
With your petticoats hung to your heels like a
mantle;
Like the clock on the tower, that shows you the
weather,
You are hardly the same for two days together.

Writers on dress of the present day also often speak of shoes of 'Louis Quinze height.' About 1770, French women wore shoes with very pointed toes and high slender heels. In 1789, the year of Revolution, an abundance of rouge, many patches, and very high heels, were considered essential aids to female beauty. The men wore shoes of similar elevation, while their attire as a whole was marked by many eccentricities.

The great French upheaval produced a revolution in dress as well as in many other matters. Male costume generally became simpler and less ornate. Artificial appendages, wigs, and like abominations, gave place to more natural modes and customs. Female fashions can hardly be said to have become simpler or more natural, when one recollects the many extraordinary developments and extravagances in dress that the last sixty or seventy years have witnessed. But amongst many changes, the ladies have remained pretty constant in their attachment to high heels. These were once upon a time considered by some folks to be dangerous weapons in the armoury of female charms and blandishments, for not long ago there was discovered in New Jersey an old colonial statute, still unreppealed, which enacts that 'all women of whatever age, profession, or rank, whether maids or widows, who shall, after this Act, impose upon, seduce, or betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty now in force against witchcraft and like misdemaneours.'

ROSES AND MEMORIES.

SONNET.

GLOAM and a grayness as of breaking night
Till the June day awakens, till the hush
Breaks into song of throats, and the lush
Long grasses stir and quiver, dewy bright.

A world of dusky crimson, with the white
Snow petals budding, and the fragrant blush
Of the moss-rose—an ever deepening flush
Of flowers that wait the love-kiss of the light.

So breaks the morn of roses; but, alas!
Dead Junes have left their memories, a flower
Pressed between storied leaves, a twist of grass
Once fitted to my finger in that tower
Of twilight blooms. Oh love! though youth must
pass,

Life holds the mem'ry of that golden hour.

G. A. DAWSON.

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THE RUINS IN SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE Royal Geographical Society, aided by a grant from the British Association, is sending Mr Theodore Bent, well known as an archaeologist and explorer in Asia Minor and the Greek Islands, to investigate the remarkable ruins in South Central Africa, of unknown date, supposed by the older geographers to be the remains of the palace of the Queen of Sheba. These ruins, generally known as those of Zimbabwe, are situated in Mashonaland, about one hundred and fifty miles west of Sofala, and were occupied, at the time of the Portuguese expedition into the interior in 1506, by a people denominated by them Moors, but who appear to have been Arabs, reigning over a subject race of Kaffirs, probably the ancestors of the present dwellers in that region; but the dominant race, the Moors of the Portuguese, have apparently disappeared, although some modern explorers trace them in a yellow race found farther in the interior.

The Portuguese historians were loud in their praise of these ruins; but in one of their expeditions, Zimbabwe, having been evacuated by its then inhabitants, was taken by Baretto, the Portuguese commander, sacked, and burnt. After this, nothing was heard of it until it was re-discovered and described by the German traveller, Carl Mauch, in 1871. Mauch, however, was not allowed to explore the ruins, which are regarded as sacred by the natives; but he made sketches of one or two portions of them, which were reproduced by his friend Thomas Baines, the well-known traveller, in his book entitled 'Gold Regions of South-eastern Africa' (1877). Baines' account excited some interest at the time; but the difficulties and dangers attending explorations in these remote districts prevented travellers from following up the discovery, and the matter was allowed to fall into oblivion until now, when the expedition of the Chartered Company of British South Africa has once more opened up and made

practicable a route to these interesting remains of an ancient civilisation.

Zimbabwe as described, is an extensive mass of ruins, covering the western slope of a granite hill, and extending across a plain for about three hundred yards, where stands another mass of ruins upon an elevated terrace. As far as can be traced, these ruins consist of labyrinthine walls one within another, often terminating in a 'cul de sac,' and enclosing in one part a conical tower still thirty feet high, to which no entrance has been discovered, although, perhaps, there may be one, partly buried beneath the débris. These buildings would appear to have formed a strong fortress, impregnable before the introduction of cannon, the entrances being so constructed that only one person could approach at a time, and being then always fully exposed to the arrows of the garrison.

There are many other peculiarities in the construction of these buildings deserving of notice: in one part projecting stones stand out from the wall, as though originally supporting a staircase or gallery; and these stones, which are very hard and of a dark greenish-black colour, are ornamented with a pattern of diamonds and wavy lines; then one of the most perfect of the walls has a frieze of zigzag pattern, formed of very thin slabs of hewn stone, let into the wall about twenty-five feet from the ground, on the south-eastern side only; whilst the whole of the walls, towers, and other structures are built of blocks of granite hewn into the shape of bricks, but a little larger, and put together without mortar, the walls being often ten feet thick at the base, and about seven or eight at the top. But remarkable as are the ruins of Zimbabwe, they do not stand alone, but appear to be connected by a chain of forts with a similar mass of ruins near Tati, fully three hundred miles farther to the west, so exactly similar in structure, design, and ornamentation, as to leave no doubt whatever that they were the work of the same people; whilst similar masses of ruins are reported near Manica, and also in the Transvaal east of the Nylsvlei.

The whole of these are built of heavy granite blocks, the size of bricks, and without mortar; and when we consider the immense amount of labour this would entail, we may be certain that the builders must have been very numerous, quite settled in the country, and far advanced in civilisation. They were not Portuguese, who never occupied the country in sufficient force to execute these great works, and whose early historians have testified to their existence at the time of their first expedition. They are wholly unlike the work of any known Kaffir race, as none of these ever construct stone buildings, and certainly never hew stones into shape for building purposes. Neither do they appear to resemble Arab structures; nor is there anything sufficiently distinctive to indicate a Phœnician origin, although the latter is the idea which seems to have occupied the minds of most travellers in these regions, for various native names, such as the Sabia River, and many peculiar manners and customs, have caused this land to be regarded as the Ophir of the Bible, the golden land whence Solomon drew the gold and ivory for the Temple of Jerusalem, and whence the Queen of Sheba came to see and judge for herself of the wisdom of which she had heard.

Whatever people may have been the builders of these wonderful structures in the heart of savage Africa, it is quite certain that they were attracted thither by gold, and that these masses of masonry were constructed partly for the protection of the miners, and partly for storing and extracting the precious metal. In the immediate neighbourhood of every one of these forts old workings abound, and near Tati they are met with in thousands; whilst in several of the rooms of the forts furnaces have been found for extracting the metal; the only objects met with besides being very coarse pottery, and stone basins with round stones, such as are still used by the Kaffirs for crushing corn, but which, from their much worn appearance, may also have been used for crushing ore after it had been roasted in the furnaces. It is said that the Kaffirs guarded these places jealously because they found there implements of value; but no modern explorer has ever found any object of metal either among the ruins or in the old workings, which latter consist of shafts, sometimes of great depth, and very skillfully constructed; neither has any inscription been found or other ethnological guide to date. Yet there are stories of inscriptions which formerly existed, and it is to be hoped that Mr Bent may come across something of the kind in his excavations.

That the buildings have been entirely abandoned for centuries is demonstrated by the fact that they are generally overgrown with dense bush, whilst everywhere trees of great size and probably two or three centuries old have forced their way through the walls. Mr Bent is inclined to attribute these remains to the Persians, in the reign of Chosroes II., in the seventh century of the present era; but the brilliant reign of that monarch seems far too short to allow of the works represented by these ruins; and after his death, Persia was in too chaotic a condition to allow of the maintenance of so remote a colony with its necessarily large garrison.

Failing Arabs and Persians, we are thrown

back upon the old Phœnician hypothesis for the origin of these remarkable buildings. It is very evident that Hiram, king of Tyre, had some one well-known depot, from which he drew his supply of precious metals, his ivory, and his aliving trees, and starting from Ezion-Gebir, on the Red Sea, he would be quite as likely to sail along the coast of Africa as far south as Sofala, which from time immemorial has been a gold port, as to sail eastward to India, which has been the rival of Africa as the Ophir of Scripture. The Queen of Sheba has always been regarded as an African potentate, and it would be reasonable to suppose that she would have heard of the wealth and wisdom of Solomon from the merchants who from Tyre sought gold within her dominions, whilst the gold fleet would provide her with the necessary means of transport. It is not a little noteworthy that in this part of Africa there are still several female sovereigns, one of whom, Majaja, has recently submitted to the Boers of the Transvaal, whilst in all other parts of Africa men are the rulers. It is of course possible that the fleets of Hiram and Solomon may have visited both India and Africa in search of treasure; but in any case, the expedition of Mr Bent will be watched with keen interest, as likely to set at rest a controversy which has occupied the minds and the pens of the learned for many generations.

It may be of interest to note that the old Portuguese writers especially notice that rice, millet, and cotton were cultivated by the natives of this region on their first discovery, as well as various fruits, such as oranges, lemons, vines, pine-apples, figs, and the sugar-cane; and these the most recent explorers describe as still growing wild. 'Fancy,' says one of the pioneers, 'riding for miles and miles under the shade of wild orange trees, branches weighed down with fruit, and more of others than I can name, wild grapes, guavas, limes, plums, apples, and pomegranates—a veritable garden of Eden.'

As these fruits are not supposed to be indigenous in Africa, and were evidently not introduced by the Portuguese, who found them there, they may perhaps form a clue to the civilised builders of Zimbabwe.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIV.—RACK AND THUMBSCREW.

HAVLAND DUMARESQ sat long on the bank, with his head in his hands, sobbing like a child. Then he rose wearily, and plodded home alone, his head aching and his heart heavy at the downfall of that mad momentary opium dream for his beloved Psyche.

Without and within, indeed, the day had changed. Dull weather was springing up slowly from the west, where the sun had buried itself behind a rising fog-bank. The philosopher made his way, with stumbling steps, across the open downs—those prosaic downs so lately mountains—and lifting the latch of the garden gate, entered the house and walked aimlessly into his bare little study.

A dozen books lay open on the plain deal table

—books of reference for the subject at which he was just then working—a series of papers on mathematical and astronomical questions for the 'Popular Instructor.' He sat down in his place and tried to compose. It was for bread, for bread, for bread, for Psyche. But even that strong accustomed spur could not goad him on to work this dreary afternoon. He gazed vacantly at the accusing sheet of virgin-white foolscap: not a thought surged up in that teeming brain; not a picture floated before those dim inner eyes; he couldn't fix himself for a moment upon the declination of Alpha Centauri: with all the universe of stars and nebulae and constellations and systems careering madly in wild dance around him to the music of the spheres, his mind came back ever to one insignificant point in space, on the surface of that petty planet he so roundly despised—the point occupied by a tiny inconspicuous organic result of cosmic energies, by name Psyche. At last he flung down his pen in despair, and opening the door half ajar in his hand, called up the stairs to her, 'Psyche, Psyche, Psyche.'

'Yes, Papa,' Psyche answered, jumping up at the call from the tiny couch in her own bedroom, and running down the steep and narrow cottage staircase. 'You weren't in for lunch. I was so sorry. You've had one of those horrid headaches again, I'm sure. I can tell it by your eyes. I see the pupils look so big and heavy.'

Haviland Dumaresq drew one palm across his forehead, and gazed hard at his daughter's eyes in return. Though she had bathed them well in cold water, they still bore the faint traces of crying. 'My darling,' he said, laying his hand on her shoulder with tender care, and drawing her over caressingly to the one armchair in that bare little workshop, 'something's been troubling you too. You're not yourself at all to-day, I can see. You look pale and troubled.—Psyche, we two have never had secrets from one another up to this: don't let's begin to have any now. Tell me what it is. Tell me what's worrying my dear little daughter.' He spoke wistfully.

Psyche gazed up at him half doubtful for a moment; then she answered with a flush: 'You can read everything. You know already what it is, father.'

Dumaresq, trembling, took her little hand in his and stroked it tenderly. 'We must expect it so now,' he said in an undertone, as if half to himself, with dreamy persistence—'we must expect it so now, I suppose: the Epoch has come for it. In the essentially artificial state of things in which we human atoms now live and move and have our being, feelings that are natural at certain turns of life as song to the bird or play to the kitten must be sternly repressed at Society's bidding; and they can only be suppressed by being turned inward; they must find vent at last, if in nothing else, in these hysterical longings, and tears, and emotions. I must expect them all, no doubt; I must expect these outbreaks. But it's hard to see them, for all that, however inevitable. My little girl has been crying—alone. It wrings my heart to see her eyes so red. Psyche, Psyche, you must try to dismiss it.'

'I can't,' Psyche answered, making no attempt to conceal the subject that floated uppermost in both their thoughts. Father and daughter were too nearly akin to allow of any flimsy pretences

between them. 'I can't dismiss it—and, Papa, I don't want to.'

'Not for my sake, Psyche?' he asked sadly.

The girl rose, the peach-blossom flush in her cheek now more crimson than ever, and flinging herself wistfully on her father's shoulder, answered without faltering, or sobbing, or crying: 'Anything but *that*, father; anything on earth but *that*; for your sake, anything; but *that*, never!'

The old man disengaged her softly from his neck, and seating her down in the big armchair, where she let her face hang, all shame and blushes, without venturing to raise her eyes to his, surveyed her long and anxiously in pitying silence. Then he cried at last, clasping his hands tight: 'I didn't think it had gone as far as *this*, my darling. If I'd dreamt it was going as far as *this*, I'd have spoken and warned you long ago, Psyche!'

'It hasn't gone far at all, Papa,' Psyche answered truthfully. 'It hasn't begun even. It's all within. I don't so much as know!—she paused for a moment, then she added in a very low tone, tremulously—'whether he cares the least little bit in the world for me.'

'It has gone far,' the old man corrected with a very grave air: 'far, far, too far—in your own heart, Psyche. And your own heart is all I care about. I ought to have foreseen it. I ought to have suspected it. I ought to have guarded my treasure, my beautiful treasure in an earthen vessel, far more carefully. What matters is not whether *he* cares for you, but that you should care at all for *him*, my darling.'

Psyche looked down and answered nothing. 'You think yourself in love with him,' her father went on, accenting the *think* with a marked emphasis.

'I never said so,' Psyche burst out, half defiantly.

Dumaresq took a little wooden chair from the corner by the window, and drawing it over by Psyche's side, seated himself close to her and laid her passive hand in his with fatherly gentleness. Psyche's blank eyes looked straight in front of her. The philosopher, gazing down, hesitated and reflected half a minute. Stars and worlds are such calculable bodies to deal with: they move along such exactly measurable orbits: but a woman!—who shall tell what attractions and repulsions deflect her from her course? who shall map out her irregular and irresponsible movements? And since the last six weeks or so, Psyche was a woman. She had found out her own essential womanhood with a burst, as girls of her type always do—at the touch of a man's hand. Her father gazed at her in doubt. How to begin his needful parable?

'At last words came. "My darling," he said very slowly and gravely, "you are all I have left to care for in the world, and I love you, Psyche, as no man ever yet loved his daughter. You are all the world to me, and the rest is nothing. Looking back upon my own past life, I don't attempt to conceal from myself for a moment the fact that, as a man, I have been a failure—an utter failure. The failure was a splendid one, I frankly admit; nay, more, perhaps, a failure worth making—for one man, once in the world's history—but none the less, for all

that, an utter failure.—No, don't interrupt me, my child, for I know what I'm saying. Am I a man to palter with the truth or to hide from myself my own great weaknesses? Have I not taken my own gauge like all other gauges—accurately, and dispassionately? From beginning to end, my life has been all wrong; an error from the outset: like the universe itself, a magnificent blunder. Not that I regret it; I regret nothing. I am myself, not any other. I must follow out the law of my own being unopposed, though it bring me in the end nothing but blank disappointment."

He paused a moment, and ran his hand abstractedly through her long fair hair: then he went on again in a soft musing undertone. "But you, Psyche, it is for you to profit by my sad experience. I have learned once for all, myself vicariously for all our race—learned in a hard school, a hard lesson, to be transmitted from me to every future Dumaresq, for individuality runs too strong in the current of our blood—learned that the world is right, and that the individual does unwisely and ill to cast himself away for the sake of humanity. Humanity will owe him no thanks for his sacrifice. My child, I want you to be happy—happy—happier far than ever I have been. I could never bear to see you condemned to a life of drudgery. I want you to be all that I have missed. I want you to be what I could never have been. I want you to be comfortable—at your ease—happy."

Psyche caught at his meaning by pure hereditary sympathy. She glanced back at him with her proud free face, tenderly, indeed, but almost reproachfully. How could he ever think it of her? "Papa," she said in a very firm voice, "I am your daughter. Individuality, as you say, runs strong in the blood. As you are, I am. But being the actual man you are yourself—why, how can you ever expect your daughter to be any otherwise?"

"You despise money too much, Psyche," the old man said, in a tone of conviction.

"Do you despise it?" Psyche answered simply with a straight home-thrust. "Papa, you know you do—as much as I do."

Haviland Dumaresq's lips half relaxed in spite of himself. "True," he replied; "very true, little one. But then I'm a man. I can bear all that—poverty, drudgery, misery. I know what it means. Whereas you, my darling—"

"I—am your daughter," Psyche repeated proudly.

"Then you mean," her father said in a heart-broken voice, "that if he asks you, you mean to marry Mr Linnell?"

"He hasn't asked me," Psyche answered with a deeper flush.

"But if he does, Psyche—my darling, my daughter, promise me, oh promise me, that you'll give him no answer till you've spoken to me about it."

Psyche looked him back in the eyes sorrowfully. "I can't," she answered, faltering. "Oh, anything but that, Papa. I didn't know it myself even till you began to ask me. But I know it now. I love him, I love him too dearly."

Dumaresq looked at her with melting regret. "My child," he said, faltering in his turn, "you

will break my heart for me. Psyche, I've had but one day-dream in my life—one long day-dream that I've cherished for years for you. I've seen you growing up and unfolding like a flower-bud, becoming every day sweeter and daintier and more beautiful than ever, fitting like a butterfly through this dull gray life of mine—and I've said to myself in my own heart: "If I've nothing else to give my child, I can give her at least the dower of being Haviland Dumaresq's only daughter. I can introduce her to a world where my name at anyrate counts for something. There, she will be noticed, admired, courted: there, her beautiful face and her beautiful soul will both be rated at their true value. There, some man who is worthy of her, by birth and position, will make her happy, as she richly deserves to be." I saw you in my own mind surrounded by comfort, honour, luxury. That was my day-dream, Psyche, the only day-dream of my sad long life. Don't break it down ruthlessly for me, I beseech you, by marrying a penniless man, who will drag you by slow degrees of decline, down, down, down, to poverty, drudgery, wretchedness, misery. —Don't let me see you a pale careworn wife, harassed with debt, and many children, and endless rounds of household worries. Don't break my heart by spoiling your own life for me.—Oh, for my sake, Psyche, promise me, do promise me, for the present to say no to him."

"Papa, Papa," Psyche cried, "you've said it yourself; if you've nothing else on earth to give me, you've given me the dower of being Haviland Dumaresq's daughter. I've always been proud of your own grand life, and of the way you've flung it so grandly away for humanity. Do the think I'm not proud enough to fling my own away too—for love? I'd rather bear drudgery with the one man I care for, than share wild and position and titles and honours with fruit, other man in all England."

Her father gazed down at her with his eyes. He was proud of her, but he was not. "You're very young, Psyche," he murmured, indigenously holding both her hands in his, and plucking her for his day-dream. "You're only here, they course through life. You'll meet the wisest builders men in your way through the world, but the first slight scratch, I will do, it's the deepest of passion. You'll find pen are as plentiful as blackb and thumbscrew through life. I've seen w now for pure, pure love; and on the bank, with loved them truly; yet lead suc a child. Then bappy lives of sordid shifts and one alone, his hold tasks, that all the romance—the downfall health and strength and spirit too, ream for his clean out of them. Don't rush head on such a fate as that. Wait a while. day had I ask you no more: just a brief delay up slowly make your mind up."

He meant it in the kindest possible way of fathers; but he had mistaken her. Psyche looked up at him with a great face opening ever clearer on her half-childish undauntedness. She had realised it but dimly and entered faintly before; she saw it now, under a bare of opposition, in all its vivid and undistinctness. "Papa," she cried, with proud table

conviction, 'I may wait, and wait, as long as you like, but I shall love him, for ever, and him only.'

He had forced it out of her. He had forced it into her almost. Without the spur of his searching questions, she could never have put it so plainly, even to herself. But she knew it now. She was quite certain of it. She saw it as a simple fact of Nature. She loved Linnell, and she was not ashamed of it. She had forgotten by this time all her girlish bashfulness—her modesty—her reserve—and she looked her father full in the face as she repeated fervently: 'I love him! I love him!'

The old man flung himself back in his chair with a groan. 'Psyche, Psyche,' he cried, 'you'll kill me—you'll kill me. Was it for this I longed and dreamed in secret? Was it for this I worked and flung my life away? You'll bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. To see you dreading as a poor man's slave in some wretched lodging! For your father's sake, oh, take pity on yourself—refuse him, refuse him!'

'I can't,' Psyche answered firmly. 'I can't do it, Papa. My tongue wouldn't obey me. He hasn't asked me yet, and for your sake I hope he won't ask me; but if he does, I can't refuse him; I must say yes; I can never say no to him.'

Her father rocked himself to and fro in his chair in speechless misery. If Psyche were to marry that penniless painter he would feel that his life was indeed a failure. His house would be left to him in ruin. The ground would be cut from under his very feet. He had dreamed his dream of happiness for Psyche so long that he had come to live on it now altogether. It was his future, his world, his one interest in existence. It had intertwined itself alike in his opium ecstasies and in his soberer, saner, waking hours, till each form of the dream had only seemed to heighten and fortify the other. And now Psyche, for whose sake he had dreamed it all, was going herself deliberately to crush his hopes under foot by flinging herself away, and accepting that penniless, struggling painter!

He rocked himself to and fro in his chair with tears in his eyes. They rolled slowly down his father-beaten cheek, and Psyche, watching them, her own heart keen company in solemn silence. Heart or the other must surely break. Which should it be? that was the question. Big tears stood upon the old man's brow. It was the disappointment wrung his very soul. A fever made him see things ever in a new way. If Linnell wasn't rich, then Linnell was a beggar, and would drag down his Psyche to the grave or the workhouse. His agony stood out visibly in every line of his face. At last Psyche could stand the sight no longer. She flung herself upon him with tears and sobs. 'Papa,' she cried piteously, 'my dear, darling father, I love you, I love you, very, very dearly!'

'I know it, Psyche; the old man answered in heart-broken tones, with his hand on his heart—'I know it; I know it!'

'Ask me anything but that, Papa,' Psyche burst out, all penitent, 'and I'll gladly do it.'

The philosopher smoothed her fair hair with his

hand. 'Psyche,' he murmured once more, after a long pause, 'he's coming to-morrow to finish the picture. After that, I believe, he's not coming again. I think—he's going away altogether from Petherbert.'

Psyche's face was as white as a ghost's. 'Well, Papa?' she asked, in a voice that trembled audibly with a quivering tremor.

'Well, I want you to do one thing for me,' her father went on, 'one thing only. I won't ask you to give him up: not to give him up entirely. I see that's more than I could ask of you at present. The wound has gone too deep for the moment. But young hearts heal much faster than old ones. I do ask you, therefore, to wait and think. Remember how young you are! You're only seventeen. In four years more, you'll be your own mistress. If in four years from now you love Linnell still, and he loves you still—then well and good—though it break my heart, I will not oppose you. Even now, my darling, I do not oppose you. I only say to you—and I beg of you, I implore you—wait and try him.'

Psyche looked back at him, cold and white as marble. 'I will wait, Papa,' she answered, in a very clear voice. 'I can wait, if you wish it. I can wait, and wait, and wait for ever. But four years or forty years, I shall always love him.'

Dumaresq smiled. That's the way with the young. The present love is to them always the unalterable one. 'If you'll wait for my sake,' he said, holding her hand tight, 'I'll let you do as you will in four short years. In three years even: I'll give you law. You're young, very young. I never thought these things had come near you yet. If I had thought so, I'd have guarded you better, far better. But I want you to promise me now one other thing—say nothing of all this to Linnell to-morrow.'

'Papa!' Psyche cried, rising in her horror. 'Am I to let him go away without even saying good-bye to him? without bidding him farewell? without telling him how sorry I am to lose him, and why—why I must be so terribly different now to him? Suppose he asks me, what must I answer him?'

'My child,' the old man said in a soothing voice, 'he will not ask you. He'll pass it by in silence. But for my sake, I beg you, I beseech you, I implore you—try to say nothing to him. Let him go in peace. Oh, Psyche, don't break my poor old heart for me outright! I'm an old man: a broken-down man. If I have time, perhaps I may get over this blow. But give me time! I'm very feeble. Worn out before my day. Let him go to-morrow without telling your whole heart to him.'

Psyche stood still and answered nothing. 'Will you?' her father asked once more imploringly.

Psyche, white as a sheet, still held her peace. 'For Heaven's sake, promise,' the old man cried again, with an agonised look. It was crushing his heart. He couldn't bear to think that Linnell should drag her down to those imagined depths of bohemian poverty.

The poor girl gazed at him with a fixed cold face. She looked more like a marble statue than a human figure as she stood there irresolute.

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The heart within her was divided two ways, and frozen hard with horror. But her father's attitude moved her to despair. He was an old man, as he said, and to refuse him now would clearly be his death-warrant. 'I promise,' she murmured slowly, and stood there rooted. Three years, three years; three long, long years! and she dared not even so much as tell him.

DO PARROTS THINK?

I SUPPOSE all animals must think after their own fashion, but I do not now propose to debate or gauge their general mental powers; my question refers to the use of phrases caught up by birds in their captivity, especially parrots. As regards these, it is just possible that we have been too ready to speak of 'parrot-like repetition,' and in assuming that the birds never attach any meaning to the sounds they utter. In spite of this being the accepted theory, there has always been a great fondness for stories in which there appears an application of such phrases as seem to be beyond coincidence. One of the oldest and, I fear most apocryphal of such anecdotes, proves this. We all know how Queen Elizabeth's or somebody else's parrot fell into the Thames, was rescued by a waterman, and on the man demanding a larger reward than was thought fitting, and a dispute arising, the bird exclaimed, 'Give the knave a grant!'

Before I leave the apocryphal stories, let me ask if the reader has ever heard of the bird which won the hundred-pound prize at the Liverpool parrot show? Now, I do not believe that there was ever any such prize at any show held in Liverpool; but the story is a very good one for all that. At this parrot show it was announced that the chief prize (one hundred pounds) would be given to the best talking bird; but beauty of plumage and shape would be taken into account, and would turn the scale, if the speaking powers of several candidates were pretty equally balanced. A Liverpool gentleman happened just then to have a parrot presented to him by a friend in the African trade, the handsomest bird he had ever seen, so beautiful, indeed, that another friend, on seeing it, at once advised the owner to send it to the show. 'But it cannot speak a word,' said the latter, 'and the entries close to-morrow.'

'Never mind that,' urged the visitor. 'I am aware that the prize will be given chiefly for talking; but the judges will give it to such a magnificent bird as this, if it can possibly be done. Lend it to me: I will enter it, and take my chance.'

The bird was lent, and duly entered, after another warning from the owner that the speculation was hopeless.

The show came off in a great hall; and on an enormous horseshoe-shaped counter were two hundred cages, each covered by a hood, and each of course containing a parrot. The judges went

from cage to cage, uncovering them one by one; and the birds being roused by the light and bustle, there followed an immense amount of 'Pretty Polly! Polly, what's o'clock?' and all such familiar utterances.

The last cage to be uncovered held the bird we have described, as she was the last entry made. When the hood was taken off, an irrepressible murmur of admiration broke from the judges as well as the spectators at seeing so splendid a creature; while on her part the bird, blinking and dazzled by the sudden glare of light, seemed to be looking with amazement at the endless row of cages. 'My eye! what a precious lot of parrots!' she exclaimed.

The effect was electrical. The wonderful intelligence of the bird—this 'natural and spontaneous speech,' so it appeared, carried the judges away. Nothing like this had been heard; and they at once awarded the prize to a parrot which could not utter another syllable. The gentleman who had entered her had cleverly calculated upon the effect which such apposite words would produce; and he was not mistaken.

We will now deal with more trustworthy anecdotes. Some parrots are very quick in acquiring words, and are generally fond of displaying these new acquisitions; but occasionally a bird will be profoundly silent until the teacher despairs of her mastering a certain phrase or word; then all at once, and unexpectedly, the 'scholar' will repeat her lesson.

A parrot owned by a family of my acquaintance will furnish several of the anecdotes which, one almost fancies, go to prove the thinking powers of his tribe; but the first incident is, I must admit, only a curious coincidence. His master had tried for a long time, as the appropriate season drew nigh, to teach him to say, 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you!' but the bird, although wonderfully intelligent and docile as a rule, was upon this occasion obstinately silent, and his master gave up the task. But on Christmas Eve some friends called at the house, and as they entered the parlour, the bird, to their delight, but to his master's astonishment, saluted them with, 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you!' The guests were quite ready to declare that this was the most sagacious of all recorded parrots, and might even have believed that such a phenomenon possessed the ability to study the almanac.

This particular parrot is fond of hoaxing the dog, an amusement in which many of his race appear to take a real pleasure, and which seems strongly to support the idea that they can think. This bird could imitate his master's voice and whistle to perfection, and was evidently proud of his power, which was curious, as he was so afraid of his master, or was, at any rate, so shy in his presence that he would never speak if the gentleman could be seen. Did the latter, however, but step behind a curtain or door, Charlie, as the bird always calls himself, would

rattle away merrily, but stopped at once if his master shoved himself.

Carlo, the dog, may be basking in the sun, or snoozing harmlessly in a corner of the room, when suddenly, and quite of his own accord, the parrot will shout so exactly in his master's voice as sometimes to deceive the family: 'Hie, Carlo! Cats!' The dog leaps up, rushes furiously into the garden, looking fiercely round for the intruders; then, encouraged by fresh cries of 'Cats! Cats! Seize them, Carlo!' bounds over the wall into the next garden. The moment he has done this, the parrot, with a wonderful change to his master's sternest tones, calls out: 'Come back, Carlo! Come back, you naughty dog!' Carlo slinks back, ashamed and frightened, evidently expecting to find his owner awaiting him with a cane. Now, this looks like something more than 'a parrot-like repetition' of certain acquired words.

Another bird in my circle is equally fond of 'chaffing' his fellow-housemate the dog. In a very different tone from that employed to poor Carlo when 'cats' were referred to, this one will whistle and say patronisingly: 'Gyp, poor old Gyp! Does Gyp want to go out?' The dog, delighted at the prospect of a run with his master, is invariably taken in, frisking and dancing about, and looking wonderingly around in search of the supposed speaker; but of course is always disappointed. This trick is played by the bird over and over again, always with the same success.

This particular parrot is not at all like the last as regards shyness in his master's presence, for this one, either from his own impudence, or, as is more likely, from his mistress having indiscreetly used the phrase, will often say, when she sees the master put his hat on: 'Now, Harry! get out!'—meaning, no doubt, in the wife's mouth, that the gentleman had no time to spare. I do not suppose that the bird has any such thought as this, and if she had been regularly taught the words, there would be no great marvel in her using them. What makes it odd is that she has not been so taught, and never utters them at any other time. It will be argued that the bird only does it from associating the words with the action of her master putting on his hat; but even then, does not this involve something uncommonly like thinking?

This parrot could also dance the polka, or what she considered was the polka, and proud she was of this accomplishment. You could not please her more than by asking her to show off her steps; and it was amusing, and odd too, to hear the bird, when she was covered up for the night, practising her dance. Whether she did this to improve herself, or because she liked the exercise, or from no logical cause whatever, there is no telling.

I must not forget one anecdote of our friend Charlie, which is perhaps the most curious of any I have to record. There were two young boys, brothers, in the house; and their mother, Charlie's mistress, was in the habit of calling them by name Reginald and Albert, using certain familiar contractions when she did so. It was no wonder that Charlie caught these up; but what will be said of such an application of them

as the following? The bird, as with most parrots, was not allowed water in his cage; so, when thirsty, he would call in what may be termed his own voice: 'Reggie! Reggie!—Reggie or Bertie!—Charlie wants some water!'

Charlie has a great fondness for the paste of which pie-crust is made, and this being known, he was often treated to a piece. He naturally looked for this; and when forgotten, he would invite himself to have some, in the form of words which had doubtless often been used by his mistress; he would say: 'Charlie, do you like paste? Will you have a bit?' This would be said in the voice of his mistress or her daughter; he would then add in quite a changed tone: 'Oh, rather!'

I am inclined to fancy that parrots learn, and perhaps understand, phrases relating to eating and drinking almost sooner than any others. One of my feathered acquaintances was in the habit of inviting visitors to take refreshment. 'Won't you have a cup of tea? Do have a cup of tea,' she would say; and sometimes it was really awkward, as almost compelling the mistress to extend her hospitality to visitors for whom such an invitation had not previously been intended. This bird was also fond of saying 'Good-bye!' and never said it at the wrong time. When the visitor was about to depart, he or she would be startled by a voice from a personage hitherto unseen, saying: 'Well, good-bye! good-bye!' If that parrot did not know that this was the proper thing to say, and that this was the proper time for saying it, I am no judge of parrots.

This bird had been taught to count up to six; but she could rarely say the numbers all in order. She often missed one, not the same figure, however; three, four, or five were, but only one at a time, her usual omissions. She was always conscious that she had made a mistake, and on 'skipping' a figure, would give a shrill comical whistle and begin again. Some kind of thought and calculation must have passed through her mind during this performance.

I have already spoken of the fondness of parrots for hoaxing or mischief, and many instances might be furnished; but they do not always bring out the 'thinking' sufficiently to give them a place here. Perhaps this may be said of the two examples following, but yet in each case the bird must surely have had some idea of the effect of what he said.

I was once acquainted with a family in the west of England the father whereof was owner of some extensive brickworks and grounds near his residence. He used to be on his ground very early, and came home to breakfast. His time being limited, his wife liked to have the meal ready when he came in. She used to watch for him, and call to the servant as soon as he was in sight. They kept a parrot; but no one, it is certain, ever taught the bird to imitate this, so it must have been out of sheer mischief that he acquired the phrase referring to his master's return. Often did his voice in exact imitation of his mistress startle the servant: 'Mary, here is your master coming across the field!' Mary would hurry up with the breakfast tackle, the clatter whereof would alarm her mistress, who naturally supposed that the girl had seen Mr

R—close at hand; and the good lady would hasten from her room possibly fifteen or twenty minutes before she need have appeared, only to find that the parrot—who would exult in a deep chuckle—had hoaxed them again.

That these birds are the same in all parts of the world is sufficiently proved by an anecdote which another friend, a very intelligent Singalese, told me, referring to his own people. A parrot had long been kept by his family, who belonged to the Roman Catholic Singalese, and the bird would sometimes startle my friend's mother, when perhaps she was, so to speak, 'up to her eyes' in household work, and much indisposed to receive visitors, by assuming the voice of one of the daughters, and exclaiming, as if alarmed: 'Mother! mother! the priest is coming!' Then the poor woman would at once cease her work, and throw an apron over her head, after the manner of Singalese women, in order decorously to meet the holy father, who was not near the place. The bird did this several times, but yet did not repeat the call over and over again throughout the day, as she would repeat other sentences she had picked up; so it really does look as though she had some knowledge of the meaning of the words and took a mischievous pleasure in their effect.

Parrots have a bad reputation as being spiteful and cruel. I daresay this is often true; but many of them are gentle and affectionate, and all have a dog-like faculty of remembering members of a family who have left home. This may appear to the reader as an unlikely power, yet one of the birds already quoted—our friend of the polka—was very fond of one of her young mistresses, who married and went away. When she came home to see her friends, the bird would recognise her step before seeing her, and would call with evident pleasure: 'Hallo, Flo! Come along, Flo!' Now she might, indeed must have heard the girls' brothers thus greet her; but how did the parrot know the right time to use the expressions, and that they were to be used to this particular sister? I can suggest no explanation beyond my first theory, that the birds think.

As regards the affection of parrots, most persons who have kept them will have some corroborative anecdotes to tell, and yet the birds have a reputation for spitefulness and malice-bearing. This last accusation, by the way, tends to support a belief in their thinking. I again admit that they are often spiteful; but they have generally been teased a good deal and their tempers spoilt.

The parrot last described was fond of all the family in which she lived, a tolerably large one; and when let out of her cage, which was usually done for an hour every day, she would go from chair to chair and kiss in her fashion every one present. How did she learn that a kiss was the usual way of showing affection? She might perhaps have been taught to do this mechanically or to one person; but to go the round of the family one after the other was her own idea—not at all a bad one for a parrot. That she knew what she was doing, and what was the meaning of a kiss, was made abundantly clear at other times. For instance, when her favourite the former Miss Florence came in,

the bird would say very softly: 'Come and kiss me, darling!' and appear supremely delighted when the young lady complied, which I need hardly say was always the case.

THE GOLDEN LAMP:

A TALE OF FISHER'S FOLLY.

CHAP. III.—CONCLUSION.

HOLDING up the lantern and peering downwards, John Westcott found himself at the head of a flight of brick steps. These steps were inconveniently narrow, being built up between the outer and inner walls of the old mansion. It was impossible, with such broad shoulders as Westcott's, to descend otherwise than obliquely. The sensation was not agreeable; less so, even, than being lowered into a well, for a rope is something; here the connecting link with the outer world was, as it were, completely cut off; even the sound of Marian's piano having gradually died out. Or had she stopped playing? thought Westcott. Had Mr Carter awoke?

Although the chilling draught of air was lessened when the panel was closed, the cold damp atmosphere, and that peculiar mustiness which clings to vaults and such-like underground places, became more perceptible at every step; and these steps seemed endless. Yet he had proposed to return in ten minutes. Was it possible to complete this expedition in search of his old uncle's gold in so short a time? It scarcely seemed probable. And yet Westcott did not despair. The encouraging look which Marian had given him inspired confidence in his purpose. If he had acted impulsively, the motive had been a good one. His prompt decision was stimulated by a keen desire to save his uncle's firm from ruin: in truth, he had been seized with an undefined sense of apprehension when first encountering the Indian servant in his travels. The man had told him, in a rambling way, that Mr Girdlestone's death might prove a serious blow to the business; and he had implored his 'young master,' as he had called Westcott—for he had known him when a boy—to proceed without loss of time to Fisher's Folly and put matters right while there was still time. The man had awakened a deep interest in Westcott's mind concerning the old house and its surroundings, not omitting the beautiful Miss Carter. Indeed, the young man had pictured to himself a lovely girl, from the Indian's description, lighting the Golden Lamp, long before the 'vision' came in sight. The first glimpse of Marian, when entering the precincts of Fisher's Folly a few hours ago, had somewhat resembled the realisation of a dream.

But Westcott had no time for such reflections at this moment; for he had reached the foot of the steps and had come upon a long passage. It was at right angles to the steps: it widened out sufficiently to enable him to walk straight ahead. He at once quickened his pace; but he was careful as he advanced to observe every detail of the brickwork; for he dreaded the mere thought of losing his way in such a dark and mysterious locality.

To any one with a belief in the supernatural,

however slight, this was not an expedition likely to awaken a feeling of scepticism. More than one strange fancy flashed across Westcott's brain. A sudden current of air, which he now encountered, was like the icy breath of some unseen phantom that had hurried by. But this only proved to be, when he raised his lantern and examined the walls, a small iron grating, which was doubtless placed there for ventilation. But he had no sooner explained away this phenomenon than a more weird sensation seized upon him. The noise of muffled footsteps broke upon his ear—footsteps that seemed to be approaching nearer and nearer, for each moment they sounded more distinctly, and beyond the passage along which he was advancing. Was it the tread of a sentinel, in the shape of Mr Girdlestone's ghost, on guard over the bags of gold? Westcott stopped and listened. The sound of the footstep ceased: he had heard the echo of his own footfall in an extensive vault. A pace beyond where he had stopped would have brought him to the entrance: a few feet more and he would probably have fallen head foremost into the cellar.

Was it to be wondered at that the Indian servant, Westcott now thought, had fled so precipitately from this house in Fisher's Folly after his master's death? If he had once followed him into these vaults, as the man professed to have done, his sudden dread could be understood. Mr Girdlestone must have seemed, in the eyes of this unreflecting native, something almost superhuman—being whose disembodied spirit haunted Fisher's Folly. Had not a shadowy form, as he imagined, appeared to him when he was on the point of revealing the secret? Even Westcott, who was among the most sceptical concerning disembodied spirits, began to experience a certain indefinable tremor; for the vault at the edge of which he now found himself had no visible limit. The light from the lantern in whichever way he directed it gave him no clue as to the dimensions of the place: it was, he could only conclude, an immense cellar. He shrank back with a natural feeling of hesitation. Which direction should he take? If he descended and went forward into the impenetrable darkness, the chance of finding his way back appeared remote. His only plan would be to follow, if possible, the direction of the wall, either to the right or to the left. By this means he might, without abandoning all hope, continue the search.

Before taking another step forward, however, he resolved to make a close examination of the spot. And he soon discovered that the entrance to this passage along which he had come had been cut out of the brick wall. The hole was unsymmetrical, but sufficiently large for an ordinary-sized man to pass through. The bricks which had doubtless been taken from this hole lay in a heap two or three feet below. While inspecting this heap, over which he had been on the point of stumbling, the light from the lantern fell upon something which set Westcott's heart beating fast. The floor of the cellar, as far as he could see, was unpared: it was covered with damp-looking clay. He crept down over the bricks and alighted upon it. The clay was trodden down into a distinct footpath towards the left and close under the wall! To what point could this footpath lead? Westcott did not

hesitate another second. Bending forward, with the lantern almost touching the ground, he carefully followed the beaten track. Presently he stopped and raised the lantern. He was standing opposite a closed door. In his impatience he struck it with his heel; but it resisted the shock. He hastened to detach the key from the lantern and place it in the keyhole. It fitted the lock: but no force would move the key; it resisted all his efforts to turn it.

Westcott drew the key out of the lock in despair. He stood looking at it with a puzzled face. But presently the puzzled expression changed. His eyes became hopeful and animated. He noticed marks of rust upon the key—marks which were not there when he placed it in the lock. He knelt down and opened the lantern. Having unscrewed the lamp near the wick he found the lower part more than half full of oil. He poured some drops upon the key and again thrust it in the keyhole. After some persuasion it began to show signs of yielding. The key moved, then stuck, then moved again. Westcott's patience was becoming exhausted: his face flushed, and his hand shook from excitement. Suddenly the key turned, and the door flew open. Westcott raised the lantern hastily above his head and went stealthily forward.

Meanwhile, Mr Carter, asleep in his armchair, was dreaming about his old partner. He dreamt that he could hear him pacing up and down the dining-hall, while he sat at his writing-table in the office below. It seemed to him that Mr Girdlestone had found out the disastrous state of affairs: that the discovery had brought him out of his grave, and that he was exerting all his great financial faculties in order to save the house; and his peculiar walk, as it appeared to Mr Carter, expressed his anger at the situation. He felt himself greatly humiliated. He had not the courage to go and place the matter clearly before Mr Girdlestone. He was persuaded of his inferiority as a financier—though he had done his best, as he kept repeating to himself, he 'had done his best.' But the monotonous tread of his relentless partner still went on: it seemed to enter into the very throbbings of his brain. He could not shut out the sound. At length it became so unbearable that he cried out in despair, and awoke.

'Did you call me, father?'

Marian was standing at the entrance to the dining-room with her eyes fixed anxiously upon the merchant. Mr Carter put his hand to his forehead perplexedly. 'A strange dream,' he muttered. Then suddenly looking up, he said: 'Where is John?'

Marian glanced at the clock. The ten minutes which John Westcott had named had almost expired. Would he soon return? She listened with intense eagerness for any indication of his coming.

Again Mr Carter passed his hand across his brow. 'I have been dreaming,' said he. 'Am I dreaming now?'—and he glanced round the room. Suddenly he started up. 'Where is the Golden Lamp?'

At this moment, Marian, standing within her boudoir and near the secret panel, heard a slight noise; but she dreaded to look round;

she dreaded to take her eyes from her father's face. She spoke to herself in a low tone of despair: 'What shall I do?'

Immediately a muffled tone whispered in reply: 'Tell him everything. All is well.'

Mr Carter had sunk into his chair. Marian approached him. Her face brightened with a sudden feeling of gratitude and delight. But the merchant did not look up. 'I have been dreaming,' he repeated. 'I dreamt that Mr Girdlestone had come back to life—that he was pacing up and down this room. He seemed to know all about our troubles.'

Marian sat down beside the merchant. 'Father,' said she, 'I, too, have had a dream.'

He looked up with a smile. 'About Mr Girdlestone?' There was always something cheering in his daughter's voice.

'Partly,' she replied, 'and partly about his money.'

'His money, Marian?'

'Yes. I have been dreaming that news had reached us about Mr Girdlestone's Indian servant. He knew everything connected with his master's affairs: he even knew the meaning of that key which has been so long a mystery to us.'

'Why, Marian?'

'That is not all. The news that reached us—in my dream—was that the key opened a secret strong-room. The Indian was conscience-stricken; and on his death-bed implored some one to come and tell us all about it. And,' added Marian, 'some one came—some one who took the lantern and the key and went in search of the strong-room; for in this secret place, as I dreamt, there are bags and bags of gold.'

The merchant was now looking keenly into his daughter's face. Marian did not return his glance, but she placed her hand persuasively on his arm; for he had half risen from his chair. 'The only way, father, to reach this strong-room,' continued Marian—'the only way that the Indian knew of was by moving a panel in the wall. And the person to whom he confided this secret—a person related to Mr Girdlestone—followed his instructions and found'—

'Found what?'

Marian could no longer keep her father from starting out of the chair. He had guessed the meaning of her words. He was beginning to comprehend that, heedful of his anxiety, she was trying, in her love for him, to break the news of some good fortune which had befallen them, and in such a manner that it might not come upon him too suddenly. She stood looking attentively at his anxious face as he walked up and down the room. He seemed to be mastering the sudden emotion which the dawning knowledge of brighter days had awakened. Presently Marian put her hands gently upon his shoulders and looked up into his face. 'It is no dream, father. It is true. The person to whom Mr Girdlestone's servant confided all this is Mr Westcott. But it was his wish, before raising your expectations, to make sure that the man's story was well founded. It is well founded; and Mr Westcott is waiting to tell you all the details himself.'

Marian induced her father to resume his place by the hearth. He sat down, and with his hands pressed to his forehead, stared vacantly at the

fire. But suddenly he looked up. A quick step had caught his ear. Westcott stood before him with the lantern in one hand and an old-looking bag in the other.

'Mr Carter,' were his first words, 'make your mind easy. The house of Girdlestone and Company is saved. This bag must contain at least a thousand guineas, and there are more than fifty like it in the strong-room. Is not this convincing?' As Westcott spoke, he lifted the bag suddenly. It was yellow and rotten from age, and the action of raising it burst open the sides, and the floor was immediately covered with gold. The guineas clinked and spun about in all directions; and some of them, rolling towards the hearth, settled down at Mr Carter's feet.

Neither John Westcott nor Marian's father thought of seeking any rest that night. They were too deeply occupied with a minute examination of the cellars under the old house in Fisher's Folly, and bags of gold that Mr Girdlestone's relative had discovered there. No place could have better served a hoarder's purpose; for it was a secret strong-room that had been built centuries ago in which to store treasure in the time of civil war or serious rioting in the city of London.

It would have done Mr Girdlestone's heart good, let us hope, had he witnessed the prosperous turn which the old firm now took. Under Mr Carter's instruction—for Marian's father was in reality an excellent man of business—John Westcott became in time as great a financier as his uncle had been before him. And when he was urged to accept a partnership in the house, a year or two after the memorable date of his return to England, he could not refuse; for he and Marian had in the meantime learned to love each other. Besides, the will which he found had named him his uncle's heir. And so, after their marriage, Mr Girdlestone's house was for many years their chosen home.

This old mansion in Fisher's Folly, still standing in these modern times, is untenanted. It has a lonely and dilapidated appearance. The windows—including the great central window, within which the Golden Lamp once stood—are begrimed with dust and smoke; and the steps below are as green as antiquated tombstones. A great padlock and chain are affixed to the front door; for the lease has run out at last, and this landmark in the history of London will soon be demolished and forgotten.

LITERARY TREASURE-TROVE.

It has been customary from very early times to employ the skins of animals as material for the reception of such writing as, from its importance, was deemed peculiarly worthy of preservation; and leather of all kinds, from the thick integument of the full-grown animal to the delicate membrane of the new-born young, has been extensively used for this purpose. All such varieties may conveniently be referred to as vellum, although the term is properly applied only to the parchment obtained from the calf, and although the skins of various animals have

been utilised for the composition of volumes and records.

The celebrated Biblical manuscript the 'Codex Sinaiticus'—about the authenticity of which so fierce a controversy raged some thirty years ago—is written upon the finest skins of antelopes. But the majority of existing ancient manuscripts are written upon vellum; those upon papyrus having yielded very generally to the throats of time.

The ink first used probably was some natural animal pigment, such as the black fluid obtained from various species of cuttle-fish; but the limited supply of this material soon led to the use of a mechanical mixture of water, gum, and lamp-black, and the characters were painted, rather than written, by means of a broad-pointed reed. As ink of this simple nature was easily removed from the surface of the parchment by the mere application of moisture, it was early found necessary to contrive some means of forming a more durable ink, and for this purpose the expedient was adopted of treating the mixture with some substance, such as vinegar, of the nature of a mordant, which would penetrate the parchment written upon, and form an ink not liable to fade. A chemical dye, consisting of an infusion of galls with sulphate of iron, was afterwards used, as from its vitreous nature it bit into the medium employed; but a compound vegetable ink containing a good deal of carbon pigment was subsequently adopted, and was very generally employed down to the middle ages. With ink of this sort the best and most ancient manuscripts which have been preserved to us were written; and the separate leaves, after being allowed to dry slowly, were bound together into volumes. Pliny and Vitruvius, as well as other writers, give receipts for the manufacture of inks.

In times when paper was unknown and skins practically were the only substances available for writing, and were scarce and correspondingly expensive, the world-be scribe was forced to fall back for his supply of parchment upon older books which had become obsolete, or, in his opinion, contained matter of less importance than that which he intended to commit to writing. A practice was therefore initiated of removing the characters first written by washing off the old ink, or more mechanically by scraping the parchment with a knife, thus in some measure repeating the original process of preparing the skin for use by rubbing it with pumice-stone. The surface of parchment which had been subjected to treatment of this nature, especially if subsequently polished, would not show any traces of the first writing, and was again available for use. Thus arose a class of manuscripts known as 'codices rescripti,' rewritten books; or as 'palimpsests,' literally, 'again-rubbed' books. The practice, as originally followed out, has given rise to but little inconvenience; for the ancient book-sellers were good judges, and took care never to destroy a valuable treatise, but only obliterated such works as had no sale in the limited literary market of the ancient world.

Frequent references to palimpsests occur in the classical authors. Cicero laughingly alludes to the parsimony of his friend Trebatius, the juriconsult, who, to write a letter, erased some pre-

vious communication; and Plutarch, in his treatise upon the Conversations of Princes and Philosophers, laments the failure of Plato's visit to Sicily, and compares Dionysius of Syracuse to an old book from which the writing has been erased, but which is still defaced by the ancient stains, which can never be completely removed, appearing under the newly-written characters. Ulpian, the great jurist, states that a will can be either on fresh paper, on paper which has been used previously ('charta delicticia'), or on the back of paper the face of which is already occupied, and that property can be claimed under a will so written. Gaius, Martial, and Catullus also refer to palimpsests, the allusions in the epigrams of the latter being to paper or parchment so prepared that authors could easily revise and correct their work.

In the middle ages the rage for theological controversy, combined with a constantly increasing scarcity of parchment, caused the practice of remanufacture to be resuscitated; and as the writers from the fourth to the tenth century were chiefly ecclesiastics, a determined and systematic destruction took place of the invaluable literary treasures which had accumulated in the libraries of the monasteries since the times when the incursions of the northern barbarians had scattered the collections of antiquity. As a result of the conquests of the Calif Omar, and the subjection of Egypt to the dominion of the Arabs and the newly-founded fanatic Mohammedan faith, the manufacture of paper from the papyrus ceased in the seventh century; and had not the art of making coarse paper, known as 'charta boubycina,' from cotton, and of a similar vegetable substance, been invented in the ninth century, and paper from linen rags in the thirteenth, thus supplying an unlimited amount of material for writing, it is probable that theological discussion would have deprived us of every line of the ancient classical authors.

Fortunately, it has been discovered that however thoroughly the effacement has apparently been performed, sufficient traces of the early characters are so indelibly ingrained into the texture of the skin, that some of the ink can always be rendered visible by the aid of chemical reagents; and thus many most valuable ancient works have been recovered, although too frequently in a fragmentary and mutilated condition. If a parchment from which the first inscription has been obliterated be carefully washed with a test for iron, such as a solution of nut-galls, and then exposed to the action of light, some of the metallic portion of the ink absorbed by the porous texture of the skin will become more or less discernible to a practised eye by reason of the formation of a black precipitate, due to the restoration of the gallic acid and tanning material; and thus many palimpsests of the highest importance have been deciphered during the last two hundred years. This method of rendering hidden writing visible is of comparatively modern origin, and attracted very little attention until the experiments of Blagden upon some parchment manuscripts of the ninth to the fifteenth centuries produced some very remarkable results. The modern art of photography, too, has been impressed into the service of restoration, for it is found that many parchments

which are too decayed to bear the somewhat rough handling of the laboratory, and the characters upon which are quite illegible to ordinary vision, are yet capable of giving up their secrets to the camera and the sensitive gelatine plate.

The Syriac collection of manuscripts which was brought from the monastery of St Mary Deipara, in the Nitrian desert in Egypt, and is now in the British Museum, is very rich in palimpsests. It includes, in addition to Biblical fragments, some portions of a sixth-century copy of the 'Iliad,' and a unique manuscript of the 'Annals' of the Roman historian Licinianus. The latter is a curious example of a double palimpsest. The historian was carefully washed out by a Latin grammarian of the sixth century, who in his turn was ignominiously effaced by a Syriac monk some few centuries later. The sixth-century manuscript known as the 'Codex Regius' or 'Ephraim,' which is preserved in the library of Paris, is also a rescript. The celebrated 'Institutes' of Gaius were discovered in 1816 by Niebuhr in the library of the Chapter of Verona, where a collection of important manuscripts on jurisprudence had long existed. The history of the recovery of this long-lost treasure forms one of the most interesting chapters in the whole annals of literature. While on his way to Rome as envoy for Prussia, Niebuhr treated chemically the ninety-seventh leaf of an eighth-century manuscript containing the Epistles of St Jerome, and deciphered sufficient to satisfy his acute mind that lying beneath was a portion of the work of some Roman juriconsult of the Antonine era, that age when, according to Gibbon, the human race was most happy and prosperous, as the vast extent of the Roman empire was governed by absolute power under the guidance of wisdom and virtue.

The anticipations of Niebuhr were fully realised, for, owing to the action taken by the Berlin Academy of Sciences, the greater part of the parchment was transcribed during the next few years by Gieschen, Bekker, and Blume, the latter of whom used his chemicals so recklessly that he unfortunately damaged the manuscript. In 1820, a first edition of the work was published in Berlin, thus restoring a book which is invaluable to the student of the antiquities of the Roman Law.

THE RIVALS.

By KENNETH LEIGH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MRS FLUSHTON was a widow, and though she was rich, handsome, and absolutely independent, yet she felt that her life lacked interest. She had never had any children; she was not a clever woman; and the wheels of her household, under the care of a most excellent housekeeper, moved too easily to give her even the occupation of scolding her maids. She had tried going abroad in summer, and for three months she had jogged very contentedly over the Continent with a maid and a courier. But, as we have said, she was not a clever woman, and she could not rouse herself to enthusiasm even in Italy. Picture-galleries tired her eyes, and the music and incense in the churches produced a somnolent effect upon her.

Nor did she care for reading up her guide-book for more than a quarter of an hour at a time, and then it was so difficult to find the page at which she had left off, that when she returned to England she was in a hopelessly confused state as to the various cities she had passed through, and invariably associated Venice with Zenobia, and Rome with Desdemona, which latter heroine she also confused with Cleopatra, owing perhaps to a certain similarity in the sadness of their fates.

Since she had returned, nothing of interest had happened to break the monotony of her life except the loss of her maid, who had married the courier. Though Mrs Flushton had felt rather aggrieved by this desertion on the part of a maid who had been carefully trained and knew all her ways, yet she had given her a handsome tea-service, and had now, having got another maid, forgiven her. After all, it had its advantages, for the last maid had never got on with Perk the pug-dog, and the present one was fond of dogs, and had consented to undertake his Saturday bath. Still Mrs Flushton felt, as she sat sipping her chocolate over the fire on a foggy November morning, that her life lacked interest, and she gazed rather helplessly round the luxurious morning-room, as if to try to find it.

'I will give a dinner-party,' she said. 'I am sure my dinners are always successful.' She laid down her cup and, opening a drawer of her escritoire, took out her visiting-book. After a time she sighed. 'The Ellingtons and the Browns aren't at home, and the Harringtons are in mourning,' she said. 'After all,' she added, 'it is very early for a dinner; and it's very difficult without a man to take the foot of the table. I think it must be an evening.'

She re-opened her visiting-book at the letter A and began making a pencil list. Presently she stopped and sighed again. 'I wish I had a *fédère*,' she said. 'A mere musical at-home would seem to have no reason for it; if I had some one to ask them to meet, now!'

At this moment a footman came in and presented a silver tray with three letters on it. Mrs Flushton took them, and carefully examined all three before opening any, which is a way of ladies when they have little to do. One was a bill. This Mrs Flushton laid on her capacious silken lap. She had never known what it was to feel a trifle anxious on opening a bill. The second was a thin square envelope addressed in a lady's hand, and with a crest on the back. This Mrs Flushton opened. It was an at-home card, with a crest in the corner, and 'MRS LEITH LEAMINGTON at Home December 7th and 21st; January 4th and 18th; February 1st, 15th, and 29th, from 9-11.30 o'clock. 12 Buckingham Gardens.'

Mrs Flushton perused this card several times, after which she laid it down, and, taking up her knitting, clicked her needles fast and furiously for some moments. Then she laid the knitting down and took up the card again.

'So like Mrs Leith Leamington!' she ejaculated, raising her eyes in protest to the ceiling. 'She always tries to do something new and make a sensation! Fortnightly at-homes!—and the last on leap-year's day! If that isn't Mrs Leith Leamington all over!—I wish I'd thought of fortnightly at-homes,' she added, after a pause.

Then her eyes fell on the neglected third letter, and she took it up with a slight look of curiosity at the unknown writing and the foreign stamp.

'MY DEAR AUNT,' it ran, 'I don't know if you have altogether forgotten my existence; but I hope not, because I am going to follow the example of all sequestrate young nephews, and only recall myself to your remembrance in order to ask a favour. The fact is, my ten years are up, and I've six months' leave to come home; but it is all very well for the Colonel to shake hands with me and congratulate me, and all the other fellows to look at me with the eyes of envy; but I—haven't a home to go to. I thought first of refusing, and thus making myself famous in a moment, as being the first man on record who would have refused home-leave after ten years' service. But the ridiculous part of the thing is that I have got just the same feeling of a yearning to see the old country and all the old haunts, and no black faces, and wind and snow, as if I'd a patriarchal roof and a welcome waiting me! And so it was that I suddenly—don't be offended—remembered my Aunt Betsy, and that she cried when I went to India ten years ago. Aunt Betsy, if I come home, may I come and see you first, before knocking about a little? Or will you say: "Yes, I cried when you went away ten years ago; but all these ten years you have only written to me once!" India is an awfully hot place for letter-writing; the thermometer at my side is up to ninety degrees now.—I hope you are well in health, aunt, and that you don't think me a confoundedly impudent chap for writing like this.—Your affectionate nephew,

FRED OSBORNE.'

Mrs Flushton folded the letter up and put it back into the envelope with a curious expression on her face. Then she suddenly began to sob. 'Poor lad! poor Fred! Oh, if Mary had been alive! Her son, that she was so proud of!—her first baby! Oh Mary, little Mary! I'll be a mother to your son! I'll welcome him home for you, darling! Oh, I've been a selfish woman; I've been a lone, selfish woman!'

Mrs Leith Leamington sat at the top of her breakfast-table, dressed in a flowered morning robe and a dainty lace cap, reading her letters. She was between thirty and forty years of age, and everything about her conveyed the impression of being artificial: the bronze-gold of her elaborate 'coiffure'; the expression of her thin, handsome, powdered face; the tones of her voice when she spoke; and her striking morning costume. She was the kind of lady of whom you find yourself unconsciously wondering what her husband privately thinks about her; but also the kind of lady whose husband is usually bitingly devoted to her.

Her husband was not at the breakfast-table, having left for his office a good two hours before; so the splendours of the morning gown were wasted on a very pretty young governess who sat opposite Mrs Leith Leamington, with her eyes fixed on her plate, and a curly-headed boy of about eight, who sat at the side in a high chair, drumming his sturdy fists on the table and eyeing the jam dishes critically.

'Do say grace quick, mummie,' he said suddenly,

having made up his mind about the jams. 'Miss Lucas has been down for an hour, and she made me come down-stairs too, though I told her you were never down before eleven o'clock! And we're both so hungry.—Aren't we, Miss Lucas?'

'Harold, be silent!' said Mrs Leamington; but she took his advice, and laid down her letters, said grace, and let breakfast begin.

'You will find Harold a very troublesome charge, Miss Lucas, I am afraid,' she said.

Miss Lucas raised her brown eyes shyly, and dropped them again quickly as she found Mrs Leamington regarding her through gold 'pince-nez.'

'Oh, I am sure'—she began; but Harold interrupted her.

'No; she won't, mummie. We get on splendidly.—Don't we, Miss Lucas?'

Mrs Leamington began reading her letters again; but all the time she was thinking: 'Perfect manners—so shy and modest. Very pretty, too. She will be quite the rage. I must see if she has proper dresses.'

'Do you dance?' asked Mrs Leamington abruptly.

'Dance? Yes! I learned at school; but I have not of course danced for some years,' she answered, and glanced doubtfully at Harold: was she going to be asked to teach that sturdy infant the art of walking?

'Ah!—we have a good many dances here,' Mrs Leamington went on. 'I myself am going to have open evenings once a fortnight, and I think of making two of them into dances. I hope you will enjoy them.'

Miss Lucas beamed with sudden grateful surprise; but Mrs Leamington did not even see the glance. She was actuated by no impulse of kindness; it was only that she wanted to give these dances, and the presence of the young girl in her house made a charming excuse for giving them.

'Oh, you are very kind to me, Mrs Leamington! I did not know—did not expect.'

'Mother, Miss Lucas read me all the way down-stairs this morning; and she says she used to slide down the banisters when she was a little boy—girl. And she says!—'

'Harry, if you've finished your breakfast, you may go and prepare your books in the school-room for Miss Lucas,' said his mother, taking pity on her 'protégée.'

He slipped off his chair and went; and Miss Lucas, having obtained leave, followed him.

May Lucas was an orphan. Her father, a clergyman of the Church of England, had died three years before, when May was eighteen. Since then, she and her mother had lived together in a little cottage in the Devonshire village which was their home, and had eked out their scanty income by receiving as boarders two little Indian-born children. Then the parents of the children had returned, and the mother and daughter could not hear of any other boarders, and funds began to run very low. They then made up their minds to separate and break up the little cottage home. Mrs Lucas consulted the vicar, her husband's successor, and he advertised for a governess's post for May.

Mrs Leith Leamington was a woman of caprice. She had been troubled by the accents

of the various applicants who came to see her in answer to her advertisement, and was struck by the fact of May being the daughter of a clergyman and only twenty-one. She wrote to the vicar who was given as reference; and on receipt of his letter of warm recommendation promptly wrote and engaged May on a salary of fifty pounds a year, thus bringing joy into the cottage parlour, and to the widow and her daughter, who cried over the crestled note.

'She will be just a sweet young Devon girl, and quite a companion to me. It is very irksome going everywhere alone. Oh, she will be useful to me in a thousand ways!' Mrs Leamington said to her husband.

'Will she be able to manage that young scapegrace Harry?—that is the chief question. His manners are abominable,' replied Mr Leamington.

'Oh yes,' answered his wife indolently. 'She is accustomed to the care of children, and studied Greek and Latin and mathematics with her father, who was a great scholar. Harry only needs gentle supervision.'

'Gentle fiddlestick!' growled Harry's father. 'I'd rather trust to the Greek and Latin and mathematics!'

When May Lucas arrived—the night before the breakfast-table scene—Mrs Leamington had had a moment of misgiving. She was so very pretty. There was nothing artificial about her sunny brown hair, and her fair English skin needed no aid from the powder-box.

'I may have no end of trouble,' Mrs Leamington had thought, looking at her. 'I don't want to be turned into a chaperon to my boy's governess!'

But to-day Miss Lucas's manners were so exquisitely shy and grateful that Mrs Leamington felt relieved.

Mrs Flushton's nephew had arrived. The whole town knew it. Mrs Flushton had herself driven down to the station to meet him, and had brought the bronzed young hero in triumph home. After ten years of Indian native service, he had indeed fallen into a clover-field. His aunt gazed into his handsome young face, seeking wistfully for some likeness to her younger sister, his mother, who had died nearly twenty years ago. She found some likeness in the eyes, she said; and he smiled at her, and said carelessly: 'Oh, I was always supposed to be the image of my father;' and then regretted the remark, seeing his aunt's disappointment, and added, hastily, 'except about the eyes, you know!' His father had married again, and had become alienated from the family of his first wife, and had died seven years before. Mrs Flushton did not think about him in connection with her sister's child.

'Aunt, you will spoil me! You make me feel quite awkward: I am not used to it!' Fred Osborne exclaimed, laughingly, as his aunt showed him the rooms she had had prepared for him, with blazing fires in both the bedroom and the smoking-room adjoining, and a regal supply of cigarettes and cigars in boxes on the writing-table.

'I knew you would smoke,' she said, with a gentle laugh of triumph. 'But you won't spend

all your time up in this room, Fred?' she mildly observed. 'You may smoke cigarettes in the dining-room, you know. I shall soon get used to the scent of smoke, though my dear late husband, your uncle, was not a smoker. But cigars,' she added timidly—'well, if you don't mind, the scent of them *chings* very much!'

Her nephew laughed, and reassured her, and she then left him to dress for dinner.

'And the temptation was great, as he sat at the bottom of the small oval dinner-table, laden with glass and silver and flowers, with the old Scotch butler behind his chair intent on an opportunity of refilling his glass, and his aunt, elaborately head-dressed in his honour, beaming across at him and hanging on his words—the temptation was great to colour his Indian life with a touch of the adventurous and to pose as the hero of many a battle. But the native truthfulness of the young man prevailed, and the stories he told his aunt gave a picture of barrack routine, the stern duties and the rigorous discipline of a soldier's life. He was rewarded, for his aunt added all the colouring, transforming him on the spot into a dauntless hero; and the old butler reported him down-stairs as a nice, quiet, merry young gentleman, real civil to his aunt, who's just fair taken with him, and it's easy to see who'll be her heir.

Indeed, the whole town saw easily who would be her heir; and mothers with marriageable daughters smiled on the young captain, and asked him to their houses; and Captain Osborne, who was enjoying his holiday, dined with every one, and gained universal popularity.

'Aunt Betsy,' he said to Mrs Flushton as they were driving home from Mrs Leith Leamington's first evening, 'who is that very pretty little girl who is staying with Mrs Leamington? She was so very shy, and would stand in a corner, and seemed quite embarrassed when Mrs Leamington came and poked her out. Who is she?'

'Oh, she is Mrs Leith Leamington's governess.'

The young man whistled. 'She's very young to be a governess, isn't she?' he muttered. 'Poor little thing!'

She was indeed very young to be a governess: far too young. The whole of the next morning, while she and Harold were at work, the verb *amo* became confused in her head with visions of the young officer who had talked to her so pleasantly and sympathetically last night; and Harold's eyes fixed in holy horror when she wrote down $7 + 5 = 9$ on the black-board. How could he tell that she was recalling the tone of voice in which Fred Osborne had said, 'Till to-morrow evening,' as he wished her good-night?

This evening she was going to meet him again, and then again on Saturday. She became lost in a pleasant dream.

'Miss Lucas, that's the map of Palestine, and we're still in Europe,' observed Harry in an aggrieved and squeaky tone.

Miss Lucas gathered her faculties together, and began the geography lesson with great sternness and dignity.

'I think I shall ask Mrs Leamington not to take me out any more; I find society upsets me for my work,' she said to herself severely, as the luncheon bell rang, and she and her charge went

down-stairs. Somehow, she never did ask Mrs Leamington not to take her out with her any more; on the contrary, she wore her best gown that evening, and bought some violets to fasten into her hair.

Mrs Flushton sat in an armchair by the side of her drawing-room fire, buttoning a pair of swede gloves on to her fat jewelled hands, and clasping her gold bracelets round her wrists. Her nephew, in immaculate war-paint, was standing in front of the mirror over the mantel-piece, sticking a spray of white stephanotis into his button-hole.

'Fred,' said Mrs Flushton, as she fixed the last button of her gloves and arranged the folds of her velvet train, 'you are to take down Lady Pearson.'

'And who will be on the other side of me?' asked her nephew irrelevantly.

'Miss Graham,' answered Mrs Flushton. 'Of course you must take down Lady Pearson, as she is the chief lady: you mustn't forget she is deaf. But I have put Miss Graham on the other side of you: I am sure you will like her.'

'Lady Pearson or Miss Graham?'

'Miss Graham, of course.'

'Have I ever met her?'

'Why, Fred! of course you have! She is that tall handsome girl in yellow I introduced you to the night before last. She is only just come to town. She is a great heiress, Fred, besides being a very nice girl.'

'Too much happiness!' murmured Fred.—'And who are coming in the evening, aunt?'

'Oh, every one! The rooms will be quite full. We shall utterly outlive Mrs Leith Leamington's receptions.'

'They are very jolly,' observed Fred.

'Yes,' said Mrs Flushton doubtfully; 'but her rooms are very small. She is so proud of her Queen Anne furniture—all those spindle-legged sideboards and chairs, and those cabinets and plates and yellow silk hangings; but really I am old-fashioned enough,' said Mrs Flushton, gazing complacently about her very luxurious but certainly not high-art drawing-room, 'to think that comfort!'

At this moment the first guests were announced, and aunt and nephew rose to receive them.

Fred Osborne made himself very agreeable all dinner-time, and proved a perfect host. He talked alternately with Lady Pearson and the stately Miss Graham. Mrs Flushton, at the other end of the table, was more preoccupied, and lent but half her attention to the portly bishop on her right hand and the wizened old judge on her left. She cast anxious glances down the table to see if her pet plan were progressing.

Towards the end of dinner, matters began to look hopeful. Her nephew and Miss Graham were chatting and laughing gaily. Mrs Flushton lingered over dessert as long as she could, and then rose, fearing the arrival of the evening guests. When in the drawing-room she went and sat by the heiress, and adroitly led the conversation on to her nephew. The heiress turned her large vacant eyes upon her, and appeared to be interested. Mrs Flushton prided herself on her diplomacy, which was usually rather transparent, so she soon changed the conversation, and rushed away to speak to the

bishop's wife. When the gentlemen came up-stairs, some of the after-dinner guests had already begun to arrive, and the rooms rapidly filled. Mrs Flushton took up her stand by the door; and her nephew, who was talking to a group of men in a corner, also kept his eyes fixed on the in-coming guests. Soon a tall, elaborately-dressed lady entered, the gaslight falling on her tortured hair, and making the gold-dust, with which it was powdered, sparkle. She was closely followed by a small slight girl in a soft white dress, and with white flowers in her fair hair, and whose big frightened eyes glanced quickly round the room, lighted for a second on Fred Osborne, and then glanced hastily past him in another direction. Captain Osborne left the group of men, and the next moment he and May Lucas were threading their way down-stairs together. Miss Graham was standing all alone in a corner, stiff and statuesque. She had only lately come to town, and her acquaintances were few.

Mr Leith Leamington slipped away early, to go to his club; but Mrs Leith Leamington and May stayed till nearly the end. Then Mrs Leamington rustled up and said good-bye to her hostess. 'I shall hope to see you and Captain Osborne on the 18th,' she murmured effusively.

Mrs Flushton and Mrs Leamington hated one another with that deadly hate which occurs to own a reason; but they beamed as they pressed one another's gloved hands.

'Good-night; it has been such a pleasant evening,' said May simply, as she came up after Mrs Leamington.

'My dear, I haven't seen you the whole evening; I hope you have had some supper,' said Mrs Flushton kindly; she liked the little governess.

May Lucas blushed and murmured, 'Yes, thank you!' and escaped.

'Miss Lucas, I must congratulate you!' said Mrs Leamington as they drove away.

'Oh no! What for?' exclaimed May.

'Of course he will have all his aunt's money, and she will never let him go back to India again. She will bring him a commission here. He is a very nice young man, perfect in every way; and it will serve Mrs Flushton right for her insufferable pride, she— Oh! I beg your pardon; I didn't mean that!' And Mrs Leamington paused apologetically.

But May did not heed the last part of her speech; she was sitting bolt upright in the dark carriage in a perfect agony of shame. 'Oh, Mrs Leamington—don't! You mustn't! He never!'

'No, no; but any one can see!'

'But I think we will not talk any more about it,' said May, with a sudden dignity.

'Oh, very well, my dear; but talking does not alter matters.'

In this case, however, it did alter matters, for when May got back and up to her own room, she flung herself down on the hearthrug and gazed into the dying fire and forced herself to think. And while Mrs Leith Leamington was sipping her cocoa as the maid took down her hair, and thinking in a pleased way over this final blow she meditated to Mrs Flushton's fond and tender

hopes, May, the unconscious instrument of her revenge, was weeping bitterly up-stairs, her happiness dying with the few remaining cinders. It was impossible to think he cared for her—her, a poor penniless little wail—not even very pretty; he, who might be anything, do anything! So clever, so handsome, so talented, so gentlemanly in all he said or thought! Oh, it was cruel! But if he did—if he did, it would ruin him. His aunt would be so angry—Mrs Leamington had said—And then May sat and thought a little longer, and made a firm resolve that kept her awake all night.

THE TREATMENT OF WATCHES.

Views as to the proper treatment of watches differ so greatly, and are, moreover, so confused, that a few words of advice from a practical watchmaker are not out of place. A watch, to meet the requirements made upon its capabilities, must in the first place be treated well. When it is considered what continuous care is bestowed upon every steam-engine, how it is watched and guarded night and day, it appears self-evident that a watch, which is, after all, not only an engine, but one of a most delicate and complicated construction, should be carefully and tenderly looked after. Consequently, a watch, even the most perfect one, will satisfy its owner only when it is treated in accordance with its sensitive mechanism, when it is preserved against every kind of concussion, and is kept scrupulously clean. As there is a constant accumulation of dust and fibres from the waistcoat material in the watch-pockets, which penetrates even into the best-closing watches, it is advisable to turn out and clean those pockets frequently.

In order to keep the 'going' of a watch as regular as possible, it should be subjected to regular treatment; that is to say, it should be wound up always at the same time of day; and during the time that it is not worn it should either be laid down or hung up regularly, according to habit, as every watch goes differently when it is hanging than either during lying down or wearing. In watches having a double case, that over the watch-glass should never be left open. An attentive observer will find that, if such a watch is left open even for one night, the glass is covered with a thin film of dust, which will gradually enter the works even through the tiniest openings in the case, and thus cause disturbances. People should wind up their watches in the morning, not only because they generally rise more regularly than they go to rest, but also because a spring fully wound up will more readily overcome the disturbances which affect the correct going of a watch during the movement occasioned in wearing it. Springs will not break so easily if the watch is carefully wound up, and is not placed directly out of the warm pocket against a cold wall, or on a still colder marble slab; and for that reason a protective mat is desirable.

The capacity of a watch, or, more correctly, its keeping correct time, is very much governed by the construction and its more or less perfect finish. It cannot be expected of the best horizontal watch that it should always keep good time, and even less so of the inferior watches which are sold in

large numbers. The changes of the oil, the variations in temperature, the density or humidity of the air—all greatly affect the going of a watch; and it is only the lever watch, of the most perfect finish, which neutralises those adverse influences to the greatest degree. As a matter of fact, no watch keeps perfectly correct time; and even the best chronometers, used in observatories and on board ship, must be regulated according to tables which fix those variations to which watches are subjected.

A watch should be cleaned every two or, at most, every three years if it is desired to preserve it. In time the oil decomposes, gets mixed with the particles of dust which enter the works of even the best-closing watch, begins to act as a grinding material, and wears out the working parts. The best watch will be spoiled in this way, and will never keep such good time as before. It frequently happens that a watch requires cleaning in less time than every two years, according as it closes badly or is exposed to much dust and dirt. Any one having the misfortune to drop his watch into water or any other liquid should take it at once to the watchmaker, to have it taken to pieces and cleaned, for a delay of even an hour might spoil the watch for ever.

WITHOUT—YET WITH.

I STAND beneath the tree where once we stood,
We two, together, sheltering from the rain;
The flowers are growing, and from out the wood
Comes the soft murmur of the doves' refrain.
Shall we e'er meet again?

I see the little path where once we strayed,
The path run wild beneath the grasses' away,
Flecked by sweet sunbeams prying through the glade;
The steps of two passed over it that day;
Now one has gone away.

The briar-rose blushing tinges its sweets around;
The bramble, gadding o'er the woodland ways,
Its tender offshoots trails upon the ground,
Or with the graceful bracken gently plays;
Alone, I stand to gaze.

Yet not alone, for lingering by my side,
Thy spirit maketh beauty seem more fair;
Above all doubts, thy love shall still abide,
And give me strength that I may bravely bear
My daily weight of care.
M. C. SALMON.

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HUFFY PEOPLE.

By MRS LYNN LINTON.

HE who would be 'upsides' with Huffly People must rise earlier in the morning than most of us do. And even then he will not get before them, nor be able to circumvent their susceptibilities, nor prevent the shooting out of their fretful quills. For huffy people do not wait for outside circumstances before they are offended. Like spiders and silkworms they carry about them, in their own persons, the material of huffiness; and just as sticks are never wanting where-with to beat dogs, so are there never wanting external angles of support and branches of occasion whereon to fasten the dun-coloured web of huffiness and displeasure.

Trifles light as air are to these uncomfortable persons things as heavy as lead. A look, a word—a chance observation that had no kind of intentional reference to them—that could be made to have reference only by the most wilful torturing of application—anything you like, is able to fan those ever-smouldering fires into a flame—to set off those moral silkworms spinning their gloomy webs at railroad speed. You never know when you have offended these people till you find it out by their displeasure. You never know what will offend them, and thus can never learn by experience—for huffy people, like all others, have their 'days,' and yesterday they smiled at what to-morrow will make them furious. At one time they accept with equanimity a buffet, and at another they lash out at the approach of a hand that comes to caress. It is this inconsistency, this inconsistency, which makes them so trying to deal with. If they had a broad line of demarcation between what would offend them and what would not, then their friends and neighbours might know how to steer. But as things are, no one can even guess at the shallows and sunken rocks, and the chart cannot be made which would lay them down for guidance. With huffy people it is always sailing over unknown

seas—fishing in unfathomed waters—walking in a pathless wood, and moreover walking in the dark. You never know where you are nor when you have them; and by accidents the most extraordinary, in ways the most unexpected, you have fallen into a hole where you saw only level ground.

These huffy people are ticklish conversationalists, unable as they are to bear the smallest contradiction. If they are out in their facts or wrong in their dates it is wiser to let them wander than to try and bring them round to the exact point. If you do, you offend them, and they are off in a fume like a sky-rocket prematurely launched. If you are speaking to editors, you must praise the contents of their weakest numbers; if to writers, you must find unmitigated trash profound wisdom, or brilliant poetry, if it emanates from their pen. If they are painters, their 'hot' pictures must be called gorgeous colouring—their muddled tints must be exalted as subtle tones—their defective drawing has to pass as daring foreshortening. The most friendly criticism from a master in the art where they are not even apprentices, will set up those vibrating heckles of theirs; and they will be huffed and affronted at what, with wiser folk, would be taken as a kindly lesson given for pure love of good work and sincere desire for a fellow-craftsman's success. Nothing of all this for the congenitally huffy! It is unalloyed praise of all they have done, or—averted eyes, stiff gestures, cold shoulders, and very brief staccato words.

Huffy people demand more than their tenth in the distribution of attentions. You must not have a dinner-party without them if you value their good-humour; and they hold themselves righteously affronted if, having invited them once, you go on through the remainder of your list, leaving them out. If met by one of those dreadful persons who, when they are bidden—to a feast, seem to spend the intervening time in wanting to know of every one they meet whether they, too, are dining at such a date at Mrs Foursnare's?—asked the familiar question, they draw themselves

up with unmistakable displeasure and answer glacially: 'No; the Fourstars have not thought fit to invite us.' They do not add that they dined there last week at one of the 'smartest' dinners given by these worthy 'amphitrites,' as the writer of these lines once heard them called. That would be too wide a stretch of generosity for the huffy kind to compass; for huffiness of temper and generosity of confession do not consort together. But they speak as if they had been persistently overlooked and intentionally affronted by the neglect of these unkind dinner-givers. For the matter of that, even when they are asked they are sure to find some cause for annoyance at the feast to which they are invited. The person assigned is unsympathetic, and they always want some one else. The man is too young, or too old, or of not sufficiently good social standing. The woman is not pretty enough, or so confoundedly stupid—it was like going over a ploughed field to try and talk to her! If, now, it had been that other—or that other—or that—or that! Any one will do as a peg whereon to hang the *san benito* of huff; so that, whether included or left out, the huffy are huffy still, and no one can rightly please them.

If they give a dinner of their own, they find their poison in their guests. The gowns of the women and the tempers of the men are the witches' straws which work evil where they are laid. Mrs A was over-dressed, and Mrs B was not dressed enough. Mrs C's gown was made up out of two old ones which Madame Huff remembers quite well; and if she were to die for it she would swear that Mrs D's silk was dyed. On his side, Mr Huff complains that Mr A was in one of his chaffing moods, which he, Mr Huff, considers an impertinence in any gentleman's house; and Mr B was in one of his sullen tempers, which is more impertinent still. C would talk politics, which is next thing to an insult in a host; and that dull dog D would not take up the ball. And so on through the whole alphabet and every circumnstance. Whatever they do and wherever they go it is the same thing with these cranky creatures—the huffy people, who quarrel with shadows and are insulted by windmills, and who are mentally what mad Malays running amuck are personally—as unreasonable and as irresponsible.

Huffy people take possession of your mind and soul, and assume their right to be offended if you do not walk on the lines they lay down for you. If the solution of the great mysteries of life and the universe which satisfies them does not commend itself to you, they hold themselves offended as by a personal wrong, and make you feel how hard they can strike. In politics it is the same. Many a pleasant kind of friendship has been broken because the Huffs interpret certain texts in one way and their friend turned them round and looked at them from the other side. Moreover, the huffy will not accept the grand tolerance of the nobler kind. They cannot understand the right of independent thought. Bound by the narrow egotism which is the law of their own being, divergence and freedom are therefore enemies to be opposed tooth and nail; and when the dissident hold by their own views the Huffs take umbrage and

show that they do. The wrath of the intolerant springs from other causes. It is not necessarily personal, like the displeasure of the huffy. It is rather wrath with wilful traitors—wrath because of disloyalty to something beyond the Self than because of offended egotism. With huffy people, on the contrary, the sin is purely personal.

It is part of the huffiness of the huffy that they should refuse the right hand of good-fellowship to all artistic or literary workers whose productions do not please them. Have you painted a subject to which they are antipathetic—they will hunch up their shoulders and scarce notice your existence the next time they meet you. Have you written a book they do not like?—they make it the subject matter of a quarrel, a coolness, a lecture, according to mutual agreement. Do you wander afield to even a different school of medicine from that which they affect?—they take that, too, as a personal affront, for which they are in their right to be offended. They are huffed with you because of your very handwriting, and make your spider legs and curleyeyes causes of irritation as grave as a slap on the face or a flat contradiction rudely phrased. They assume that you favour them with your worst performances; and, assuming this, they are huffed accordingly. Yet they would be still more huffed if, in a temporary separation, you should forbear to write to them at all, discouraged by the trouble and annoyance which your doubtful caligraphy seems to give them. So there you are, as all the friends of huffy people always are, on the horns of a dilemma, and you have nothing for it but to choose on which horn you elect to impale yourself. You have it to do; so you may make up your mind with what equanimity you can command.

A doubtful possession as friends, these huffy people as housemates, wives, husbands, sisters, brothers, and all the rest, are true Killjoys. Their bones of contention are never picked clean and never broken and done with. Afflicted with fine feelings, the gentler sort weep when things go wrong—and they are always going wrong—while the sullen sulk and the passionate rave. A word, a look, will bring tears into the eyes of the sensitive young person who spends half her time in looking for thorns and the other half in running them into her flesh. 'What is the matter with Maria? she went out crying,' ask the robust sort; and only one of the same kind as Maria herself can answer. Perhaps the robust sort have been the cause of it all. Perhaps an unfeeling allusion was made to dead dogs, and Maria's pet pug has just departed. Perhaps a laugh went round on 'carrots,' and Maria's hair has a shade of red in its gold. Perhaps the grand stature of some Daughter of the Gods has been commended, and Maria's four feet nothing quivered at the implied insult. It may have been something even more shadowy and less possibly personal than this, and as unintentional as the sighing of the wind in the trees; but Maria took it to herself, and met the pain with tears and the huffiness of strict seclusion for the rest of the day.

Husbands and wives cursed with this temper cannot hope to make a good job of marriage. In what form soever it may be shown, what kind

of life is possible between people whereof one is always on the *qui vive*, watching for causes of pain and offence, and resenting them when they arrive—as they must necessarily when watched for—with coldness, pouts, tears, or anger, as may chance! Peace cannot exist in such a household, because security does not exist. As a rule, women, being the more sensitively organised and the less occupied outside themselves, are more inclined to be huffy than are men; but some of the Lords run their Ladies hard, and make themselves supremely ridiculous into the bargain. How one's contempt overflows for those men who are thus supersensitive, thus easily hurt, and always offended, and who are never off the tenderhooks of wounded vanity! They are not like men, but rather like fretful spoilt children, who think themselves ill used if they cannot have the moon to play with, and are gravely remonstrated with on their folly in wishing for it. Dealing with one of these people is like thrusting your hand into a bed of needles. No one can prevent those stings which make you smart, because of the inherent quality of the nettle itself. The wife of such a man has but a hard time of it, poor soul! We can only wish her an inexhaustible fount of patience and good-humour to bear what no care on her part will prevent, any more than it could prevent those stings of the nettle. If the huffy one is a woman, and the victim her husband, well—he, too, must have patience; but in either case there is no happiness, properly so called, and while the disease lasts, none is possible.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XV.—IN THE CRUCIBLE.

At ten o'clock next morning, according to promise, Linnell presented himself at the Wren's Nest. He was pale and anxious, for he had passed a long and sleepless night—who knows not those sleepless nights, more precious by far than sleep itself, when a man's head whirls round and round with a thousand times played deliciously on a single chord!—but he was not in the least afraid of the result, for he could trust Psyche: though Haviland Dumaresq himself might fume at never view into common humanity, he could trust Psyche—he could trust Psyche! How often did he not murmur to himself reassuringly through the night-watches that let who would fail, he could still trust Psyche! So he pulled himself together with what energy he might, and went round betimes to finish the portrait.

Psyche, too, for her part, was pale and agitated; but she was far too much of a woman already to let her devoted admirer plainly see it. She, too, had lain awake on her bed all night, not in the sleepless ecstasy of love like Linnell, but crying her eyes out in a fierce conflict of counter-emotions. Till yesterday, she hardly knew she loved her painter; but we often learn what we love best only at the moment when we are called upon to give it up. Now that she was asked to relinquish all thoughts of loving Linnell, Psyche felt to herself for the first time how her whole future had unconsciously wrapped itself up in him. She had cried and cried till her eyes were sore

and red: at least for the first half of that long lone night. But about three o'clock, the woman within her suggested suddenly that if she went on crying any longer like this, Linnell would detect those red eyes in the morning. So she rose up hastily and bathed them with rose-water; and after a long time spent in reducing the swollen lids to proper proportions, went to bed once more with a stern resolve not to cry again to-night, no matter what cruel thought might present itself to her. And she kept the resolve with innate firmness. She was Haviland Dumaresq's daughter, after all, and she knew how to control her own heart sternly. Let it throb as it would, she would keep it quiet. Her pride itself would never permit her to let her father or her lover see to-morrow she had shed a tear over this her first great sorrow.

So, when Linnell presented himself in the bare little dining-room at ten o'clock, Psyche was there, fresh and smiling as usual, to meet him and greet him with undisturbed calmness. Fresh and smiling as usual, but somehow changed, Linnell felt instinctively: not quite herself; some shadow of a thick impenetrable barrier seemed to have risen up invisible since yesterday between them. Could it be that Psyche too?—But no! impossible! Linnell dashed away the unworthy thought, half ashamed of himself for allowing it to obtrude its horrid face for one moment upon him. Such motives could never weigh with Psyche. Though Haviland Dumaresq had wallowed in mire, his Psyche could never soil the tip of her white little wings in it.

She held out her hand and took his with a smile. But her grasp had none of that gentle pressure he had learned to expect of late from Psyche; that cordial pressure, unself and undesigning, which all of us give to friends and intimates. A man so sensitive and so delicately organised as Linnell felt the difference at once: he felt it, and it chilled him. 'Good-morning,' he said, in a disappointed voice: 'we can go on at once, I suppose, with the picture?'

'Yes,' Psyche answered in tones she could hardly school herself to utter. 'It'll be finished to-day, I suppose, Mr Linnell? Papa told me you thought you'd only want one more day for it.'

The artist looked at her with a keen and piercing glance. Was his faith in Psyche, even, then, to be shaken? Would Psyche herself have nothing more to say to the penniless painter? He wouldn't believe it—he couldn't believe it. 'Yes, one more day,' he answered, 'and then we shall be done. It's been a pleasant task, Miss Dumaresq. I'm sorry it's finished. We've enjoyed it together.'

'The picture's beautiful,' Psyche answered, trembling, but trying to talk as coldly as she could. She had given her word to Papa last night, and bitter as it might be, she would do the best she knew to fulfil it. But, oh, how much easier it was to promise last night—though that itself was hard—than to carry the promise into execution this morning!

'I'm glad you like it,' Linnell went on, making up his mind not to notice her tone—a man may so readily misinterpret more tones: 'I never pleased myself better before; but then, I never had so suitable a sitter.'

'Thank you,' Psyche answered with well-

assumed calmness: 'it's a pleasure to me if I've been able to be of any service to you.'

Linnell looked back at her in surprise and alarm. His heart was beating very fast now. There could be no mistaking the frigidity of her tone. Impossible, incredible, inconceivable as it seemed, Psyche must have found out—he wasn't worth catching.

His hand could hardly guide his brush aright, but he went on painting through that whole long morning—the longest and most terrible he had ever known—with the energy of despair increasing and deepening upon him each moment. They talked continually—talked far more than usual; for each of them felt too constrained and unhappy to let the conversation flag for a single moment. Silence in such a case would be worse than unsafe: only by a strenuous stream of platitudinous commonplace can the overflowing heart be held back at a crisis from unseemly self-revelation. Linnell talked about the picture and its effect: Psyche answered him back bravely with polite phrases. Her courage never failed or flinched for a second: though she broke her heart over it, she would keep her word to the letter to her father.

After all, it was only for three long years: an eternity of time when one's seventeen; but still an eternity with limits beyond it. Some day, some day, she could explain it all to him. Some day she could tell him with a bursting heart how much she had endured, and for his dear sake. For he loved her, he loved her; of that she was certain. His hand was trembling on the canvas as he worked; till then, poor fluttering heart, lie still. Some day you may burst your self-imposed barriers, and let your pent-up love flow down its natural channel.

Once or twice, however, the pressure was terrible. Once or twice, the tears rose almost to the level of her eyes; but each time, with a superhuman effort of will, like her father's daughter, she thrust them back again. Towards the end, especially, when Linnell, now thoroughly wounded in soul, began to hint at his approaching departure, the conflict within her grew painfully intense. 'I meant to spend all the summer at Petherton,' he said with a burst, looking across at her despairingly, towards the close of the sitting—'particularly once; I almost made my mind up. But circumstances have arisen which make me think it best now to go.—Though indeed even yet, I might stop still—if other circumstances intervened to detain me.' He looked at her hard. She gave no sign. 'But that seems unlikely,' he went on, heart-broken. 'So I shall probably leave almost at once. Unless, indeed, anything should happen—unexpectedly—to keep me here.'

He gazed at her, despairing. Psyche faltered. The heart within her rose up and did battle. She knew what he meant. One word would suffice. One motion of the hand. Could she keep it down? Could she do her own soul—and his—this gross injustice? And then, her father's pleading face recurred to her. An old, old man; a broken old man! Her father's pleading face, and her sacred promise! Her promise! her promise! Come what might, she must, she must! It was for three years only! And he—he would wait for her.

Summoning up all her courage, she answered once more in the same set tone, but with agonised eyes: 'We shall be sorry to lose you. It's been a very great pleasure to us all to see you here, Mr Linnell, this summer.'

Linnell noticed the struggle and its result; noticed it, and—as was natural for him—misinterpreted it too. A nature like his could put but one interpretation upon it. Then she was really crushing down her own better feelings at the dictates of mere vulgar prudence and avarice! She would have liked to be cordial—to the man, to himself—modest and sensitive as he was in his heart, Linnell yet paid himself mentally the compliment of admitting so much—she liked the man; but she would make no concession to the penniless painter. He turned to his work once more with a stifled sigh of horror. He, too, had had a day-dream at last; he had thought just once, just once in the world, he had found the one true maiden to love him; and now, the day-dream had melted again into airy nothingness, and the one true maiden had declared by no uncertain signs that she too preferred the worship of Manimon. Ah me; ah me! the horror of it! the pity of it!

There was a dangerous silence for half a minute. Psyche thought he must surely hear her heart as it beat with loud thuds against her trembling little bosom. At all hazards she must find something to say. She blundered in her haste and trepidation on the worst possible tack. 'But you will come again?' she murmured, almost persuasively.

Linnell looked up, and hesitated for an instant. Could she mean to relent? Was she leading him on? Never would he ask her if she took him with anything less than her whole heart, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, on his own account alone, without thought or calculation of money and position. 'A painter's life is governed by many varying conditions,' he answered slowly and very deliberately. 'We can't come and go where we will, like moneyed people. We must move where we find work cut out to our hands. Ours is a very precarious trade. We work hard, most of us, and earn little. Such people, you know, must be guided by the market. They must govern their motions hither and thither by demand and supply—hard political economy—paint what they find the world will pay them for.'

'But you're not like that,' Psyche cried, more naturally and unconstrainedly than she had yet spoken: 'you're well known, and can paint what you will. Besides, you can come and go where you please. You've nobody else in the world but yourself to think of. And—it would give us all so much pleasure to see you again at Petherton.'

Her soul misgave her as she spoke. Had she gone too far? Was she breaking the spirit of her promise now? Was she moving half-way, in her eagerness, to meet the penniless painter?

Linnell, too, looked up with a fresh burst of hope as he heard her words. 'I might come back,' he said, eyeing her once more with that piercing glance of his, 'if only—I thought—I had something to come back for.'

Psyche shook with terror and remorse from head to foot. It was an awful ordeal for so young a girl. Her father should have guarded her

heart from this strain. She had gone too far, then. She had said too much. Her feelings had betrayed her. She had broken her word. Oh, what would Papa say to this! She must put herself right again; she must justify her promise. 'We shall all be delighted to see you,' she said, relapsing into the same cold impersonal voice as before. 'I hope you'll come. There must be plenty of things for you still to paint here.'

Linnell turned back, unmanned, to the picture again. Then she had fought it all out with her own heart, and the worse side had won within her! How beautiful she was, and how young, and how innocent! Who could ever have believed that under that sweet and almost childish face—childish in softness, yet full of womanly grace and dignity—there lay so much cold and calculating selfishness! Who could ever have believed that that seemingly simple country girl would stifle her own better inner promptings—deliberately, visibly to the naked eye—for the sake of money, position, worldly prospects! She would sell her own soul, then, for somebody's gold! And, oh, how futile, how empty was the sale! If she would but have loved him, how he would have loved her! And now, even now, when he saw she loved him far less than the chance of selling herself for hard cash in the matrimonial market—why, he loved her, he loved her, he loved her still! The more unworthy she was, the more he loved her. But he would never tell her so. Oh, never, never! For her own dignity's sake he would never tell her. He would never degrade himself—and her—by putting her to the shame of that open renunciation of her better self. He would spare her the disgrace of belying her own heart. He would bear it all in silence. He would spare her—he would spare her.

He glanced across at her as he worked on mechanically still. A red flush stood now in the midst of her pale white cheek. She was ashamed, ashamed, of that he felt sure; but her heart was not strong enough to break through the vile bonds it had woven for itself. The Psyche he had dreamed of had never existed. But the baser Psyche that actually was he would always love. He would love her for the sake of his own sweet fancy. The ideal had made even the reality dear to him.

He pointed away for some minutes in silence. Neither spoke. Psyche could not trust herself to say another word. The tears were welling up almost uncontrollably now. Linnell put touch after touch to the completed picture. Strange to say, the very power of his feelings made him point intensely. It was surpassing himself in the exaltation of the moment. He was putting on the canvas the ideal Psyche—the Psyche that was not and never had been.

At last he drew breath, stood back, looked at it, and sighed. 'It's finished,' he said. 'One other stroke would spoil it.'

'Finished!' Psyche cried. 'Oh—I'm so sorry.' Linnell packed up his things to go, in silence. Psyche never moved from her seat, but watched him. He packed them all up with a resolute air. She knew what it meant, but brave and proud still, she kept her compact to the very letter. 'Are you—going?' she asked at last, as he stood with the easel stuck under his arm, leaving the picture itself on the dining-room table.

'Yes, going,' he said in a very husky voice. 'It's all finished.—Good-bye, Miss Dumarec.' 'For ever!' Psyche cried, all her strength failing her.

'For ever,' Linnell answered, in choking tones. 'One word from you would have kept me, Psyche. It never came. You didn't speak it. If you spoke it now, even, it would keep me still.—But you won't—you won't. You dare not speak it.'

Psyche looked up at him, one appealing glance. Her lips trembled. Her face was white as death now. 'I love you! Stop!' faltered unspoken in her parched throat. It almost burst, irrepressible, from her burning tongue. But her promise! her promise! She must keep her promise! The words died away on her bloodless lips. She only looked. She answered nothing.

With one wild impulse, before he went, Linnell seized the two white cheeks between his hands, and stooping down, kissed the bloodless lips just once—and no more after. He knew it was wrong, but he couldn't resist it. Then he rose, and crying in a tremulous voice, 'Good-bye, Psyche: good-bye, for ever!' he rushed wildly out into the cottage garden.

Ten minutes later, when Haviland Dumarec came into the room to see what fruit his counsel had borne, he found Psyche seated in the one armchair, with her cold face buried deep in her two hands, and her bosom rising and falling convulsively. 'He's gone, papa!' she said; 'and I've kept my promise.'

(To be continued.)

TOURING CLUBS.

THE statistics relating to the number of passengers carried by the southern railway companies show that the number of travellers on the Continent is yearly increasing. The attractions of the French Exhibition led many people to cross the Channel who had not previously left their native land. Few of the visitors left Paris without resolving to return again; and a second visit to Paris usually resulted in a trip to Brussels or to Cologne. Travelling on the Continent has become popular. It has also become expeditions and cheap as regards Belgium and the north of France. But the Riviera, Italy, and Germany are seldom visited by the travelling public, on account of the length and cost of the journey.

A few years ago, it occurred to Mr Bolton King—a gentleman who has spared no effort to make the University Settlement in the east end of London a great and enduring success—that the principle of co-operation might be applied to continental travel. He had noticed that the value of art as an educational instrument was gradually obtaining recognition at the hands of the State, and he thought that if teachers in elementary schools could have an opportunity of visiting the art centres of Italy at a moderate cost, they would be better fitted to discharge the duties they were called on to perform. Communications were opened up with the continental railway companies and with hotels; and in the end, a party of sixty left London, travelled as far as Florence, and returned after an absence of

eighteen days, the total cost to each person being under twelve pounds. In the following years similar parties visited Venice and Siena. The success of the movement being proved by practical experience, Liverpool and Manchester organised parties to visit Italy, and the Touring Club is now a recognised institution in both these cities. As frequent inquiries are made as to the steps necessary to form a Club and the methods of arranging with railway companies and hotels, the following account, supplied by an active member of one of the existing Clubs, may prove interesting and useful.

In the first place, it is desirable to note that all the Touring Clubs are strictly educational in their organisation and objects. At Liverpool the Club consists of members of the local branch of the Teachers' Guild; and at Manchester, teachers have the first claim to go on any expedition. After teachers come students attending University Extension lectures on Art. At both Toynbee Hall and Manchester a course of lectures on the places to be visited, illustrated by the lantern, is always arranged; and those who propose to join the expedition are expected to attend these lectures. The result is that the party is not one of mere sight-seeing tourists, but of educated men and women, who take with them a large store of knowledge as regards the history and art treasures of the towns they visit. It is to be hoped that this principle will be maintained in all new Clubs. Otherwise, those who form them will be deluged with applications from all sorts and conditions of men and women, many of whom can well afford to travel by themselves.

The important points to consider in arranging a tour are—(1) Time of year; (2) Route and cost; and (3) Hotels. (1) As regards the time of year for visiting Italy, the months of June, July, and August should as a rule be avoided. In cool summers there is no inconvenience in travelling as far south as Naples even in August; but where time is very limited, it is essential to choose a month when no inconvenience is likely to be suffered from the weather. The existing Clubs always make their expeditions at Easter, school holidays being sufficiently long to enable a teacher to be three weeks away from duty.

(2) The route is closely connected with the question of expense. If it is desired to keep the expense down to the lowest possible limit, the Club must make choice between going by Ostend or by Harwich. The Toynbee Hall party went last year by Ostend; the Liverpool party by Harwich. For Clubs out of London it will generally be found that the Harwich route is the more convenient. The route via Dover and Calais is excluded by reason of its cost.

From London it is immaterial from the point of view of cost whether the Ostend or the Harwich route is taken; but from the country, the latter is the cheaper. The railway companies in England have hitherto refused to make any concession whatever to the Touring Clubs: the members, if they go by London, are required to pay single fare to and from London. As the fare to March, where most passengers from the Midlands join the Great Eastern system, is much less than the fare to London, a saving of at least ten shillings a ticket is made by adopting the Great Eastern route.

In order to obtain tickets, the simplest plan is to write to the Continental Traffic Manager of the Great Eastern Railway, or of the Belgian Mail Packet Company, stating the route over which the party proposes to travel, and ask for a quotation as to fares. It may be assumed that the continental railways from Brussels to Italy via the St Gothard will give a return ticket second class for practically single fare. In order to economise, it is usual to travel third class over the English railways to the point where the Great Eastern Railway is joined.

The cost of a second-class return ticket to a party of not less than sixty in number from any Great Eastern station to Florence and back will be about £6, 13s. each. To Venice and back the fare is something less. Now, if reference is made to any continental Railway Guide, it will be found that a single ticket second-class to Florence costs in London £6, 14s. by Calais; £5, 17s. 3d. by Dieppe; and £5, 15s. 11d. by Harwich. The saving effected by a Club travelling together is very great.

It should be noted that these tickets give ample facilities for stopping at any place *en route*. For instance, a party going to Florence usually stops for at least one night at both Lucerne and Milan, the return journey from Florence being made by Pisa, Genoa, and Lugano. In going to Venice, Lucerne and Verona can be visited; whilst in returning, Como or Lugano are admirable resting-places.

(3) Hotels. The arrangements with hotels involve more trouble, as suitable hotels have to be secured at each town visited. Hitherto, the Touring Clubs have been very fortunate. Large and expensive hotels are avoided. The most satisfactory hotels are those that Baedeker calls good hotels of the second rank. No difficulty is found in arranging with these hotels to accommodate the party on *pension* terms, even when a stoppage is only made for a night. It often happens that an hotel cannot accommodate the whole party; but the owner of the hotel chosen in the first instance undertakes to find rooms for all. It is generally desirable to arrange with the hotel-keeper that he will bring all luggage from the station and convey it back again. For hotel expenses an average of eight francs or six shillings and eightpence a day may be allowed. If the tour be restricted to seventeen days, it will be found that five pounds will cover all hotel expenses; so that the total expense of a tour may be kept well within twelve pounds from any Great Eastern station.

In organising a tour, it is important to secure the aid of some one sufficiently acquainted with continental travel, to guard the party against difficulties that otherwise would be unforeseen. For instance, the expense of travelling is greatly increased by taking too much luggage, luggage being usually charged for on the Continent. Luggage should therefore be restricted to the necessary wraps and the contents of a Gladstone bag. The presence of a treasurer is essential—by changing all moneys at a bank, a substantial saving is effected in the exchange. Above all, the party should make itself thoroughly acquainted with the topography of the towns to be visited, and in this way it will avoid the expense and inconvenience of local guides. Seventy should

be the maximum number, sixty the minimum. The former brings the party within manageable limits, the latter secures the important reduction conceded by the railway companies.

The following route-plan of one of the parties will illustrate how a trip can be arranged. Leaving London on the Wednesday before Easter, Antwerp was reached on Thursday morning, where the day was spent. Leaving in the evening, the party, travelling via Brussels, Metz, and Strasbourg, arrived at Lucerne on Friday at 9 A.M. A halt was made here until the Saturday, when the party travelled over the St Gothard, arriving at Milan at 7 P.M. Easter Sunday was spent at Milan. Departing from Milan on Monday morning, Florence was reached the same evening. A full week was devoted to Florence. On the return journey, one night was spent at Pisa, one at Genoa, and two at Lugano on the Italian lakes; the party finally reaching London eighteen days from the date of departure. The party travelled leisurely, only two nights being spent in the train, and as the railway companies reserved special carriages, the journey was made under circumstances that involved the least possible fatigue.

THE RIVALS.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

'My dear, what's she going for?' exclaimed Mr Leith Leamington, gazing at his wife over the top of his evening paper.

'She's an ungrateful little thing!' his wife exclaimed angrily. 'To think of the way I've treated her! just as if she had been my—my—my sister! Heaps of people have asked me, "Who is that girl who is staying with you?" No one ever guessed from my treatment of her that she was Harold's governess! Taken her out, and given her evening dresses, and everything! And now that she should leave me at two days' notice!'

'Well, but what is she leaving for?' repeated Mr Leamington.

'Oh, she gives no reason. Reason! What reason could she give?'

Mr Leamington looked puzzled.

'I don't consider it commonly honest!' his wife went on. 'After my bringing her here, only to stay barely four months. She certainly brought me three pounds and said she would like to repay me for her ticket; but then there are the dresses!'

'They were old ones of yours done up, weren't they?' her husband asked.

His wife looked surprised. 'Yes,' she said, after a pause, 'two of them were; but that makes no difference.'

'Did she not give any reason, or say she was sorry, or anything?'

'Oh, she cried, and apologised, and said she could never forget my kindness, and that she couldn't help it. But I told her that no mere words could alter my opinion of her heartless conduct.'

Mr Leamington rustled his paper. 'Probably the poor little thing'—he began, after a pause.

'Oh, of course, if you are going to take her

part, you may as well say at once that it was I that was in the wrong, and that I haven't been kind to her.'

'No; I don't say that; but I do think the girl is a good little girl, and very conscientious, and has got on capitally with Harold: the little cub is really getting into shape; and I am sorry she is going; but I'm sure she wouldn't go and put you to all the inconvenience of getting a new governess without a proper reason. And I don't see why any lady should be pressed for her reasons—no, I don't. And I shall tell her that if she tries for a new situation I shall be delighted to give her a testimonial.'

Mrs Leith Leamington sat and stared at her husband. He read his newspaper. They had been married ten years and he had never revolted before. For five minutes Mrs Leamington gazed at him more in amazement than in anger, and the silence grew oppressive. Mr Leamington grew uneasy, and, with irritable nervousness, folded his newspaper into a small square and went on reading.

Mrs Leamington rose and left the room.

'Miss Lucas,' said Mrs Leamington coldly next morning, 'if you can make it convenient to leave this afternoon instead of this evening, I shall be obliged.'

May Lucas's eyes filled with tears, but she murmured assent. So that afternoon, before Mr Leamington returned from his office, a cab drove up to the door, and May's trunk was hoisted up by the driver, and May came down and got in, with no comforting knowledge of any sympathetic friend left behind, except Harold, who sobbed bitterly, and begged to be taken too.

All the way to the station she kept far back in the cab, but her eyes were on the busy streets, and often she started, and the colour came into her cheeks as she caught sight of a figure that seemed familiar, and then her face fell again—it was always some one else. At the station also she gave a wistful glance up and down, though a railway station is an unlikely place to choose as a promenade, unless you happen to be seeing a friend off or are meditating a journey. Then the train rushed in, and May got hurriedly into a third-class carriage, leaving her box to fate, for fear the train should go off without her; and then the crowd stood back, the doors were banged to, the whistle sounded, and the engine puffed out clouds of steam and started off, caring little how many lovers and how many hopes it left behind, or how many lives it was severing, for good or for ill. And May leant back and shut her tired eyes, and was carried home into beautiful peaceful old Devon.

All the world had gone wrong with Mrs Flushton. Her nephew had followed a dismissed governess into the country, and he had gone to ask her to be his wife. Mrs Flushton had spoken her mind freely to him on the subject—perhaps she had been a trifle harsh, but then her disappointment had been bitter, and the blow had been so unexpected. He had answered her very gently and very firmly, and had only got a little angry when she had said something about her fortune that she had intended to leave him; and had answered that it was her love and not her fortune that he had asked of her, and that he

intended taking his wife back to India with him. And then he had said that he would never forget her motherly kindness to him—it was the first love he had known in his life—and then he had gone—gone to the dismissed governess, to lay himself at that girl's feet, her own boy, that she had grown so fond of!—he had gone, and Mrs Flushton was miserable.

She sat knitting by the fire, her fair, fat, good-natured face wrinkled and troubled. Presently she got up and glanced at the clock. 'The carriage will be here in a quarter of an hour,' she said to herself; 'where shall I call this afternoon? Wednesday—I believe I've lost the list of calls I made out. Wednesday. I wonder, should I?—Yes! I'll go and call on Mrs Leith Leamington! I need give no hint; but I could lead her on to talk about the girl.'

Mrs Flushton arrived early, and Mrs Leamington was alone. She was sitting in her Queen Anne drawing-room, dressed in a yellow silk tea-gown, her frizzled gold hair showing off against a pale pink and amber pomegranate wall-paper, her tea-table drawn up to her side, and a broken lute leaning against an inlaid cabinet by her, and a sickly fragrance of lilies in the air.

Mrs Flushton, in her furs and crimson velvet bonnet surmounted by an upright crimson feather, sat down somewhat cautiously on one of the spindle-logged elbow chairs.

'Will you take tea or chocolate, Mrs Flushton?'

'Tea, please,' said Mrs Flushton severely. She disapproved of innovations.

'So you have lost your pretty little governess?' she began, as Mrs Leamington handed her her cup.

'Yes,' replied Mrs Leamington icily; 'I thought it better to send her home.'

'Much better!' Mrs Flushton rejoined heartily.

'May I ask what you mean by that?' asked her hostess, pausing with her hand on the handle of the teapot.

'Oh, nothing!' replied Mrs Flushton, regretting her impetuosity.

'I ask,' Mrs Leamington continued, calmly, 'because I think I understand what you allude to. It was certainly very evident.'

'I only wonder I never saw it!' exclaimed Mrs Flushton, casting prudence to the winds; 'but I must say, Mrs Leamington, that if it were so evident to you, I think you might—in fact, in the position in which you stood, I think you ought to have warned me!'

'Why?'

The question, so calmly and shortly put, took Mrs Flushton's breath away. For a moment she gasped, and then her wrath rose. 'Why? Why? Well, I think you might see why! I think you might have known that I should not care for my nephew—my nephew, to marry a—— Well, I daresay she was a very nice girl, but hardly suitable for my nephew.'

'No? Dear me, now,' said Mrs Leamington, with extreme concern, 'and I thought it so suitable! Of course there would have been the difficulty of leaving the mother; but perhaps she might have gone to India with them. I really can't see what you can object to in Miss Lucas.—What does Captain Osborne say to her departure?'

'Say—say? Why, he's gone!—followed her home!'

In her joy at Mrs Flushton's complete downfall, Mrs Leamington quite forgot her animosity to her late governess. 'Well, I consider it very right of him,' she answered.

Mrs Flushton rose, and glanced scornfully up and down Mrs Leamington, from the tortoiseshell comb that surmounted her hair to the bronze shoe with the buckle on it that rested on the footstool.

Mrs Leamington, strong in the blissful consciousness of perfection, stood the scrutiny unflinchingly.

'I am surprised,' began Mrs Flushton, her crimson feathers nodding with indignation—'I am surprised that you should venture to say that. I wish to make no complaints; I have myself to blame for being so blind; but I only hope there has been no design in this matter!'

Mrs Leamington rose, smiling very sweetly, and trailing her yellow garments over the floor.

'Ah, dear Mrs Flushton, I don't wonder at your feeling a little vexed at your wishes being ignored, and your being set at naught, as it were! It is natural for you to be angry; but you must remember that young men will be young men; they are very headstrong in matters of this kind; and after all, you know, you have no claim on Captain Osborne, have you? You never saw him till he came home this winter, did you?—Ah, well! young men, especially if they have mingled much with the world, are very cold-hearted; you could hardly expect four months—— They'll take all they can get, and give you nothing but ingratitude in return; perhaps even laugh at your fondness behind your back!—Must you go already?—Good-bye!'

Mrs Flushton paid some more calls, and then she drove home and dressed for dinner, and dined all alone. Her rival's last poisoned arrows rankled in her breast, and the house felt very lonely and silent. She sat alone by the drawing-room fire, and her spirits sank lower and lower. 'Laugh at my fondness behind my back? I don't believe it! Perhaps I was harsh to him, he spoke up in such a manly way! How proud Mary would have been of him! He never knew a mother, poor fellow! How gentle he would have been to her! as he always was to me.—I wonder what she would have done? Oh, I don't believe she would have seen him unhappy! I meant to be a mother to him for her, but have I been it? Haven't I let pride—— Oh, my boy, my Fred! If she can make you happy, and if she is a good girl?—'

A footman came into the room softly and put some coals on to the fire and stole out again. Mrs Flushton went on knitting; the fire burnt up and crackled for a little time, and then died down again, and the room was reduced to an oppressive silence.

'Such a bright, cheery, manly fellow! What a difference his absence makes!' Mrs Flushton thought.

Half an hour passed, and then the silence was broken suddenly by a coal falling out of the fire. Mrs Flushton started, shivered, and drew her light shawl round her. A sense of utter desolation and depression crept over her until it touched her heart with a finger of ice. Was

all her life thenceforward to be like *this*? Mrs Flushton was not given to looking much beyond the interests of the moment, but now she suddenly thought of the misty years stretching far away into the future. She was hardly past the prime of life; she had half her life yet to live; was it all to be so lonely, so loveless, so?—

The door opened and her nephew walked in. His face was white and drawn, and his eyes were wild and moody.

'Why, Fred! what's the matter?' exclaimed his aunt, starting up.

'She has refused me,' he answered shortly, and dropped down into an armchair and stared into the fire.

The vicar's wife sat in the sunny vicarage parlour, busily looking over some white frocks for a destitute baby, while the baby's mother stood by the door anxiously watching, and unconsciously curtsying at intervals as the heap grew larger.

'There, Mrs Hewitt, I think that should do; and you can send Hetty for the flannel to-morrow.'

The woman came forward with a profusion of thanks, and began rolling up her goods in a bit of white calico.

'May I come in, Mrs Tweedie?' said a voice at the French window that opened on to the lawn.

The vicar's wife turned with a smile of welcome. 'Come in, May dear! I was half hoping for a visit from you this morning! I have so much to do, I was longing for a helping hand.'

As May Lucas stepped in, Mrs Tweedie looked up and noticed her red eyelids, and thought: 'The poor little thing has some fresh trouble about that love affair of hers: she has come to ask advice.'

'It is all sewing, dear, so we can sit by the fire and chat with my big work-basket between us.—Shut the window; it is very cold, though, it looks so sunny.'

May came in and nodded to Mrs Hewitt. 'How are baby and Hetty?' she asked.

'Ah, Hetty is a very naughty girl,' replied the vicar's wife, without waiting for her to reply. 'She hasn't been at the catechising class for I don't know how long!'

'Well, ma'am, it's just this way. What with baby and—'

'Well, never mind now. Don't forget the flannel to-morrow.—Good-morning. I hope the frocks will fit baby.'

The woman curtsied her way out; and Mrs Tweedie shut the door after her and returned to May.

'First, how is your mother, dear?' she said, sitting down, and selecting a needle out of her case.

'Very well, thank you, dear Mrs Tweedie.'

'And next, dear, what about yourself? I suppose you want to know if the vicar has had any suitable answer to his advertisement about you?' She glanced at the girl as she spoke, wondering if she were beginning to regret having sent away her lover. Mrs Tweedie and the vicar were both very fond of May Lucas, and on her sudden return from the post which they had found for her, a half-tearful confidence of her

pitiful story had been drawn from May by the vicar's wife in answer to her questioning.

A day or two ago Mrs Tweedie had met May and Captain Osborne in the road that led to the cottage, and had easily guessed who was the stranger in their unfrequented village. She had returned banning to the vicarage, and informed the vicar it had come right at last. But as May appeared next day more white and wistful than ever, and with no news to confide, Mrs Tweedie had taken her severely to task, and had been completely unable to understand the quixotic reason May had to offer for having ruined her happiness with her own hand.

May made no answer to Mrs Tweedie's remark about the advertisement, but fingered a piece of linen nervously, and then asked, in a strained voice: 'Shall I hem this or run it?'

'Well, run it, dear. But you'd better not use black thread on white calico,' answered the vicar's wife dryly.

May laughed a little hysterical laugh that ended in something very like a sob. 'The fact is, I am a little upset this morning,' she began, speaking painfully, 'by—a letter I've had.'

'Would you like to tell me about it, dear?'

For answer, May took the letter out of her pocket and handed it to Mrs Tweedie, who took her spectacles out of the case that was hanging, with her keys, by a steel chain to her side, and gravely put them on and began to read.

May got up and went across and looked out of the window at the fresh green lawn, where the starlings were hopping about intent on nest-building, and then her eyes wandered to where, among the young budding trees, the queer little old church stood, with its gray square tower against the blue of the sky. It was the hour for the choir-boys' practice, and every now and then a distant chord on the organ and the sound of the boys' high voices, endlessly repeating one difficult strain of the anthem, mingled with the sound of the birds' singing near at hand, and the more distant sounds from the far-off village.

Presently May was startled by a hand being laid gently on her shoulder. 'My dear, would you mind if I took this letter to the vicar? I'd like to hear what he says before I advise you; though I know quite well what I *should* advise you,' she added.

'Indeed, the vicar will advise just what you advise, for it is always what is wisest and best,' May replied lovingly.

'Perhaps that is why I always consult him, because we always think the same! But really, my dear,' she added seriously, 'this is so important a matter, affecting the happiness of two—or three lives, that I couldn't take the entire responsibility. So may I read it to him?'

May nodded; and the vicar's wife trotted across the room, went out and banged the door, and presently the door of the vicar's study opposite was heard to open and shut, and then all was silence.

May sank into a low wicker-work chair. She felt her fate was being decided, and her heart began to beat with great dull thuds, and the room swam before her eyes. 'I could not trust to myself; but if they think so too, then it must be right, and I will go,' she kept saying to herself, like a sort of lesson.

Meanwhile, this was the letter that the vicar was reading to himself at his study table, while his wife sat opposite, watching his sad, gentle face, and firm, kind mouth as he read.

MY DEAR MISS LUCAS—I do not know if I am not taking an unpardonable liberty in writing to you; but I am an old woman, and a very miserable one, and you must forgive me. My dear, my nephew has taken his berth in the *Deccan*, and he sails for India the day after to-morrow. Now, all I want to ask you, dear, is this: are you sure, are you very sure? If so, then you must not let this letter affect you, and we must all try to bear our lots bravely. But if you are not sure, if you have let any consideration besides your own feelings influence you, oh, for God's sake, come up to London by the 10 A.M. mail to-morrow, and I will meet you at the station. Oh, I know what it is that I am asking of you; but what else can be done? I dare not speak to him; and I feel my heart just breaking.

I am an old woman; I haven't a relation left except this poor boy of mine; and of what use is all my wealth to me if I cannot make the only person I have to love happy with it? He is my dead sister's child, and I had hoped so much of him—he had made such a place for himself in my empty old heart. Must he go away and leave me again?

Oh, don't let anything I say influence you if you do not care for him for himself; but, if you mistook, oh, then, don't let your pride lead you to make three people wretched and spoil three lives!

If you send me a telegram I will meet you. The *Deccan* does not sail till evening, so we shall be in time.—Forgive me, my dear, and believe me to be, your friend,

ELIZABETH FLUSHTON.

It seemed quite a long time till the door opened again and the vicar and his wife came in together, Mrs Tweedie's face beaming in such a manner as to show plainly that her husband and she were agreed.

'My dear,' began the vicar; but his wife interrupted him.

'It is all right, May, darling; he thinks as I do!'

'I think there can be no hesitation, my dear. The feelings that prompted you before were very honourable; but now this letter shows you that, if you refuse to marry this young captain, all the ill will happen to him that you thought you would bring about by accepting him. I think your duty is quite clear—if your inclination is.'

There was a pause, and May said nothing; but the soft pink colour came into her white cheeks, and a soft light into the eyes that were turned away towards the green lawn. The vicar's wife knew it all before, so of course the vicar did too.

'I will go up to town myself with you to-night.—And remember, you must be married from the vicarage—your own old home!' the vicar continued.

'And we'll ask Mrs Leith Leamington to the wedding!' added his wife joyously.

After that, a little hush fell on the three at the open window. The vicar's wife was busily and silently planning the details of the wedding

festivities. The vicar's thoughts had somehow wandered back to May's father, his predecessor, whom he had known slightly in Oxford days, and whose grave lay in the churchyard close by, in the midst of the little village that had been the scene of his work. May herself was trying to realise it. She had been so unhappy these last few days; such a hard fate she had thought to have been hers; and now—and now—

The choristers had finished their practice, and were straggling home in twos and threes across the fields. They had left the church door open, and one small boy, the pride of the village choir, had been kept to practise his solo. Suddenly his clear high voice broke the quiet, and across from the church in the quiet morning air came the words of the anthem: 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace!—how beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace!—and bring glad tidings—and bring glad tidings—glad tidings of good things!'

THE FESTIVAL OF THE CAR OF FIRE.

By S. BARNES-GOULD.

In these days of cheap lucifer matches, it is hardly possible for us, without an effort, to realise the different way in which we look upon fire from that in which it was viewed by the ancients, when the production of fire was a work of great labour and considerable uncertainty. In northern climes, the rubbing of two sticks together would hardly produce a flame, and to kindle a spark, flint and steel and touchwood or tinder were necessary. Steel, moreover, came into use at a comparatively recent period, long after bronze had been in employment—thousands of years after men had lived on the face of the earth and had needed fire. We find in all races of men, accordingly, that fire was held in great reverence, and that special guardians were appointed to keep the central hearth-fire of the tribe or colony always alight, so that thence every household could obtain its fire. The institution of the Temple of Vesta, with its perpetually-flaming altar, was merely the old hearth-fire of the Latin tribe settled at Rome, placed under the watchful eyes of midwives, who, if they let it expire, were subject to lose their lives.

The very method whereby fire was evoked by friction was regarded as something inexplicable and altogether supernatural; and the symbol of the 'fylfot,' that curious cross with crooked legs which is found on Etruscan pottery, and indeed on pottery of an earlier age elsewhere, is almost certainly intended to represent the instrument for eliciting fire: the crooked ends being handles whereby two sticks were worked about a common axle, till that axle flamed.

Perhaps the curious festival of the Car of Fire observed on Easter Eve every year at Florence carries us back to a remote period when fire was a sacred and mysterious thing. As is well known, in the Eastern Church all fires are extinguished before Easter; and in the cathedral, the bishop, on Easter Morning, strikes new fire, blesses it, and all the hearths in the city receive the new

fire from this blessed spark. It is vulgarly supposed that the old fire has got worn out, and has lost its full vigour by use throughout the year, and that the new fire is full of restless and youthful energy. There can be little doubt that this idea goes back to a remote and pagan time, and the Church accepted what was a common custom, and gave it, or tried to give it, a new and Christian idea, connecting it with the resurrection of Him who is the Light of the World. The same custom of striking and blessing new fire exists in many parts of the West as well as the East, and is sanctioned by the Roman Church. But nowhere does this ancient usage assume so quaint and picturesque a form as at Florence. There, however, the primitive significance is completely forgotten, and the people have endeavoured to explain the ceremony we will now describe, in various mutually contradictory ways.

On Easter Eve, four magnificent white oxen, their huge horns wreathed with flowers, and with garlands about them, as though they were being conveyed to sacrifice, draw a huge car painted black, some twenty-five feet high, pyramidal in shape, and crowned with a mural coronet, into the piazza before the west doors of the white marble cathedral. The car is itself wreathed with flowers to its highest pinnacle, and with the flowers various fireworks are interspersed. As soon as this great trophy is in place, the west doors of the cathedral are thrown open, and a rope is strained from the top of the car to a pillar that is erected in front of the high altar, a distance of some two hundred yards. On this cord is seen perched a white dove, composed of some white substance, probably plaster. For two hours before the event of the day takes place, the great piazza and the nave of the vast cathedral are crowded. Villagers from all the country round have arrived; but there are also present plenty of townsfolk, and strangers from foreign lands. At half-past eleven, the archbishop and all his clergy come in procession down the body of the church, pass out of the west doors, and make the circuit of the cathedral. Before twelve o'clock strikes they are again in their places in the choir. At the stroke of noon, the newly-blessed fire is applied to a train of gunpowder at the foot of the pillar. In another moment the pigeon skims down the nave, pouring out a shower of fire, sweeps out of the west door of the cathedral, reaches the trophy in the square, sets fire to a fusée there, then turns and flies back along the rope, still discharging a rain of fire, till it has reached its pillar before the altar, and there is still.

But in the meantime the fusée at the car has set fire to various squibs and petards and crackers there, and the whole structure is speedily enveloped in fire and smoke, from which explosions issue every few moments. As soon as the last firework has expired, the white oxen are again yoked to the car, and it is drawn away.

The flight of the dove is watched by the peasants with breathless anxiety, for the course it takes indicates, in their idea, the sort of weather that is likely to ensue during the year. If the bird moves slowly, halts, then goes on again, halts, and is sluggish in its flight, then they conclude the year will be tempestuous and the harvest bad. If the dove skims along to the car

and back without a hitch, they calculate on a splendid summer and autumn, on a rich yield of corn, and overflowing presses of grapes. It is satisfactory to know that since the Queen's Jubilee year the dove has never made so promising a flight as on this last Easter Eve, 1890.

And now for the legends whereby the people explain this curious custom. According to one, a certain Florentine named Pazzino went to Jerusalem in the twelfth century, kindled a torch there at the Holy Sepulchre on Easter Eve, and resolved to bring this same sacred fire with him back to Florence. But as he rode along, the wind blew in his face and well-nigh extinguished his torch, so he sat his steed with his face to the tail, screening the flame with his body, and so rode all the way home! The people along his route, seeing him thus ride reversed, shouted out, 'Pazzi! Pazzi! (O fool! fool!) and that name of 'fool' he and his family assumed; and the family is still represented in Florence.

There is another version of the story; that Pazzino, seeing the Holy Sepulchre in the hands of the infidels, broke off as much of it as he could carry to convey home to his dear Florence. As he was pursued by the Saracens, he reversed the shoes of his horse, to avoid being tracked. On reaching Florence, it was resolved that the new Easter fire should always be kindled on the stone of the Holy Sepulchre he had brought home. In honour of his achievement, moreover, the municipality ordered that the ceremony of the Car of Fire and the fiery dove should be maintained every year. For many centuries the expenses were borne by the Pazzi family; but of late years they have been relieved of these by the municipality.

The third version of the story is, that Pazzino was a knight with Godfrey de Bouillon in the first Crusade, and that he was the first of the besiegers to mount the walls and plant on them the banner of the cross. Moreover, he sent the tidings of the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre home to Florence by a carrier-pigeon, and thus the news reached Florence long before it could have arrived in any other way.

Such are the principal legends connected with this curious ceremony, and we are constrained to say that we believe that one is as fabulous as another. The explanation of the custom is really this.

The rite of striking the new fire was observed at Florence, as elsewhere, from an early date, but the *commemoration* of the new fire from the newly-ignited candle was both long and occasioned noise and struggle and inconvenience. Accordingly—partly to save the church from being the scene of an unseemly scramble, and partly to make the communication of the fire easy to a large number of persons at once—an ingenious contrivance was made, whereby a dove should carry the flame from the choir of the cathedral, above the reach of the people, who therefore could not scuffle and scramble for it, to the market-place outside, where it ignited a bonfire, to which all the people could apply their candles and torches. After a while the real intention was forgotten, and the bonfire was converted into a great exhibition of fireworks in the daytime.

The whole ceremony has a somewhat childish character, but then it dates back to a period

when all men were children; and it serves, if rightly understood, to link us with the past, and enables us to measure the distance we have trodden since those ages when fire was one of the most difficult things to be reacquired, if once lost, and the preservation of fire and the striking of fire was reserved to a sacred class.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Of late years much attention has been concentrated upon Ramee fibre, and more particularly upon machinery for tearing it asunder, or decorating it. The difficulty in carrying out this operation is, on account of the peculiar nature of the fibre, the great obstacle to its more ready application in the arts. Recently, however, a lady in the United States has discovered a new use for the plant—namely, as a food for silk-worms. She, it seems, had hatched some worms in a warm season before their ordinary food could be obtained, and she tried the experiment of feeding them on ramie leaves, with the surprising result, that the cocoons which they produced were larger than usual, and yielded a finer quality of silk. Commenting upon this, the British Consul at New Orleans, who sent an intimation of the discovery to the authorities at Kew Gardens, writes: 'If further experiments should prove that ramie leaves can be depended upon for silkworms' food, then a great impetus will be given to the production of this valuable article in the south, while it will add to the profits of those who raise that plant for fibre.'

A correspondence lately arose in the *Times* with reference to cutting the leaves of books, one correspondent being in favour of all books being treated by the guillotine, and so saving temper and use of the paper-knife; while others condemned the practice of machine-cutting in toto. But what is worth calling attention to is the curious fact which leaked out that a book of antiquarian value may have that value almost entirely destroyed by its margins being reduced. A case was quoted where a first edition of Shakespeare, very large in the margin, was sent to the binder's in order that the jewel might be set in a rich setting. The old lady who owned the volume was pleased indeed when it was returned to her resplendent in morocco and gold, and by a special clause in her will she left it to a favourite nephew. The legatee found that he owned a very ordinary copy, 'for at one slash the provincial binder had sent several hundreds of pounds into his shaving-tub.' Dictionaries and other works of reference, as well as all books of ephemeral interest, are certainly the better for being cut; but *livres de luxe* should be left intact.

Now that india-rubber and gutta-percha are used for so many and such a variety of purposes, it is difficult to imagine how the business of the country was carried on without them. Still more difficult is it to realise that the first sample of gutta-percha was imported into Europe so recently as the year 1842. Very shortly after this date, the suitability of the new product for

electrical insulation was recognised, and it was so used in the coating of the first submarine cables. In spite of numberless experiments with various artificial compounds, gutta-percha for this particular use has not been, and is not likely to be, displaced. According to the *Electrical Review*, the supply is apt to fail, for the adult trees are cut down in the most reckless manner, and forest fires account for the destruction of many more, so that the trees furnishing the most valuable kinds of gutta-percha are becoming very scarce, and in some localities have been utterly extirpated. This is also, unfortunately, the case with the trees that supply the many varieties of india-rubber; and if the destruction goes on unchecked, artificial cultivation must be resorted to, or the supply cannot keep pace with the demand.

The new Natural History at South Kensington has lately had an addition to its treasures in the form of a whale's skeleton which has been brought from the Behring Sea. A specimen of this particular kind of animal, which rejoices in the scientific appellation of *Rhachianoctes glaucus*, has never before been brought to this country. Its present habitat is found in the northern parts of the Pacific, and in the sea of Kamchatka; but it is believed to have had a much wider range in past times, for fossil remains of the species, or of one very nearly akin to it, have been found both in Norway and Sweden.

The Royal National Lifeboat Institution has now its first steam lifeboat, a description of which while in course of building was brought before the last meeting of the British Association by its designer, Mr J. F. Green. The same gentleman recently read a paper at the Society of Arts, London, in which he was able to give a satisfactory account of the boat's performance in actual work. The little vessel, although propelled by steam, has neither screw nor paddles, but is urged along by the water-jet system. This form of construction dispenses with any outside parts which might become deranged or broken in such rough service as a lifeboat is called upon to perform. Moreover, it is found that the jet system propels a vessel in a rough sea almost as well as in smooth water. There is no reversal of the engine necessary, and should the rudder become useless, the boat can readily be steered by altering the direction of the water-jets.

Distemper—which is a mixture of whiting and size tinted by various pigments—is used for theatrical scene-painting and also largely for cheap interior decoration. Mr George Howe, who recently read an able paper on 'Decorative Treatments and Materials,' before the Society of Architects, deprecates the employment of distemper in the latter capacity. He urges that whiting, which is merely precipitated chalk, is a poor substance to depend upon as a basis, and that the size as now made is liable to decomposition. He advocates the use of gypsum (plaster of Paris) as a far better foundation for such work, and as one which can be cleansed by washing. The same material is far better, he tells us, for whitening ceilings than the ordinary whitewash. It can be tinted by admixture with certain pigments, and is far more durable. He believes that when these advantages are recognised, distemper will be soon displaced by this more lasting material.

A scheme for the wholesale destruction of birds' eggs in the Shetlands for commercial purposes, which has been happily abandoned on account of the public indignation which it aroused, has been of service in calling attention to the necessity of protecting from spoliation the eggs of wild birds as well as the birds themselves. Mr Arthur Pease, who had already introduced a Bill to amend the Wild Birds' Protection Act of 1880, by extending the existing close-time for a month, has now stated his intention to include the eggs of the rarer species of birds within his Bill. True naturalists will hope for the success of this measure.

The great interest which has been aroused in recent times by the experiments of Pasteur, Koch, and others, with regard to the relations of the diseases of animals to those of man, has found expression in the determination to promote discussion of the subject by well-known experts. The Organising Committee of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, which will be held in the metropolis in the autumn, under the presidency of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, have set apart a special section for the discussion of the important subject, and the highest authorities in the medical, veterinary, and agricultural world will take part in the work. Among the subjects which it is proposed to consider will be, infectious, contagious, parasitic, and other diseases communicable from animals to man; the methods of propagation of diseases by animals and animal products; the infection of meat, milk, and other foods; and the restrictions placed upon the sale of such foods, and the movements of infected animals. The president of the section will be Sir N. Kingseote, K.C.B., who is chairman of the board of governors of the Royal Veterinary College.

The late Mr Richard A. Proctor, who did so much by his charmingly written books to make astronomy popular, is, we are glad to learn, to have erected to his memory an observatory. The site chosen is near the town of San Diego, in the southern part of California. Ten acres of ground have been given for this purpose, and enough money has been subscribed to warrant the promoters of the enterprise in ordering an eighteen-inch refracting telescope. The observatory will, unlike other places of the kind, be open to the public every evening for some hours after dusk, for its purpose is to teach. The building will be about five hundred feet above the sea-level, and about ten miles from the sea itself, and that altitude is judged to be sufficient to raise it above the fog which frequently rolls in over the land from the Pacific.

The increasing use of boracic acid by the metropolisian milk-vendors as a remedy against the souring of the product in which they deal, has caused certain inquiries to be made by their customers as to the wholesomeness of the milk so treated, and with this view they invited a Report upon the subject from Sir Henry Thompson. This Report has now been made; and it states that the acid if taken in full doses causes irritation of the digestive organs, and is injurious even if taken in small quantities habitually, probably to adults, and certainly to children. At the same time the addition of the substance to milk might be permissible if guarded by stringent

regulations, and if the fact of the addition having been made were stated, together with the exact quantity added, at the time of purchase.

The *Electrician* describes an ingenious form of soldering-iron which is likely to be adopted in workshops where there is a source of electrical energy at hand. It has the same weight and general appearance as the ordinary soldering-tool, but requires no heating by flame or stove, the heat being furnished by a resisting medium placed round the shank which supports the copper head. The amount of energy required is about the same as would be wanted to supply half-a-dozen incandescent lamps. The new tool, it is said to give the best results; and it is obvious that much time must be saved with one which is self-heating, and which must of necessity keep a clean point.

Every one is just now interested in the cost of electric lighting, and numbers of householders would be glad to exchange their old lamps for new ones if they could do so without any serious initial outlay. It is easy enough to obtain an estimate for a given number of incandescent glow lamps, but one important item of expense is apt to be forgotten by those who supply the estimate. We allude to the cost of renewals. It is true that remarkable statements have occasionally been made with regard to the long life of these lamps in particular instances; but experience proves that as a rule a lamp is not worth much, even if it does not cease to shine, after one thousand hours duty. As each lamp costs from five to six shillings, the outlay for what may be called 'repairs' is very great, and is one which those who contemplate an electrical installation would do well to bear in mind. It is said that a French electrician has lately found out a means of renewing the exhausted carbon filament, but the cost of the operation has not been made public.

In a recently issued blue-book on the Falkland Islands by the Colonial Office, the results of an experimental exportation of live sheep to London in the year 1889 is described in detail. A cargo of more than two thousand animals was carried by the steamer *Schleswig* to the Thames, but, owing to some sanitary informality, the sheep were not allowed to proceed farther than Deptford. Here they were slaughtered, and the carcasses realised in the London market thirty shillings apiece, much less than if the animals had been sold alive. The original price paid for them was nine shillings each, so that there was presumably a fair profit on the speculation. Two hundred and thirty-six died during the voyage, and the survivors, it was found, had each lost an average of fourteen pounds in weight while at sea. The experiment, it is hoped, may be repeated under more favourable conditions.

Modern chemistry, by the operation called synthesis, has been enabled over and over again to amalgamate the various constituents of a body so as to reproduce it artificially. This method of working, which it will be seen is the converse of analysis, has lately been applied by two Swiss inventors, resident at Paris, to the production of an ivory which, in all essential properties, is said to resemble the natural product obtained from elephant tusks. The new compound, in which nature is so closely imitated,

consists of certain proportions of lime, water, phosphoric acid, magnesia, alumina, gelatine, and albumen, which are thoroughly incorporated together, and kneaded into a stiff plastic mass. It is then, after a period of rest, placed in moulds and dried. Hydraulic power and heat are next applied to the compound, and the amount of each is regulated according to the density required for particular uses. After a few weeks' seasoning the material is ready, and can be sawn, turned, and polished like genuine ivory. It can also be coloured if desired by the addition of aniline dyes or pigments during manufacture. The finished product differs from celluloid in being quite unflammable.

The light railways now in course of construction in Ireland are likely to be of great permanent benefit to the country, if only in the conveyance of fish from the western coasts. Mr T. W. Russell, M.P., who has recently made a tour through these western districts in the character of a Special Commissioner for the *Daily Graphic*, speaks of one place in particular, Achill Island, where he says the sea all round teems with fish. Shoals of mackerel and herring go lazily by; while one fisherman related how he caught in one day eighty-seven soles, the average weight of which was two pounds. This catch he sent to Westport, thirty-seven miles away, and realised a profit on them of thirteen shillings and ninepence. The next day he caught ninety-seven, and could not sell them at all. Salmon, turbot, and lobsters can here be caught in profusion, but there is no market for them. The boats are mere canoes, only fit for fair weather, and there is no pier.

The Postmaster-general offers three prizes—the first amounting to two hundred and fifty pounds—for an improved method of transferring mail-bags to and from trains in motion. A model of the apparatus in present use can be seen on application at the General Post-office; but it is familiar to most travellers on our main lines. Proposed designs must be sent in to the London office not later than the 1st of May next.

From Dorsetshire, says *Nature*, a singular instance of starlings being eaten by rooks is reported. It seems that during the very severe weather we had lately, a flock of starlings was observed on a farm at West Stafford, near Dorchester, followed by a number of rooks in hot pursuit. The larger birds soon came up with their prey, and quickly despatched them, and, after stripping them of their feathers, devoured them then and there. When the scene of the occurrence was inspected just afterwards, the ground was found to be strewn with their feathers, but beyond these not a vestige of the starlings could be discovered. It seems that the rooks, from sheer hunger, must have been driven to this extremity owing to the scarcity of other kinds of food.

A new fire-resisting paint, named 'Babylonia,' has been produced by Mr Aspinall, of New Cross. It is formed of chemical ingredients, the constituents of which are kept secret. Asbestos, however, is said not to be one of the substances made use of. Some experiments were recently made with this paint in the grounds of Old Ramelagh House, Fulham; for which purpose three huts were erected, each being five feet wide by six feet deep

and seven feet high, and constructed of inch deals. No. 1 had received a priming, consisting of a clear colourless chemical solution, and was coated inside and out with the new paint; No. 2 was without the priming, being simply painted inside and out with the new paint; while No. 3 was painted inside and out with ordinary lead-paint. A sack of shavings was emptied into each, and the three were simultaneously lighted. The ordinary paint caught in one minute; by the end of two minutes the hut was well alight, and it was ultimately burned down. In the other huts the fires burned out in fifteen minutes, the new paint being partially blistered off in the region of the flames, while the woodwork had slightly caught in one or two places. The paint resisted the fire excellently, the amount of slight surface damage being about the same in huts Nos. 1 and 2. A pair of untreated muslin curtains were then hung over a structure representing a window fitted with a venetian blind, all the wood being painted with the Aspinall preparation. On the curtains being lighted, they were burned away without any damage being done to the blinds or the surrounding woodwork. The experiments satisfactorily demonstrated the fire-resisting qualities of the new paint.

A STAGE GHOST.

In the course of thirty years' experience as an actor and manager in the provinces, I have had some curious adventures, but never one so utterly beyond my powers of comprehension as an occurrence which took place at the Theatre-Royal, Woolford, just before Christmas 1872. I have often related the details of this matter to my friends, and it was talked of freely at the time. Of course, every man who heard it had a theory of his own whereby to account for the incident which I could not possibly account for; nevertheless, none of these theories ever satisfied me, and I am as much mystified to-day about that strange affair as I was the day it happened, now eighteen years ago.

Woolford, as most people—at least people of my profession—are aware, is one of the most important theatrical towns in England, and its Theatre-Royal is visited week after week by the leading touring companies. Eighteen years ago, however, it was the habit of some companies to remain in a large town for more than a week, and it was in accordance with this practice that the company of which I was a member stayed at Woolford for the three weeks preceding Christmas 1872. We were a strong combination, and during our stay in the place gained much applause for our presentation of Shakespearean plays, a selection of which we put forward with exceptionally good mounting and accessories.

There were three persons in our company who excited my interest in an unusual degree. The first was our leading lady, Miss Helen Lattimer, a very handsome clever woman, who was as charming off the stage as on it. She was a good deal above the ordinary run of actresses, and looked upon her work with that fine enthusiasm which always tends to success.

It was a great thing for her chances in the profession that she had been exceptionally well educated, and was thus able to give effect to passages in the great dramatist's works which an ordinary mind would have found it difficult to understand. She worked very hard, and devoted several hours a day to study, with the result that when she represented one of her favourite characters you quite forgot Miss Helen Lattimer, and thought only of Juliet or Desdemona or Perdita, as the case might be. Miss Lattimer, in fact, had already achieved the great distinction of submerging herself in the character which she engaged to present.

The second person who attracted my notice was our leading tragedian, Mr Edward Boville. He had come into the company under somewhat mysterious circumstances. None of us knew him as an actor; he had certainly not gone through the mill, as most of us had; and yet he proved himself very speedily a most finished artist, and rapidly rose from a minor position to the one he occupied at Woolford. Our manager, if he knew anything of Boville's history, carefully refrained from sharing the knowledge with us, and we therefore invented a story for ourselves to the effect that Boville was a peer in disguise who was acting for amusement. That he was a gentleman we had no doubt. He had all the manners and tone of the society which we usually call aristocratic, and it was palpably evident that he had been educated as only public-school and university men are. He was always kind and sociable with the rest of us; but we knew well enough that he was not of us, and that under other conditions we should not have had intimate relations with him.

Boville was a tall handsome man of twenty-eight or thirty, and I often thought that he and Miss Lattimer made a very fine couple. After he joined the company, Miss Lattimer and he struck up a friendship which no doubt seemed to some of us likely to develop into affection. They were a great deal together, and they spent hours on the stage rehearsing scenes from famous plays, just for the love of the thing, I think. But in spite of all this, I never saw anything which led me to suppose Boville to be in love with Miss Lattimer. He was always as respectful to her, in a somewhat formal and half-distant fashion, as he was to the other ladies, who, I believe, were half afraid of his 'swell' manners.

There was one person, however, who thought that Boville was making love to Miss Lattimer, and that was the third of the three people who had excited my interest. Until Boville's sudden advent and rapid rise amongst us, Mr Charles Melford had always been regarded as our most promising man. He had a long experience, came of a family of actors, and might be said to have been born on the stage. It was only natural that he should very much resent the way in which our manager passed Boville over his head, and he did not hesitate to express his resentment, and to throw out hints about amateurs and stage-struck swells, and so on. To this, however, no one paid much attention, for Boville was undoubtedly a very fine and capable actor, and well worthy the esteem in which our manager held him.

I had often thought that Melford was in love with Miss Lattimer. I had seen him watching her with an expression in his face which I did not like; I had seen him try to gain speech of her and fail, at which times the look would turn to one of baffled anger. He was not a bad fellow when you came to know him; but his dark, somewhat sullen countenance did not inspire any one with feelings of liking. Then, too, he was moody and taciturn, and sometimes had ugly fits, in which it was almost dangerous to speak to him. I believe that old Simpson, our manager, would have got rid of him but for the fact that Melford was a thoroughly-trained actor, and a very useful man in a travelling company.

It was the first week in December when we opened at Woolford, and we were to remain there until the 20th, when the theatre would be closed, for a few days to allow of preparations being made for the annual pantomime. During the two or three weeks preceding our arrival at Woolford, matters seemed to have grown very strange between Boville and Melford, and more especially between Melford and Miss Lattimer. On more than one occasion I happened to come across Miss Lattimer and Melford talking together, and I fancied each time that she was in tears, while I was quite certain that he was speaking angrily and with a sort of peremptoriness that he had no right to assume. Two days after our arrival at Woolford I overheard these two talking in one of the dressing-rooms, and caught the final words which were spoken by Melford.

'I shall stand it no longer: I'll give you twenty-four hours, and if you don't speak then, I shall!'

Then he went abruptly away, and very soon afterwards I saw Miss Lattimer leave the theatre; and though she had a thick veil on, it was evident to me that she had been shedding tears. I wondered what it was that Melford wished her to speak about, but finally decided that it was nothing more than some grievance in relation to business matters, of which Melford, being a peevish man, always had a stock. And yet that hardly accounted for Miss Lattimer's tears. However, it was no business of mine, and I tried to dismiss it from my thoughts.

Our play that night was 'Romeo and Juliet,' with Miss Lattimer and Boville as the two ill-fated lovers, and Melford in the part of Tybalt. The occasion was somewhat out of the ordinary, for the Mayor and Aldermen of Woolford had given their patronage, and were to be present in full force. When the curtain went up there was hardly standing-room in the more popular parts of the house; and by the time we had reached the ball-scene, and Romeo saw Juliet for the first time, there was not a seat to be had in stalls or boxes for love or money.

It seemed to me that Boville was somewhat agitated that night. I had seen him early in the evening in conversation with Miss Lattimer at the wings. They were not long together; but Melford saw them, and a fierce look came over his face. He went away, muttering to himself, and I thought that we should have trouble ere long. Little did I guess how it was to come.

We reached the scene where Tybalt, returning to the stage, is met and slain by Romeo. I stood

at the wings watching, others of the company standing near me. Tybalt rushed on, and was met by Romeo. I started to see how real the thing looked. Both men, Boville and Melford, glared at each other as if the quarrel had been a real one affecting themselves. The duel commenced; the fencing was superb, for both men were accomplished swordsmen. One of the men standing at my side remarked how like a real fight it was. Suddenly, as in the stage directions, Romeo ran Tybalt through the heart, and the latter, with one wild glare round, dropped. Boville stood motionless for a second, gazing at his prostrate foe. A long sigh broke upon the crowded house. And then, all of a sudden, one of the girls standing at the wings shrieked aloud and pointed to a stain that was rapidly crimsoning the boards. The duel had been no acting; it was real, and Melford lay there dead!

I have only a confused recollection of what followed. There was no more acting that night, and the streets were soon full of a crowd talking of the awful mischance that had just taken place at the Theatre-Royal. For mischance it could be, and nothing else. By some dire mistake, Boville had used a buttonless rapier. At the crucial moment, he said, Melford slipped, and the weapon, instead of passing between body and arm, had penetrated his heart.

Of course there was an inquiry and an inquest, and so on; but everybody seemed agreed that the whole thing was a terrible accident, and no blame was attached to Boville. Melford was interred, and in a day or two the matter was treated like the proverbial nine days' wonder. But Boville went, about looking very pale and haggard—a great contrast to Miss Lattimer, who somehow seemed to have recovered her spirits.

For a week after the accident the theatre was closed, and when we re-opened, Boville's name was not on the bills, the manager considering it advisable that he should not appear for a while. Consequently, the duties of leading man devolved on me, and hard work I had during the next fortnight. However, I acquitted myself so much to the satisfaction of old Simpson that he set apart the last night of our stay at Woolford for my benefit.

Now, I had always from boyhood had a great desire to play Romeo, and I was all the more anxious to appear in that character on my benefit night because Miss Lattimer was an incomparable Juliet. I talked the matter over with Simpson. We were both dubious about the propriety of producing the play again so soon after the fatal accident; but we finally decided upon doing so, and the bills were got out. I was anxious that Boville should support me, and prevailed upon him to take the part of Tybalt. He shivered slightly when I named the part to him, but finally consented on condition that an assumed name should go down on the bills.

The night came; I had a full house and a splendid reception, and Miss Lattimer was in magnificent form. The early scenes went off admirably, and after the balcony scene I felt so elated with my own success as to have visions of a great career in the metropolis. Boville, on the other hand, was gloomy and under a cloud. 'Tom,' he said, coming to me at the

wings, 'something is going to happen to me to-night.'

I looked at him in amazement. He shook his head. 'Something will happen to me to-night,' he repeated. 'I know it. I feel,' he said in a lower voice, and looking round him—'I feel that something is haunting me.'

'Nonsense!' I answered. 'You're out of sorts, Boville. The Christmas jollities will put you all right.'

'You'll see,' he said, and turned away.

The scene soon came where I, as Romeo, encounter the fiery Tybalt and slay him. As I stood waiting Boville's approach, I suddenly became aware of a strange coldness that seemed to spread itself all round me. The words,

'Here comes the fiery Tybalt back again,'

fell on my ears unheeded. I saw Boville advancing. And then—I felt a cold touch on my hand, and a voice—Melford's voice—whisper: 'Not you, Tom.' I felt myself held as in a vice, and saw another Romeo glide past me sword in hand. I caught a glimpse of his face—heavens! it was Melford come back. I heard the rapiers clash together, and stood spell-bound. I heard a voice behind me whisper: 'Go on, Tom—go on,' and never moved. I was watching something that no one in that house saw except myself. There they stood, the living man Boville, and the ghost Melford, fighting. Suddenly, Melford's rapier went home, and Boville fell. I fainted and dropped on the stage.

When I came round, it was to hear of a tragedy. They said that Boville advanced upon the stage, and that I, for some unaccountable reason, stood still as if transfixed. Boville's face suddenly assumed a horror-stricken expression; he threw up his arms and dropped—dead. Heart-disease, the doctors said.

I told my story afterwards, and got laughed at. But whatever the truth of the matter may be, and whatever was the nature of that strange secret shared by Miss Lattimer and the two men, I know beyond question that my place as Romeo was assumed for a minute by the spirit of Charles Melford in order that he might wreak his vengeance on the man who had murdered him three weeks before.

A RAINY DAY IN SPRING.

From leaden clouds there streams incessant rain,
That blights the budding branches overhead;
The sodden violets—all their fragrance fled—
Weep, weary for the sunshine's smile again.
No gay bird-woosers trill a tender strain;
The woods are still; the windflower's petals shed;
And fresh-sown fields around look bare and dead,
Till warmth will come to wake the sleeping grain.

But kindly sunshine lights this little room,
For Love makes summer in my heart to-day;
What though the outer world be chilled and gray?
Within these walls there breaks a starry bloom
Of snowy blossoms, shining through the gloom—
My darling's message, sent from far away.

C. G.

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AN ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA.

AMONG the habits peculiar to our century, not the least curious is that of mountain-climbing. A hundred years back it was the fashion, even for men of accomplished minds, to regard mountains upon the surface of the earth much as we regard the boils and ulcers which afflict the human body. They were objects to be denunciated, as much for their ugliness or awesomeness as for their uselessness. A nice level land like Holland, which incited the husbandman to labour upon it, and repaid his labour with bountiful crops, was indeed something to grow eloquent about. But a mountain was nothing better than a pile of rocks cumbering the earth, of no service to man or beast.

Mountain-climbing, therefore, like steam, is sure to be recorded as one of the peculiarities of our age. In the next century, the chances are that all our high peaks will be possessed of aerial railways, which will of course be the death of Alpine Clubs and elevated pedestrian feats. The man who wishes to get a name for himself with posterity—no matter whether the posterity be domestic merely or world-wide—must make haste and go from continent to continent, scaling peaks with his own unaided legs while he may.

Some such thoughts as these filled my head as my guide and I ambled through the black sand of the lower slopes of Etna on our way to the summit. You see, I had declined to play the part of pedestrian. One must really draw the line of this sort of thing at volcanoes; for of all toilsome work afoot, give me that of the effort to climb in sand an indefinite number of inches deep.

It was a lovely morning, the time about four o'clock. There was a bright moon in the quiet heavens, and the cone of Etna—a fearful height above us—was calmly puffing its smoke towards Italy. My guide, one Sebastian, promised me all sorts of views when we should get to the summit, and meanwhile, heedless of my own nationality, he amused me by drawing a comparison between

the English and German visitors to his beloved volcano. He loved my compatriots, he said, because they generally paid best. But he loved the Germans more because they were wont to be so much more amiable than the English.

When the day began to break, which it did in a severely chill manner, Etna put on a very piquant robe of beauty. The sunlight caught the snow and the eddying steam from her cone, and made them look very fascinating. Then it crept down the lower snow-slopes yard by yard, until at length it shone on Sebastian's head, and made him lift his cap and mutter his orations to his guardian saint. Two or three little birds began to twitter among the chestnut trees of the forest in which we were riding, to remind us that we were not in a land wholly dead and devastated. Earlier in the night we had ridden through much jetty lava, the outflow of 1885, which did an immense amount of damage to the village of Nicolosi, and sent the villagers speeding down to Catania to escape it. The smoke from this lava had caught us in the face, mildly, however; for the ruin had spent its force years ago. Here among the chestnut trees we were out of the way of lava. The trees had been planted by a certain Prince, the owner of Etna and its southern flanks, in the deep sand which had been ejected from the mountain at one time and another in the form of mud; and lustily they seemed to thrive in it. The contrast between the bright green of the leaves of the trees and the black soil from which they proceeded was odd and captivating.

We rode for three hours, until we came to a little house with a red roof on a bluff among the trees. Here at one time had been a crater of Etna, one of the scores upon scores which have broken out upon the immense body of the volcano. At present, the crater was inanimate; perhaps it was really dead; one never knows, however, what a volcano is capable of; and it is quite possible that this very day or to-morrow a spring of molten lava may boil

upwards into the kitchen of the woodmen who live in this little red-roofed house, so remote from the rest of the world. It is the house nearest to Etna, and as such receives divers distinguished visitors in the course of the year.

Here, then, our mules were allowed to drink half a bucketful of water, and rub their noses for encouragement through the tough residue of work that was before them. And here, too, Sebastian and I, and a youthful wood-cutter who had the luck to be at home, shared the contents of our haversacks, which afforded us a breakfast of baked meats, soup, coffee, tongue, fresh oranges, and the red wine of Nicolosi, all of which we enjoyed with no small appetite.

It was in a cheerful mood that we resumed our journey after the meal, and each with an indifferent Italian cigar between his teeth. Etna was still unveiled above us, and the sun had gained no little power while we had tarried. From the chestnut woods, we passed to the naked mountain sides, where mud-slopes, and iron lava streams and rounded heaps of yielding ash or sand, gave us every possible variety of highway. Little by little, Sicily, all the way to Syracuse, was displayed to view beneath us: white towns and green fields and dark woods; shining tortuous water-courses; yellow sands by the curving bays of the coast-line; and the bright blue sea, which did but just eddy upon the sands. Below, all was radiant, warm to the heart, exhilarating. Above, the snow of Etna looked more and more formidable; and the black rocks of the adjacent lesser heights, where they were too steep to hold the snow, were forbidding enough to make the heart of an eighteenth-century tourist withdraw into his boots.

But the worst of these high peaks is the uncertainty by which they are surrounded. Though they stand against the blue with no suggestion of cloud anywhere one minute, you cannot answer for them a minute afterwards. This applies especially to active volcanoes. The steam from their craters has a knack of generating clouds without external help; and if there be but a shred of ordinary cloud within their reach, they will try to seize upon it and make it swell till it be big enough to form a night-cap or a day-cap of a size to hide the mountain top completely from the eyes of inquisitive mortals. Thus, when, with the feeling of a man personally aggrieved, I drew Sebastian's attention to a handful of cloud which seemed to have caught upon one of Etna's lesser peaks, and grew while I looked at it, Sebastian did but shake his shoulders in reply. 'It is not good for us—that!' he said. 'It will be all over us soon, and the view it will be——' A pout of the lip ended his prophecy.

Now, if there is one thing more objectionable than a prophet of evil, it is the fulfilment of the evil prophet's prophecy. I could have forgiven Sebastian his pessimism, if it had not by-and-by been so amply justified. Indeed, it was too quickly accomplished to be referred to the future at all. The puff of wool—as it appeared—distended itself until it had hid half the snow above us, and then there sounded in our ears the noise of a rushing wind, as the vapour came hurtling down upon us and isolated us from all things.

This was supremely tiresome, of course; moreover, it lasted. We journeyed on for an hour until there was as much snow below as above us; and all the time we saw nothing except each other; and I am now free to confess that though I thought Sebastian a fine fellow at the outset of our acquaintanceship, I became mortally tired of him ere the mountain was scaled. In justice to him, however, he was nearly as much disappointed as myself. He endeavoured to console me by expressing his opinion that, after all, if we persevered, we might, at the summit, find ourselves above the clouds and under a pure lucid blue sky. Of course, I myself knew as much, from my experience of high peaks.

When we had journeyed for five hours from the house in the forest, always on our mules, a white shape suddenly loomed through the gray of the clouds close in front of us. A moment later, and we could distinguish the dome of a building, and stont walls round about the building. This was the Observatory, a robust house, nearly ten thousand feet above the sea, but differing from the Observatory of Vesuvius in being devoid of inhabitants. Only when Etna is in an eruptive mood does one or other of the Sicilian Professors of Seismology, or I know not what else, come hither and take up his abode within convenient reach of the crater. At other times, it serves as a house of refuge for the traveller, who may sleep and eat here as comfortably as if he were in the hotel of Nicolosi, some seven thousand feet lower.

The smell of sulphur at this point became very strong. It was clear, even without the aid of metrical instruments, that we were nearing the summit. I declined to delay and drink wine in the precincts of this elevated nest, with its beds of straw, knives and forks and cups for the service of tourists. It would have been too humiliating if, by such sensual dallying, we were to lose any opportunity of a prospect which might in the meantime be offered us by Etna's cone.

We now left our laggard mules, to get what comfort they could from a pasture of snow and cinders. The climb up the cone of the mountain, which begins almost from the walls of the Observatory, is far too steep for a mule; and indeed the man who trusted even to that sagacious quadruped's instinct to carry him safely through the bombardment of rocks and molten matter which he has to face, and also to lead him along the edge of the crater itself, might well be envied for his philosophy and confidence.

At this stage in the day I was forced to bless Sebastian for his anxiety of good, because it happened to be fulfilled in part. We had left the clouds below us. It was delightful to shake the last shred of them from our feet, and then to look down at their dense mass, and feel that we were superior to them, even as we were superior for the moment to most of the denizens of our hard-working world. The blue sky above our heads was bright to a marvel. Nor could the eddying vapour from the crater, to which we slowly fought our way, sully these glorious heavens to any extent. It rose with a white whirl against the sky, and then drifted towards the north-east with easy, graceful movement.

Our climb was not easy. The slopes of the

crater were at a stiff angle; and their substance was of soft mud, that had been liquid, impregnated with ash and masses of lava. Now and again a shower of fiery cinders, interspersed with bigger stones glowing with red-heat, fell with a thud or a sprinkling sound to the right or left of us, above us or behind us. How we escaped them, I cannot tell. It must have been due to Sebastian's shrewdness; for, after every violent eddy of smoke upwards, he kept a brisk lookout from under the shade of his palm, and directed my steps with the promptitude of a successful general. Though the height of the summit above the Observatory is only about twelve hundred feet, we were more than an hour ascending it. This will give some idea of the severity of the climb, and perhaps of the perils which it was necessary to guard against in no rash mood of hurry.

At last, however, we stood on a level, and the boiling vapour was seen seething up from a great yawning pit at our feet. 'Behold it!' cried Sebastian, with a salute, bareheaded, to the mountain; and I realised that I was ten thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, and in as convenient a situation for a sensational ending as a man may find anywhere in the world. Etna responded to Sebastian's civilities with a terrific bellow, and an out-throw of ashes and rocks that put me in much doubt of my ability to live through it. The stench of the sulphur, too, was villainous, and though I adopted Sebastian's plan of binding a handkerchief over my mouth and nostrils, it was all I could do to draw one satisfactory breath in ten. Add to this, that the ground upon which we stood was composed of burning ashes and hot mud, and it will be apparent that Etna's summit is not altogether fit for the daintily-shod tourists who climb Vesuvius by the *funicolare*, nor an easy spot for the indulgence of poetical rhapsodies.

Some say the crater of Etna is two miles round; others are satisfied with half the estimate. The truth is that both reckonings may be justified. At one time the crater is two miles in circumference; at other times, more or less. The volcano is so terribly active that it is always revising and reshaping itself. The out-cast of ash one week—most of which falls back into the crater obliquely, so as to form an inclined bank—may be so prodigious that the crater itself seems curtailed of a third of its previous area. But perhaps on the eighth day that part of the floor—to speak loosely—of the crater which has to support this growing weight of material suddenly gives way; and not only all the newly-formed boundaries, but part of the original environing rim of the crater, fall in; and so the circuit of the crater is enlarged. This process is always going on with greater or less rapidity. And the fact that it occurs so constantly makes the traveller's measurements of so little permanent value that he may generally be counselled to spare himself all trouble in the matter.

If I may credit Sebastian, we were fortunate enough to see Etna in a very impetuous mood. His roaring and evacuations were both on a vast scale. But I could have wished it otherwise, when I found that, thanks to this fervour, it was impossible to see into the crater itself, the

vapour was so very dense. But I saw enough to have my respect for the mountain raised very high in comparison with that which I feel for Vesuvius. It is no very heroic feat to descend into Vesuvius's crater, though a dangerous one; but the sides of Etna's crater were perpendicular, which gave the place a character of awe much transcending that which Vesuvius inspires.

Well, we tarried on the summit an hour, until my boots could hold out no longer, and until certain ominous signs made Sebastian wish to move homewards. Something of Sicily we saw beyond the clouds which girdled us, but it was very vague. The mountains of Lower Calabria, in Italy, seemed a part of Sicily, the narrow strait being quite expunged. For the rest, I gave my attention to Etna solely. The ominous signs I have mentioned were an excited movement in the nether clouds, as if they proposed to ascend to our own elevation. Ordinarily, this would have been a mark of better weather; but Sebastian had a different theory. He fancied it would be the prelude to a thunder-storm. The electricity in the darkening clouds would meet the electricity of the volcano, and the consequences would be alarming. And so, though not without a wish to stay to see so sublime a conflict, reluctantly I yielded to Sebastian's wish, and we left Etna to himself again. Some day, however, I propose to return to the mountain with a portmanteau full of books and manuscript paper. If a man cannot read and write to advantage in a house like the Observatory, I fail to see what inspiration solitude can ever assume to beget.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

BY GRANT ALLIN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MORTEL COÛTE,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

To Linnell, the blow was a very severe one. At thirty, when a man loves, he loves in earnest. No playing then with light loves in the portal: no time then to wince and relent and refrain: the wounds he gets at that age go deep and rankle. As Linnell returned to the Red Lion that morning he felt the world was indeed a blank to him. Once only in his life had he indulged in the madness of daring to think a woman loved him: he had put that woman to the test, oh, such a tiny test, and found her wanting past all belief. Henceforth, he would hold no girl a goddess. The game was played—and lost. Linnell was tired of it.

He had left the original picture behind him at the Wren's Nest. The portrait of Haviland Dumaresq himself stood fronting him on the easel in his own sitting-room. It wanted several hours' work yet of its final completion. That fiery energy of despair he had felt at the cottage still possessed his soul. Seizing his palette, all on fire, and working away with a will from vivid memory alone—a memory now quickened by his unnatural exaltation—Linnell proceeded to fill in the remaining details, and to place upon the canvas a breathing, speaking, living portrait of the great philosopher in his happiest aspect. It was not Dumaresq as he appeared to the artist the day before on the west cliffs—not that shattered and disappointed old man of

seventy, pleading hard against his own earlier and better self for the lowest and vilest estimate of life—but Dumaresq as he appeared on that first glorious evening at the Wren's Nest, with the heroic air of resignation and simplicity he had worn on his face, while he told in plain unvarnished language the story of his own grand and noble devotion in the morning of his days to an impersonal cause. Linnell remembered every curve of the features, every flash of the eyes, every turn of the expression, as Dumaresq had unfolded before them in full detail that strange history of magnificent self-denial. That was the Dumaresq that should live for ever upon his earnest canvas: that was the Dumaresq whose lineaments posterity should transcribe from his hand on the title-page of five thousand future editions of the *Encyclopædic Philosophy*. For Linnell was too single-minded in his admiration of Dumaresq to let contempt for one aspect of the man's nature interfere with appreciation for the greatness of his life-work. Let him be emotionally whatever he might, intellectually, Linnell felt sure in his own soul, Haviland Dumaresq towered like a giant among the lesser and narrower thinkers of his age.

After three hours' hard work, he desisted at last, and standing back in the room, gazed close with a critical eye at the portrait. His instincts told him it was a magnificent picture: he had put his very heart's blood into each stroke of the pencil. The landlady came up while he worked, and announced lunch; but Linnell would not lay aside his brush for a second till his task was done. 'Give me a glass of claret and a sandwich,' he cried hastily; and the landlady, lamenting sore that all their nice sweetbreads was cooked for nothing, was fain perforce to acquiesce in his Spartan humour. But when the last touch had been put to the picture, and Dumaresq himself gazed forth from the canvas, a thinker confessed in all his greatness, Linnell stood before it with folded hands, astonished at his own unexpected force and originality. Never before in his life had he painted with all the inborn energy of his nature unrestrained by petty fears and unworthy self-criticisms. Never before had he so trusted to his own true genius; and the result of that proud and justified confidence was apparent at a glance on the easel before him.

Women take refuge from disappointment in tears; men in action, and above all in work. The work had soothed Linnell's nerves gradually. He sat down to his desk, when the task was complete, and wrote a hasty note with trembling hands to Psyche. It was the first he had ever written to her: it would be the last. His one love-letter. And then no more hereafter, whatever come with years.

DEAR MISS DUMARESQ—I leave Petherton for ever this evening. I leave England for ever to-morrow. The oriental picture is at the Wren's Nest. I beg you to keep it as some slight memento of me. The portrait of your father I have finished from memory this afternoon. Let it remain at the Red Lion till dry; then kindly send for it and take it home. You were quite right in thinking your father's features ought

not to be lost to the world and to posterity. That they may not be lost, I beg you to accept this faint representation of them—not wholly unworthy, I venture to believe, of the striking original—during your own lifetime, and to leave it by will at your death as a sacred trust to the National Portrait Gallery. Before this reaches you, I shall have left the inn. No answer can then find me anywhere.—Good-bye for ever.—Faithfully yours, C. A. L.

He folded it up, took it out, and posted it. Then he returned, all tremulous, to the Red Lion, packed up his belongings in his little portmanteau, paid his bill, and drove down to catch the last train to London. The dream of his life was gone for ever. He didn't care much now what became of him.

At the station he jumped lightly into the first carriage he happened to see. It was almost empty, but one man sat in the far corner, looking out of the window. As the train moved out, the man turned. Linnell recognised him. It was a journalist acquaintance of other days, a man on the staff of a London daily, who acted at times as a special war correspondent.

Linnell was by no means pleased at the unexpected recognition, for he would far have preferred to be left alone, and to nurse his chagrin and mortification by himself: but there was no help for it now: the journalist had seen him, and it was too late to change into another carriage. So he gulped down his regret as best he might, and said in as cheerful a voice as he could muster: 'Hallo, Conscience, on the move, as usual! And where are you off to?'

'Khartoum, this time,' the easy-going journalist replied jauntily. 'Hot work, too, at this time of year. I only received orders by wire to Plymouth at nine this morning, and I leave Charing Cross at nine to-morrow. But it's nothing when you're used to it. I'm all on the job, you know. Bless you, I was sent out to Zululand once, much quicker than that. Down at the office at six one evening, in comes a wire, "Troubles in Zululand." Says the chief: "Conscience, me boy, you're off to Africa." Says I: "When?" Says he: "Steamer sailed from Southampton yesterday. Go overland, and catch it at Lisbon." So off I rushed to Cannon Street in the clothes I stood up in, and just managed to bundle into the night-mail, without even so much as a pocket comb by way of luggage: bought a portmanteau and a few things I needed in a spare hour at Paris; and was at Pictmaritzburg, as fresh as a daisy, before the fighting had seriously begun on the frontier. I call that smart. But a job like this is really quite easy for me.'

'Well, but you don't know Arabic!' Linnell cried, a little taken aback.

'Arabic, is it? Sorrow a woe, me dear fellow. But what of that? I've gone the world over with English alone, and as much of every native lingo I come across as will allow me to swear at the beastly niggers to the top of my wishes in their own tongue.'

Linnell looked graver. 'But you ought to know Arabic, really,' he said. 'Any man who goes to Khartoum nowadays is to some extent liable to take his life in his hands for the time

being. I've been a good deal about in Africa myself, you know, and for my own part I wouldn't like to trust myself in the interior at present unless I could pass at a pinch as a decent Mohammedan. That is to say, if I valued my life—which I don't, as it happens—but that's nothing.

'You speak Arabic, I suppose? Consider me suggestively.

'Like English, almost,' the painter answered with a nod. 'I'd pass for a Mohammedan easily anywhere in Africa.'

'Shall you go out there this winter? You generally do, I recollect; and this time there'll be lots of amusement. Things are getting lively on the Upper Nile. They'll be having a row up yonder before long. I expect squalls, myself, before the winter's over, and I wouldn't be out of the fun myself for a sovereign, I can tell you.'

Linnell laughed. 'You're a born Irishman,' he answered good-humouredly. 'You love a fight, as your countryman loves to brandish his shillelagh at Donnybrook Fair. Well, no; I hadn't definitely canvassed the Nile for this next winter, I confess; but now I come to think of it, it might be worth while to see the fighting. I don't much care where I go now, and to a man who's thoroughly tired of his life, Khartoum at present offers exceptional attractions.'

'That's right, me boy,' the correspondent cried, slapping him hard on the back. 'You speak with the spirit of an officer and a gentleman. You'd better pack up your portmanteau at once and come along off with me by the next opportunity. A man who can wear a burnous like a native and jabber Arabic's the right man for the place this blessed minute. I've got the very post in my gift to suit you. It's an artist you are, and an artist I'm looking for. The *Porte-Crayon* people are on the hunt for a fellow who can draw to go out and get himself killed at Khartoum in their service. Liberal terms: first-rate pay; a pension if wounded; a solatium for your widow if killed outright; and an elegant tomb over your cold ashes in Westminster Abbey. What more can ye want? It's a splendid chance. You can paint the Mahdi as black as you like, and no criticism. Sure, there'll be nobody else on the spot to contradict you.'

The idea fell in well with Linnell's present humour. When a man has just been disappointed in love, he takes gloomy views as to the future of the universe. Linnell was anxious to go away anywhere from England, and not indisposed to get killed and be done with it. At Khartoum his various talents and acquirements would be worth more to himself and the world at large than anywhere else. He wanted action; he wanted excitement. The novelty of the position would turn the current of his pessimistic thoughts. And besides, if he died—for he didn't conceal from himself the fact that there was danger in the scheme—he saw how his death might be made useful to Psyche. Though she wasn't the Psyche he had once dreamt about, he loved her still, and he would love her for ever. He could leave all he possessed to Psyche. That would be heaping coals of fire, indeed, on her head; but even Haviland Dumaresq, probably, would not refuse to take a dead man's money.

And Psyche then would have what she lived for. She wanted riches; and this would ensure her them. It would be better so. Psyche would derive far more pleasure from that heavy metal than ever he could.

'Really,' he said, with a bitter smile, 'I don't know, considering that what you propose mightn't very well suit me. Would it be too late now to see the *Porte-Crayon* people after we get up to town this very evening?'

'Too late, is it?' the correspondent echoed, delighted. 'Never a bit, I tell you. We'll ring them up out of the sleep of the just. Though they're rascals enough, if it comes to that, to deserve to lie awake from sunset to cockcrow. They're just dying to get some fellow to volunteer for the place. Old Lingard 'd see you if it was two in the morning. You can arrange to-night, and pack at once, and come off with me by the first continental train to-morrow. Why, I want a man who can speak Arabic myself. Camels I understand; I rode some dozens of them to death—may Heaven forgive me for it—pushing on to Candahar in the Afghan business; but Arabic, I admit, 's one too many for me. I'll take you round to see old Lingard at once, when we get up to town, and we'll be whirling across France in a Pullman car by this time to-morrow. We'll catch the *train de luxe* at Paris, and you'll just have time to meet the Alexandria steamer before she leaves Brindisi.'

Linnell's mind was made up in a moment. He would go to Africa. And sure enough, by eleven o'clock that night it was all settled; Linnell had accepted the proffered post as special artist for the *Porte-Crayon* at Khartoum; and Psyche lay, white as death, with Linnell's letter pressed against her heaving bosom, on her own little bed in the Wren's Nest at Petherton.

AMERICAN MONSTERS NOW EXTINCT.

AMERICA is a land of big things—big trees, big valleys, mammoth caves, big cities, and big shows; so that we are hardly surprised when we sometimes hear of American gentlemen emulating the fancy of 'Chibiabos, the marvellous storyteller, the great boaster,' in one of Longfellow's most beautiful poems. But we never hear our transatlantic cousins boasting that the animals of their country are larger or more formidable than those inhabiting other regions. As a matter of fact, certain big and powerful creatures, such as lions, tigers, elephants, and giraffes, are conspicuous by their absence.

But it was not always so. Time was—ages and ages ago—when what we now call 'the New World' was inhabited by the strangest and the most gigantic forms of life that the world has seen. Geologists such as Professors Marsh and Cope, in searching among the stony records of certain geological periods, have discovered the remains of a host of reptiles of great diversity, often of stupendous size, and in some cases so unlike any of the present inhabitants of the globe, whether living on land or in the sea, that we might almost fancy ourselves in fairyland, as we try to clothe the bones with living flesh, and

to picture them as they really were, walking or crawling on the ground, paddling in the water, and flying in the air. The creatures of a fertile imagination could scarcely be more strange; and to the student of extinct reptiles, the 'dragons' of old days are hardly so wonderful as these primeval monsters would have appeared to man, had it been permitted to the human race to be their contemporaries.

It is difficult for us, living in an age of quadrupeds (Mammals), and accustomed to the present state of affairs, in which reptiles play only a subordinate part, to picture the life of a continent where they played the chief part. But such was undoubtedly the case at a certain period in the world's history. It is not to be implied that these wonderful extinct reptiles were confined to the American continent, for such is not the case. Some very remarkable skeletons have been dug out of strata in England and other parts of Europe. Among such are the great 'Fish-lizard' (*Ichthyosaurus*) found in Dean Buckland's time, and described in all text-books of geology; also the curious 'flying dragons,' known as *Pterodactyle*, with their wings on their fingers (like bats), enabling them to fly. We do not propose to speak of these, as most of our readers will have heard or read something about them, or perhaps have seen the models in the gardens of the Crystal Palace. But we propose to confine our remarks entirely to a group of fossil reptiles, called Deinosaur, of which very little was known twenty years ago. For our knowledge of this wonderful order of reptiles we are mainly indebted to the persevering labours of the above-named Professors, who, with their pupils and others—sometimes guarded from hostile Indians by an escort of soldiers—have in the Far West dug up the fossilised remains of these ancient creatures. The results of their labours have not yet attained a compact form; so that the student is obliged to hunt through many volumes of different scientific journals in order to read the numerous 'papers' in which the creatures are described and reconstructed. Having spent some time in so doing, we now put together a few notes on Deinosaur for those who would like to know something about them.

One difficulty which meets us at the outset is that many fossil creatures, and especially Deinosaur, were so very different in character from those living now, that even in cases where the remains are complete and well preserved, naturalists find it no easy matter to assign to them their proper places in the reptile class and to decide in which tribe they should be included. Thus it has been found necessary to create new orders or tribes for some of the fossil forms. Such is the case with Deinosaur; they are placed quite by themselves; we cannot class them with any of the four existing orders, of which turtles, snakes, lizards, and crocodiles are examples. For the sake of those who may be familiar with geological terms, we may mention that Deinosaur flourished during the three successive periods known as the New Red Sandstone, the Jurassic, and the Cretaceous or Chalk period.

First, with regard to the name which has been given to these creatures; it means 'Terrible lizards'; and doubtless their 'aspect' when alive was 'terrible.' This has been generally accepted,

although Professor Huxley has proposed the name *Ornithoscelida*, or 'bird-legged,' which would make prominent one of their most striking and important characters—namely, a strong resemblance to birds of the ostrich tribe, the 'running-birds.' Meyer, another great authority, proposed the name *Pachypoda*, or 'thick-footed.' We mention these facts in order to point out the peculiar mixture of characters presented by this great and varied group of reptiles. Thus, the name *Deinosauria*, given by Professor Owen, connects them with the lizards; the second name connects them with birds; and the third name is suggestive of our modern pachyderms—the elephant, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros, with their thick skins and big feet.

They varied very much in size: some were only two feet long and lightly built; others were truly colossal in size and power, thus rivaling the whales and elephants of the present day. In one of these giant reptiles the upper bone of the hindleg was five and a half feet long; in another the same bone was six feet three inches long—a great deal bigger than the same bone of an elephant—and the reptile itself attained a length of from eighty to a hundred feet! The remains of Deinosaur come chiefly from the Jurassic and Cretaceous rocks. They were doubtless very numerous during the preceding period of the New Red Sandstone; but as we have to rely mainly on footprints and fragments of skeletons, we do not know very much about those of that period.

Many strange creatures lived at the same time; but these Deinosaur exhibit a 'new departure' for their skeletons show a very marked approach to birds. Without introducing technical details, it will be sufficient for our purpose to mention one of the best known examples—namely, the famous *Iguanodon*, described by the late Dr Mantell. Some huge bones of this creature were found in Sussex, and may be seen in the Brighton Museum, also at South Kensington (Natural History Museum). Since Dr Mantell's day, complete specimens of this monster have been unearthed, so that it is now possible to restore it, and form a very fair idea of its appearance, since every bone is known. This ponderous Deinosaur was from thirty to fifty feet long, and fed on the leaves of trees in the neighbourhood of the Weald. In Wealden strata are found gigantic impressions, or tracks, which it can hardly be doubted were made by this creature; but they show impressions of only three toes, and so have, in spite of their size, a strangely bird-like character. The fore-limbs were quite small, and possessed five fingers; but the hind-limbs were enormous; and there is little doubt that it was in the habit of sitting erect on its hindlegs, because we do not find impressions of the fore-limbs. It had a long neck and small head. Now, these are all bird-like characters. Footprints very similar to those found in Sussex have been discovered in the famous New Red Sandstone strata of the Connecticut Valley in America. Indeed, the resemblance to bird-tracks is in some cases so striking that serious differences of opinion arose as to whether they were made by birds or by reptiles. Even now, it would seem that some of them were produced by birds, although no remains of birds have been discovered there;

while further knowledge of the Deinosaur enables us to understand how the larger tracks were made by Deinosaur, like *Iguanodon*, accustomed to walk on their hindlegs. Dr Hitchcock, who has studied this remarkable and varied series of footprints, believes that they were produced not only by birds and reptiles, but also by lizards, frogs, and turtles, &c. They have been found in more than twenty places, scattered throughout an extent of nearly eighty miles and in a succession of strata.

Beside the tracks are seen in some places little round marks, which are the marks of raindrops—records of showers which once fell on a soft sandy surface while Deinosaur and other primeval creatures were walking about. Strange that these apparently trivial actions should be so beautifully recorded in the rocks of the earth's crust! Doubtless the sun came out as soon as the shower was over, and so the soft surface dried and hardened; and later on received a layer of sediment, thus becoming buried up and preserved for future ages, when the geologist would behold them with delight, and interpret to the human race their deep significance.

Deosaurs were a very varied group of animals, partly amphibious in their habits, possessing two pairs of limbs fitted for use on 'terra firma,' and provided with claws at their extremities. As previously remarked, the hindlimbs were generally much larger than the forelimbs. In general structure, they are considered to have been intermediate between the modern running-birds, such as the ostrich and typical reptiles. They may therefore be regarded as 'missing links' between reptiles and birds. Some were vegetable feeders; others preferred a more stimulating diet, and were carnivorous. In each case the structure of the creature was adapted to its habits, the carnivorous forms being less huge and clumsy, and generally adapted for making rapid movements in seeking or catching their prey, just as cats, lions, or tigers are more lightly built than oxen or elephants. But the teeth and claws in these cases are the most certain evidence of their habits. Some Deosaurs walked, or perhaps even hopped, on land; a few others probably haunted the trees, their bodies being very small and lightly built. Some had very solid bones; while others had light bones permeated with air-passages—another bird-like feature. Some had long necks and small heads; others, short necks and large heads. There is one form known with a powerful horn on its skull, like a rhinoceros. Some, like crocodiles, were provided with a defensive armour in the shape of long plates on the back, or even long and prickly spines. Others had no such protection, but were more powerful in attack.

The greatest number of Deosaurs have been obtained from American strata of a certain geological period known as the Jurassic, to which the well-known *Lias* and *Oolites* belong. So numerous are the American Jurassic Deosaurs, and generally so well preserved, that Professor Marsh has attempted their classification. He groups them in five divisions, to each of which he gives a Latin name roughly indicating their prevailing character. These divisions are as follows: the Latin names being turned into English: (1) The Lizard-footed—vegetable feeders

of very great size, with fore and hind limbs of nearly equal length, walking on all-fours, and with the limb-bones solid. In this group occur some enormous Deosaurs, which we will presently describe. (2) The Plated Lizards, so called because their skin was provided with an armour of bony plates. Some were of gigantic frame. The hind-limbs were very large, and the fore-limbs small. They probably walked on all-fours. (3) The Bird-footed—also herbivorous, with hindlimbs so much larger than the fore-limbs that they show an approach to the type of birds. It is almost certain that they habitually sat in an erect position. The limb-bones were hollow, another bird-like character. Some, like *Iguanodon*, were of great size—namely, about thirty feet long. (4) The Beast-footed. These were formidable carnivorous creatures, which generally walked erect, their progression being in many cases assisted by a powerful tail, which they may have used in leaping, as kangaroos do. The fore-limbs were very small, and they had prehensile claws. Their limb-bones were hollow. Evidently their structure was adapted to carnivorous habits, for they would be capable of rapid movements. One of the members of this division had a horn on its head, which, if we may judge from the rhinoceros, must have been a powerful weapon of offence. (5) The Leaping-footed. These creatures, which Professor Marsh only doubtfully includes among Deosaurs, had curious hindfeet specially adapted for leaping. Probably they had great gifts in this direction. Lastly, there is one form of Deosaur which presents more bird-like affinities than any other—namely, the little *Compsognathus longipes*, from the famous lithographic stone of Bavaria. It is so peculiar that the Professor places it in a group by itself. It has toothed jaws, and a head supported on a long and slender neck. Professor Huxley concludes that 'it is impossible to look at the conformation of this strange reptile and to doubt that it hopped, or walked, in an erect or semi-erect position, after the manner of a bird, to which its long neck, slight head, and anterior limbs must have given it an extraordinary resemblance.' Is it possible that this little Deosaur represents how reptiles became birds? Who shall say?

In the Oxford Museum are some gigantic bones of an English Deosaur, which, because it was compared to a whale, has been named *Cetiosaurus*. It belongs to our first division. The following extracts are taken from Professor Phillips' account of this creature: 'Probably when "standing at ease," not less than ten feet in height and of bulk in proportion, this creature was unmatched in magnitude and physical strength by any of the largest inhabitants of the land or sea.' (This was written before the larger American forms were discovered.) 'Did it live in the sea, in fresh water, or on land? This question cannot be answered, as in the case of *Ichthyosaurus*, by an appeal to the accompanying organic remains, for some of the bones lie in marine deposits, others in situations marked by estuarine conditions, and in fluviatile accumulations. Was it fitted to live exclusively in water? Such an idea was at one time entertained, and it is often suggested by the mere magnitude of the creature, which would seem to have an easier life floating in water than lifting its huge bulk and moving with slow steps

along the ground. But neither of these arguments is valid. The ancient earth was trodden by larger quadrupeds than our elephants.' He thinks it may have led an amphibious life, haunting both land and water. Only one small tooth was found; but from this Professor Phillips concludes that it was a vegetable feeder.

The best known American Deinosaur belongs to this division were *Brontosaurus* and *Atlantosaurus*. The former of these veritable monsters is now thoroughly known. Professor Marsh has drawn a complete restoration of the skeleton. It attained a length of fifty feet, and is estimated to have had a 'live-weight' of twenty tons! It had a small head, very long neck, solid bones, and a long heavy tail. The hindlegs are of enormous size, suggestive of an elephant rather than a reptile. The small head and brain seem to indicate a slow-moving reptile. It was entirely without offensive or defensive weapons, or bony plates on the skin. In habit it was more or less amphibious, and probably fed on aquatic and other succulent vegetation. Perhaps the individuals which have been found got 'mired,' and so died in the mud. The largest of all the Deosaurs was *Atlantosaurus*, which attained a length of nearly one hundred feet! But, since the bones have not all been found, it is impossible at present to give a description of this reptile. The 'cup-bones' or vertebrae are larger than those of the largest whales.

The unfortunate scarcity of Deinosaurian remains in the New Red Sandstone rocks both of England and America is matter for regret; but there can be little doubt that this great order of reptiles was then flourishing. If they have bequeathed very few of their bones to posterity, they have at least left their 'tracks' behind them—'Footprints on the sands of time,' in a literal sense.

The Deosaurs show us the reptile class in the height of their power. The evolutionist believes that reptiles developed into birds; but whether this wonderful transformation actually took place through the Deosaurs we cannot yet tell. At least these creatures mark the highest point in the scale of animal life attained by reptiles as such. After that they began a downward career; and from being 'lords of creation' for three geological periods, began to take a lower place, and make way for a higher type, the Quadrupeds, or Mammals, which are now at the head of the animal kingdom. Their origin is involved in obscurity. They seem to be related to crocodiles; but we have no evidence 'before the court' of geologists of crocodiles passing into Deosaurs.

Geology reveals to us the fact that classes of animals rise and fall, are exalted and then brought low, just as empires among men. The Deosaurs were not destined to remain for more than a certain time in their exalted position. Already in the New-Red Sandstone period the usurpers had appeared on the scene in the shape of humble little quadrupeds, creatures apparently unable to cope with their rivals of the reptile class, but destined, as ages rolled on, to grow in power and strength, and so to attain the proud position they now occupy. One cannot help wondering how the victory was accomplished. But they had a more developed brain than reptiles; that

would give them an immense advantage in the 'struggle for existence.' Thus, it would seem that brains carried the day, and so Mammals now 'hold the field' against all their enemies.

If there is one truth which more than another is brought out by the study of geology, it is that, from the most ancient period down to the present day, there has been a gradual introduction from time to time of higher and higher forms of life on this planet, thus constituting a kind of drama of existence.

When our poet wrote, 'All the world's a stage,' he thought only of 'men and women,' whom he calls 'merely players.' But the geologist sees a wider application of the words as he reviews the great drama of past life on the globe, and finds that plants and animals, too, 'have their exits and their entrances.' Nay, more, the 'strange eventful history' of a human life sketched by the master-hand might fitly be chosen to illustrate the birth and growth of the tree of life, the development and expansion of which are so emphatically proved by 'the testimony of the rocks.'

MY AUNT CECILIA.

By ARTHUR H. NORWAY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

I MUST have been very young when my Aunt Cecilia took charge of me, for I cannot call to mind any save the dimmest recollections of my state of life before the occurrence of that event. She was a kind and gentle lady, with a singular capacity for exciting love in all who had dealings with her; and I know that from the first I was content to be under her charge. If my change of life caused me any wonder—I do not recollect that it did—that feeling was very transient; and in the London home to which my aunt transported me it was quickly lost.

My aunt's house stood in one of the roads which converge towards Westminster Bridge on the south of the river—roads which are now given over almost wholly to lodging-house keepers, but in which rich merchants once did not disdain to dwell, ordering their lives with a simple dignity, commoner in old days than it is at present. Aunt Cecilia chose the house, I believe, because it was so quiet. It stood back at some distance from the road; and the garden-beds which lay before it were inclosed by a high wall, topped with a row of pollard lime-trees. Even the front garden was thus quite private, and Aunt Cecilia could work in it without fear of being overlooked. At the back of the house was another garden, nearly the whole of which was occupied by a lawn, always smooth shaven, and surrounded by beds of homely flowers, marigolds, hollyhocks, mignonette, and tall bushes of white roses. It was a wonderful garden for the town; and beyond it was a stable-yard, with stalls for eight horses. These were always vacant in our time, and served as a playground for me.

The house, though comfortable, was not large; and my aunt, as I know now, was not rich. Neither her means nor her inclination permitted her to see society; and I do not remember that she had any acquaintances in the neighbourhood, except the Rector, a tall, courtly, old gentleman, somewhat bowed with years. He was a frequent visitor at our house; for having no wife with whom to discuss those points of parish duty on which a lady's opinion is of value, he was glad at times to consult my aunt. There were not many ladies in the parish, the Rector used to say, and I suppose there were not.

In the first years of my residence with Aunt Cecilia, however, another visitor occasionally came to see us—my godmother. She came at long intervals, and always seemed sad and fearful, though she reserved smiles enough for me. I was very fond of her, for she had in perfection the art of amusing children; and I was never happier than when standing beside her knee, listening to some old legend of Arthur and his knights, or to some tale of the merchant adventurers of Sir Richard Grenville's time, such as made the blood dance and tingle in my veins.

It was in October that she came for the last time. I was crossing the garden from the stables when I saw her, in the deep black dress she always wore, push aside the flame-coloured wreaths of Virginia creeper which hung across the garden-door of the house, and come out to meet me, followed by Aunt Cecilia. I always think of her as I saw her then. I can recall at will her girlish figure, hung round with glowing tinted leaves; and her hair, which, though closely confined, caught the sunlight and glistened like threads of gold. But it was her face that impressed itself most clearly on my memory; and I know now it was full of a sorrow which I was then too young to comprehend.

'He grows very tall, Cecilia,' said my godmother, with a constrained sound in her voice.

'He will be seven in March.' As she said this, Aunt Cecilia laid her hand caressingly on the other woman's shoulder, and went on: 'You will know he is well cared for.'

'If you should die, Cecilia!'

'I shall not die,' my aunt answered, 'until I am not needed any longer.—Be at ease, Fanny: I will not play you false.'

My godmother glanced at Aunt Cecilia as if she could not trust herself to speak; and then, kneeling down on the grass, she drew me towards her and threw her arms around me. 'Oh my child,' she cried, 'I am going away from you, so far away that I may never see you again. Don't forget me, Osmond: always remember me: think of your playfellow often, often, for I love you dearly.'

Before I could answer her, she rose suddenly, and seemed to regain control over herself. All that afternoon she was the merry companion I knew so well, telling me over and over again the tales I loved to hear, always with such a

zest and enjoyment that I had never thought her so amusing. When I went to bed, she took off a black ribbon, from which a little cross of gold was suspended, and put it round my neck. 'Here is a present for you, Osmond,' she said. 'Try, for my sake, not to lose it. Think of me whenever you touch it, child. It is all I have to give you.'

I dreamt of my godmother that night, and more than once I could have fancied I woke up far enough to be conscious that she was standing by my bed, shading her candle from my eyes. I learned afterwards that she had come many times in the night to look at me as I lay asleep; but in the morning she had gone.

That afternoon, my aunt took me to Gravesend; and as soon as we arrived there, we went on board a great steamer which was lying in the river. My godmother was standing on the deck, and when she saw me she caught me to her breast, clinging to me as if she were some wounded animal and I some shelter that offered her security.

'He will forget me, Cecilia,' she said, striving to control her tears; 'he will forget me altogether.'

'I do not think Osmond is so changeable,' replied my aunt. 'I should think meanly of him if he forgot you.'

'I will not; indeed, I will not,' I protested.

'Poor child! he doesn't know what he is promising,' my godmother said with a wintry smile.

At that, Aunt Cecilia took her by the hand and led her apart. I did not hear what passed between them; but I noticed that my godmother seemed a little comforted by it. Aunt Cecilia stood very erect beside the bulwarks of the ship, holding my godmother's hand; and at the conclusion of what she had to say, kissed her as solemnly as if she were sanctifying a vow.

Immediately after that, the shore-bell rang; and almost before I realised that the parting was over, my aunt and I were in the tender, and the great ship was slowly put in motion. As long as we could distinguish my godmother's girlish figure, straining after the last glimpses of us, we waved our handkerchiefs; and long after that, after even the lights of the vessel had faded and disappeared into the gloom of the autumn evening, my aunt stood motionless upon the quay, gazing down the river. When it was quite dark, she took my hand, and we went sadly home in silence.

The impressions of the days I have described are the strongest which remain from my childhood; and I have no doubt that every sentence spoken in my hearing on these occasions remains unaltered in my memory. Many a night in my sleep I heard my godmother's fearful voice, and woke stretching out my arms in search of her with a vague feeling of desertion for which I never could account.

I may as well say now, before I lay aside the subject for a time, that four years afterwards we heard of my godmother's death. I doubt whether in all England there were two sadder hearts that day.

I have no distinct recollection of the years that followed. They were uneventful and placid.

I remained at a private school in the neighbourhood until I was thirteen years old; and then, being in somewhat delicate health, I was sent to spend six months with a clergyman near Epsom, in order that my health might be recruited, and that I might at the same time undergo some preparation for the larger school in London to which I was to go on my return. I had one fellow-pupil, a boy named Sinclair. From this point the story of my life properly begins. I often wonder whether it was chance alone which brought me to this country vicarage.

Sinclair's father was British consul at Trieste; his uncle was Port-admiral at Portsmouth. He himself was destined for the navy, and had been sent home to the charge of his uncle, in order that he might be educated the more carefully for his future profession.

The choice of a tutor for him was not happy. Mr Calthrop, with whom we were placed, was an excellent scholar; but of the art of teaching he understood as little as of that of control, and long ere I appeared on the scene, Sinclair had mastered him, and read each day as much, or as little, as he chose. My arrival naturally did not render my fellow-pupil more inclined to study; and as it was considered necessary for me to be much in the open air, Sinclair decided for himself that he would bear me company. Together we ranged day after day over a tolerably extensive stretch of country, and became so intimate as to have no secrets from each other.

'What are they going to make of you?' asked Sinclair one afternoon, as we lay on Banstead Downs, watching the light white clouds drift across the blue sky. 'What do you want to be, Osmond?'

I had not thought about it, and I said so.

'You know I am going into the navy,' he said. 'You are not far from the age; and by the time you reach it, you will be tired of school and desk work. I am already.'

'But you will not enter the service yet?'

'I am nearly old enough, I believe,' he said; 'but I haven't thought about it.' Then, led by one of his sudden wilful impulses, he broke off the conversation, and springing up, began to leap the patches of heather; and so our talk was at an end.

He returned to the subject, however; and often scoffed at the idea which I sometimes ventured to put forward, that I might become a barrister or a doctor.

'Shaw! Don't speak of barristers!' he would cry in high disgust. 'I never knew one yet who didn't smell of dust.'

'Have you known many?' I inquired.

'Quite enough to judge, or you may be sure I shouldn't speak of them.'

'Well, why not a doctor?'

'Why, you go from bad to worse. The lawyer was bad enough; but he was at least clean. A doctor spends his whole life in handling dirty people—one night as well be an attendant at a public wash-house at once. And then the perpetual atmosphere of sick-rooms! Phew! Osmond, you must clear up your mind about your occupation in life, or you'll drift into something mightily unpleasant.'

'But there are doctors in the navy,' I suggested.

'So there are cooks; but you and I don't wish to join them, I should think.'

I did not often protest further; and the conviction soon stole in upon my mind that the civilian occupations I had contemplated hitherto as possible for myself were all burdened with some degrading circumstance which would render them highly unpleasant to pursue.

It happened about the time when this new idea was rooting itself in my mind, that Admiral Sinclair visited us one day, and carried his nephew off to dine at an hotel at Epsom. I spent that afternoon in wandering about the house and garden in a forlorn sort of way, wishing idly that I had an uncle to visit me sometimes; and wondering whether, if I had, I should not ask him to take Sinclair too. I had just decided that I should, when a carriage drew up at the garden gate, and Sinclair leaped out from it.

'Osmond, come here,' he shouted; 'I want you to speak to my uncle.'

I went up to the carriage in some trepidation, and held out my hand shyly to the bluff old admiral, whose jolly weather-beaten face looked at me with a curious scrutiny.

'Well, my lad,' he bawled out in his great voice, 'you're a likely fellow! Can you jump, my boy?—Harry, can he jump?'

'Better than I can, uncle.'

'Ha! now, let's see you clear that gate. No touching, mind.'

I was better at a high jump than Sinclair, and I knew it, though he far excelled me in strength and endurance. We took a short run, and both cleared the gate; but while Sinclair only just avoided scraping it, there were several inches between my boots and the topmost bar. The admiral was hugely pleased.

'Capital, glorious!' he roared out.—'Harry, your friend is a fine fellow. I once saved my life by jumping.—Here, my boy, Harry says you would like to go into the navy?'

My heart beat fast as I assured him I should.

'Well, I will give you a nomination,' he said. 'Mind, there'll be an examination after that; so you must stick to your Euclid, and so on. Write to me in October, my boy, and tell me whether you are still in the same mind.'

'No fear of my changing it, sir,' I protested.

'So much the better. But write to me all the same.'

With that he slipped a sovereign into my hand, and drove off, vowing he should be late for his train.

'So it is settled,' said Sinclair as we stood watching the carriage. 'But what will your aunt say?'

'I don't think she will object.'

Sinclair shook his head. 'I suppose you will get your own way in the end,' he said. 'If you have any doubt about the matter, you had better say nothing until you see her.'

I thought this good advice, the more so as I was to go home in about a fortnight; and therefore in my letters to Aunt Cecilia, though I mentioned the admiral's visit, I made no reference to his offer. The very secrecy I observed, however, caused me to think the more about it; and my curiosity and interest being artfully fed by

Sinclair, I was in a state of great excitement for many days, and had much ado to restrain myself from giving it vent the moment I returned home.

I had sense enough to see that an important subject could not be broached in the midst of the bustle of greeting. Aunt Cecilia received me with tears in her eyes, which passed into smiles when she saw what a ruddy, healthy lad had returned to her in place of the ailing invalid who left her only six months before. 'My dear boy, you are copper-coloured,' she declared. 'You are like a savage.—Come in. I will pay the cabman and see to your luggage. Ah! child, the house has been very quiet since you went away.'

A pang of remorse shot through me as I heard these words. It seemed to me as if beneath the half-jesting tone in which they were uttered a deeper feeling lay, felt, perhaps, rather than admitted. In that moment I realised that I had ceased to be a child, and that my aunt was beginning to look towards me for companionship. And I—what was I proposing to myself but to leave her finally to grow old alone!

This impression passed away quickly enough. My aunt seemed as happy as a child in having me at home again: she was full of laughter and of jest; and related to me some droll experiences she had had among the poor people who were pensioners of hers. 'And you, Osmond,' she said when she had done, 'have you nothing to tell me?'

'Well, yes,' I said, reddenin' a little, 'I have. I told you in one of my letters that Admiral Sinclair had come to see us.'

'Yes, he made you jump a gate. He must be a kind-hearted old man, judging from what you said of him.'

'He offered me a nomination for the navy; I blurted out.

Aunt Cecilia set down her teacup with a sudden snap and turned a grave face on me. 'For the navy; a nomination? Why should he have done that?'

'I don't know. Perhaps Sinclair asked him.'

'But what did he say?' my aunt persisted. 'Tell me exactly what he said—his very words.'

I told her as nearly as possible what had passed.

When I had done, she rose from her chair and walked about the room in evident perturbation. 'And you, what answer did you make?' she asked at length. 'Ah! child, you should have told me this before.'

'I said I should like to accept. I am to write to him in October, giving a final answer.'

'In October,' repeated my aunt with a sigh of relief. 'Then there is no hurry.'

'No, there is no hurry,' I replied; 'but I shall have an examination, and I may as well prepare for it.'

Aunt Cecilia frowned. 'Don't prepare for it, Osmond,' she said. 'I can't allow this to go on.' Then seeing how my face fell, she came up to me and passed her arm round my shoulder. 'My dear boy, is your heart very firmly set on this?' she asked in her kindest voice.

'Very firmly,' I said; 'but of course'—

'Of course you won't do anything to grieve me. I know that, child.' Here she patted my arm

gently, as if to express her conviction that the understanding between us was perfect.

'I see a very grave difficulty,' she said. 'I am afraid the plan must be given up. But let me think it over. I am taken by surprise. We will talk of it again to-morrow. Meantime, there is a poor woman waiting to see me. Her son is dying, I fear, of consumption, and she is just broken-hearted. Find me a book for him, Osmond—something light to hold and pleasant to read. I will come for it: don't you come out, for the poor creature is in sad trouble, and she won't want to see any one but me.'

A NESTING-PLACE OF SEA-GULLS.

BETWEEN the narrow wooded gorge of Glen Almond and the broad fertile valley of Strath-eam stretches a long vale, embracing part of the parishes of Methven, Tibbermore, Mudderty, &c., one-half of which drains westward to the Earn, and the other eastward to the Almond. The dividing-line is Methven Moss, from which two streams, both named Poir, flow east and west respectively. The eastern portion consists for the most part of arable land, interspersed here and there with bogs and woods. The most interesting of these bogs is the one popularly called the Gull Loch. The name is modern, having been given only a few years ago, when a colony of gulls, driven from a similar place near Draplin, took possession of it for breeding purposes. Before this arrival, the bog was known as the Minkie Moss or the Cranberry Bog. The former name is suggestive of fairies, or rather water-kelpies, and the change to Gull Loch is indicative of the change of thought in modern minds, when, instead of ideal poetical figures like fairies, we substitute real, living, and not less beautiful sea-gulls.

The bog—for, despite its new name, it is only a bog—lies quite close to the main road from Perth to Crieff, and about half a mile distant from Almondbank Station. It stretches in the form of a crescent for nearly half a mile, having arable fields on the concave side and a thicket of oak, Scotch fir, and birch on the other. The centre of the bog consists of soft peat, overgrown with tufts of rushes and marsh-plants of all kinds; and this is the principal nesting-ground. Round this central part stretches a band of dark forbidding-looking water, in which the young gulls take their first swimming lessons, and then the look of the water becomes quite changed. A few broken, leafless, doddered stumps of trees grow at the edge of this encircling water, and help to give the dark chill marsh a more gruesome and menacing aspect. In spring, marshes look more desolate and sombre than at any other time; for, while all around, the fields and woods and bypaths are bursting into the glory and beauty of their spring flowers, the cold dark waters of the swamp have not yet got the chill taken off, and the marsh-mallows and forget-me-nots are not yet showing themselves above the dismal slime or withered sedge. But the Gull Loch is an exception. Instead of spring flowers with

their white and yellow blossoms, nodding their heads in the breeze, we have thousands of gulls with their lovely white breasts and slate-coloured wings and chocolate heads; and instead of the dancing daffodils, we have the skimming, sailing flight of these sea-rovers with their shrill cries, which sound at a distance not unlike the beating of the waves on a rocky coast.

In the beginning of March, the bog, which has been untenanted save by a few wild ducks and coots throughout the winter, begins to be enlivened by detachments of gulls, which appear day after day, until the full number has arrived. Nesting generally begins in the early part of April. There is, properly speaking, no nest at all, but just a hollow place in the peat or in the bunches of rushes, in which they lay four or five dark spotted eggs, which bear a close resemblance to plovers' eggs, for which they are often mistaken. It has been calculated that as many as ten thousand gulls nest here every season, and the nests in consequence are placed very closely together; indeed, one nest is sometimes made to serve two pairs of birds; and a nest with eight eggs is no uncommon find. After the usual time the eggs are hatched, and then the pretty little chicks are to be seen running about on the peaty soil, or swimming slowly, like round gray balls, on the dark water.

One of the prettiest sights imaginable is to stand on the bank of the swamp in the morning or evening when the nearly level rays of the sun are glinting over the expanse of water and rushes, and watch the slow graceful flight of the gulls coming or going, or simply wheeling overhead in quiet enjoyment. If you fire a gun, the scene changes in a moment—from quiet beauty there is a change to wild shrieking tumult. Thousands of birds rise from the rushy cover and wheel about in endless confusion, uttering shrill, half-defiant screams at the intruder. After a time they begin to settle once more; and then, when seen against the dark background of Scotch firs, they look like large snow-flakes falling slowly down, such as one often sees at the beginning of a snow-storm. There is also the same picture of multitudinous bodies, which puzzles the eye and defies all attempts at enumeration.

It may be asked, 'Where do so many birds get sufficient food for themselves and their young ones?' As in large aggregations of human beings, there is sometimes considerable difficulty in getting supplies for all, and in dry seasons there is a good deal of hunger and starvation. Most of their food is got from the fields, and you may see them in great numbers following the plough and picking up insects, worms, &c. They also frequent the rivers, where they fish for minnows and other small aquatic creatures. During the summer they become very tame, and may be seen sitting in the village street and eagerly picking up the scraps of bread thrown to them by the children. As a community, they are socialists, all being equal and enjoying equal benefits and privileges. They also give us a very good example of kindness and good-feeling, for though crowded together in what must be a rather complex and puzzling manner, they seem always to be on the best of terms with each other, and such a thing as a fight is never seen among them. As soon as the young birds are sufficiently strong on the wing they begin to

migrate to the sea-shore; and by the end of summer the loch is quite deserted, except by the few ducks, coots, and water-hens which also nest there and stay on all the year round.

ON A RANGOON JURY.

THE scene is 'The Court of the Recorder of Rangoon'; the occasion, the first day of the autumn sessions; and the time ten A.M. on a scorching October day. The court-room and verandas which flank it are thronged with people of both sexes and all nations, whom curiosity or business has brought hither; among them ten or a dozen Englishmen who have been called as jurors, and do not seem to appreciate the prospective task. As a matter of fact, it is 'mail-day,' and they have had to leave their offices, where the weekly pile of mail-work is awaiting them, to dance attendance at the court, where their services may not be required after all.

His Honour the Recorder has taken his seat on the bench, and the clerk of the court produces a hat, from which he draws five names at hazard. Mine is the last to be called, and I follow the other jurors into the box under the sympathetic valedictory grins of my more fortunate fellow-countrymen who have been dismissed for the day.

'Elect your own foreman, gentlemen,' says the clerk when we have been sworn. And in deference to my status as the only pure European, my colleagues—three Eurasians and one aged Burman—unanimously appoint me to that office. The Recorder beams upon us good-humouredly for a few seconds, and then, resuming his wonted air of judicial gravity, directs the clerk to call the first case on the list.

The first case is not particularly interesting. Poonosawmy Moodliar, native of Madras, aged thirty-five, domestic servant in the employ of Septimus Balthazar, trader, of Rangoon, is placed in the dock charged with felony; in that on the 19th day of September last he did steal and carry away one cotton umbrella, value one rupee two annas, the property of Moung Pho Loo. The clerk reads the charge at a hand-gallop, scornful the very elements of punctuation in a manner that must puzzle my Burmese coadjutor—'property of Moung Pho Loo Prisoner do you plead guilty or do you claim to be tried,' &c.

The prisoner, who is undefended, pleads not guilty; and in reply to the usual questions, says he has no objection to any gentleman on the jury, and that he understands English. This latter admission is highly satisfactory to all concerned. In cases where every word has to be interpreted just double the time is occupied, which is no small matter when the cause list is a heavy one. The Tamil interpreter sits down, and the case proceeds forthwith. The first witness is Moung Pho Loo, who identifies the umbrella—a ponderous structure of bright pink cotton—as his, and states that he laid it down on a stall in the Burra Bazaar on the morning of the 19th September, and next saw it in the prisoner's hands, a week later.

'No, sah!' from Poonosawmy, and 'Chuperao' ('Hold your tongue') from half-a-dozen policemen.

Moung Plo Loo having given his evidence, is ordered to stand down, and a Coringa policeman takes his place in the box. This witness is not a bright specimen. His evidence is rather difficult to extract, but is quite conclusive. He was on duty in the Bura Bazaar on the morning of the theft; saw prisoner take an umbrella off a fruit-stall and walk away with it; didn't stop him because he didn't know it was not his; that is the umbrella, lying there on the table. That is all.

Does Poomosawmy wish to ask this witness any questions? No; Poomosawmy is now weeping floods of penitent tears, and can only beg the Lord Sahib to forgive him; he is 'poor man,' and he thought the umbrella was his. Has he then any witnesses who could prove that he owned an umbrella like this? No, Poomosawmy has no witnesses, and he is poor man, sah. Has he nothing else to say in his defence? Yes; he wishes to say that he is poor man; very poor man, sah. If Poomosawmy had been charged with murder, high-treason, and incendiarism, he would have pled poverty in extenuation. It is a way the native has; but naturally it doesn't count for much in an English court of justice. A brief summing-up is followed by a briefer consultation, and a unanimous verdict of 'Guilty.' A previous conviction is proved against the prisoner; and Poomosawmy Moodilar, sentenced to six months' imprisonment, is removed, dolefully howling at the top of his voice.

The next case is one peculiar to Burma, and, fortunately, not very common even there. Nga Sliway Oo and Nga Lact (Gyes, natives of Donyi, in the Irrawadi district, are placed in the dock charged with the manslaughter of Moung Bah, native of the village of Panlang, in the Manthawaddy district. They plead not guilty; and if an air of unmoved calm goes for anything, they don't believe themselves to be so.

From the Government Advocate's opening speech we gather the following facts. Early in the month of July last the two prisoners, travelling in their canoe from their own village of Donyihoo to Rangoon, stopped at Panlang to pass the night, and went to the house of Moung Bah, who was a friend of theirs, to sleep. In the course of the evening, Nga Sliway Oo told the company how, during a recent visit to Mandalay, he had rendered some small service to a Hpoo-gyee (Buddhist priest), who had repaid it by teaching him a potent spell against death by drowning. Moung Bah, who was a fisherman by trade, was much interested in this; and after Nga Sliway Oo had related some marvellous stories illustrating the infallibility of the spell, he implored that it might be cast upon himself; and the prisoner consented to exercise his powers for a consideration of five rupees. The money was promptly forthcoming; and Nga Sliway Oo, producing the necessary implements, at once set to work to tattoo the figure of a paaly-bird (a species of egret) on the victim's chest, muttering incantations as he did so.

When the operation was finished, nothing would satisfy Moung Bah but an immediate trial of its efficacy; and as a full moon gave ample light, he insisted upon the prisoners taking him out in their canoe that he might put it to the test before he slept. Two other friends accompanied

the party, and a large number of the villagers assembled on the shore to watch the proceedings. Every Burman can swim like a duck from infancy, and though the tide in the Panlang creek is very powerful, with many dangerous undercurrents, any ordinary trial might have been made with perfect impunity. But Moung Bah, bent on making sure that he had got his money's worth, persuaded the two prisoners to bind him securely, hand and foot, before they tossed him overboard. They did so, then threw him into the water, and drifted down with the stream, awaiting the course of events. Whether they expected to see their friend rise to the surface freed from his bonds, or whether they imagined the 'spell' would cause him to float like a cork, the learned counsel is unable to tell us; but, as might have been expected, poor Moung Bah sunk at once, and was never seen again till a few days afterwards, when his body was recovered thirty miles down the river.

The prisoners appear to have entertained no feelings but those of friendship and good-will towards the deceased, or they might have been charged with the greater crime of wilful murder. It will be proved, says the Government Advocate, that the facts of the case are exactly as he had stated them.

Mah Lay is the first witness; she is the wife of deceased, and was present when the first prisoner worked the spell upon her late husband. They had all eaten the evening rice together, and there had been no quarrelling of any kind. She heard Sliway Oo tell some wonderful tales. Oh yes, she quite believed them, and does still. Doesn't understand why Moung Bah got drowned; thinks Sliway Oo may have made some little mistake in the words he spoke while tattooing the 'inn;' or perhaps the moon wasn't favourable; anyhow, is sure that Sliway Oo was not to blame; thinks it was an accident.

Moung Zan Way and Moung Hpay, cultivators, resident at Panlang, tell the same story in turn. The deceased was very anxious to be made proof against drowning, and begged the first prisoner to tattoo him. They accompanied him on the fatal trip; heard deceased request prisoners to pull right out into the stream, and also heard him ask to have his hands and feet tied; prisoners did so quite readily, and chewed betel while waiting for deceased to reappear. Yes, they were surprised when he didn't float on top of the water as he should have done. It was very curious indeed his sinking like that. Probably some slight miscalculation of Nga Sliway Oo's. Moung Hpay thinks, moreover, it's just possible that deceased may have given offence to the water nats (spirits), who pulled him under water in revenge. Neither of these two witnesses thinks the prisoners are at all culpable; if any one is to blame for the accident it is the deceased himself; certainly not Sliway Oo, who is a highly respectable man.

The English lawyer who represents the prisoners brings out most of this evidence by cross-examination; and when the last witness has been dismissed, delivers himself of a short speech dealing with the motives that actuated the pair of charlatans in the dock, and leaves the matter in the Recorder's hands. His summing up leaves no doubt in our minds that the

prisoners are guilty of manslaughter; and Messrs Pereira, Da Silva, and Araozon, the Eurasians, record their opinion to that effect without hesitation. But our Burman colleague, Moungh Htso, is not convinced. He is of good education, speaks English exceedingly well, and I know him personally as a sensible and intelligent man; but he is a Burman.

'Come, Moungh Htso,' I say persuasively, 'we must return a unanimous verdict in such a case as this. Surely you don't doubt the men's guilt?'

'I think, sir, that they are good men. I do not think they wished to drown Moungh Bah.'

'But they tied him and threw him into the river; so they committed manslaughter,' I urge.

Moungh Htso shakes his head and twiddles his spectacle case. 'They did not think it would drown him,' he says seriously.

It is very obvious that an English education has not freed Moungh Htso's mind from the trammels of superstition; and after ten minutes more argument, I am compelled to accept his, 'I do not think they did it,' as equivalent to 'Not guilty.' So, standing up in my place, I inform his Honour that the majority—four of us—pronounce the accused 'guilty of manslaughter.' The Recorder, looking straight at the punkah which waves over our heads, expresses his surprise that the evidence should have failed to bring conviction home to any one of the jury; he did not think there existed in Rangoon a juror so blind to the plainest facts. Not a quiver of the judicial eyelid conveys a hint that his Honour knows Moungh Htso is the blind one; and that gentleman listens to his remarks with the stolidity of a wooden image.

Addressing the prisoners through his Burmese interpreter, the Recorder tells them that they have been found guilty of an act of incredible folly, which resulted in the death of a fellow-man. Taking all things into consideration, he cannot pass a sentence of less than three years' penal servitude on Nga Shway Oo, and of two years on Nga Let Gye. The prisoners appear thunderstruck; and the Burmese members of the audience, who have been listening to the case with rapt attention, are clearly taken by surprise also. Had the jury returned a verdict of 'Not guilty,' and the judge released the spell-worker and his assistant with a few well-chosen words of regret for the failure of their experiment, and advised them to make such in shallow water next time, it had created no astonishment. Far from it; they would have gone home sounding the praises of the wise English judge, whose great mind could justly weigh the mysterious uncertainty of Burmese magic; and in all reasonable likelihood Nga Shway Oo and Nga Let Gye would have found a score of confiding patients willing to be drowned at five rupees a head, as soon as they got out of court. English law is a long way above the Burman's comprehension, and in these matters always will be.

The next case again throws a lurid light upon Burmese powers of belief, but in a manner less grave than the last. Nga Loogalay is placed in the dock charged with cheating. Nga Loogalay, it appears, is a gentleman of no ordinary attainments, and among other desirable talents he possesses the highly lucrative ability to turn baser

metals into gold. About three months ago he made the acquaintance of Mah Too, an old lady residing in Rangoon, where she drove a snug little trade in dried fish. Like many other old ladies, Mah Too was of somewhat avaricious disposition, hence the knowledge of Nga Loogalay's alchemic accomplishments commended him strongly to her notice; and a few days after the first occasion of their meeting she entrusted him with a sum of thirty rupees, which he kindly undertook to convert into gold. The terms of the transaction were rather sporting in character, and may be shortly described as 'Play or Pay'—in other words, it was agreed that if Nga Loogalay failed to effect transmutation within a given time, he was to charge nothing. If he succeeded, he was to receive a handsome percentage on results. The scientific nature of the prisoner's profession enabled him to dispense with the vulgar necessity of giving her a receipt for the money, so she has nothing to show for it. But we are promised a number of witnesses who will substantiate the charge, to which Nga Loogalay enters a plea of 'Not guilty.'

The various threads of evidence must make it palpable even to our friend Moungh Htso that a very singular degree of ill-luck followed the prisoner throughout the whole course of this little affair. No sooner had he received the thirty rupees than the market price of mercury and other alchemic requisites began to advance, and continued to do so by leaps and bounds until they reached a level quite unheard of; which compelled Nga Loogalay to borrow small sums from Mah Too every week to meet the expense of conducting the operation; these working expenses were to be deducted from his share of the profits; and Mah Too confessed that she had been very much struck by the honesty with which he retained the first-given sum intact.

Nga Loogalay was an enthusiastic scientist, judging from the complainant's account. He sat up every propitious night for six weeks watching his crucibles and working charms with untiring diligence; but gold didn't come. He called upon Mah Too regularly during this period, and was able to give such satisfactory reports of his progress, that she was easily induced to part with the money he required from time to time, which amounted in all to some fifty-five rupees. Half-a-dozen times he was just on the very verge of succeeding, when a cloud obscured the moon, or the wind dropped suddenly, or something else happened and spoilt the whole business.

Mah Too was quite aware of the extreme exactness and nicety required in the operation, and forbore to press for tangible results so long as she saw prisoner regularly. But one day, not having seen him for a fortnight, she grew anxious, and went out to his house at Kemendine—a suburb of Rangoon—to ask how things were getting on. There she saw Mah Hlah, his wife, who informed her that Nga Loogalay had gone to Mandalay on urgent business, and she couldn't exactly say when he would be back. He had not forgotten his contract with Mah Too, however; indeed, it was solely in connection with this gold-making business that her husband was visiting Mandalay; there are great *rajahs* in that

city, and he had gone to consult with them; for she frankly admitted that, up to now, Nga Loogalay had not attained the degree of success so clever an alchemist was entitled to expect.

Now, this story was very plausible, and even gratifying, and had Mah Too been a more confiding old party, she would have accepted it in a proper spirit, smoked a cheroot with Mah Hlah, exchanged a little gossip, and walked quietly home to Rangoon in the cool of the evening. But unluckily (for Nga Loogalay) she was dissatisfied with the report, and hinted at taking her rupees back in their original condition. The dried fish industry, she said, was not thriving so well as could be wished; she was completely out of cheroots and betel-nut, and, to be candid, she wanted a little ready money at once.

Mah Hlah appears to have regarded this as an indication of growing scepticism, and resented it, like the loyal wife she was, with some warmth; and when she declared to Mah Too that she hadn't a single *hmat* (four-anna bit) in the house, high words began. To make a long story short, the two ladies interchanged vigorous personalities for three-quarters of an hour, at the end of which time Mah Too proceeded to the police station, and laid an information against Nga Loogalay for swindling her.

Search was instituted without delay, and the missing alchemist was arrested, not at Mandalay—which in those days would have been a safe harbour—but at Pozoondong, the eastern suburb of Rangoon, not five miles from his own home.

It might have been his ardent pursuit of scientific knowledge that led him to the Chinese gambling den where he was discovered; or possibly he thought that the 'thirty-six animal game' would be an agreeable relaxation after so much stuporous research; his presence there, I say, was a detail that might have been satisfactorily explained. But when it came out that of all Mah Too's fifty-five rupees he had not a pice left, Nga Loogalay had no right to be surprised at the superintendent's locking him up.

The very small amount of confidence we on the jury had over entertained in the prisoner's probity, was quite dispelled by these final revelations; and we felt bound to bring him in 'guilty,' in spite of the dissentient voice once more upraised by Moung Htso. There was no reasoning with that stubborn old gentleman. He firmly adhered to his own private opinion, that had Nga Loogalay been allowed sufficient time, he would have triumphantly returned to Mah Too the promised ingot of pure gold. As for the gambling-house part of the affair, that was a mere accident that might have befallen anybody; all Burmans gamble more or less, and he didn't see why we should lay any particular stress upon it. And once more, our Burmese fellow-jury was made the indirect subject of a few scathing remarks by his Honour the Recorder.

Moung Htso informed me afterwards in confidence that transmutation was a very difficult thing to accomplish; most difficult. But every sayah worthy of the name agreed that it could be done if you could only find out the right way. It was true he had never met any one yet who had achieved success; but that was no proof whatever of its impossibility. Nga Loogalay, now sentenced to twelve months in jail, had

been very hardly used; and for his—Moung Htso's—part, if he happened to want any money turned into gold by-and-by, and hadn't time to devote himself to the job, he should cheerfully entrust it to Nga Loogalay.

THE ROMANCE OF WASHING.

It is wonderful how every little duty and necessity of every-day life is surrounded with a halo of charm and legendary lore. Some things seem so simple and practical, that we imagine that nothing of a weird description can possibly be associated with them, yet in many instances the simpler the operation the greater the affinity it appears to have for things supernatural. Off-hand, we should say that Washing cannot be invested with any romance; but old wives will tell us otherwise. We betide the person that dares to wash his or her hands in the same basin of water that has been or will be used by another individual! They will be sure to quarrel. Or, again, if you wipe your hands upon the same towel and at the same time with another person, you and that person will at some period of your lifetime go legging together. The late Outthbert Bede, however, tells us that he was informed in Rutlandshire that these dreadful things would not happen provided you first made the sign of the cross over the water. Another curious thing, too, in connection with this is that the quarrel only supervened when a basin of water was used. You might wash together in a running stream as often as you pleased and no ill effect would come of it.

Washing the feet seems to be intimately connected with weddings. In the old Roman days the feet of the bride and bridegroom were washed after the ceremony had been performed. The custom of washing the bride's feet does not seem to have been so prevalent as that of washing the bridegroom's. Wood, in his 'Wedding-day in all Ages,' only gives one instance of the former. He says: 'Among the ancient Poles the bride walked three times round a fire, then sat down and washed her feet.' He refers more frequently to washing the bridegroom's feet. In India the daughter of a Brahmin is dressed by her father in a festive dress, and washes the bridegroom's feet, the bride's mother pouring out the water for that purpose. In Malabar the bridegroom's feet are washed by a young relation; and in some parts of Java the bride, as a sign of her subjection, kneels and washes the feet of the bridegroom when he enters the house.

Some what analogous customs prevail amongst the agricultural classes of the east of Scotland. The actual ceremony is falling somewhat into desuetude, though the 'foot-washing' is still the name given to an evening of hilarious enjoyment preceding the marriage by a day or two. The practice is common in the north of Scotland both in relation to bride and bridegroom; and so far as the latter is concerned, usually gives rise to some horse-play. A writer upon the subject, a few years back, says: 'I have a lively recollection of a relative of my own, a bridegroom, taking flight one winter night from his persecutors, who

were subjecting him to very rough usage in the cleansing operation. They were using a hard scrubbing-brush and brick-dust. The victim, rather than endure the torture, ran a considerable distance, barefoot and bare-legged, through snow lying a dozen inches deep, and took refuge in an outhouse, where he shut himself securely in.*

The operators are always anxious that the water should, after washing, bear witness to the fact that the victim was much in need of it; they therefore often plaster him to the knees with an unsavoury compound of hog's lard, soot, and perhaps other ingredients. The operation, no doubt, is highly satisfactory to all concerned, with the exception of the unfortunate victim.

Washerwomen have such a character for garburity that one is surprised to find such a paucity of sayings emanating from this class. The one rhyme they possess, however, seems to be pretty generally spread all over the country. In Dr Robert Chambers's 'Popular Rhymes of Scotland,' we find the Scotch version as under :

They that wash on Monday
Hae a' the week to dry;
They that wash on Tuesday
Are no far by;
They that wash on Wednesday
Are no sair to mean;*
They that wash on Thursday
May get their claes clean;
They that wash on Friday
Hae gey melkie need;
They that wash on Saturday
Are dirty daws indeed.

The Welsh of Glamorgan have a saying which is undoubtedly an adaptation of the latter part of the above. Translated freely, it reads :

Who washes on Friday
Is half a slut;
Who washes on Saturday
Is a slut to the bone.

The English version of the rhyme resembles the Scotch very much :

Wash on a Monday,
You have all the week to dry;
Wash on a Tuesday,
Very nigh;
Wash on a Wednesday,
A very good day;
Wash on a Thursday,
But clear all away;
Wash on a Friday,
Wash for need;
Wash on a Saturday,
Sluts indeed.

Like every other occupation, washing has its unlucky days, days on which the cleansing operation must on no account be performed. In parts of Cornwall, it is held that no washing should be done on New-year's Day; and not only this, but it is considered most unlucky to have any washing done in the house between Christmas Day and New-year's Day, so that even towels are left unwashed. If any washing takes place, it is feared that some one of the family will be washed out of life or an accident of a fatal nature happen before the close of the new year. Good-Friday also was regarded as a most unlucky day on which to wash; the suds of any washing done on that day would, it was believed, be turned

into blood. Nor was any suds from the previous day's washing to remain till Good-Friday morning, for fear it would also turn to blood.

In Tom Hood's time, steam laundries inaugurated by men first made their appearance, and many humorous verses he penned in the name of the distressed ladies of the wash-tub. It may not be entirely the fault of our sisters that they are invading the sphere of man's labour; they are only taking a leaf from our own books.

THE MOUNTAINS.

ALL through the frozen land we sped,
Through cuttings white and marshes drear;
Through black plantations, grim and dead,
And forest giants darkly sore.

The landscape fled and passed below,
And gazing still, we saw no more
Than one great cheerless waste of snow,
An ocean with no further shore;

Until the mountains rose around,
So sternly from the icy earth,
And beauty, though rejected, found
A home in her own very death.

Cold they were, pride intensified
In every line so gaunt and grim—
A mantle and a pall of pride,
That lingered when all else grew dim.

The rocky heads all powdered o'er,
And in the valley far below
A forest tangle, and once more
A long and stainless slope of snow.

They seemed as mourning for the past,
In hopeless mourning for an age
So distant now, its records cast
But mystery on earth's dim page.

They seemed as frowning on the eye
That arrogantly dared to read
The secret thoughts they laid so by,
And to such silence had decreed.

They seemed as wrapped in voiceless scorn
Too passionless to stoop to hate,
That anything of mortal born
Should dare one thought to penetrate.

I met them, and I left them so,
Still watching from their fortress white,
Their cold, vast citadel of snow,
To see the first approach of night :

Longing to feel its shadows glide,
And veil their grief and hide their pain,
With eager longing, even pride,
Though measureless, could not restrain.

LILLIAN WINSTANLEY.

* Not greatly to be pitied.

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A WALK ROUND WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

SINCE early days, Woolwich has been an important centre for war-ships and war-material. Here ships were built and launched when England first began to have a navy of specially constructed men-of-war, for Henry VIII. established the Woolwich dockyard, and also appointed Commissioners of the navy, and formed the Navy Office. Some of the earliest three-deckers, or, as we may almost call them, five-deckers, were built at this dockyard; and of these the most famous was the *Great Harry*, so named after the king, which was launched here in 1514. For the period, the ship was a large one, being of a thousand tons burden; though we should not think much of her size now, when we have ironclads of over eleven thousand tons. There are models of her in the Greenwich Naval Museum, which is not far from Woolwich; and a curious lofty wooden castle she is, rising far up above the water-line, and offering a fair target, if the cannon of those days had any accuracy.

On June 3, 1559, Queen Elizabeth came down to Woolwich to witness the launch of a large ship called after her name.

In 1637 a ship half as large again as the *Great Harry* was launched at Woolwich. She was the marvel of her days, and though named the *Royal Sovereign*, was more often called the *Golden Devil*, from the amount of mischief she wrought in the Dutch fleet. Her guns were probably of small size; but she carried enough of them on her three flush-decks, her fore-castle, her half-deck, her quarter-deck, and in her round-house; for in her lower tier were sixty ports; in the middle, thirty; in the third, twenty-six; in her fore-castle were twelve; in her half-deck were fourteen. She was decorated in the emblematical style of the time with gilding and carvings; and these designs were the work of one Thomas Haywood, an actor, who has left us an account of the ship which he adorned, in a quarto volume published the same year in which she was launched. We can

imagine what she looked like, with her lofty fore-castle and poop, the latter provided with five lanterns, one of which, we are told, was large enough to contain ten persons.

Old Samuel Pepys gives us many references to Woolwich in his famous Diary. He paid frequent visits to the dockyard on his duties as Secretary to the Admiralty, and seems to have looked after his business well. For instance, on June 3, 1662, he writes: 'Povy and Sir W. Batten and I by water to Woolwich; and there saw an experiment made of Sir R. Ford's Holland yarn, about which we have lately had so much stir; and I have much concerned myself for our rope-maker, Mr Inghles, who represented it so bad; and we found it to be very bad, and broke sooner than, upon a fair trial, five threads of that against four of Riga yarn; and also that some of it had old stuff that had been tarred, covered over with new hemp, which is such a cheat as hath not been heard of.' The next month he is looking after the hemp again, and writes: 'To Woolwich to the rope-yard, and there looked over several sorts of hemp, and did fall upon my great survey of seeing the working and experiments of the strength and the charge in the dressing of every sort; and I do think have brought it to so great a certainty, as I have done the king some service in it, and do purpose to get it ready against the Duke's coming to town to present to him.' He adds pathetically: 'I see it is impossible for the king to have things done as cheap as other men.'

Of as early date probably as the dockyard, was the 'Warren,' the name by which the Arsenal was formerly called. This establishment seems to have begun as a cannon-foundry, and such, indeed, it chiefly continues to be. Moreover, in other days when the dockyard flourished, stores of ships' cannon were kept here, ready to be placed on ships as soon as commissioned. But now that the dockyard is a thing of the past, and now that the large building-ships, workshops, and ropewalk are empty, the cannon at the Arsenal are chiefly

those for the royal artillery and for forts. The dockyard has been closed since 1869; its broad roads are deserted, its workshops are silent, and its large sheds are only used for stores; but the Arsenal has increased in magnitude; and the 'Warren,' in which, before the establishment of the Plumstead magazines, powder was proved ('before the principal engineers and officers of the Board of Ordnance, to which many of the nobility and gentry were often invited, and afterwards sumptuously entertained by them'), has now become an enormous establishment, covering acres of ground, and containing workshops provided with the most complicated machinery, and foundries of enormous size. It is round this Arsenal that we propose to take the reader a short walk.

Visitors are usually admitted to the Arsenal on certain days only, by an order obtained from the War Office; and, with certain exceptions, these orders are carefully restricted to British subjects. The officers of the garrison can, however, introduce or send friends at other times. The cadets at the Royal Military Academy on Woolwich Common, who are to be officers of the Engineers and Artillery, attend the Arsenal under the guidance of their scientific instructors as part of their regular duties. These young gentlemen are, of course, expected to take notes as part of their education; but note-taking is forbidden to the ordinary visitor.

Having gained admittance, the visitor is put in charge of a guide. Now, these guides, who are very civil and intelligent men, as a rule wish to conduct the visitor to those parts of the works where operations are carried on which are chiefly remarkable for their magnitude, but which may be witnessed on a smaller or perhaps on the same scale in many other places. Probably they have discovered from experience that the ordinary visitor is best amused and interested with such shows. For instance, the tapping of the great furnace is 'a big plum' in their rounds. Of course it is a remarkable sight to see a stream of molten steel run into a huge tank which can contain four or five tons of metal, and to watch this tank dragged off by some score of men to fill the various moulds. But such a sight can be seen in any large foundry. Again, it is remarkable to see a huge steam-hammer of some forty tons' force welding a mass of metal at white-heat; but these large steam-hammers are not unknown elsewhere. The guide will, however, always act on a hint from the visitor, and confine himself chiefly, if asked to do so, to those parts of the Arsenal where things are to be seen which cannot be found in many other places. The intelligent visitor will probably remember that he comes to Woolwich to see cannon and projectiles, and will act accordingly.

The Arsenal is divided into four departments—the Laboratory, the Gun Factory, the Gun-carriage Department, and the Stores; and of these four divisions, the first two contain the chief things not to be found in very many other places.

The Gun-carriage Department has workshops both for metal and wood work, and each branch contains many subdivisions. There is nothing, however, in this department which is peculiar to the Arsenal, with the exception of course of

the special articles which are manufactured; that is to say, forging, steam-carpentering, wheel-making, and so on, are carried on as they would be carried on elsewhere. The guides always make a point of showing the wheel-shoeing pit, as it is called, in which the tire is put on a gun-wheel; but then the same thing may be seen performed any day in rather a simpler manner at a village wheelwright's. The machinery in this department is, however, very complete especially in the carpenters' shops, where the lathes which work automatically, and turn wheel-spokes and such things according to a given pattern, and the steam saws for cutting dovetails for sides of boxes, and other machinery, are all constructed on highly ingenious principles. With regard to the articles constructed, the trail of a gun may be followed in all stages of its construction until it appears complete with its wheels, and ready for the gun to be placed on it. Here, too, may be seen the ingenious Moncrieff gun-carriage, by which the gun is only raised above a fortification at the moment when it is fired, the 'sighting' being done from below by an arrangement of mirrors.

The Stores, again, are remarkable only for the quantity of material stowed away ready for use. For instance, there are ten thousand complete sets of harness for guns and baggage wagons always kept in stock. But when the visitor has just walked once through these storehouses, he will probably have seen all that he cares to see there.

It is, however, when we come to the Gun Factory that the special interest of the Arsenal begins. Imagine a huge mass of steel welded—for casting would not give sufficient strength—into the form of the trunk of a large fir-tree, and you have the first stage of a gun's existence. This solid mass is to form the tube of a cannon, and the solid core has to be removed by ingenious and powerful machinery. It takes a week or two to bore the interior of some of the larger guns. Some of the machines are constructed to bore a hole which is continually enlarged by successive tools; while others actually cut out a round solid mass from the interior. The tube has also to be subjected to the process of being turned both within and without, and it is then fit for the next process, which is that of cutting the grooves within it which give the required spin to the projectile, commonly called rifling. This is a delicate and intricate process, for the utility of the gun of course depends largely on the accuracy with which the grooves are made. The actual cutting is performed by a machine which travels up the tube at the required spiral; but as the work proceeds, the man in charge carefully examines the grooves along their whole length with the aid of a candle fixed at the end of a long rod which he pushes up the tube.

But when the tube has been bored, turned, and rifled, the gun is by no means finished. The tube by itself would be far too delicate for the large charges of powder employed; and consequently, it has to be fitted at the breech end with two or three outer cases or jackets, the outside one of which bears the trunnions on which the gun rests. At last the gun is completed; and the next thing is to subject it to a severe test

by firing from it a charge of powder proportioned to its size. For this purpose, it has to be taken to Plumstead marshes, a portion of which forms the testing-ground and powder-magazines connected with the Arsenal. Lines of railway run down to the marshes, and the gun is mounted on a truck and dragged off by a locomotive to the place appointed for its trial. It may be mentioned that lines of railway run in all directions through the Arsenal, one of narrow gauge being introduced into most of the workshops, so that the visitor has to keep a lookout lest a tiny locomotive with a train of what may almost be called toy trucks should bear down upon him as he is walking along.—But to return to the gun. When it has been finally tested, cleaned, polished, and stamped, it is coated with a particular varnish, and is fit for service.

The next most interesting place to the Gun Factory is the Laboratory, where shells and bullets are manufactured. Shells are cast rough, and then finished off in a lathe. A band of copper now usually takes the place of the copper studs which were formerly inserted to enable the shell to fit into the rifled grooves. This band is expanded by the force of the explosion when the gun is fired, and fills up the grooves, so as to give the necessary spin to the shell. Shells are charged with their interior bullets at the Laboratory; but the powder is added down at the marshes. A shell when completed has become a very expensive article, especially if it is a large one. Some of these projectiles are so heavy that the guns from which they have to be fired are provided with small cranes for lifting them up to the breech. The shells are, like the guns, beautifully finished off and varnished, and then sent off to the stores.

Perhaps the most interesting place in the Laboratory department is the Pattern Room, which is a sort of museum where shot and shells of all sorts are to be seen, from the old-fashioned chain-shot, made of round balls fastened together, to the most perfect specimens of modern shells. Here, also, are to be seen those strange weapons of modern warfare called torpedoes; amongst them the famous 'fish torpedo,' which, with its complicated mechanism, may be almost described as an under-water ship. It is so constructed that it finds its way unseen and unheard, with its terrible charge of dynamite, to the side of a hostile vessel.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVII.—THEN AND IN THAT CASE.

EVER after the business with the *Porte-Crayon* was settled, however, Linnell did not go straight to his hotel. He had other work to do before he could finish the evening. He jumped into a hansom in hot haste, and drove round to his lawyer's, whom he wished to see upon important business. He drove to the private address, of course, not to the office; but late as it was, the lawyer was out—at his club most likely, the servant thought; and Linnell, all on fire to conclude his business at the earliest possible moment, drove down to the club forthwith to intercept him. He found the man of law relaxing his

mind at that abode of luxury in a hand at whist, and waited with impatience for his hasty interview till the rubber was over. Then he said hurriedly: 'Mr Burchell, I want you three minutes in the library. I won't detain you longer than that. But— This is a matter that won't wait. I'm off to Khartoum to join Gordon to-morrow.'

'And you want your will made?' the solicitor suggested with the rapid wisdom born of old experience.

'Precisely, that's it. You hit the right nail on the head at once. Can you draw it up for me here and now? I leave to-morrow morning by the 9.40.'

'My dear sir,' the lawyer remonstrated, 'this is very precipitate. But you know your own business better than I do. If you wish it, certainly; a will's a thing one can do off-hand. We'll get two witnesses here on the spot. Watson's here: you know Watson, I think; and your cousin, Sir Austen, is dining with him to-night in the club. Shall I ask them to attest? But perhaps that won't do; you may mean your cousin to benefit under the document.'

Linnell smiled. 'No, I don't,' he said. 'My bequests are few. Single, in fact. A very short paper. It won't take you two minutes to draw it up. Testamentary disposition reduced to its simplest and most primitive elements. I leave everything absolutely to a solitary person. Sir Austen will do as well as anybody else if he cares to sign it.'

Mr Burchell went off for a few seconds to detain two fit and proper witnesses from leaving the club (as it was getting late), and returned triumphant at the end of that time with news that the needful legal attestors might be found when wanted in the first smoking-room. 'And now,' he said, taking up a sheet of blank paper with a smile, 'what's to be the tenor of this most hasty document?'

'As I said,' Linnell answered, looking straight with empty eyes into the vacant fireplace, 'I leave everything I do possess of to Psyche, daughter of Haviland Dumaresq, of the Wren's Nest, Petherton Episcopi.' And he wrote the names down as he spoke, for better security, on the back of an envelope which he handed to the lawyer.

Mr Burchell whistled audibly to himself; but he was too old and too practised a hand at his trade to dream of remonstrating or asking any questions. He merely suggested in the most matter-of-fact voice, 'Shall I add, "whom it is my intention hereafter to marry?" The addition's usual, and in case of any dispute as to probate of the will, it carries weight with judges and juries. Some reason for a bequest is customarily given, when large sums are bequeathed to strangers in blood. The law expects at least a show of explanation. Otherwise, one is apt to have questions raised as to undue influences, inquiries as to sound disposing state of mind at the time, or other doubts as to precise fitness for testamentary disposition at the date of executing. May I add the clause? It simplifies difficulties.'

'No,' Linnell answered sharply and promptly. 'It is not my intention now or at any time to marry the lady. I leave it to her absolutely

sans phrase. If you want a reason, say that I bequeath it her as a testimony to the profound respect I feel for the literary and philosophical ability of her distinguished father.

The lawyer paused, with his pen in his hand. 'It's not my place, of course,' he said in a very quiet voice, 'to interfere in any way, however tentatively, with a client's wishes or mode of disposal of his own property; but I think it only my duty to tell you at once that will have a very small chance indeed of ever getting probated.'

'Why?' Linnell asked, half angrily.

'Now, don't be annoyed,' the lawyer answered, balancing his pen judicially on his extended forefinger. 'My object is not to thwart your wishes, but simply to ensure their being duly carried out. Bear with me while I explain to you in very brief terms wherein such a will is likely to defeat its own purpose.—You're going, you say, to-morrow to the Soudan?'

Linnell nodded.

'Very well,' the lawyer went on, with demonstrative penholder, 'you go in a very great hurry. I don't presume to say what may be the causes which have led you to leave England in such breathless haste; but we will suppose, for the purposes of argument alone, that they are causes not entirely unconnected with relations you may have entertained or thought of entertaining with this young lady. You come up here to-night, late in the evening, in a state of obvious and unmistakable nervous excitement, and you ask me to draw up a will for you in the library of a club, at an unseasonable hour, leaving away every penny you possess from your kinsmen in blood, whoever they may be, to a complete stranger, whose name and status you can only define to me by her relationship to a gentleman equally remote in law and fact from you. And then you propose as one of your witnesses to this very doubtful and unsatisfactory transaction the heir-at-law and next-of-kin, Sir Austen Linnell, whom you intend to ignore, and whose interest it is to set aside, if possible, the entire document. As your solicitor, I ask you, plainly, isn't this course of action open to objection? Mind, I don't suggest such a point of view as my own at all; but won't a hard-headed, common-sense English jury simply say: "The man came up to town disappointed, in a breathless hurry; ran off to the Soudan, foolishly, at a moment's notice; got killed there, when he needn't have gone at all if he didn't like"—I'm discounting your decease, you observe, because no will, of course, takes effect under any circumstances during the lifetime of the testator—"left all he had to leave to a young girl he had probably only known for a couple of months; and cut off, without even the proverbial shilling, the whole of his own kith and kin, including a real live British baronet, whom any man of sense ought to have coddled and made much of as a distinguished relative." I put it to you, wouldn't the average respectable English juryman—pig-headed, no doubt, but eminently practical—say at once: "The man was not of sound disposing mind. He must have been mad to prefer a girl he wasn't going to marry to his own most esteemed and respected relative?"—Observe, I don't for a moment suggest they would be at all right;

but, as your legal adviser, I feel bound to tell you what view I think they'd take in such a case of the proceeding?'

'We must risk it,' Linnell answered, with enforced quietness. 'I'm sure myself I was never of sounder disposing mind before—in fact, till now I never had any reason to think of disposing of anything. And as to Sir Austen, we can substitute somebody else for him at a pinch. Though I think him far too much of a gentleman to wish to dispute anybody's will in his own favour.'

The lawyer's brows contracted slightly. 'In matters of business,' he said with quiet decision, 'it never does to trust too implicitly one's own father. Treat all the world as if they were rogues alike, and the honest ones will never owe you a grudge for it.—But let that pass. Now, see one other point. No will, as I said just now, takes effect in any case during the testator's lifetime. You're going on a distant and dangerous errand. The chances are, you may never come back again. It's our duty to face all possible contingencies beforehand, you see. In case you should meet with any accident over yonder in the Soudan—in case, for example, the whole Khartoum garrison should be blotted out to a man, as Hicks Pasha's army was the other day—what legal proof of death can we have? and how would you wish me to comport myself meanwhile towards this young lady? Am I to communicate with her immediately whenever I have any serious ground to apprehend that some misfortune may possibly have overtaken you? or am I to wait a reasonable length of time after Khartoum's smash, before unnecessarily harrowing her delicate feelings by letting her know that my suspicions are justified?'

'I'm afraid her feelings won't be particularly harrowed,' Linnell answered with a gloomy look. 'But wait, if you like, the reasonable time. It would be awkward if she were to come in to the property for a while, and—I were afterwards to turn up unexpectedly like a *revenant* to reclaim it. Not, of course, that under such circumstances I should ever dream of reclaiming it at all.' The lawyer's eyebrows executed a rapid upward movement. 'But still, it's best to avoid all unnecessary complications. Let twelve months elapse before you communicate with her.'

Mr Burchell made no audible answer; he simply arched his eyebrows still higher and went on drawing up the short form of will, writing the attestation clause, and taking instructions as to executors and other technical details. When all was finished, he handed the paper to Linnell to peruse. 'Will that do?' he asked quietly.

'That'll do perfectly,' Linnell answered, glancing over it. 'Will you kindly go down, now, and get your witnesses?'

In two minutes more, the lawyer returned. 'This is very unfortunate,' he said. 'It's getting late, and there's nobody I know left in the club at all but Sir Austen and the other man. We can't go and board an entire stranger with a polite request to come and see somebody he doesn't know sign an important legal document. I'm afraid, undesirable as it certainly is, we shall have to fall back upon your cousin's signature.'

'Very well,' Linnell replied, with perfect trustfulness. 'Sir Austen let it be. We've met once or twice on neutral ground before, and we shall meet often enough now at Khartoum. I don't like him, but I trust him implicitly. In matters of that sort, one can always trust an English gentleman.'

'Not when you've seen as much of probate as I have,' the lawyer interposed with quiet emphasis. 'Where probate's concerned, a man should never trust his own mother. But if you must go to Africa to-morrow, and if this will must be signed to-night, we must get whoever we can to attest it. Ten minutes to twelve, and it's dated to-day. No time to lose. I'll go down again and bring up your cousin.'

Two minutes later, Sir Austen came up, coldly polite. 'Good-evening, Mr Linnell,' he said with a chilly bow. 'Under other circumstances, I might perhaps have declined to undertake this little service. But we needn't conceal from ourselves at present the fact that my cousin Frank's sudden death, of which you have now of course already heard, has altered to some extent our relations towards one another. It's no longer necessary for his sake to adopt the attitude I once felt constrained to adopt towards you. I have to thank you, too, for your letter in reply to mine, and for what under the circumstances I must certainly call your very generous and friendly conduct—now unfortunately of no avail.—You sign, do you? Thank you: thank you. Where do I put my name? There?—Ah, thanks.—Here, Watson, you put your signature under mine. That concludes the business, I suppose?—Very well, then, Burchell, the thing's finished: now you can release us.—I understand, Mr Linnell, you leave England to-morrow.'

'For the Soudan, yes. Via Brindisi.' Sir Austen started. 'Why, how odd,' he said. 'A strange coincidence. I go by the same train. To the Soudan! Incredible. You're not going out to join Gordon, then, are you?'

'I'm going as special artist for the *Porte-Croix*,' Linnell answered quietly. 'I didn't think of it till this afternoon; but I met a friend who told me of the post, and I made up my mind at an hour's notice; so now I'm off by to-morrow's oriental express.'

They stopped there talking for half an hour or so, Sir Austen's iciness thawing a little when he learned that his cousin was to be thrown in with him so much for an indefinite period: and then, as the small-hours were closing in, they drove off separately to their various resting-places, to snatch a few hours' sleep before to-morrow's journey. At the foot of the club stairs, Sir Austen detained the lawyer a moment after Linnell had hailed a loitering hansom.

'I say, Burchell,' he said, lighting a cigar in the vestibule, 'what's your opinion of Charles Linnell's condition to-night? Didn't seem quite in testamentary form, did he? Odd he should want to make a will in such a precious hurry just now, isn't it?'

'Not at all,' the lawyer answered with prompt decision. 'You've settled up all your own affairs, no doubt, before leaving the country for so dangerous an expedition.'

'Ah, but that's different, you know. I'm going with Her Majesty's approbation on active service.

This painter fellow's chosen to visit Khartoum of his own accord, and he's chosen to start at a moment's notice; and as far as I could see—just glancing at the body of the will hurriedly—he's left everything he possesses to some play-actress or somebody. Psyche Dumaresq, that was the name. Theatrical, obviously. It won't hold water. The man's in a very excited state of mind, that's clear. He laughs and talks in a dreary, weary way. Miss Psyche Dumaresq must have thrown him overboard. And now he wants to set out for Khartoum and get shot through the head, for no other reason than just to make that faithless lady sensible of her error with a thumping legacy. He was always as mad as a hatter, this Yankee painter fellow, and to-night he's more excited and madder than ever.—I tell you what it is, Burchell: the will won't stand. The next-of-kin will inherit the estate. Miss Psyche Dumaresq may whistle for her money.'

Mr Burchell only shook his head in quiet dissent. 'As sane as you are,' he answered with a nod; 'but a great deal too good for this world of ours in many ways. He doesn't want to wait for dead men's shoes. He doesn't want to get anybody's money.' And he murmured to himself, as he went down the club steps in the summer drizzle: 'If only I knew where Linnell was stopping, I'd go round to him now, late as it is, and advise him to make another will on spec, at Cairo or Alexandria. Sir Austen's far too sharp for my taste. But Linnell forgot to tell me where he put up, and I can't go round to every hotel in all London at this time of night and knock them up on the bare chance of finding him.'

THE VELVET BOOK.

No people are more fond than the British of sneering at the ignorance of other nations concerning matters Britannic—our customs, our social usages, our habits; and yet it may be doubted whether we are not more crassly ignorant than any other nation of affairs which do not directly concern ourselves. We smile, for instance, when we hear a Frenchman or an American speak of Sir Peel or Lord Norfolk; but how many of our fellow-countrymen, say the rank and file of the best men in London society—always excepting those engaged in diplomacy, of course—know anything whatsoever about, we will not say the social peculiarities, but the mere historical aristocracy of any country save their own? They will, indeed, probably have some vague idea that Montmorency is a noble name in France, Colonna in Italy, Dolgoronki in Russia, Metternich in Austria, Guzman in Spain, Fürstenberg in Germany, and so on; but any questions concerning members of these noble families, or about the history and traditions of these illustrious houses, they will be as unable to answer as they would be to tell you why Oodeypore looks down on Scindiah, or the Shereef of Wazan despises Osman Ghazee.

This ignorance of course does not extend to matters of primary importance, for we are a

practical people, and wherever knowledge can be turned into money, or the equivalent, we are at once all athirst for the sweet waters of wisdom. But it is amusing, if hardly edifying, to notice how, when our attention is invited to the consideration of foreign affairs of but minor interest, a spirit of self-complacency—something akin to Victor Hugo's famous 'Moi seul, et c'est assez!'—an expression of sentiment which, by the way, the illustrious poet again arranged and used later on as a motto, 'Ego, Hugo!'—invariably endeavours to spring to the importance of a national sentiment worthy of all honour and respect.

The well-known story of how Lord Palmerston, replying to the remark of the courteous Duc de Persigny, 'Were I not a Frenchman, I would wish to be an Englishman,' said, 'Were I not an Englishman, I would wish to be one,' sufficiently illustrates our meaning without going further; and it is a fact of no little significance that this reply has passed uncensored, hidden as it were by the insipid patriotism which is supposed to have inspired it. Of this national failing we are of course ourselves perfectly conscious, and we indeed delight in roundly abusing ourselves for it; but this self-scourging, strangely enough, never seems to stimulate to any active and practical reform in this particular.

But strange as it may seem to many, there are to be found, even in a mere careless examination of some of the least prominent features of the social life of foreign communities, items of considerable interest, trivial details concerning great facts and important institutions, which can hardly be without value in the eyes of the student of contemporaneous history, but which we, in our lofty self-complacency, wholly ignore. Take the nobility of Russia, for instance. This example simply happens to come to our pen, but we could of course choose many others. What do we know about it? And yet Russia is supposed to be our great enemy, and that vast Empire is governed by its nobles! As a matter of fact, the *Libro d'Oro* of the Muscovites, the volume which contains the essence and kernel of their nobility, is the 'Velvet Book,' the 'Barhatnaia Kniga,' or last copy of the old genealogical tables of the nobility, which was made when the 'Mest-nitchestvo' was abolished (January 2, 1682), and the political equality of the nobility was introduced into the laws. Bound in red velvet, this book is now kept in the Senate, and no newly ennobled families are allowed to be inscribed therein. It contains the names of the Russian nobility who are descended from Rurik—the very essence of all that, according to Muscovite ideas, is the most noble. Many most powerful families have used every effort to have their names inserted in these sacred pages, but in vain—notably, the Narischkines, and yet a Narischkine was the mother of Peter the Great. The origin of this family is indeed curious. They pretend to have

descended from a royal house which flourished in the town of Egra, in Bohemia; but this is folly. Their original name was 'Yarichkine,' and their nobility only dates from 1670. They were common labourers in the village of Staro Kirmino, near Mikhailow, a village which still exists. Nathalie, the daughter of one of these labourers (Cyril) used to stay on long visits to her godmother, Madame Matview, in Moscow, whose husband, from having been a common soldier, had been raised from the ranks by the Czar Alexis, and who was even honoured from time to time with a visit from his imperial benefactor. On one of these occasions, the Czar met Nathalie, the pretty peasant girl, fell in love with her, and married her. Peter the Great was born of this union. Cyril the peasant obtained permission from his son-in-law the Czar to change his name of Yarichkine—which has a very offensive meaning in Russian—to Narischkine. Alexander Narischkine, the grandson of the peasant Cyril, received from Peter the Great the title of Count; but he wisely refrained from availing himself of this privilege; and his descendants, with equal good taste, have followed his example. That the Narischkines ever refused the title of Prince is not accurate. They did their best, as we have already pointed out, to have their name inscribed in the Velvet Book, but in vain.

On looking over this curious and interesting volume one finds many of the most famous names of Russia conspicuous by their absence—the Wolkonskis, for instance, were, like the Narischkines, refused admittance therein; but, on the other hand, many well-known names, the Soltykoffs, for example, who are not only in the Velvet Book, but had their name on the older record, now destroyed (the 'Rodostorvnaia Kniga'), will meet the eye. As a matter of fact, the Odoievskis and the Koltsov-Masalskys are at the head of the Russian nobility; but the title of Prince ('Kniga') was up to the time of Peter the Great only borne, as in England, by members of a royal family. Peter began by making Meutshikoff a Prince, and others followed in rapid succession. As our readers are aware, the late Emperor Alexander II. married shortly before his assassination a Dolgorouki—the name in Russian means 'Longhand'; but the enemies of the lady, who cried out so loudly that it was a *mesalliance*, seem to have overlooked the fact that the first Czar of the Romanoff family, the youth Michael—who, by the way, was proposed for the throne by Theodore Cheremetew, an ancestor of the present Emperor's great friend—married Mary Dolgoronki; and that, later on, Peter II. was engaged to be married to a Catherine Dolgorouki, a union which the Emperor's death alone prevented.

The Galitzins (from 'Golitsa,' a gauntlet) are very noble; but the family is so immense—there are over two hundred members of this family bearing the title of Prince!—that, like the Tolstois, they seem omnipresent. The Orloffs and the Stroganows—Madame Cheremetew, the friend of the present Emperor, is a daughter of a Count Stroganow and the Grand Duchess Mary—are of comparatively humble origin; the former having descended from a young prisoner nicknamed 'Orell,' the eagle, who was condemned to death, but pardoned by Peter the

Great, who admired his coolness in kicking aside, as he went to kneel before the block, the head of a man who had just been decapitated, saying: 'You must really make room for me, old fellow!'—and the latter coming from a race of rich merchants who owned vast possessions at the foot of the Ural Mountains, and who paid Yermak, a brigand, to punish the barbarous tribes of Siberia for their depredations, thus earning the good-will of John the Terrible, who granted to the Stroganovs the right to build their own fortresses, make their own laws, and have an army of their own. Peter the Great, by the way, deprived this family of these privileges, not to speak of the great honour of being addressed—and of this the Stroganovs are justly proud—as 'distinguished men'—'Imenilyie liordi.'

Our limited space prevents our continuing further our survey of the Russian nobility in this paper; but enough will perhaps have been said to show that it is a subject not devoid of interest, and one not wholly unworthy the attention of our readers.

MY AUNT CECILIA.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I came down the next morning, Aunt Cecilia was already seated at the breakfast table. She looked up with a smile as I came in, and shook her finger at me.

'You have grown into a sad sluggard, child,' she cried. 'I have been down this hour. If you had known how fresh the air was blowing through the trees, you would not have lain in bed. I can't imagine where the sweet scent comes from that one gets in the early morning in town.'

I had no suggestions to make on this subject, and so sat down and began my breakfast.

'Osmond,' began my aunt hesitatingly, after she had watched me for some time in silence, 'I have thought over what you said last night.'

'Well?'

'It cannot be, my dear boy,' she said, speaking with evident exertion. 'I cannot tell you *why* I oppose your wishes; you must not ask me.'

'You have some strong reason.'

'Naturally, I have, or I should not refuse what I see you wish so much. Are not you the only one I have to love and gratify in the whole world?'

'But I think I ought to understand,' I objected. 'If you have a reason, why not tell it to me. You see, aunt, this is a serious matter. It affects my whole life.'

'It is for that reason that I am firm,' she said more gravely than before. 'I know you cannot understand my motives; but you must trust me, Osmond. We have come for the first time to one of those differences which will test whether you really love me. There will be more, but this is one. If you can look back on the past, and see grounds for confiding in me though you do not understand what I am doing, all will be well between us. If not, there is sorrow waiting for us both. For both, Osmond; sorer for you than for me, probably.—Will you trust me, child; will you try to trust me?'

'I will try,' I answered; and so the subject dropped for the time, but I was sorely dissatisfied with my aunt's rejection of my scheme. I was at that age when with the growth of an independent desire to think for one's self there increases also a dislike to accept the judgment of others, even of those most loved and trusted. I was bitterly disappointed; a sense of injury rankled in me. I felt I was being unjustly dealt with; and I went about all that day nursing my indignation.

Aunt Cecilia did not allude again to the subject, but she seemed aware that there was a cold shadow between us; and I caught her kind eyes more than once studying my face with an anxiously appealing expression, which should have brought me to her feet at once, but which caused no other feeling in me at the time than one of petulance at being watched.

Towards evening I took my hat and went out for a walk. I turned towards Westminster, and had hardly set foot upon the bridge when some one coming behind me thrust his arm through mine, and Sinclair's voice saluted me.

'Hallo! is it you?' I exclaimed. 'How did you get here? Is Calthrop in town?'

'I have done with Calthrop,' he answered, shaking his head disdainfully. 'The place was unbearable after you had left.—How very odd that I should meet you just at this moment! Five minutes more and it would have been too late.'

'Too late for what?'

'Why, to see me!—But tell me, what news have you?'

'Bad,' I assured him. 'My aunt won't hear of my entering the navy.'

'Won't she, by Jove!' Sinclair exclaimed. 'You know I thought you would find difficulties. Why not?'

'She won't tell me.'

'So! And what are you going to do?'

I shrugged my shoulders. 'What can I do? Give in, I suppose.'

'Oh, if you mean to give in, you may as well do it at once, with a good grace,' Sinclair said contemptuously.

His tone stung me, and I asked quickly: 'In my place, what would you do?'

'Not give way, certainly.'

We walked on for some distance in silence.

At last I asked him: 'Where are you going now?'

'Why, that reminds me,' he answered, 'that this is not my way. I am going to Portsmouth.'

'To Portsmouth?'

'Well, why do you look so astonished? I can't go back to Calthrop; I haven't enough money to stay in town; I am going to my uncle.' Then with a sudden pressure of my arm he said: 'Come with me, Osmond. My uncle will be able to help you. I know he took a fancy to you, for he told me so.'

'I don't see how he can help me,' I answered. 'If my aunt won't consent, she won't, and there the matter must end. I don't see what you want me to do. And how can I go to Portsmouth? I have no money.'

We had descended the steps beside St Thomas's Hospital as we spoke, and were pacing slowly

along the parade which extends before that building. Sinclair suddenly stopped, and leaned back against the river wall, thrusting both hands deep into his trousers-pockets.

'I am going to walk,' he said lightly.

'Walk?' I repeated.—'walk to Portsmouth?'

'It would take a longer walk than that to exhaust my constitution,' he said. 'As for yours, of course it is another matter.'

'If you can do it, I can,' I said, rather nettled. 'But why not go by train?'

'Oh, why not go in a carriage-and-pair, or stretched at full length in an ambulance?' he cried contemptuously. 'Because I'm not a girl, nor an old man. Because I want to see the world; because— Well, there are fifty reasons, and the last is that I want to walk. So, if you care to come with me, you may; if not, you may go home and knuckle down to your aunt.'

What tempted me I do not know; but without another word I thrust my arm through Sinclair's, and we turned our faces towards the Westminster Bridge Road again.

'You had better send a line to your aunt,' Sinclair said, when we reached the top of the steps; 'don't frighten the old lady unnecessarily.'

We went into the first post-office we came to, and bought a sheet of paper, on which I hurriedly wrote a few lines, assuring my aunt that I was quite safe, and that she need feel no anxiety on my account. I wonder what anguish could fitly repay to me the cruelty of those cold-hearted words! Whatever it might be, I would gladly undergo it now, if I could erase from my memory the picture of Aunt Cecilia sitting through the dusk of that short summer night with a growing fear at her heart, waiting for the return of the child on whom she lavished such an undeserved and tender love.

Sinclair was in high spirits as we walked along. He sang snatches of songs, made jests on the people whom we met, and communicated at last a little of his gaiety to me; so that we walked along sturdily and briskly through Wandsworth to Wimbledon Common. It was the week after the meeting of the National Rifle Association, and one or two tents were still left on the ground. Into one of these we crept, and wrapping ourselves in a piece of canvas which had been left there by some accident, we quickly fell asleep. It may seem odd, but it is a fact that my sleep was sound and dreamless; and I woke without feeling one pang of compunction.

The morning was bright and fine. We went down into the town of Wimbledon and bought some rolls and milk. Sinclair was not without money; in fact it was, as he had implied, the adventure of the journey on foot to Portsmouth, not its economy, which had made it attractive to him. For my own part, as we followed the road which drops down from the heights of Wimbledon to the lower country, I was conscious of a wholly new feeling of exhilaration. For the first time in my life I was free; nobody could give me the word of direction, or interfere with me in doing what I wished. To most men it is a rare pleasure to feel themselves free to bend their steps whithersoever

they will; to a boy, relieved for the first time of restraint, it is simply an intoxication.

I often look back upon that morning. It was in some ways the happiest I ever spent. We walked leisurely through the pleasant country, straying through field-paths, where the reapers were already cutting the early grain; lingering beneath shady trees while the heat was at its greatest; talking always of the life we meant to lead, and seeing before us a long vista of glorious successes and distinctions, at the end of which we should be laid to rest in St Paul's or in the Abbey, leaving behind us a worthy monument in our deeds.

We plodded into Godalming late in the afternoon, and had some tea in a confectioner's shop. I remember well the curious glances bestowed on us by the comely woman who served us; and I do not doubt that I at least looked weary and travel-stained enough to attract attention. I should have liked to rest in Godalming for the night; but Sinclair had evidently no intention of doing so, and I did not venture to suggest it.

The light-heartedness of the morning was almost gone now; and we walked on silently enough, both more weary than we chose to admit. The sky became overcast; it was unbearably sultry; from time to time a few heavy drops of rain splashed in the thick dust; and low thunder rumbled in the distance. We left the main road at last, and turned into a byway which we were assured would bring us out upon the Portsmouth coach road. The path led through thick woods until it descended to the banks of a little stream, over which a rustic bridge was thrown. Sinclair cast himself down on the green bank with a heavy sigh of relief, and bending over the rippling water, drank his fill, and washed the dust and perspiration from his face.

'This is hot work, eh, Osmond!' he said, brushing away the water from his hair.

'It will be cooler soon, I suppose.'

'I shall stay here until it is, at anyrate,' Sinclair answered; and with that he laid himself comfortably against the roots of a tree and fell asleep. I had an idea that whilst he slept I ought to remain awake, and I tried valiantly to conquer my fatigue; but very shortly all things round me became indistinct; and I lost consciousness in the midst of a vision of Aunt Cecilia shredding cool lettuce leaves for supper in the pleasant shady parlour of the old house.

I was roused by Sinclair, who shook me violently. 'Wake, Osmond; wake up,' he cried. 'We have slept so long that the day has gone and the moon is up. Rouse yourself, my boy; it is cool enough now.'

I rose with some difficulty. My limbs were cramped and chilled; and I felt hardly less tired than when I had lain down; but Sinclair seemed full of energy. He strode forward hastily on the road. I did not mean to admit that I was nearly exhausted; so I set my teeth and followed him. We plodded along the dusty highway for two or three miles, hearing scarcely any sound but that of our own feet, for the country was marvellously still. The road began to rise at last; and we found ourselves on a steep ascent.

'This must be Hindhead,' Sinclair said. 'I know the Portsmouth road crosses it.'

I had never heard of Hindhead; but at that instant I saw, upon the slope of a vast hollow on the right of the road, a little hut or shelter for cattle.

'Sinclair, I can't go much farther,' I said. 'We cannot walk all night. Let us sleep there.'

'You do look pumped out,' he said good-naturally. 'And I am tired too.—Well, we will try that hut.'

The door was open, and in one corner were several bundles of clean straw. We spread the straw a little, and lying down on it, were soon asleep.

After some hours of troubled rest I woke with a start. The door of the hut was half open, as we had left it when we lay down, and the bright moonlight streaming through the opening reached almost to the straw on which we lay. I do not know how long I had slept—perhaps a couple of hours; but I was wide awake now, for the restlessness of extreme fatigue had seized on me, and I moved uneasily from side to side, seeking ease in vain. The broad band of light across the floor disquieted me, and drew my legs towards it in spite of myself. At last I rose, and moving quietly, so as not to disturb Sinclair, I went to the door of the hut. A light wind had risen, which refreshed me, and I thought that possibly if I walked a little way I might be able to sleep on my return. I went a short distance; but quickly becoming tired, I sat down upon a stone.

'To the last hour of my life I shall remember the feeling of desolation which slowly entered my very soul as I sat looking over the wide expanse of moonlit country and watching the night-sky grow pale before the approaching dawn. In that hour I realised, not suddenly, but as the full development of the feeling which had suggested itself at times throughout the day, the whole value of the home I had cast from me. In a succession of quick mental pictures, I saw Aunt Cecilia watching through the night, listening with straining ears for the sound of my approaching steps; weeping tears, than which none surely can be more bitter, over the ingratitude which told her in the plainest language that her love had been in vain. I heard once more my godmother's heart-broken voice, bidding me to go to her whose charge I was; I saw the house in which I was always the first to be considered, and which my own action had made desolate and sorrowful. And still I fancied a voice, borne on the breeze, whispered, 'Return, return.'

I went to the door of the hut and looked in. Sinclair was sleeping still, unconscious that I was not beside him. Could I leave him, and go back? Could I face the contempt he would shower on me, and the reproach of everybody, and my aunt's tears?

I moved away again irresolute, and wandered up the hill-side to a spot where, on the very summit, a cross of granite had been placed. I sat down by its foot among the thick dew on the grass and watched the breaking light in the east. Slowly the rosy streaks deepened, lengthened, widened, broke, and gave way to a flood of brighter light, which swelled with a radiance

too blinding to gaze upon, and suddenly almost it was day. In that moment my mind was made up; I ran quickly down the hill and shook Sinclair by the shoulder.

'Eh! What? Is it time? Where are we?' he gaped out. 'Surely we need not move yet, Osmund. I haven't had half-enough sleep.'

'I have come to say good-bye,' I said hurriedly. 'I cannot go on with you. I must go back.'

'What! afraid?' he asked. 'What frightens you, man? You were plucky enough yesterday. Nonsense; this is only some whim you have got in the night. Lie down again, and sleep for a couple of hours, and then we shall go on cheerfully.'

'I can't,' I said. 'It is no use trying to explain—you wouldn't understand me. I must go back at once.'

'Pooh!' said Sinclair. 'I don't believe you. You're restless. Go and walk it off, and come back to me when you're rational again. I shall be here for an hour or two yet.'

So saying, he yawned and lay down again. 'I shall not come back,' I said. 'Good-bye, and good luck to you,' and so I left him. I do not think he caught my last remark; I fancy he was asleep.

The day was still so young when I turned my back upon the hut, that dark shadows lay among the trees, and the deep valley on the slope of which we had passed the night was filled with an impenetrable white vapour. I trudged on boldly for two or three miles; but it is a weary thing at best to retrace one's road; and the mental excitement I had passed through resulted in great bodily fatigue. I was still several miles from Godalming, and I was considering whether I should not sit down and rest for a while, when a lumbering sound of wheels was heard on the road, and the jingling rattle of such bells as carters fasten on their horses' heads. In a few minutes the team was beside me; the cart's dog, a rough tyke of no breed, ran up and smelt me, wagging his tail; the cart looked curiously at me; and I returned his glance wistfully, I suppose, for he stopped.

'Woa!' he cried; and the horses halted obediently. 'Where be you goin' this time o' the mornin', my lad?' he asked, not kindly.

'To London,' I answered timidly.

'To Lammion!' and he scratched his head, as if in perplexity. 'That's a good step from here.'

'If you would let me ride a little way in your wagon, I should be very grateful,' I said. 'I have no money to give you; but I can get you some, I think, when we reach London.'

'Get oop, my lad,' he said; 'and never mind the money. There's nothin' but empty sacks under the tilt; and if you sleep a bit, why, so much the better.'

It was with a beating heart that I set out towards Aunt Cecilia's house. It was ten o'clock; the night was dark and hot. I walked as quickly as I could, fearing lest my resolution might fail before I had asked my aunt's forgiveness. I reached the gate at last, and paused a moment to collect myself before ringing. I was raising my hand to the bell when I touched the gate, and found it open. It had never been left open even in the daytime within my know-

ledge; and I went in with a horrible fear as to what might have happened. There were bright lights in the lower windows of the house, and the blinds of my aunt's parlour were undrawn. I could see her sitting beside the table in her accustomed chair, her hands clasped on her knees. I was about to call to her; but her ears had been straining for my footsteps too long to need any other summons, and with a loud cry, she came running to me through the open door and took me in her arms. 'My boy, my boy! I knew you would come back,' she said, sobbing. 'It was not in you to desert me. You could not do it. God be praised, who has given my boy back to me!'

MORE JUNGLE NOTES IN SUMATRA.

WHEN the writer of these Notes had been long enough in the Far East to speak Malay tolerably, the coolies and others on the tobacco estate began to find out that the 'tuau kechil,' or overseer (literally, 'little master'), was anxious for 'information vegetable, animal, and mineral,' and that the timely exhibition of specimens might turn away his wrath. The Chinaman of the coolie class cares nothing for animals, except from an alimentary standpoint; and it did not seem to be at first understood that a monkey with a fractured skull, a squashed lizard, or a spider reduced to a biped, were not the sort of things I wanted. But when this point was settled, I soon had an embarrassing profusion of creatures brought me, which I generally restored to their native woods after a few days, as my hands were too full to admit of looking after them.

I think one of the first to arrive was that curious animal the 'kukang' (*Loris tardigradus*). It is a squat, thick-set creature, about the size of a small cat, brown in colour, four-handed like a monkey, but with a fox-like head. The most curious features are its eyes, huge yellow circular orbs, which are said by the Javanese, who have a great dread and dislike of the creature, to bring disaster on whatever their unwinking glare fixes upon. It is a nocturnal animal, feeding on insects and small birds. Its tenacity of life is very great; and its strength and power of bite surprising for so small an animal. My specimen had a collar and chain attached to a ring running on a pole which reached to the roof, where he generally slept all day. One evening, just as it was getting dusk, I saw 'Joe' slowly descending the pole, his gaze fixed on an unconscious cat, which was sleeping about a yard from its foot. When he reached the ground, he crept on like a shadow inch by inch till he almost touched his victim, when, with a sudden dart, he seized its hindleg in his jaws, while a whole Chinese orchestra of squeals and shrieks burst from the astounded cat. With much difficulty the cat was released by the united efforts of myself and 'boy,' who got grievously scratched for his pains; and Joe went slowly and solemnly up his pole to the roof with the air of a person who

has accomplished a thoroughly satisfactory piece of work.

This cat, I may note, was rather a curiosity in her way. All through Malaysia, eighty per cent. of the cats suffer from some deformity of the tail. Some have no tail at all; some, a mere knob; others have it bent at right angles or folded back on itself; but this particular specimen had it rolled up like a spiral spring, or corkscrew, so that you might have passed a stick through and suspended puss from it. I never heard of any explanation of this curious fact, but should put it down to general degeneracy, the Malay cat being a diminutive weakly creature, which is odd in a region so congenial to the tiger and leopard, and where there is certainly no want of food.

Snakes of all sorts were plentiful; but considering the number of men employed on field and jungle work, cases of snake-bite were very rare. I can only remember two—one of a Chinaman who handled a supposed dead cobra; and the other of a Javanese who was bitten on the neck by a large green snake, and died in five minutes. Cobras in this part of the East do not seem to have the same penchant for entering houses as in India, and you are tolerably safe from them indoors. The most dreaded snake of Sumatra is the hamadryad, or king-cobra. This reptile is not only the largest of poisonous snakes, but the most vicious and aggressive. In appearance it is not unlike the cobra, but not so thick in proportion to its length, and the hood smaller. The colour varies, but is generally an olive green, with dusky white rings round the body. My first experience of the hamadryad was when watching some coolies removing a stack of tobacco sticks. Suddenly there was a squall (Chinamen can't shout) and a rush to the door of the shed, while something long, sinuous, and glistening darted out from among the sticks and slid swiftly along the floor in pursuit. Finding no enemy, he paused for a minute, his head raised fully a yard, hissing like a small steam-engine, and then made for an opening in the wall of the shed—a fatal move, for as soon as his 'business end' was well outside, he was in halves from a blow with a 'changkul,' or large hoe. This snake measured eleven feet, but I have heard of them reaching fourteen or more.

The python or 'ular sawa' is common, but varies greatly in size. The largest specimen I ever saw was eighteen feet. The creature had entered a fowl-house and swallowed ten fowls: a bit of good luck for the neighbouring gang of Chinese, who disposed of the snake and its contents with equal gusto. This, however, was not much of a python; twenty-five feet being not uncommon. At the other end of the scale is a lovely emerald-green snake, about fifteen inches long, which feeds on insects, and is very fond of haunting the pot-plants on your veranda.

Then there are the monitor lizards, mis-called iguanas by Europeans, as in Australia. Some of these are formidable creatures, especially a species with a very rough scaly skin, mottled brown and dirty yellow, with very long and sharp claws on the forefeet, which are more effective as weapons

than his teeth, though the latter are no trifle. I was once coming down the coast in a small steamer with a number of Javanese on board, who were returning to Batavia. They generally travel as deck passengers; but as the deck-space was limited, room had been found for the women in the hold just under the after-hatch to the number of about twenty-five. There was also on board an agent of some Hamburg animal dealer, who had with him a number of birds and beasts, one of which was a very fine lizard of this description, about six feet long, kept in uncomfortable durance in a gin-case, with some laths nailed across it, at which he kept biting savagely, only leaving off to snap, with a sound like a spring rat-trap, at any one who approached the cage. About midnight, as we were ploughing slowly through the malodorous coffee-coloured water of Bengkalis Strait, there arose such an outburst of shrieks and cries for help as brought every soul on deck in a twinkling, under the impression that the Chinese passengers, who were very numerous, had risen on us, or that we were boarded by pirates, who are by no means extinct on that coast. Somebody sung out 'Fire!' The engine stopped, and all was confusion, until the blue light being brought, showed the after-hatch blocked with a mass of squealing, struggling, feminine humanity. Presently the empty gin-case solved the mystery. The 'haranjadeli benalang,' or 'illegitimately-born beast,' as the women styled him, on gaining his liberty, had fallen through the hatch on the sleepers, and forthwith wreaked his vengeance with tooth and claw on everything he touched. Several women had been badly scratched and bitten, and all were nearly out of their wits with fright.

The 'chichak,' or house-lizard, about a foot long, is sometimes a great nuisance. He utters incessantly a short snappish bark like that of a toy terrier, and when one has taken post in a bedroom, he makes sleep impossible till he is slain or expelled. This is the more difficult, because the animal is a natural ventriloquist, and the irritating 'Yap, yap' always seems to proceed from the quarter where he is not.

Perhaps the two insects which—next to the mosquito—first attract the notice of a new arrival are those industrious workers the carpenter-bee and mason-wasp. The former is an enormous insect, more than twice the size of a humble-bee, and of an intense jetty black. Indeed, the 'knunbang' is to Malay poets what the 'evening wing' is to our own, with the exception that, with the former, a lady's teeth, and not her hair, are the objects of comparison. He (or, I believe, I should say she) enters your room with a startling whirr, and, sailing slowly to the roof, sets to work with the noisy ostentatious industry of her race, at driving a five-eighths-inch tunnel into post or rafter. They work with the grain of the wood, and the burrows are sometimes a foot long. I never could make out how it is done, as their jaws are not stronger in proportion than those of other bees. I have known them nearly ruin a 'bangsal,' or tobacco drying-shed.

The mason-wasp is of several kinds; but the most common is a slim, active, black-and-yellow insect, with the two sections of her body connected by such a long and slender filament that she

seems in danger every moment of leaving the whole 'after-part' of her person behind. Their habits have often been described; but not all individuals build in the same way. Some economise material by building in a convenient hole, such as the barrel of a gun, or the keyhole of a safe; others, again, construct their clay cells against the wall or ceiling; but the thorough-going and conscientious wasp, after bulking the cells on the trunk of a tree and stocking them with preserved spiders, covers them with a mass of white clay, which she then works over with streaks and patches of coloured earth, with such truth to nature that it is almost impossible to tell if from a large knot on the bark. It is odd, however, that their instinct, or whatever it is, does not seem to tell them that this sort of nest on a white-washed wall is ten times more conspicuous than if they left out the decoration.

Of that unpleasant trio, the scorpion, centipede, and tarantula, the first is perhaps the most formidable. The sting of the very large black species, which is common about decaying stumps and hollow trees, is, I should think, the most agonising pain known, judging from its effect on the almost nerveless Chinaman. A specimen was once brought me which was covered, tail, claws, and all, with young scorpions about half an inch long in constant motion. It seemed half dead; and wishing to see whether the native belief is correct that scorpions are devoured by their young, I placed it in an empty scallit-powder box. Unfortunately, I was called away for a few minutes, and on returning, found the box and its contents in the possession of 'Chelaka,' or 'the scoundrel,' a monkey so named from the singular enormity of his crimes, who was crunching up the scorpion and progeny with the relish of an excursionist over a plate of shrimps.

The centipede is popularly supposed to carry a sting on each foot; but I have several times handled them—after their heads were removed—without the claws producing any result. It is the first pair of claws only that are venomous, being hollow, and provided with poison-bags like a snake's fang. The largest I ever saw was eleven inches in length, a gruesome creature. A bite from one of this size would most likely have been fatal to a man in weak health. The tarantula, though his powers of offence are nothing like those of the scorpion or centipede, is, somehow, a more unpopular character than either. The horror of these large spiders entertained by many people is curious and unaccountable. I have seen Australian bushmen, who in every-day life scarcely seemed to understand danger, turn white as a sheet at the sight of a small 'triantelope,' as they called it.

There is an enormous spider frequently found in the jungle, full three inches long in the body, and seven across the legs, black in colour, and elegantly marked with red and yellow. It spins a geometrical web about four feet in diameter between two trees, which web is strong enough to knock off a pit-hat. In one case the web was extended between trees at least twenty feet apart by a system of guys and stays, of which not one was unnecessary or out of place; and besides, was stretched in a vertical direction by two good-sized pieces of wood—axe-chips, in fact

—slung to its lower margin. Some of the Sumatran spiders are of such extraordinary and unspidery-like shapes, that only drawings could give an idea of them. One species, about the size of a garden spider, has a hard shelly body, with a pear-shaped projection on each side, which, as well as the body, is covered with spikes.

But, to the Deli planter, the creatures that sting and those that bite, be their weapons ever so potent, are of little moment compared with those that eat. It is odd that tobacco, so fatal to insects when manufactured, should agree so well with them when green; but so it is; and for some five months in the year the 'worms' cease not to afflict the souls of the managers, the coolies, and assistants. Sumatran tobacco is solely used for the wrappers of the superior kind of cigars; and the smallest hole in the leaf takes off very seriously from its value. As soon as the infant plant appears above ground it is liable to the attacks of saw-flies, which deposit their eggs in the stem, causing a swelling, and speedily killing it. When it escapes these, and is duly planted out in the regulation rows, there appears a small green caterpillar, the larva of a white butterfly, exactly resembling the English 'cabbage' species, which sets to work on the leaves.

Another great enemy to tobacco is a large locust, some three inches long, head, wings, and legs bright green, and body scarlet. One of these insects will do as much damage as fifty caterpillars; and they are so sharp-sighted and strong on the wing, that it is very difficult to catch one without damaging more plants than the insect itself would have done.

The common Indian bee is very plentiful. On every tobacco estate are to be seen several enormous trees, towering solitary from the tobacco fields, or the waste of scrub or sword-grass which succeeds them. Each of these trees has a line of large excrescences running up its trunk as far as the first branch, which may be one hundred and fifty feet or more from the ground. These are the 'tualang' trees, exempted from the axe by special agreement with the chief from whom the land is leased, and each contains a vast bee settlement. The knobs are occasioned by the growth of the bark round the long hard-wood pegs which are driven in by the Malays to serve as a ladder. The looting of one of these bee-trees is a serious undertaking, and attended with no little danger. A great pile of wood is lighted beneath, the bees being driven off by the heat rather than the smoke, as the night chosen is one when a stiff breeze is blowing, so that the bees as they emerge are carried off to leeward and unable to return. When at length the coast is supposed clear, several men ascend, and pitch down the nests helter-skelter—the horrid-looking mess of spilt honey, smashed combs, dead bees, and dirt, being carried off for further treatment. Next morning the expelled bees return, and it is highly advisable to give the neighbourhood a wide berth for some time.

The bees' principal enemy, next to the native, is that drollest of creatures, the Malayan sun-bear. There are two species, similar in habits, but differing very much in size. One of the smaller species, with whom I was well acquainted, was indeed 'a running river of harmless merriment'

to his owner and all who knew him. He had been picked up in the jungle as a very small cub, and at the time I speak of him was about a year old, three feet long and eighteen inches high when on all-fours, which was his most infrequent position. He was an admirable performer as a biped, and the first sight of him was enough to upset most people's gravity as he came forward to greet the stranger with a rolling lurching gait, and a most absurd resemblance to a miniature mariner in a greatcoat of black fur, slightly the worse for liquor. But no stranger could ever be persuaded that the extraordinary performances of the animal were not the results of teaching, instead of being solely the work of native genius. He possessed—for he quite understood 'meum' if not 'tuum'—a rough wooden ball about the size of a Dutch cheese, and with this he would constantly practise a series of feats with as serious and solemn an air as if he were training for a gymnastic championship. I have seen him deliberately stand on his head for some minutes, the ball balanced on the soles of his hindfeet. Then he would drop it into his front paws, and shuffle along to the edge of the veranda, climb the posts, hugging the ball with one arm, and in some way contrive to lie on his back on the top rail, about two inches broad, while he kept the ball rolling incessantly between his fore and hind feet. Another trick was, to clasp the ball with both arms, and in this position to turn slowly heels over head the whole length of the veranda. Another article was an old Malacca cane, with which he used to perform a series of evolutions something between quarterstaff and the manual exercise; but none of these things would he ever do except at his own will and pleasure; and he refused steadily to learn from man any accomplishment except the very undesirable one of getting tipsy on gin-and-water highly sweetened.

He was the most inquisitive beast imaginable. Voe to the 'almirah,' or wardrobe, that was left ajar. In two minutes Bruin's long sickle-shaped claws would drag its contents in a heap on to the floor and his flexible snout would be rooting in its every corner. On one occasion he was discovered in the act of carrying off a clock for investigation at leisure; and on another, being accidentally shut into the 'godown,' or storeroom, he entirely ruined a brand-new saddle, and gnawed into shreds a quantity of floor-matting. The Chinaman to whose carelessness he owed this opportunity will carry the memory of that day 'Photographically lined On the tables of his mind. When a yesterday has faded from its page.'

This bear was omnivorous in his feeding, except as regarded fish, which he would not look at. Fruit of all kinds he would eat in any quantity; but he delighted in nothing so much as a tin of jam. Clutching it in his forepaws, he quickly licked out every particle of its contents with his curious strap-like tongue, and continued fondly to embrace the tin long after its interior was as clean as a new dollar. He used, as I have mentioned above, to love gin-and-water unwisely, and being far too often indulged, used to suffer from what his master called 'Katzenjammer' ('hot coppers'). It was probably in a fit of this ailment that he conceived the idea of abandoning the snares and pitfalls of civilisation and its

demoralising tendencies; for one morning his place knew him no more: 'he had been, and was not—that's all that they knew.' His native jungle had received him again; and no one felt his loss more than the Chinese 'boy' and 'cook,' who would now have to find some other reason than 'Bruang, tuan' (Bear, sir), to explain everything broken, stolen, or lost.

The other species of sun-bear is a much larger animal, longer in the legs and thinner in the body in proportion, but, as far as I know, quite harmless, and only objectionable from its practice, common to both species, of destroying cocoa-nut trees by eating the 'cabbage' or central bud.

At the same place where the bear resided I saw one of the rather scarce scaly ant-eaters, or 'pangolins' (Malay 'panggiling,' a roller or mill-stone). He was about thirty inches long, with a little pointed head, powerful mole-like digging feet, and a very thick tail—the whole of which, as well as his back and sides, was covered with heart-shaped, horny scales, attached by their bases, and overlapping, those on the back being, roughly, as large as a halfpenny. So thick and hard are these scales, that I can quite believe that they would stop a pistol bullet, at least from the cheap Belgian revolver with which the experiment was said to have been tried; but when the animal is alarmed and rolls itself up, the scales stand erect, so that, though their sharp edges would keep off an animal, an easy entrance is made for a spear or knife.

The mention of old travels reminds one of that grand old fiction of the Far East which has survived nearly to our own times, and will continue to furnish a good serviceable metaphor to generations unborn—the upas tree. The upas, when encountered in the wood, proved to be a large, but not exceptionally large tree, growing in dense jungle, with dark, rough, and very thick bark, from which, when cut, a thick milky juice flowed. 'Upas,' in the common Javanese dialect, signifies poison of any description; and the juice of this tree being plentiful and requiring no preparation, has always formed the arrow-poison most generally in use in Malaysia. It must, however, be kept air-tight, and only applied to the weapon very shortly before using, as a few hours' exposure converts it into a crumbly black resin, quite harmless. The effects of fresh upas poison are very rapid and deadly, though almost painless.

There is another tree closely resembling the upas, which most probably gave rise to the upas of romance. This is the 'ringgus,' the terror of jungle-cutters. The flow of juice from the bark is vastly more plentiful than from the upas, in fact it flies out in a shower from an axe-stroke; and the effect on the coolie's bare skin is frightful, resembling that of boiling oil. The first time I saw a sufferer from the ringgus, I thought that he had been seized with some extraordinary and perhaps contagious disease, for I had not left him at work ten minutes when I was attracted by his howls and invocations to Allah (he was a Javanese), and found him rolling on the ground, trying to rub off the creamy stuff which was sticking to his face and chest. Two or three of his mates came up and carried him about a quarter of a mile to the estate hospital; but by the time he reached it his head and the upper

part of his body were so swollen that he looked like nothing human, and his hands resembled brown boxing-gloves. I thought that he would certainly die; but by much rubbing with oil and laudanum he recovered.

One of the most striking trees in the jungle is the gutta-percha (*Isanandra*). It is not one trunk, but an assemblage of scores, twisted, knotted, and melted into one another, with the roots coiling like half-buried pythons over roofs of ground. The advantage to the gutta-tree of this mode of growth is, that in the furious but short-lived storms of these latitudes the mass of small stems, supported by the buttresses and roots, gives to the wind; whereas, were the stem one solid trunk, the wood is so soft and weak that it would snap like a carrot. There is not much gutta at present exported from this part of the world, as the gutta-gatherers are too heavily taxed by the Malay headmen to make it a profitable business.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

On the morning of the 18th of March 1862, the Liverpool ship *Emily St Pierre* (William Wilson, captain) arrived within about twelve miles of Charleston and signalled for a pilot. She had made a long and tedious voyage of four months from Calcutta, bound for St John, New Brunswick, calling at Charleston for orders, if Charleston was open. If the Southern port was blocked, Captain Wilson's orders were to proceed direct to the British port of St John, New Brunswick. The ship had formerly belonged to Charleston; but since the outbreak of the American Civil War she had sailed under the English flag. Her nominal owners were Messrs Fraser, Trenholm, & Co., of 10 Rumbold Place, Liverpool, a firm doing an extensive business, who had very close relations with the Confederate or Southern States, for whom they acted as bankers and agents in this country.

The ship was hailed by a vessel which proved to be the Northern cruiser *James Aldger*, and in response Captain Wilson hauled up his courses, backed his main-yard, and lay to. An American naval lieutenant and a score of men came on board and demanded his papers. The manifest showed an innocent cargo, two thousand bales of gunny-bags, and the registration of the ship as English was in due order. The captain demanded permission to proceed, Charleston being blockaded, to his destination, the British port of St John. The lieutenant refused, and referred the matter to his superior in command; and the two vessels proceeded into Charleston roadstead, where they arrived at half-past two in the afternoon.

Captain Wilson was ordered on board the flag-ship of the blockading squadron, the *Florida*, where he was kept for two hours in solitude and suspense. At last a flag-officer, Captain Goldboro, came to him, and said they had decided to seize the *Emily St Pierre* on several grounds. He

asserted that she carried contraband of war—namely, sulphure; that her English registration was not *bond fide*; that many articles on board had been found bearing the name of Charleston; that the same word had been scraped out on her stern, and substituted by the name Liverpool; that Captain Wilson had not disclosed all his papers, but had been observed from the *James Alger* to throw overboard and sink a small parcel, probably of incriminating documents. Captain Wilson protested, and appealed to the maritime law of nations. But in vain. He was informed that the law-courts of Philadelphia would adjudicate the matter; and finally Captain Wilson was invited to take passage in his vessel to Philadelphia, and to place at the disposal of the navigator his charts and instruments. The invitation in form was in fact a command. He returned to his vessel to find that his crew had all been removed, with the exception of two who were not sailors—the steward, an Irishman, named Matthew Montgomery; and the cook, a German, named Louis Schelvin, hailing from Frankfort-on-the-Main. These were merely passengers; and with them was an American engineer, who had obtained permission to take passage to Philadelphia.

The prize-crew who took charge of the vessel consisted of Lieutenant Stone, of the United States navy, in command; a master's mate, and twelve men. Fourteen in all, with the American passenger, fifteen. The moment that Captain Wilson stepped again on board his own vessel, he formed the resolution to recapture her and take her home. He was bold enough to think that it might be possible to recapture the ship even against such odds. An unarmed man, aided by the questionable support of an Irish steward and a German cook, was practically powerless against the fifteen of the crew. On the other hand, Captain Wilson was a brawny, big-framed Scotsman (a native of Dumfriesshire), a thorough seaman, determined in resolve, cool and prompt in action. He called the steward and the cook to him in his stateroom, and disclosed the wild project he had formed. Both manfully promised to stand by their chief. This was at half-past four on the morning of the 21st of March, the third day out from Charleston. Captain Wilson had already formed his plan of operations, and had prepared to a certain extent for carrying it out. With the promise of the cook and the steward secured, he lost no time, gave them no chance for their courage to evaporate, but proceeded at once in the darkness and silence of the night to carry out his desperate undertaking. He was prepared to lose his life or to have his ship; that was the simple alternative.

It was Lieutenant Stone's watch on deck, and the prize-master's mate was asleep in his berth. The English captain went into the berth, landed out the mate's sword and revolvers, clapped a gag made of a piece of wood and some marline between his teeth, seized his hands, which Mont-

gomery, the steward, quickly ironed, and so left him secure. The lieutenant still paced the deck, undisturbed by a sound. Then across to another stateroom, where the American engineer lay asleep. He also was gagged and ironed silently and without disturbance. His revolvers and those already secured were given to the steward and the cook, who remained below in the cabin. Captain Wilson went on deck.

Lieutenant Stone was pacing the deck, and the watch consisted of one man at the helm, one at the lookout on the fore-castle, and three others who were about the ship. For ten minutes Captain Wilson walked up and down, remarking on the fair wind, and making-believe that he had but just turned out. The ship was off Cape Hatteras, midway of their journey between Charleston and Philadelphia, the most easterly projection of the land on that coast. It is difficult navigation thereabouts with cross-currents and a tendency to fogs, affording the two captains subject for talk.

'Let her go free a bit, Captain Stone; you are too close to the Cape. I tell you, and I know.'

'We have plenty of offing,' replied the lieutenant; and then to the helmsman: 'How's her head?'

'North-east and by east, sir,' came the reply.

'Keep her so. I tell you it is right,' said the lieutenant.

'Well, of course I'm not responsible now; but I'm an older sailor than you, Captain Stone, and I tell you if you want to clear Cape Hatteras, another two points east will do no harm. Do but look at my chart; I left it open on the cabin table. And the coffee will be ready now;' and Captain Wilson led the way from the poop to the cabin, followed by the commander.

There was a passage about five yards long leading from the deck to the cabin, a door at either end. The captain stopped at the first door, closing it, and picking from behind it an iron belaying-pin which he had placed there. The younger man went forward to the cabin where the chart lay open on the table. 'Stone!'

He turned at the sudden peremptory exclamation of his name. His arm upraised, the heavy iron bolt in his hand, in low but hard eager quick words, 'My ship shall never go to Philadelphia!' said the captain. He did not strike. It was unnecessary. Montgomery had thrust the gag into the young lieutenant's mouth; he was bound hand and foot, bundled into a berth, and the door locked. Three out of the fifteen were thus disposed of. There was still the watch on deck and the watch below.

The construction of the *Emily St Pierre* was of a kind not unusual, but still not very common. The quarters of the crew were not in the fore-castle, but in a roundhouse amidships. The name does not describe its shape. It was an oblong house on deck with windows and one door. From the poop, or upper deck at the stern over the cabins and staterooms and the passage before mentioned, there was a companion-stair on the port side leading to the deck at the waist; whilst a similar companion-way at the stern led down to the level of the deck, which could also be approached direct from the cabins through the passage. In this space, behind the poop was the wheel, slightly raised, for the steersman to see

clear of the poop; and there was a hatchway, leading to the lazarette hold, a small supplementary hold usually devoted to stores, extra gear, coils of spare rope, and so on. Nothing that might be done on this part of the deck could be seen, therefore, from the waist of the ship; nor *vice versa*, except by the steersman, who was elevated by a step or two above the level.

Coming on this part of the deck from the cabin, Captain Wilson called to the three men who were about, and pointing to a heavy coil of rope in the lazarette, ordered them to get it up at once—Lieutenant Stone's orders. They jumped down without demur, suspecting nothing, as soon as the captain shoved the hatch aside. They were no sooner in than he quickly replaced and fastened the hatch. The three were securely trapped, in full view of the helmsman, whose sailor's instinct kept him in his place at the wheel.

'If you utter a sound or make a move,' said the captain, showing a revolver, 'I'll blow your brains out;' and then he called aft the lookout man, the last of the watch on deck. The man came aft. Would he help to navigate the ship to England? No; he would not. He was an American. Then would he call the watch? He would do that. And eagerly he did it; but the next moment he was laid low on the deck, and bundled unceremoniously into the lazarette with his three companions—the hatchway replaced and secured, Captain Wilson standing on guard at it.

Meanwhile, the watch below had been called and were astir. When sailors tumble out they generally do so gradually and by twos and threes. The first two that came aft were quickly overpowered, one at a time, and bound. The third man drew his knife and dashed at the steward, who fired, wounding him severely in the shoulder. It was the only shot that was fired. Finding that cook and steward and captain were all armed, the rest of the watch below quietly surrendered, and submitted to be locked in the roundhouse, prisoners of the bold and resolute man who in the course of an hour had thus regained possession of his ship against overwhelming odds.

For England! Yes, homeward bound in an unseaworthy ship; for a ship that is undermanned is unseaworthy to the last degree. It is worse than overloading. And here is our brave captain, three thousand miles from home, calmly altering her course the few points eastward he had recommended to the lieutenant, homeward bound for England, his crew a steward and a cook! Neither could steer, nor land, nor reef. Brave-hearted Matthew Montgomery, the Irish steward, honest Louis Schelvin, the German cook, now is the time to show what savor of seamanship you have picked up amongst your pots and pans of the galley and the pantry.

The first thing was to wash and bandage the wounded shoulder of the man who was shot, the next to put all the prisoners in the roundhouse under lock and key. Four of them out of twelve volunteered to assist in working the ship rather than submit to the tedium of imprisonment. The irony of fate! Not one of them could steer except one, and he imperfectly. And

the courses are set, and the topsails lower and upper are drawing, and the topgallant sails too—pray Heaven this wind may last, and no stronger!

The lieutenant was admitted to the captain's table under guard and on parole. The meal over, he was ushered into his stateroom and locked in. Once a day only—for the captain is captain and crew combined—bread and beef and water were passed to the prisoners in the roundhouse; no more attention than absolutely necessary could be spared to them.

Homeward bound! Captain Wilson had overcome his captors; could he overcome the elements? The glass was falling, the wind was rising, threatening a gale. The reef-tackles were passed to the captain, so that one man's strength could haul them. Then the wheel was resigned to the Irish steward and the German cook, whilst the captain had to lay aloft and tie the reef-points, ever and anon casting a look behind and signalling to his faithful men how to move the wheel. Hours of hard work, fearful anxiety before all is made snug to meet the fury of the coming storm. All is right at last, thought the captain, if everything holds.

Yes, if. Everything did not hold. The tiller was carried away in the midst of the gale, and Captain Wilson, brave heart as he was, felt the sadness of despair. He had been keeping watch day and night without intermission for many days, snatching an hour's sleep at intervals, torn with anxiety, wearied with work. It was but a passing faintness of the heart. The ship rolled and tossed, helmsless, at the mercy of the sea. For twelve hours he wrought to rig up a jury-rudder, and at last, lifting up his heart in gratitude, for the second time he snatched his ship out of the hands of destruction; for the second time he could inform Lieutenant Stone that he was again in command of his own ship. No longer was the ship buffeted at the mercy of the wild wind and the cruel Atlantic rollers, but her course was laid true and her head was straight—for England.

For thirty days they sailed with westerly gales behind them. They made the Channel in safety, and the code signal was hoisted as they passed up Channel. On the morning of the 21st April, exactly one month since her course was altered off Cape Hatteras, the *Emily St Pierre* threaded the devious channels which lead into the broad estuary of the Mersey, the anchor fell with a plunge and an eager rattle of the leaping cable, and the ship rode stately on the rushing tide.

Much was made of Captain Wilson during the next few weeks. All England rang with applause of his brave exploit. Meetings were convened, presentations were made, speeches were delivered, to an extent that might have turned the head of a less simple and true-hearted man. Large sums of money were subscribed, of which plucky Matthew Montgomery and honest Louis Schelvin the cook got their share. But probably the happiest and proudest moment of his life was when the captain stood on deck on the day of arrival, his wife by his side, beside her the owner of the ship, Charles K. Prioleau, of Fraser, Trenholm, & Co., whilst he narrated in simple words the story of his exploit. His big beard was torn and ragged, his eyes bloodshot with weariness

and lack of sleep, his face haggard, weather-beaten, and drawn; but he was a man of whom all England was proud—a man to inspire her with the faith that the race of heroes does not die.

VOLCANIC AÉRATION.

VOLCANIC Aération is the name given to a recently introduced process for the readier and improved manufacture of those sparkling mineral waters which have of late years grown in such increasing demand. The present processes obtaining for the manufacture of mineral waters are doubtless familiar to our readers, works for producing the same being found everywhere; whilst the demonstrations of the most improved methods held at many of the International Exhibitions of late years have further familiarised the public with this branch of industry; suffice it, therefore, to deal directly with the new process which forms the subject of the present article, pointing out wherein its novelty lies, and indicating the advantages claimed by the introducers, as contrasted with the modes of manufacture at present in vogue.

In the neighbourhood of the extinct Eifel Volcano, near the Rhine, in Germany, are found springs of mineral waters which give off large volumes of natural carbonic acid gas. It is the utilisation of this natural gas, as opposed to the manufacture and employment of artificial gas, which forms the *raison d'être* of the new process. This natural gas becomes thoroughly purified in passing up through some two or three hundred feet of water, which of course means a considerable pressure upon the gas. This gas, being duly collected on the surface, is subjected by means of pumps to the pressure of five or six hundred pounds per square inch, condensing it into a clear transparent liquid, which is forthwith stored in steel or wrought-iron cylinders of special construction and exceptional strength; the German government testing the cylinders previous to use to a pressure fully four times greater than that employed in ordinary working, hence ensuring absolute safety—the pressure exerted on the cylinders by the condensed natural carbonic acid gas being about nine hundred pounds per square inch at ordinary temperatures.

The manufacture of aërated waters is now readily carried on by means of these tubes, which are easily transported in a manner at once simple, rapid, and inexpensive, no machinery whatever being required. The apparatus consists simply of a closed copper vessel of any required size, filled nearly full with ordinary pure water, and connected with a tube of compressed gas. On turning a tap on the tube, the liberated gas rushes under high pressure into the copper vessel, becomes thoroughly incorporated with the water, and produces forthwith the aërated mineral water which is so largely consumed and so justly appreciated at the present day. The aërated water can now be drawn off for immediate consumption or bottled for future use. Mineral water thus produced is stated to be entirely free from any flavour of chemicals, sometimes discernible in that which has been prepared from artificial carbonic acid gas.

The aim of the promoters of the new method is to establish supplies of cylinders to their customers, in much the same way as any other article of consumption is furnished from house to house; whilst it is confidently asserted that the process now under consideration compares very favourably in point of cost with those at present in vogue; and it would certainly seem as if in refreshment bars and restaurants doing a large business, this quick and effective mode of producing mineral waters must have an extended development.

A feature of especial note is that, owing to the atmospheric expansion of the liquefied gas within the cylinder on leaving it, extreme cold is produced, so that in the hottest weather the aërated waters leave the copper vessel or 'fountain' at an icy temperature. The simplicity of the process is a strong argument in its favour; neither is skilled labour necessary, nor is there any complicated mechanism that can become deranged. The space occupied by both cylinders and fountain is very small; and there seems every probability that ocean-going vessels will largely avail themselves of this important mode of reducing unremunerative load.

The invention has already made considerable headway, and bids fair to do well in the future; whilst its career will be watched by the public at large with no small interest, who seem in a fair way to secure what can hardly now be termed a luxury, but rather a necessity of everyday life, at a greatly reduced cost.

A FISHER-MAID'S SONG.

THE poplars tall kissed the cold gray sky,
And in front was the hungry sea,
And the river swept dark and drearily by,
While the wind sighed mournfully;
Away in the west, the low sun died
The amethyst banks between;
And amid the reeds, the plover cried,
As I gazed on that well-known scene.

And the fishermen's boats were far away
On the ocean's heaving breast;
And the red lights gleamed wide over the bay
From the high hill's windy crest;
And I saw again my lover's boat
With her white sails all outspread,
Like a joyous bird o'er the waters float
When the evening skies were red.

To-morrow, the sun in the east will rise,
And the fishing-fleet come home,
To gladden the weary, waiting eyes,
Wet with more than the salt sea-foam;
But ah me! for the boat that left the shore
That ere when the skies were red,
For the fisher lad I shall see no more
Till the sea gives up its dead.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

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THE CONTEST FOR THE COAST.

AN island home does not imply perennial peace on the frontier. As a matter of fact, strife is always raging for the preservation of the British shore-line in its integrity. The fortunes of the fight vary. But those who have official care of the coast know that constant vigilance and effort are needed to prevent the tale of waste becoming ominous and disconcerting to dwellers in sea-side towns and villages. In certain districts, a steady denudation has been in progress for many generations, and continues in spite of all precaution. In other directions, the land is happily a gainer, and 'the sandy margin of the sea' is farther out from the fisher huts than it was a few score years ago.

Local traditions show that the loss from the inroads of ocean was a cause of vexation and of considerable solicitude to Englishmen of bygone centuries, whose means for grappling with the problem of preventing it were meagre and rude. They noticed what was going on, but seemed wholly at the mercy of the corroding waves. Absurd legend mingles with some stories of large catastrophes. There is the fable that the Abbot of St Augustine carried away the stones that should have made a secure sea-wall for the Kentish lands named after Earl Goodwin, and built Tenterden steeple with them; and that so the inland church is the cause of the great victory of the sea, which swallowed up pleasant grazing-grounds and left mariners the abiding menace of the Goodwin Sands. This account of a truly regrettable occurrence is backed up by no fragment of proof, and may be dismissed as a baseless libel on the old churchman.

In some cases, reasonable doubts may be entertained whether the measure of the mischief has not been exaggerated. The coast of West Sussex is practically rounded off by the promontory of Selsea Bill. It may or may not be true that a peninsula once stretched far to the eastward, and that a large park once belonging to the Bishops of Selsea lies submerged. An early episcopate

amongst the South Saxons unquestionably had its seat here. Cathedral and monastery have vanished. Camden, the father of English antiquaries, states that in the sixteenth century the ruins could be seen at low water. But it is unnecessary to believe that very much more than a tongue of low-lying land, with its sites of sacred association, was swallowed up. The spacious 'Bishop's Park' is probably a myth.

It is only now and then, by a casual reference in a writer belonging to the dawn of English letters perhaps, or by details entered in the Domesday Book, that any check can be placed on floating rumours of such loss as is commemorated in the songs of 'the drowned land of Lyonesse.' An instance of the possibility of a test occurs in reference to the shore-line of Northumberland. According to report, the sea has flched away considerable estates in the vicinity of Holy Island and Bamborough Castle. But Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History* happens to let us know that the way of approach in his day to Lindisfarne was by crossing the sands at low water. When the tide came up, Cuthbert's home was even then an island. In the course of eleven hundred years there can have been little change at this point. At the corner of the same county, where the Tyne debouches into the North Sea, the robbery carried on by ocean is clear and incontrovertible. Strolling along shore from Tynemouth, the visitor reaches the huge fist-like masses of the Marsden Rocks. Within living memory, the largest of these craggy heaps could be reached by means of a plank-bridge. Now it is sixty yards away at high water, and only to be visited in a boat or by an expert swimmer.

The Yorkshire coast is mostly rocky and indented. It frowns at its foe in stout defiance. But Scarborough, its lovely queen, has recently had a disagreeable summer morning sensation. The whole of the north-east corner of the prominent Castle Hill vanished into the sea. Thousands of tons of earth, weakened at their base by the ceaseless fray and sap of the salt waves, were lost to the land. With this considerable slice of

soil went the familiar flagstaff used for danger-signals in time of the soldiers' firing-practice, an iron mantlet protecting the outlook, and the herbs and plants of a humble kitchen garden. Such a catastrophe is a summons to new and earnest defensive effort.

Coming southwards to Kent, with its proud motto 'Invicta,' another chalk rampart is found which fails to hold its own. The contest is unintermittent and severe, and the odds are always in favour of the waters. The loss on the most threatened parts of the Isle of Thanet is stated to be on an average three feet a year. Clearly, this is serious to landowners. At Reculvers, where Ethelbert retired after his conversion and baptism by Augustine, exists one of the classic spots of England. Every stone has its memory, and the sea menaces it more and more. The chiefs of the Trinity House defend as best they can the remaining ruins of the ancient church. It constitutes a useful beacon for the sailor. But it is a grave question if any amount of care will long suffice. Much has disappeared; and but for the action of the authorities, the end of Reculvers must have come before now. The friendly sea-wall extends from the coastguard station almost to Birchington.

It has been said that the reverse is sometimes the true picture. On the Essex coast the land has steadily spread out at various points. Fields that are now an appanage of some comfortable homestead were troublesome and dangerous shoals a few decades ago. And midway between the Forlands of Kent the case of Sandwich presents itself. It is all historic ground. At Ebbsfleet the first Saxon settlers landed. Richborough was a great Roman haven. Sandwich carries the story of its fame far back to Canute's days, when it was the best known of all British harbours. But the sea has steadily retired. The process of 'sitting-up' has gone on in the trend of the bay. The always shallow tideway once dotted with Saxon and Danish keels has become marsh. The green grass waves over the place where sailors anchored. It has been a fatal blow to the trade and current renown of Sandwich. Wonderfully quaint and old-world is now the appearance of the 'port.' The proof is present that success may be resented when ocean here and there gives up the fight for the coast.

The same phenomena are found at Winchelsea and Rye. These were busy haunts of commerce in their short and treacherous day. They have become to all intents and purposes inland places.

But what of shallow shore the sea yields only seems to throw into relief the ravages committed elsewhere. Sandown Castle guarded the northern flank of Deal and commanded the Downs. The waves have played a wild and contemptuous game of stone-stealing with its ruins. On the opposite side, a carriage road ran until quite recently from St Margaret's, against the South Foreland, into Dover, following the base of the cliffs. It has been filched away, and the cliffs themselves are being ceaselessly abraded, and promise to make but an indifferent resistance.

The controversy as to what are and what are not wise and certain measures of coast protection comes into view at Dover and Folkestone. Is

the best policy adopted to hold the existing line of the Channel shore? Many careful and learned students of denudation answer in the negative. For a long time a natural safeguard was supposed to be the running out of 'groynes' or rows of banded piles. The argument for these was simple. They would, first, obviate loss of coast by breaking the force of each incoming wave; and second, they would do a more positive good, by retaining the shingle. Facts have not always borne out these contentions. The shingle has somehow gone in spite of painstaking efforts to keep it. And the interference with the impact of the tide in one particular district may be of questionable use to the larger area. One town's gain may be its neighbour's injury. One side of a town may win and another lose in the same proportion. There is a general movement—a side-sweep—of the ocean currents. To build out barriers at an enormous expense and try to stop this action is perhaps to increase the common evil, even supposing some help should be rendered to one favoured locality. So the critics protest. Moreover, there are specific complaints of failure. The groynes have not answered as expected, or have been a continual expense to the local authorities for repairs.

Allied with the problem is the doubt as to the effect produced by stone harbour-piers such as accommodate the Channel boat service. A charge of damage is made against such gigantic works as the Admiralty Pier at Dover. It is alleged that the sea comes up to the attack immediately beyond them in overwhelming force. They are said to break the impact in some spots only to focus the strain elsewhere.

One method of defence alone passes without serious challenge. It is admitted to be the most permanent plan hitherto devised. Stout broadside sea-walls do undoubtedly prolong the contest for a period which is to be measured at least by generations. They are worth their cost. At Cromer, where on the westward side the waves beat up the unstable cliffs with insatiable fury, a serviceable protection of this kind has been erected, and has temporarily changed the odds of the conflict.

On the Sussex and Hampshire coasts it is only where there is a sea-wall that there is some degree of security. The rugged mass of Beachy Head is wearing away. Within common recollection, severe losses have been sustained in this neighbourhood. There were formerly seven partially detached masses of cliff standing out from the head-land, and known to Eastbourne fishermen as 'the Charleses'—how the name was derived it is only possible to conjecture. The sea has left only a fragment of one. The martello towers which begin to dot the shore at Hythe, in Kent, add come to an end at Seaford, in Sussex, were particularly numerous between Beachy Head and Dungeness. Survey maps of the early part of the century show four at Langney, and all considerably above high-water mark. They have vanished, and the sea rolls over their site. At the juncture of the Marine and Grand Parades at Eastbourne an old mill, transformed into a roundhouse, was a marine residence in 1780 of Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent and father of Queen Victoria. The waves undermined it, and it was removed

in 1841. Only the massive buttresses of the parade now save the shore-line.

The sea is unremitting in its assault upon the pleasant southern margin of the Isle of Wight, which, as Michael Drayton sings—

*Of all the southern isles who holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the greatest in Britain's
grace.*

The bays that give beauty to its borders are the result of the age-long encroachments of ocean. On every hand signs are visible of the steady demolition of the rock. The frequent landings have brought the steep slopes down to the shingle, and the triumphant waves have removed the débris. The climes, too, have steadily widened under attack.

Landslips play their part in the denudation always proceeding on the Dorset coast. The worn crags of the Needles have their fellows across Christchurch Bay, and the sea aims at their overthrow. There is great variety in the geological formation of the land defences of Dorset. In the Purbeck, Swanage, and Portland districts an efficient protection is afforded by the hard, defiant masses of solid stone. But beyond, between Lyme Regis and Bridport, ocean has made—and makes—large gains in the contest.

Striking across in a northerly direction, where the counties narrow between channel and channel, the traveller is facing Bridgewater Bay; with Watchet and Minehead to the left, and behind them the hill fastnesses of Exmoor—the country of *Lorna Doone* and *'Gilt Jan Ridd.'* And along this shore-line once more the waves are uniformly the winners. Foot by foot, yard by yard, the sea makes its way in upon the land. Here a cleft cliff is undermined and disappears; there, a rocky terrace slides down and is soon tide-washed shingle.

West as the crow flies lies Barnstaple, at the head of the estuary of the Taw. Tradition speaks—and there is every reason to believe speaks truly—of great changes on the margin of Bideford Bay. The so-called 'Burrows,' where marsh-land meets crag, are said to cover the site of a forest which formerly extended into the channel. What the sea has not claimed, the sandhills hide. In the vicinity of Westward Ho, the loss of coast is said to be at very nearly an average rate of ten yards per annum.

It has long been a matter under anxious consideration by scientific men and others interested how to insure comparative coast-safety. Unless resolute engineering on a large scale comes to the aid of local bodies, it is clear that no real existence can be offered to the forces that make for waste and destruction over extensive stretches of the British shore-line. But such a determined effort is surely worth the making. Happily, a process of reclaiming goes on at the same time as the denudation. At favouring points the waves are compelled to yield space for the purposes of the landman. An embankment skilfully contrived has redeemed some six hundred acres at Brading Harbour, in the Isle of Wight. Similar works have rendered good service elsewhere.

There is one further matter demanding mention: it is the care of the foreshore. Needless on the part of authorities has done great harm in the past, and abetted the enemy in the

fight for the land. But light has broken, and a much closer watch on the shingle is now kept. Its removal is invariably a source of grave mischief. To veto the reckless carting away of a beach—as was often done but a brief while back—is a point of prime and even increasing importance. A denial of selfish claims for the good of all is the policy indicated by prudence.

DUMARESQU'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVIII.—IN A BELEAGUERED CITY.

THE two Linnells and the correspondent Considine were the last Europeans who made their way into the lines of Khartoum before communications with the outer world were finally interrupted by the advance of the Mahdi. Three days after their arrival, all ways were blocked; Omdurman was cut off, the river was surrounded, and a sea of rampant fanatical barbarism surged wildly up on every side round the undermined ramparts of the doomed city.

It was a week or two later, under a tropical sky, in one of the narrow lanes of the Nubian town, that two Europeans walked along slowly with doubtful tread among the eager and excited crowd of natives. Already the noise of artillery from the outlying forts thundered on the ear; already the hurry and scurry of a great siege were visible everywhere among the thronged bazars. But the two Europeans walked on undismayed, between the chattering negroes, engaged in strange talk for that babel of voices. One of them was clad from head to foot in Arab costume, for Linnell invariably preferred that simple dress in the warm south; he had grown accustomed to it in his long campaigning expeditions on the frontiers of the desert, and it was better adapted, he said, than our cramping and close-fitting European garments to the needs and peculiarities of a hot climate. In face and figure, indeed, when so accoutred, he might easily have passed for an Arab himself; his dark hair, his regular oval face, his clear-cut features, and his rich brown complexion, still further bronzed by long exposure to the African sun, all helped to heighten his oriental assumption and to turn him into a veritable son of the desert. Hardly a Mohammedan that passed but took him at a glance for one of the Faithful of Islam: mien and bearing were oriental in the extreme: even at the mosques, his behaviour passed muster; long usage had taught him with merring skill when at Mecca to do as Mecca does.

The other man who stalked along by his side at a steady swing was the correspondent Considine, wearing European garb of the semi-tropical sort, in white helmet and linen jacket, and with the devil-may-care air of absolute assurance on his face which only the cosmopolitan Irishman in the journalistic service can ever assume to full perfection. The picture was symbolical of Khartoum itself during those short-lived days of its European culture. On the one hand, the tall white minarets and flat-topped houses of the native town; on the other hand, the great Government buildings in the meanest bestard Parisian style, the large hospitals, the European shops, the huge magazines, the guns, the ammunition, the telegraph,

the printing-presses. But though those two were walking the streets of beleaguered Khartoum, their speech for the moment was not of Mahdis and assaults, but all of England. Haviland Dumaresq would have thought this indeed fame could he have heard the grave-looking oriental in burrows and hood uttering his name with profound respect in the narrow and very malodorous alleys of that far African capital.

'And you know Dumaresq, then!' the Irishman exclaimed jauntily as he picked his way through the sloppy lane. 'A wonderful man, and as learned as a library; but between you and me, you'll admit, me boy, a wee little bit up in the clouds for all that. Sure, I tried to read the Encyclopædic Philosophy meself once: it was at Peshawar, I remember, just after the outbreak of the Ali Musjid business, you know, when we were attacking the Khyber; and I found the book, in four volumes, in the library of the good civilian who put me up while I was arranging for my camels. Says I to myself: "Considine, me boy, philosophy dislains the alarms of war: here's a work that by all accounts you ought to know the inside of." But when I took it up and began to read it, by George, sir, I hadn't got through ten pages before I put it down again, staggered; not a blessed word of it could I understand. "Is it Persian, it is?" says I to the civilian.—"No, sir," says me host; "it's meant for English."—"Well, then," says I, "if that's philosophy, it's not the proper mental pabulum, any way, for a descendant of fighting Considines, of County Cavan." And with that, I shut the book up right off with a bang, and devil another word of it do I mean to read as long as I'm left in the land o' the living.'

'That's the real difficulty about Dumaresq's fame,' Linnell said quietly, adjusting his robe and stepping over a gutter. 'He goes too deep for popular comprehension. If he were less great, he would seem to be greater. As it is, his work is oftener praised than looked at.'

'To be sure,' the Irishman assented with good-humoured acquiescence. 'The book doesn't sell. It's caviare to the general. Macmurdo and White dropped a power of money over it at the first push off; and though the sales have pulled up a little of late years, owing to the reviews, it can't have done much more yet than cover its expenses, for it's a big venture. I know all about it, ye see, for I was a hack of Macmurdo's meself, worse luck, when I first went to seek my fortune in London; slaved in the office from morning to night editing one of his children's magazines—the *Juvenile World*, the old scamp called it; and a harder taskmaster than Sandy Macmurdo hasn't been known in the world, I take it, since the children of Israel evacuated Egypt.'

'It's selling better now, I believe,' Linnell continued with a quiet confidence. 'A great many copies have been bought up lately—enough, I hope, to make Dumaresq comfortable for some time to come, at least till other contingencies drop in to help him.'

'Faith, it may make Sandy Macmurdo comfortable for a week or two in his neat little villa down at Wimbledon Hill,' the Irishman answered with a boisterous laugh; 'but sorrow a penny of it all will poor-old Dumaresq ever

finger. To me certain knowledge, he sold the copyright of the Encyclopædic Philosophy outright to Macmurdo and White for a very small trifle when I was working me fingers to the bone in the *Juvenile World* office.'

'Are you sure of that?' Linnell cried, stopping short in sudden dismay, and almost knocking over a fat old Nubian woman who was waddling behind them in her baggy clothes, unexpected of the halt and the consequent blocking of the narrow alley.

'Sure of it, is it? Why, I know it for a certainty,' the Irishman answered. 'I heard Macmurdo discussing the whole thing himself with the philosopher. He's a sharp man of business, you know, is old Sandy Macmurdo: as good as three Jews or half-a-dozen Armenians; he sniffs a paying book as soon as he looks at it. Says Sandy: "This is a long investment, Mr Dumaresq; a very long investment. If you hold on to it yourself, it'll pay you in the end, I don't deny; but it won't begin to pay you a farthing for the next fifteen years or so. Let's be fair and square. I'm a capitalist: you're not. I can afford to wait: you can't. I'm willing to bet on your chances of disciples. Better take a lump sum down now at once, than go on hoping and biding your time till you're a man of seventy." And Dumaresq saw he was right at a glance, so he closed with him then and there, for a paltry cheque; for all the philosopher wanted himself was to get the book published and out somehow.'

'Then sales at present don't matter a bit to him!' Linnell cried, profoundly disappointed.

'No more than they do to us at Khartoum this minute,' the Irishman answered with good-humoured ease. 'Sorrow a penny does the poor old philosopher get from all his writings. So, if you've been giving away the book to your friends, as a Christmas present, to benefit the author, ye've just succeeded in supplying Macmurdo with extra pocket-money to lay on the favourite at Sandown Park races.'

'That's exactly what I *have* been doing,' Linnell blurted out with regretful annoyance.

'And to what tune?' Considine asked, amused. Khartoum is a far cry from Petherton Episcopi; and Linnell, who would have shrunk as a man of honour from disclosing the facts of the case in England, found his modesty forsake him in the heart of Africa. 'To the tune of eight hundred guineas or thereabouts,' he answered with warmth.

The Irishman drew a very long breath. 'Faith,' he said, laughing, 'I didn't know ye had so much money about you.—But I see your idea. Ye're a generous fellow. Well, you're quite mistaken. Macmurdo and White have divided every penny of it!'

To Linnell, the disappointment was a very bitter one. He gnawed his heart at it. But he saw at a glance that Considine was right. The explanation cleared up at once whatever had seemed mysterious and unsatisfactory about Dumaresq's conduct with regard to the money. With a start of regret, Linnell recognised now when it was all too late that Dumaresq must have paid for the picture of the Wren's Nest out of his own pocket. He had meant to enrich the family by his nameless generosity, and he had

only succeeded after all in making the poor old philosopher spend twenty guineas from his scanty stock upon a useless water-colour!

He hated his art in that moment of awakening. He wished he had never gone near Pether-ton. But then—he would never have known Psyche!

And here at Khartoum, surrounded and beleagnured, he had no chance even of setting things right again by word or letter. All ways were closed: no chance of escape. He must wait through the weary long months of the siege till relief arrived—if ever relief *did* arrive—from England.

But if relief never came at all, then Psyche at least would read his will, and know how much after all he loved her.

At Marquet's shop in the European quarter, Considine paused and gazed into the window.

'What are you looking for?' Linnell asked carelessly.

'For yourself, sure enough,' the Irishman answered, with a sudden start of recognition.

A faint shudder passed over Linnell's handsome face. He fancied he understood, yet hardly liked to confess it even to himself. 'Why, what do you mean?' he murmured incredulously.

'For Linnell,' the correspondent replied with cheerful alacrity. 'Ye'll know Linnell, surely?'

The painter froze up into himself once more. 'No, I don't feel sure I do,' he answered trembling.

'Then you've missed the best medicine that ever was invented for a tropical climate,' Considine exclaimed, with warmth, slapping his friend on the shoulder. 'I'm going to secure some boxes for myself before they're all gone, now supplies are cut off. Ye'd better let me get a couple for you. Linnell's Pills—an American preparation. They've just driven Nile fever out of Khartoum. There's nothing on earth like them for malarious diseases.'

'Thank you, Linnell answered, drawing himself up stiffly; 'I—I'm much obliged. I don't think I'll trouble you, though. I'm sure I don't need them.'

'Have ye ever heard of them?' Considine asked, point-blank.

Linnell hesitated. 'Yes,' he said after a moment, overwhelmed with shame, but too much of a man to deny the fact. 'To tell you the simple truth—I live off them.'

Considine looked up at him with an amused smile. 'An' is it you, then, that makes them?' he asked, with Irish quickness.

'I did,' Linnell answered, forcing himself bravely to speak the truth: 'or at least my father did. We've sold the patent; but I live still on the proceeds of the invention.'

There was a long pause, while Considine went in and made his purchase. When he came out, he handed a little packet without a word to his friend, who slipped it guiltily into his waistcoat pocket.

'Linnell,' the Irishman remarked with Hibernian candour, as they went on once more, 'I never knew till to-day what a bit of a snob ye were. Ye think pills are beneath the dignity of a member of an English bar-net's family.'

The painter flushed up to his eyes at once,

but not with anger. 'I was just thinking to myself,' he said quietly, 'you might have put that utter misinterpretation upon my obvious embarrassment.'

'Well, an' why should a man be ashamed of having made his money in good sound pills?' the Irishman asked with a confident air.

'It's not that,' Linnell answered, quivering with sensitiveness—'though pills are at best a ludicrous sort of thing for a cultivated man to make his money out of: but I've always been afraid, to tell you the truth, I was living on the proceeds of pure quackery. It's all a matter of rubbishing advertisement in the end, I fancy. I could never bring myself to use the money got from that source as if it were my own. As far as I could, I've tried to pay my way, myself, out of my immediate earnings from my own art, and held my father's fortune apart as a sum at my disposal in trust for humanity.'

Considine paused and looked back at him astounded. 'Me dear fellow,' he cried with convincing frankness, 'if that's your idea, I can assure ye, from me own personal knowledge, ye're mistaken entirely. It isn't quackery at all, at all. They're the best pills that ever were compounded. Malarial fever goes down before them like grass. If ye won't take me word for it, ye'll take Gordon's any way; and 'twas Gordon that said to me only last night: "Considine, me boy," said he, "whoever ye go in tropical climates, remember to take two things with ye—sulphate of quinine, and a gross of Linnell's. The man that invented Linnell's," says he, "may never have had a statue put up to him, but he was the greatest benefactor of our species, after Jenner, in the nineteenth century." That's just what Gordon said to me himself; and he's as likely, I should say, as any man living to know what he's talking about.'

The whole point of view was a novel one to Linnell. 'If I thought that,' he answered rather low, 'I should feel happier in my mind than I've felt for years. I've always had my doubts about my father's fortune.—But let's change the subject. I'm sick and tired of it.'

THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE August number of the *Lottery Magazine* of 1776 contains a remarkable estimate—remarkable for its closeness of the future population of 'Our Colonies in North America.' The editor of the journal, which was published in London, in speaking of the comparative populations of Great Britain and North America, calculated that in 1892 the 'colonies aforesaid' would have a population of 64 million. Not even the writer of the last century had probably an idea that his estimate would come so near the mark as the last census of the United States has shown it to be. According to the figures given by the Census Office at Washington, the population of the United States, on June 1, 1890, when the census was taken, was 62,622,250, and, including white persons in Indian Territory and Indians on reservations and in Alaska, the population will probably

reach in round numbers 63 million, so that the estimate of 64 million for 1892 will not be far wrong. This by itself might be looked upon as a lucky coincidence, were it not for the fact that the writer in question was pretty correct in his estimates for the intervening periods. Upon the somewhat crude basis of doubling the population once in twenty-five years, and without giving any reason for his method of calculation, the writer made up a schedule which, when compared with the United States census returns for the corresponding periods, has proved a correct one.

Leaving, however, the old writer and his speculative estimates, and turning to official data, we find that a general law governs the increase of population. That law is that, when not disturbed by extraneous causes, such as wars, epidemics, immigration, and emigration, increase of population goes on at a continually diminishing rate. Taking the last thirty years, for example, figures, which are stubborn facts, show that in the decade from 1860 to 1870 the increase of population in the United States was 26.6 per cent.; from 1870 to 1880, 25.9 per cent.; from 1880 to 1890, 24.8 per cent. The operation of the law of increase in the United States has been interfered with in recent years by the late war, which, besides the destruction of a vast number of lives, decreased the birth-rate very materially during its progress. It was followed by an increased birth-rate, as is invariably the case under similar circumstances. The normal rate of increase has also been, and is, greatly interfered with in the States by immigration, and it is difficult to estimate the effect of this incident upon the rate of increase.

It would be outside the scope of this *Journal* were we to enter into details respecting the actual numbers of the population as a whole, and as presented by the returns from the various States of the Union; but a broad view may be taken of the facts disclosed by them. In the returns published by the Census Office, the States are grouped as North Atlantic, South Atlantic, Northern Central, Southern Central, and Western. This grouping is a natural one, and by its aid certain characteristic features in the development of the United States are brought out. They are full of interest, and show the great migratory movement which is going on in the country. The North Atlantic section is primarily a manufacturing division. As a necessary result of the predominance of manufacturing, there is a great development of urban population; indeed, more than half of the inhabitants of this section are concentrated in cities. The predominant industry of the Northern Central States, on the other hand, is agriculture, although in many of these States manufactures are gaining prominence. The industries of the South Atlantic and Southern Central divisions are still almost entirely agricultural; while in the Western States and Territories the leading industries are agriculture, mining, and grazing. In the course of the settlement and development of a

new country, the industries commonly follow one another in a certain order. After the hunter, trapper, and prospector, who are generally the pioneers, the herdsman follows, and for a time the raising of cattle is the leading occupation. As settlement and population become less sparse, cattle-breeding is followed by agriculture, which in its turn, as the population becomes more dense, is succeeded by manufactures, and, as a consequence, the aggregation of the people in cities. In the United States all stages of this progress may still be observed at the present day.

In Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, the rate of increase which took place between 1870 and 1880 has not been quite maintained in the succeeding decade. This was probably due to a large migration of the farming population to the Far West, manufactures not having yet assumed sufficient importance. In the other States of the North Atlantic section, with the exception of Rhode Island—namely, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—the manufacturing industries have gained such prominence that they have not only sufficed to maintain the former rate of increase, but even to augment it. In the Northern Central group of States various conditions prevail. In Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois, if Chicago is left out of consideration, the rate of increase has declined very decidedly. The cause of this is that in those States agriculture, still the prominent industry, has begun to fall off, owing to the sharp competition of Western farms. The farming population has also migrated westward, and the growth of manufactures is not yet sufficiently rapid to repair the losses occasioned thereby. The southern portions of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are under similar conditions; but the northern parts of these States, lying upon the frontier of settlement, have filled up with sufficient rapidity to repair either wholly or in part the losses of their southern portions. The growth of population has been most remarkable in Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. In Dakota it was in the decade 27.8 per cent.; in Nebraska, 13.4 per cent.; in Kansas, 4.8 per cent. This increase has, however, not been uniformly maintained during the ten years. The industries of these States are almost exclusively agricultural, and are dependent on the supply of moisture, either in the form of rain or irrigation. Through these States passes what is known as the sub-humid belt, a strip of country several degrees in width, in which during rainy years there is an abundance of moisture for the needs of the crops; while in the years when the rainfall is below the average the supply is deficient. Little provision has yet been made in this region for artificial irrigation, the settlers having thus far been content to depend upon rainfall. In the early part of the decade the settlers flocked in large numbers into this region, drawn thither by the fertility of the land and by the fact that for a few years the rainfall had been sufficient for the needs of agriculture. During the past two or three years, however, the conditions of rainfall have materially changed. It has fallen below the normal rate, and the settlers have been forced to emigrate. Thousands of families have abandoned the region, and have gone to Oklahoma and the Rocky Mountain region.

Throughout the South Atlantic and Southern Central States the rate of increase has diminished, and in most of them very materially. A certain reduction in the percentage of increase, especially in the eastern part of these regions, was to be expected. It was due not only to the operation of the general law mentioned, but also to the fact that there has been considerable migration from the States east of the Mississippi River to the westward, and but little immigration. Taken together, however, these two causes by no means account for the reduction in the rate of increase in these States, the real cause, it is stated, being the imperfect conditions under which the census of 1870 was taken. These imperfections resulted in giving a comparatively low rate of increase between 1860 and 1870, and an exaggerated growth between 1870 and 1880. The industries of these two sections are almost purely agricultural. During the past ten years manufactures have obtained a slight footing, and mining has made considerable progress in the mountain regions; but these causes have thus far produced but a comparatively trifling movement of population. The urban population, although great in proportion to that which existed formerly, is very small compared with the rural population of the region.

In the Western section, finally, of the United States the conditions of growth have been very varied. In the earlier years of the past decade, the discovery of valuable silver and copper mines in the mountains of Montana, in the neighbourhood of Butte, have drawn to that State a large immigration, which is engaged not only in mining but in developing its rich agricultural resources. Wyoming has continued to grow with accelerated rapidity. The census of Colorado in 1880 was taken at the full tide of a mining excitement which had filled its mountains with miners, prospectors, and speculators, increasing its population enormously, especially in those districts. The census of the State taken in 1885 was a surprise. It showed that most of the mining counties had lost in population during the preceding five years. This loss was, however, more than made up by the growth of its cities and its agricultural counties. The census of 1890 shows a still further decrease of population in the mining districts of the State, and an extraordinary development of its urban population and its farming element. New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah show rates of increase which are small when the sparsely settled condition of these Territories is considered, while Nevada exhibits an absolute diminution of population. Idaho has increased its population two and a half times. Its prosperity is chiefly due to its mines, although its inhabitants are now turning to agriculture in considerable numbers. The progress of Washington has been phenomenal, the population in 1890 being nearly five times that of 1880. The inducements which have attracted settlers are principally its fertile soil and ample rainfall, which enable farming to be carried on without irrigation over almost the whole State. The growth of Oregon, although less rapid, has been at a rate of nearly 80 per cent. California, the population of which increased 54 per cent. in the ten years from 1870 to 1880, has maintained during the past decade a rate of increase of nearly

40 per cent. This increase, although widespread throughout the State, has been most marked in its great cities and in the southern part.

Such have been the leading features in the growth of the United States during the past ten years. The future increase in the population of the country is a problem which deserves brief reference, and in this connection we cannot do better than quote the authority of General Walker, who filled the post of Superintendent of the Census Office before its present holder, Mr Robert P. Porter, was appointed. General Walker, dealing with the causes affecting the ratio of increase or decrease of population as early as 1873, states it as his opinion that these causes are likely to continue, and even operate with increasing effect in the immediate future. Some have placed the population of the United States in 1900 at 100 million. This, according to General Walker's showing, is an exaggerated figure, which may be brought down by operating influences, not only to 90 million, but even to 80 million, 75 million, or as low as 70 million. There has been in recent years a remarkable change in the conditions affecting the increase of population. It commenced when the people of the United States began to leave agricultural for manufacturing pursuits, to turn from the country to the town, to live in big houses, and to follow the fashion of foreign life. The first effects of this change were hidden from the common sight by a flood of immigration unprecedented in history. Even its more recent and more extensive effects have been so obscured by the smoke of war that the public mind still fails to comprehend the full significance of the decline in the rate of increase, and vaguely attributes the entire loss of population to the Rebellion. But a close observer must discern causes working within the nation which render it little less than absurd any longer to apply the former rates of growth to the computation of the increase of the population of the United States. General Walker concludes by stating that the best of probable good fortune will hardly carry the population of the country beyond 75 million by the close of the century.

MY AUNT CECILIA.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT passed between us during the hour which followed my return I do not clearly recollect. Aunt Cecilia had sent the servants to bed as soon as it grew dusk, and had herself set the gate and front-door open, so that I might find a ready entrance at whatever hour of the night I might return. She said not a word of the agony of suspense she had undergone; she uttered no syllable of reproach; it seemed, indeed, as if she held herself largely to blame for my escapade, on the ground that if she had shown me more sympathy, my resentment would never have grown to such a height. After the evening on which I returned she never alluded to the subject; nor showed that she recollected it, except that once or twice when, in the midst of some indifferent conversation, she thought a chance allusion had recalled it to my mind, I

observed that she was at some pains to treat me with especial kindness.

Two days after my return I received a very friendly letter from Sinclair. 'How could I imagine,' he wrote, 'that you were going off in that headlong way? I don't even yet know whether you reached home safely; or that your bones are not lying now at Hindhead, picked clean by some beast of prey. Perhaps you were right to go back. I did wrong, I know, to lead you into this prank; and I am heartily sorry for the anxiety we must have caused your aunt. Tell her so, will you? The dear old uncle slated me heavily when I got here; and when he heard about your going back, he drew comparisons which were not at all favourable to me. He is going up to town to-morrow, and I fancy may look in upon your aunt.—Write to me, old boy, if you really did get home, and tell me you are safe.'

I passed the letter over to Aunt Cecilia, who read it in silence. 'You must bring your friend here some day, Osmond,' she said; 'I think I should like him.'

'I am sure you would. Everybody does. He is so strong and handsome.'

'Never mind his looks, child. I don't value beauty much in a man. Still, I think I should like to know him.'

'What do you think the admiral is coming here for?' I asked.

'Vain child!' she said mockingly, 'must I tell you that it is to see you he comes?'

'I don't see why he should,' I said, still unconvinced.

'Then let us give up wondering about the matter, and wait till he arrives.'

This he did late in the afternoon, and was shown at once into the drawing-room, where Aunt Cecilia sat. I was in the garden, and a servant was sent for me. I hastened into the house, and as I entered the room, heard the admiral's great voice saying: 'He behaved atrociously. I told him so, as plainly as I could; and I really think he was sorry. He's a good lad in the main; it is thoughtlessness which leads him wrong.'

'I am sure it was nothing more,' said Aunt Cecilia. 'After all, you know, one would not like a boy better if he were always so very prudent.'

The admiral stared hard at her, and then broke into a great laugh. 'Oh, I know. I was a wild slip of a lad myself once, and nearly broke my poor father's heart.'

He checked himself suddenly, observing me.

'But here's a boy who was man enough to own he was wrong and to come back to his punishment,' he said. 'I like that.—I like your pluck, my lad. I wish my boy had shown the same sense of discipline. All the same I hope you were flogged.—I hope you flogged him, Miss Winter?'

Aunt Cecilia shook her head with a smile; and

the idea of her castigating me struck me as so ludicrous that I laughed.

'There are other ways of maintaining discipline,' said my aunt; 'I like those better.'

'Eh, what! Other ways?' said the admiral. 'I don't know about that. I've tried pretty nearly all in my time; and in my opinion there's nothing like a rope's end.—However, that's not what I wanted to say.'

He got up and stood on the hearthrug, placing both hands on my shoulders. 'Now,' he said, 'Miss Winter, look at this lad; strong, active, well grown. He's headstrong; but so are half the best men in the world. What an officer, he would make! He's cut out for the navy; and his heart is in it too, the rogue! See how he flushes at the notion! Give him to me, Miss Winter. I'll see him through his examinations. He shall work with his friend; and I will make it my care to see that they both start fairly in the service with every advantage I can give them.'

Aunt Cecilia covered her eyes with her hand and did not speak for a few minutes. 'You do not know what you are asking, Admiral Sinclair,' she said at last in a voice which trembled, notwithstanding all her efforts to steady it.

'I do, my dear Miss Winter,' he said, sitting down beside her, and speaking in a tone into which he threw great consideration.—'I do indeed. I have seen over and over again how hard it is for a fine lad to be spared for a life of action and adventure, even when he is only one among a large family; and of course the pain of letting your boy go must be infinitely greater.'

'It is not that,' she cried. 'God knows I would make a greater sacrifice than that, if a greater there be, for his ultimate advantage.'

'I am sure of it, dear madam,' said the admiral. 'Then let me have the boy. He shall spend all his leisure time with you; he shall come to you on every holiday. I will take only the time necessary for his professional advancement. You cannot always keep him by you; the time of parting must come; and if he is to leave you, is it not better for him to go to friends who will teach him to be a pride and an honour to you, and of service to his country? You have done very kindly by the lad; made him a brave and manly little fellow; don't deprive the country of just the kind of lad it wants.'

'Admiral Sinclair,' said my aunt, speaking once more in her fine collected voice, 'I am not opposing your generous offer from any caprice, but on grounds which I think final. It may be that I overrate the importance of these reasons; and I would very willingly consult you about them, if you will allow me. I feel the want of good advice.'

'I am quite ready,' said the admiral. 'Shall we send the boy away?'

'Yes,' said my aunt.—'Osmond, I do not wish you to hear my reasons. You must go away, child, and trust us to do the best for your interest.'

I returned to the garden, where I remained for nearly an hour wandering about, anxious and miserable. At last I was summoned to the drawing-room, where I found the admiral with a perplexed look of distress on his face, standing on the hearth-rug hat in hand.

'Osmond,' said my aunt, 'Admiral Sinclair agrees with me; and he has kindly remained in order to tell you so.'

'Yes, yes,' the admiral said. 'Tis a thousand pities; but I agree with your aunt, my boy. The navy is no career for you. A fine officer lost, too! God bless my soul, how sorry I feel about it all.—And Harry, poor fellow, he had set his heart on having you with him!—Well, it's God's will, I suppose, and we must bow before that!'

'Up to that moment, I had entertained some hope that the admiral's solicitations might prevail, and the disappointment was very severe.'

'I am much obliged to you for all you meant to do for me, sir,' I said, in as steady a voice as I could; 'and please, tell Sinclair I should have liked to work with him if I could.'

The admiral looked at me, and then at my aunt. I suppose both noticed how hardly I bore the disappointment, for she came and stood beside me, laying her arm across my shoulder. 'Tell him I am right, admiral,' she said—'that I am doing kindly by him.'

'She is thoroughly right, Osmond,' said the admiral with conviction; 'and more than that, my boy, I tell you that not one woman in ten thousand would do for you what your aunt has done. You will understand it all some day; and in the meantime take my word that if you and she live for fifty years yet, you will hardly be able in that time to repay all the kindness you owe her.'

'I believe it, sir,' I said, impressed by the gravity of his manner.

'And now, good-bye, my boy,' he said, shaking hands. 'I would have helped you if I could; but it was not to be.—Come and see me when you can; and be good to your aunt all your days.' In another minute he was gone.

'Now,' I said, 'Aunt Cecilia, tell me what this means. There is some secret which I ought to know.'

'There is a secret,' she admitted; 'but I don't think you are old enough to know it yet. I shall tell it to you when you are fit to draw good instead of trouble from it.'

'Can't I do that now?'

'I cannot tell,' she said, shaking her head. 'I think not.'

I knew it was useless to question her; and the subject thereupon dropped; but it continued to absorb my thoughts, and many an anxious hour was spent in pondering over the mystery.

Almost immediately after the events I have described I went to St Paul's School, and began a life which, between work and play, was so full and busy that I had little time for reflection; and though at intervals, especially when I received news of Sinclair or of the admiral, the whole question rose vividly in my mind again, it was for the most part laid aside with the quick forgetfulness of youth. At first I heard tolerably frequently from the admiral: whenever he came to town, little notes used to reach me from his club appointing an hour for me to go and dine with him. On these occasions he treated me most sumptuously; and used to send me home in a cab, with a cigar between my lips, and a general feeling that I was growing up fast.

After a very few months, however, the kind

old man received a foreign command; and Sinclair about the same time got through his examination, and went on board the *Britannia*. The admiral gave me a farewell dinner, which began very jovially, but ended dismally, since I knew it was the last of those evenings, which I had enjoyed so much. The old man sailed the following week; and I never saw him again; for it was his last voyage. He died, as he would have wished, at sea, and was buried in mid-ocean.

That did not happen for more than two years, however; and in the meantime many a package of foreign trinkets and curiosities reached us, to keep our faith in him alive. Of Sinclair I saw a good deal, for he never came to town without staying with us. My aunt liked him, as, indeed, everybody did. She gradually began to look on him as a protégé of hers, especially after the admiral's departure; and at last a room in the house was set apart for him, and he was permitted to come to us as he would to his own house.

I think he valued the privilege. As far as it was in his nature to attach himself to any one, he maintained his connection with us. Some links in the chain were strong enough, but there was a weak link in it, and when the time of stress came it snapped. As I look back now on the events of that distant time, I marvel that I could have misunderstood his easy nature far enough to expect any other result.

It happened in the second year after the admiral's departure, and when Sinclair's time of study on the *Britannia* was nearly over, that Aunt Cecilia fell into a weak and languid state of health which caused me some anxiety. It was summer-time, and the heat had set in early. Even in May the air around our house was close and stifling; and in June, the heat became almost unbearable. My aunt suffered from no positive ailment; but she lay day by day on the sofa, unable to continue the active occupations which she loved. The doctor looked grave, spoke of nervous debility, and insisted that she should remove to fresher, stronger air at once. My term at school was nearly over; I sacrificed the remainder, and we moved at once to a cottage near the village of Hartland, in North Devon.

My aunt bore the journey well; and when her sofa was drawn over to the window, whence she could see the blue water lapping and swirling round the bases of the cliffs and the gulls wheeling overhead, she seemed to be perfectly at ease.

'I shall grow strong quickly here,' she said. 'Throw the other window open, Osmond, and let me have the whole of the lovely air.'

She sat drinking it in for a long time in silence, looking from the sea towards me and back again to the sea in evident content and happiness. 'It will be dull for you, my boy,' she said at last. 'What will you do for amusement when you grow tired of your weary old aunt?'

'That never happens,' I said. 'But if it did, here is amusement enough at hand, for, since we arrived, I have had a letter from Sinclair.'

'Already!' cried she, much amused. 'Was there ever such a faithful pair of friends?'

'I don't know about that; perhaps not. At anyrate, he is yachting with a friend whom he

calls Dundas, and he proposes to cruise down this coast, in order, so he says, to satisfy himself personally as to how you are.'

'Very thoughtful of him,' said my aunt. 'And I am glad for your sake. Now, when he comes, you must go away with him for a few days. I shall get well quickly enough without you.'

'I don't know,' said I, willing to humour her. 'We shall see. Perhaps, if you are very well.'

At the end of a few days the improvement in Aunt Cecilia's health was very marked; the sofa was pushed aside, and a deep chair took its place. In a little while even that was empty for continually lengthening intervals; and my aunt took a good deal of exercise on the cliff, leaning sometimes on my arm and sometimes on a crooked stick.

We heard nothing of Sinclair for more than three weeks. One evening a note was brought to me by a shock-headed boy; and on opening it, I found Sinclair had arrived with his friend at the inn at Clovelly.

'I am too tired,' he wrote, 'to hunt you out to-night. But come over, like a good fellow, early to-morrow, and show me where you are staying. You might send me a line by this messenger to say how Miss Winter is. We have left the yacht at Appledore.'

It was a fine evening, and still early. I felt inclined for a walk; and I consequently dismissed the messenger and walked over to Clovelly, arriving at the inn towards nine o'clock. I found Sinclair and Captain Dundas at supper, and on seeing me my friend sprang up and greeted me effusively.

'This is really kind, Osmond,' he said.—'Dundas, this is my friend Winter, of whom I have spoken so much to you. Sit down, Osmond.—Waiter, lay a fresh cover for Mr Winter.'

There was no gainsaying him; I must needs join the meal. Captain Dundas seconded the invitation hospitably enough.

'Do you know, Mr Winter, it is solely on your account that we have come here?' said he. 'I wanted to go to Holland; but Sinclair insisted, and my wishes went to the wall.'

'That statement is not accurate,' said Sinclair, who was flushed and excited. 'It was not to see you so much as your aunt that I insisted on coming this way; and Dundas was by no means so indifferent as he chooses to represent.'

It was growing dark, and the lanterns were lighted on the boats lying in the harbour beneath us. Captain Dundas struck a match before he answered, and kindled a cigar; I saw by the flickering light of the vesta that his face wore an amused smile.

'Indifferent, no!' said he, puffing out a cloud of smoke. 'I wanted to go the other way; that isn't indifference. However, it's a fine coast.—How is your aunt, Mr Winter?'

'Better, thank you. Her health has improved wonderfully since we came here.'

'Then we will have some champagne in celebration of her recovery,' cried Sinclair; and without waiting to see how his suggestion was received, he pulled the bell violently and gave his order.

I shall never forget that supper party. It marks an era in my existence, not by virtue of

anything which occurred at it, for, though we became merry enough, our conversation was quite ordinary. It is not that the supper had any remarkable feature; but it lingers in my recollection as the festivities of a breaking-up party remain long after the distinction between the term which preceded and that which followed it have been wiped out of memory by the lapse of years. I often find it difficult to realise the careless outlook over life which was abruptly terminated so soon after that evening; but the vision of that little room at Clovelly will start up unbidden, the cheerful voices and the faint wash of the sea sound in my ears again, and I see through the open window the fishing-boats swinging at their anchors on the dark waters of the bay.

It was late when I rose to go, having invited both Sinclair and Dundas to visit us next day. Sinclair volunteered to accompany me a part of the way, and we set out together along the moonlit cliffs.

'This reminds me somehow of Hindhead,' said he, breaking a long silence.

'Does it? I wonder why. Oddly enough, I too was thinking of that evening.'

'It is just such a night,' he said. 'How clear it is! One can see an immense distance.'

I made no answer. The night was so still and beautiful that it seemed to check words.

'Osmond,' said Sinclair after another silence, 'have you ever heard your aunt speak of Dundas?'

'No. Why should she? She does not know him.'

'You are sure?'

'Of course I am.'

'Well, it was only an idea,' said Sinclair slowly. He stopped as he spoke, and added: 'I think I'll go back now. We shall be with you about four to-morrow.'

I stood and watched him as he strolled back towards the town. The moonlight was so bright that I could see him for a great distance, but at last a turn of the path hid him from my sight.

Late as it was when I reached the cottage Aunt Cecilia was still awake. I went to her room to bid her good-night, and was received with an inquiry 'Well?'

'They are coming over to dine to-morrow,' I said. 'Now, go to sleep, or you will be too tired to entertain them.'

'I am never tired now,' she said; 'the days pass so pleasantly that I gain strength continually.'

All the following morning we were busy with preparations for our guests. I went down to bathe late in the day, and when I returned found Sinclair waiting in the garden.

'Hallo! you are rather before your time,' I called out. 'But why don't you go in? And where is your friend?'

'He is with your aunt. There's a scene of some sort going on, and Dundas asked me to leave them.—Come back, Osmond; you had much better not go in yet.'

He tried to catch my arm, but I broke away and entered the cottage quickly.

As I passed through the hall I saw the table laid for dinner in the dining-room, glass and

silver sparkling in the sunshine. No one was there, but in the drawing-room up-stairs I heard voices; and I took the stair almost at a single bound, and threw the door wide open.

RAILWAY BOOKING CLERKS.

RAILWAY Clerks have to pass an examination and appear before the Board of Directors before they receive an appointment. A certificate of birth and testimonials as to character are also required. They are then registered, and will have to wait till a vacancy occurs, which may be either in the Goods or Passenger Department, and at any station along the line. The work of the clerical staff in the Goods Department is very similar to that in a merchant's office. There will be a chief clerk, perhaps a cashier, and invoice, abstract, and ledger clerks. Their hours are regular, and they are a steadier lot of men than their confreres in the Passenger Department, and as a rule they get married sooner. The two branches are rather inclined to hold aloof from one another. They seldom frequent the same haunts, and their tastes seem to differ in the matter of enjoyment. The clerical staff in the Passenger Department consists of booking and parcels clerks; but except at large stations, the latter have to take their turn in booking, so can be classed under the same head. Booking Clerks are drawn from all classes, and mystery enshrouds many of them. If they are elderly, the chances are that they have been in some other line of business and failed, and through a little influence have managed to get on the line. They can be seen at all ages, sizes, and heights. The six-foot-two-inches man will take his turn with a lad a trifle over four feet; and the thin delicate lad weighing seven stone will change duty with a man turning the scale at sixteen or seventeen stone. Some can show a pedigree that a Highlander might envy; and others—well, would rather not have theirs inquired into. Officers in the army who have met with reverses or misfortune have been known to accept the post of booking clerk. One such was some years ago at a large station in the West Riding, and was recognised by an old private who had served under him, and who addressed him by his military rank. It was very gallant to him that he should be recognised, and still more so that his fellow-clerks should know what he had intended keeping secret. Sons of officers, parsons, and doctors abound in the service; but they do not always take kindly to their work, and seldom rise to any position.

One station-master in Yorkshire had the misfortune to have two young fellows of his class in his booking office together. One of them spent his time in reading a Greek Testament and chewing tobacco; the other would not book the passengers, on the ground that he had been sent there to learn the work, not to do it. He was supposed to be some distant connection of a

peer, and as such, thought it beneath his dignity to dole out twopence-halfpenny tickets. The clerks that had been sent to that station had all turned out badly for some time past, and the station-master got tired of reporting, as he feared that each new-comer would be worse than the one removed. Besides, constant reporting of the staff gets one into bad odour with the officials at headquarters. The aristocratic gentlemen, however, left in time, and severed their connection with the railway.

The hours on duty of a booking clerk are usually ten a day; but they are at very irregular times. This is on account of trains starting to run as early as five A.M. and continuing till midnight. There must be always some one to book the passengers; and as there are nineteen hours to cover, and in many cases only two clerks, they have to work as best they can that both may have time for their meals.

'The booking clerk is late again,' is a remark often heard when the first train in the morning is due out and no one appears to book it. The passengers begin to lose patience; but at the last minute the clerk is seen rushing to the office door, and in a few seconds the window is up, and the click of the stamping press is heard going at lightning speed. It is surprising how many people can be booked in a minute if they will but ask plainly for their ticket and tender the right fare. The clerk knows this, and gauges his time so nicely, that a minute or two is all he allows himself to send his customers on their way, not rejoicing, but grumbling at his delay in turning up. He has had no time for morning ablutions, and generally looks very seedy, and gets the discredit at once of being a dissipated creature. Old women are apt to lecture him if he is a young man; but they get a Roland for their Oliver, for the juvenile booking clerk is not without impudence, and does not fear to indulge in it during the early hours of morning when no officials are about. After the first train has gone, and should there be a long interval before another is due, he will conclude his night's rest on the counter or table, and will condescend about 7 A.M. to perform his morning toilet. The country clerk having not even mild dissipation to keep him up at night, gets to bed in good time, and arrives at his work in the morning as most men should; but the booking clerks in London and the large towns are fond of life; their very occupation has a tendency to make them want enjoyment. They have assisted during the day in sending hundreds away on pleasure, and when night comes they go in for a little themselves. The juvenile booking clerk is often very loud in his dress, at least when off duty, and even while booking, rings, chains, and studs are a prominent feature of his *tout ensemble*. There are exceptions, of course, to this remark, but most of the large offices can count one or two heavy swells amongst their number. They patronise theatres largely, having often the privilege of free tickets, and are great patrons of the music hall and other public

concert-rooms. But age tones down their gaiety, as it does every class of men, and by the time a booking clerk gets to be thirty, he is a more steady-going citizen, even though he is still a bachelor.

As before observed, the clerks in the Goods Department are married sooner than those of the booking office. This is not for want of opportunities of knowing the fair sex, or from any backwardness on the part of the clerks. It may be that they have too many irons in the fire, and among them cannot make a choice. They are great admirers of the fair sex, and the latter seem to reciprocate this feeling. The booking-office window is often 'blocked in the evening with two or three young ladies anxious to know all about booking and the mysteries of the booking office, which is supposed to be very private, as this word is generally painted in large characters on the door. This little entertainment goes on till some old curmudgeon, tired of waiting, calls out: 'Now, young man, take those girls inside and do your courting there; and the interview ends.

Booking clerks are fairly good-tempered, and indeed they should be, for if any one wants a chance to see how cross-grained, obstinate, and despotic the travelling public often are, let him spend a day at a booking-office window, and he will soon see what a clerk has to put up with. At six o'clock in the morning, when all the cash is locked up and cannot be got at, a passenger will tender a sovereign for a ticket costing a few pence. The clerk has no change, and tells the passenger so, who will demand a ticket, which of course he does not get. He then threatens to report the matter to headquarters. Seeing the clerk still obdurate, he will start abusing him; and the chances are that harsh words are bandied between them. The matter will probably be reported, and there it will end. A lady arriving at the station three-quarters of an hour before her train is due commences a violent rapping at the window, which for a time will be unheeded; but eventually, under pressure of the aural nerves, the window is opened, and the said lady will demand why the window was not opened at her first rap.

'There is no train, madame, for three-quarters of an hour,' replies the clerk.

'Give me my ticket at once, and I will tell the Colonel of your rudeness.'

Another report to answer in due time.

'You told me, young man, that if I went by the ten o'clock train and changed at D— Junction I should get to B— at three o'clock; but I had to wait at the junction an hour, and did not get to B— till five o'clock. I missed a most important appointment, and shall sue the company for your carelessness in giving me wrong information.'

'I gave you the information from the time table, and I can do nothing else,' says the clerk.

'You seem to treat it in a very off-hand manner, and I shall therefore make a note of your indifference in my report,' replies the irate passenger; and another explanation will have to be given to headquarters.

The clerk may be in the right in every instance; but these constant reports are unfortunate for him, as his name gets known in con-

nection with these complaints; and when he does happen to be in the wrong, he gets dealt with more severely than he would were his name not so well remembered.

There are often letters in the papers complaining of the dishonesty of these clerks. That there are such characters among them their own body will be the first to admit; but the accusation is far too general. But the dishonesty is not always on one side. If the clerk makes an error either wilfully or inadvertently, the passenger can make a complaint, and the books will be examined; but if the passenger tries to 'do' the clerk, and succeeds, what remedy has the latter when the train has gone? for mistakes are seldom found out till all is booked up. He does not write to the papers regarding the dishonesty of the public, but puts up with the loss, knowing that it was owing to his own carelessness. Many young men, in fact it can be said that all of them suffer losses in this way the first few months that they are in a booking office; and where there is a heavy traffic and the fares are long, a slight error will often mean a serious loss. The work of a booking clerk is to be quick and exact at issuing tickets and accurate in giving change; and this ability has to be learned. His whole mind must be on his work, and he should not indulge in talking to passengers, for then a mistake is easily made. When excursions to race-meetings are on, he must be particularly sharp, for he will have to deal with men who are up to every dodge in bewildering a man when he is giving change. Bad money is generally about at these times, so that he has to keep an extra lookout on every coin; and when it is known that he has to make good all deficiencies on whatever account, that his salary is small, it cannot be said that he has much favour shown him. Let him, however, be intent on swindling the public, it will not end there. He will try his luck on his fellow-clerks, and for a time will succeed; but soon small amounts will not satisfy him; and at length suspicion is aroused, and all his transactions are marked; and there are means by which it can all be brought home to him. Dismissal will be his punishment, and for want of a character nothing but manual labour will be open to him as a means of livelihood.

There are stations on most lines that have a bad name through having clerks who have been proved dishonest, and the post of booking clerk at such places is hard to fill. It takes years of good character to redeem the name of such a station.

Although female clerks are very common on the continental railways, they do not exist in this country. Only one has been known to hold the position of booking clerk on an English railway, and she may be holding it yet. It is admitted that the fair sex make very good clerks as far as book-keeping and the routine work of an ordinary office is concerned; but in public offices they do not prove equal to the sterner sex. They stand too much on their dignity, and their duties are gone through with an air of condescension that ill befits a public servant.

Booking clerks being generally cool customers, have very little fear of their superior officers. The Superintendent, General Manager, or the whole Board of Directors might walk into his

office, and he would be very little concerned at their visit; but when a gentleman with a black case walks in about nine o'clock in the morning and demands his cash, he shows visible signs of being affected at the visit. This gentleman is the District Auditor, and he has a habit of popping in when least expected. If the clerk's cash is not right or his books not properly kept, it will be a hot day for him. It is seldom that the cash does come out exactly right; and as the Auditor comes expecting to find a rogue, a few pence one way or the other is quite enough to make him think he has found one.

Why they should be so overbearing and suspicious, it is hard to tell; but as their success in the auditing line is only visible by exposing dishonesty, they appear to show their anger more from a feeling of disappointment at not finding any than anything else. A good case of embezzlement which has tested their acumen to find out, has been known to give these gentlemen angelic smiles. But they are not all of this character, though most railway men will say that the majority are. It must be borne in mind that in the course of a year's auditing they find a great many cases against the clerks which approach very near the act of embezzling, besides many in which the clerks are eventually prosecuted and punished; and this fact may make them naturally suspicious, as men have gone wrong on whom they could once place implicit reliance. When, therefore, this gentleman has done his work and retires for another six months, there is general rejoicing amongst the clerks.

The keeping up of the stock of tickets necessary at large stations is generally left to the senior clerk, and it has to be done very carefully, for there is sure to be a sharp reprimand if tickets to any station are allowed to run out. It would be difficult to approximate the value of all the tickets in an ordinary booking office; but some idea may be formed when it is stated that the average number of tickets in an office will be between two and three hundred thousand, at fares ranging from one penny to three pounds or more. The numbers of the tickets as they stand every night at the time of closing the books are taken down, and the number taken the night before is subtracted from it, and the difference is carried out at the fare; this shows the day's earnings. Passengers often notice a mark on their tickets in black, blue, or red pencil, or sometimes a corner may be turned down. This is done when the numbers are taken, and the clerk can see at a glance if he has left any out; but there are different systems on different railways. Easy though the life of a booking clerk may appear, he has work sufficient to do in the course of the day. Railway companies are not in the habit of paying more men than are required to do certain work; in fact, offices and stations are generally under-staffed, and in some cases clerks have to work fourteen and sixteen hours a day when the monthly returns are due in. Care, however, sits lightly on the average railway clerk, and if he is not sensitive to the rebuffs that he is sure to get from all quarters, his life will be a fairly happy one. To be a station-master is generally the aim of the ordinary clerk, and in time the appointment may come; but he must have great faith in the French

proverb which says, 'All things will come to the man who knows how to wait,' for wait he will certainly have to, and probably for a very indefinite period.

THE STORM IN WHICH H.M.S. SERPENT WENT DOWN.

I HAVE so often now spent the winter in the island of the Hesperides—truly an island of the blessed as far as climate is concerned—that being by nature a thoroughly good sailor, I find myself giving much less of thought to the voyage there than many of my friends give to the idea of a crossing from Dover to Calais. When I first began my voyages to the Canary Islands, there was a certain amount of difficulty in getting there; few steam-lines called there, and there was a pleasing uncertainty whether, allowing that one ever arrived, one ever would find a way to get home again. All that is now quite changed. The only difficulty now is to decide on which of the many excellent lines to go by. I have tried most of them, and can speak from experience of the comfort of them all, and the kind attention of officers, stewards, and stewardesses to their passengers.

It was early on the morning of the 7th of November 1890 that I and my party started from London to go by train to Southampton, whence we were to start for the Canaries. The weather in London looked gray and threatening, and the wind, which had been very high all night, blew in fitful gusts, making the hearts of those of our party who were not good sailors sink within them. By the time we arrived at our destination, however, the sun had broken through the clouds, and all looked delightfully calm and promising. Our good ship, quietly reposing on the land-locked waves of Southampton Water, looked so strong and clean and comfortable, and our welcome on board was so kindly, that the hearts of the most timid of us were reassured, and we set to work to settle ourselves down in our various cabins and berths in good spirits, getting all comfortably settled before our vessel steamed away from the port. Southampton Water is pretty well land-locked, and though the wind was high, the sun was bright, cheering us, and inspiring us with the hope of a prosperous if rather rough voyage. However, as the ship ploughed her way down towards the more open sea, we began to realise how rough it was going to be; and the result of the good ship's rolls and plunges was that very soon the hitherto cheerful passengers became silent and one by one vanished to their cabins. By dinner-time only about half-a-dozen passengers were able to appear. The rolling and pitching of the vessel increased very much, and even we good sailors spent a most uncomfortable night from the difficulty of sticking in our berths. The sea was a grand sight on Saturday, though very few of the passengers ventured on deck, nor was it easy to keep one's footing in moving about.

Towards evening the wind freshened very much, and we began to make up our minds to another night of rocking about and discomfort; but how miserable it was to be, we luckily had no notion. Some of the passengers

fancied the night would be less alarming and their sufferings less if they did not go to their own berths, and leave was granted them to remain in the ladies' cabin. The ladies' cabin was on deck, at the head of the stairs leading down to the dining saloon and other cabins. They remained in this cabin until about midnight, when they found everything was becoming damp and miserable, owing to some water having forced its way through the woodwork at the sides of the windows. It was most providential that they moved, and one shudders to think what the result would have been had they remained until the catastrophe I am now going to relate.

The waves had long been washing right over the deck. It was curious for us who were below to watch them, curling white-crested and lighted up from the light below, and beating against the skylights of the passage that ran from the dining saloon between the passengers' cabins to the stern. The cabin I shared with my companion was an inside one, lighted by a flat skylight in the deck. It was a strange and weird sensation looking up at the water washing and breaking over this skylight, and feeling how slight a thing was between us and that terrible masterful sea. But so well used am I to the sea, and so trust inspiring was our good captain and all his officers, that a sort of strange interest and excitement was my only feeling, and beyond a hope that the storm would soon blow itself out, I had no special anxiety or fear.

Suddenly, however, all this was changed. A tremendous crash, which sounded something like the report of a huge cannon, was heard, followed by a deluge of water; and then another, flooding the dining saloon and the passage beyond. The consternation amongst the passengers may be imagined, though to all questions as to whether we were in danger, kindly and encouraging answers were given us by the officials; and at the worst, nothing was ever acknowledged as to our danger, the answer to all questions as to whether we were sinking or in great danger being always, 'Not as yet.' What our feelings were as we saw the cruel cold waves curling over and absolutely breaking in upon us, are beyond description. None of us who went through it will ever forget that time, nor how quick our thoughts flew, home to loved ones, out into futurity, upwards to God and His mercy.

Not long after this first crash—which we afterwards learned was caused by one of the windows of the ladies' saloon having been forced in by a huge wave, which carried the broken window, frame and all, and dashed it against the mirror on the opposite side, smashing it to pieces—another tremendous noise was heard, and in a few minutes the engines stopped. It was as if the life of the ship had suddenly come to an end; the vibrating beat of the screw ceased, and soon the electric light—with which all the ship was lighted—began to burn dim. It was a strange and terrible sensation to feel ourselves tossing and tumbling about at the mercy of the waters, and to hear nothing but the roar of the wind and the boom of the waves as they struck against the ship, like hungry wolves longing to tear her in pieces, while the water in the saloon and passage rushed and splashed with every plunge of the vessel.

All at once, as suddenly as they had stopped, the engines began to move again, the light brightened, the good ship seemed to shake herself together, and was soon battling bravely with her enemies, and steaming hard ahead, going as fast as possible, as we were told, to take us beyond the range of the storm.

The explanation of the second loud crash and the terrible faint of the ship—for the ceasing of the engine's beat and the slowly growing darkness was like nothing else—was that a wave had carried in one of the skylights of the engine-room and the waters had flooded out the fires. We passengers never had an exact explanation of all that happened; probably it was thought better for the nerves of those who had a long voyage before them not to dwell too much on dangers past; but we could not find fault with that, enjoying as we did all the kindly efforts to make us comfortable and repair the damage and discomfort of the storm; and even when all danger was past, much discomfort remained. The skylights of two of the inner cabins were burst open and everything flooded a foot deep; and as this happened when the worst of the danger was past and the engines bravely carrying us away from danger and the storm, it required some philosophy to watch one's shoes bobbing about like boats; one's boots floating around, toes up and heels down, till they filled and settled; and one's various 'draperies and naperies' fished out of the sea-water and wrung out, to remain for many a day damp and sticky and unpleasant. But if one was tempted to repine, one had only to think of that awful quarter of an hour when the life of the ship seemed stopped, and our lives seemed as if to hang but by a thread; and as we thankfully felt the good ship plunging her way along, bearing us to solid land and comfort, all temptation to grumbling left us.

As soon as things were right in the engine-room, all steam was put on to carry us out of the Bay of Biscay and beyond the region of the storm; and very delightful it was when we at last reached finer and calmer weather. Far from having been delayed by the storm, we reached our destination some hours before we were expected. It was some days after my arrival in the Isle de los Hesperides that we heard of the fate of H.M.S. *Serpent*, and learned that our storm had gone on raging after we ourselves had reached smooth water.

MUSIC AMONG THE WILD CATTLE.

In reading lately Bret Harte's story of Gabriel Conroy, I came to his graphic account of Poinsett's adventure with the cattle on the Californian plain, and it recalled so vividly a little experience of my own in the Rocky Mountains that I am tempted to tell it.

My brother and I were spending part of September in one of the loveliest of the parks of Colorado. Our home was a quaint log ranch, containing the eating and sitting rooms, with small wooden houses grouped around, each containing one or more sleeping apartments. It lay at the far end of the park, nestling under the huge mountains which form the buttresses of

the storm-bent giant known as Long's Peak. Summer visitors had departed, and we had the ranch to ourselves, barring one consumptive American, who found life more bearable in the clear mountain air than in the plains below.

My brother is an untiring fisherman, and the river running through the park supplied him with endless occupation, so I had to seek amusement for myself, and found it in sketching, trying to catch some of the wonderful effects of colour, always varying on the forest-clad mountains.

Doubtless, many of my readers know what is meant by a mountain park; but for those who may not, I explain that the term is used for open ground enclosed between mountain ranges. This particular one is perhaps seven miles long, and at its widest a mile broad, but narrowing greatly in parts. The surrounding mountains form a complete wall, and, until very lately, it was considered inaccessible on all sides but one.

In my quest for sketchable bits, it was my fashion to start off on long expeditions by myself, which from the first greatly surprised the folks at the ranch, my hostess assuring me that no one but an English lady could be so brave. I catechised her closely as to possible dangers, Indians, bears, rattlesnakes, &c.; but no Indians were within thirty miles; bears seldom came down from the mountains so early, and rattlesnakes were fast disappearing. So reassured, I took my own way in peace, though after all tracks of a bear were found round the ranch the morning before we left. One morning, walking down rather a narrow part of the valley, I found my road disputed by some fifty or so mountain cattle, which had come down to graze, and were clearly puzzled at my appearance. They formed in line in a most steady way, and for a few minutes we stared at each other. I have always had a lively terror of loose cows, engendered probably by a childhood in the Channel Islands, where the gentle little animals are all tethered; so I disliked the position extremely. I had no weapon more formidable than a paint-brush, and was fortunately too frightened to run away. An inspiration came to me, and warily watching my enemies, I struck up the melody of the Soldiers' Chorus in 'Faust.' The effect was delightful. The creatures listened attentively for a few minutes, and then one after another quietly fell to grazing; whilst I walked through their midst after the fashion of the little pilgrim, 'singing on my way.'

A few days later I was returning to supper, when, about a mile from the ranch, I saw a far larger number of cattle massed across the way I had to go. Remembering my late easy disposal of the invaders I marched on nothing daunted, and when within easy hearing, struck up my 'Chœur de Soldats.' As before, the animals all faced about and gazed at me steadily; but, alas, instead of dispersing, they moved slowly towards me like a moving wall. Louder and louder I sang on, until, looking beyond and around me, I saw cattle everywhere all moving in one direction—up the slope, from the river, down the mountain on my right, up the track I had come, cattle slowly but surely closing me in. They were not fierce in aspect, but looked at me with their great soft eyes in a meditative way; but still they came nearer and

nearer, a vast noiseless audience. I doubt if Patti ever held spell-bound a more attentive crowd than gathered round me on that lonely plain, with the great violet shadows of the mountains lying over us, and the golden glories of the setting sun blinding rock, river, and cattle into a gleaming haze.

I dared not stop singing, as I saw clearly my song was my 'shibboleth,' without which I was an ordinary human intruder, to be treated as such. On the other hand, it was evident that the more I sang the more the herd gathered. Closer, closer they came, until I could feel their hot breath like a cloud round me, and then a gentle poke, now in the back, then in the shoulder, from their long horns. I am still convinced that their intentions were good; none the less it was evident there could be but one end of such an increasing pressure. For a moment I despaired, then, with considerable difficulty for lack of space, I opened my parasol, whirled it round and round before me with all the strange shonts I could invent, and charged straight at my foes. To my thankful surprise, the bewildered animals gave way one by one, and fairly made a lane, down which I rushed, brandishing my weapon. When free of them I dared to look back, to find them all steadily staring after me in dull amazement; but no one moved a step in pursuit of me. Five minutes later I met a mounted farm-servant with a long whip coming in search of me, having heard that the cattle had come down to graze. Near the ranch I met the mistress, quite in a state of agitation. She was much relieved at my appearance, and amazed at my story. Some weeks later, telling it to a Nebraska farmer, he told me the danger had been extreme; only the week before, he and some other mounted men having rescued barely alive a new-comer who had incautiously strayed into a cattle run. From being invariably driven by mounted men, the animals seem to have lost their belief in humanity on foot. 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast'; and to it I certainly owed my escape, the gratification of the ears making them oblivious of the use of their horns.

A HINT THAT NATURE LIVES.

NEVER did Cowper's lines impress me more forcibly than during a recent visit to some parts of the East End of London—

These serve him with a hint
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.

In the narrow and dirty, nay, even in the narrowest and dirtiest of the streets through which we pass in Bow, Bromley, Millwall, Cubitt Town, Limehouse, and the adjacent neighbourhoods—even in such places as these we notice that quite two out of every three of the houses show that some attempt is being made by the inmates to get 'a peep at Nature when they can no more.' Many and varied were the examples of 'household horticulture' which I noted in passing through some parts of the districts named: one house would exhibit a window-garden in which nothing thrived; while the next would have all the available window-

space crowded with various plants, where, though blossoms might be somewhat scarce, the 'sight-refreshing green' that the poet speaks of was extremely welcome, and even to the passer-by afforded a delightful relief to the dull gray of the roads, pavements, houses, and all other surroundings. Even the sky was a dull gray overhead. The prevailing gray seems, indeed, to have coloured the lives of the inhabitants of this unhome-like neighbourhood (Isle of Dogs). When an artist feels inspired to paint a harmony in grays, he cannot do better than take train to Millwall on a dull, drizzly, afternoon—I have seen it under no other aspect—and set up his easel anywhere; if it should be mid-day, so much the better, for the streets are crowded then with gaunt gray dockers and grimy gray children.

Depressing though it is, a visit to this particular neighbourhood had also its pleasing side, from the additional evidence it gave of man's innate love of flowers and plants, and the lightness and brightness that they cannot fail to impart where grown with even the most moderate amount of success. Although here and there window-gardening was represented by two or three flower-pots containing, it may be, some long-suffering evergreens—scarce even the shadows of their former selves—that were dying as rapidly as drought and general inattention could make them; yet quite as often would we note such instances as that of a house where the narrow area with the window looking into it were turned into a veritable garden; two large pots or tubs of *euonymus* occupied the chief places in the area; while a rough staging was crowded with many and various plants, a similar stage being inside the window; while the whole thing was appropriately framed by a magnificent growth of Virginian creeper, which fairly covered the house-front.

Where the windows of the houses open directly on the street, they are often wholly masked up with fuchsias and geraniums trained fanwise across sticks, this often being done most successfully, the plants blooming profusely. One such window of fuchsias we specially noted in a back street of Bromley by Bow. It is in windows such as these, of which we get so close a view, that we often find evidence of curious tastes, notably when we find wretched ragged stuffed canaries fixed in the window-garden—though this perhaps should not be blamed, while the fashion of having stuffed kittens, squirrels, puppies on pen-wipers and photo-frames, is in vogue among people who not only pretend to 'good taste,' but to formulate those canons of good taste which they themselves so sadly offend. Some windows we would find, too, where, as though to make up for the deficiency of bloom, great red, white, and yellow rosettes of paper were stuck over the evergreens! Such cases as these, however, were rare; while the conscientious attempts at importing some slight bit of floral wealth into their homes were made by people on every side, and many a window showed evidence of it in the sturdy growth of the plants which grew in it.

A wonderful unanimity reigns on the whole among East End window-gardeners as to what they shall grow. By a method of selection

ending in the survival of the fittest, we find the plants reduced, as far as variety is concerned, mainly to three subjects—geraniums, fuchsias, and *euonymus*, although other plants less amenable to room-cultivation are by no means unrepresented. Of ferns, for instance, we find a goodly sprinkling—notably a large pot of hartstongue fern, which we saw on looking down an Isle of Dogs area; while hydrangeas, *calceolarias*, *veronicas* (fairly popular) saxifrages, sedums, and many more, are represented here and there by single specimens. Asters, too, are very well favoured, on account of their bright blossoms. But it is fuchsias and geraniums—the good old favourite 'scarlets' greatly preponderate—that unquestionably hold the premier place in the consideration of the East End window-horticulturist. The evergreen and ubiquitous *euonymus* is, however, steadily growing in favour as a town-plant, for which position, indeed, no other evergreen seems so admirably suited; and we have often wondered that this shrub, handsome, hardy, and evergreen, has not been more freely used in planting some of our thoroughfares and squares. It is a plant that seems to flourish in all circumstances, whether it be along the sea-front on our south-eastern coast, exposed to 'the wind that's good for neither man nor beast;' whether it be in a cramped and dusty front garden at Bow, or in a window-garden at Millwall.

Throughout the districts named, we find in almost every window at which we glance evidence of an inextinguishable love of flowers. Even the meanest attempts at gardening here are not to be despised.

A SUMMER WOOLING.

A SONG.

Up and away!—up, up, and away!
The hedgerows are foaming with blossom to-day;
Its bouffets the golden gorse lights on the hill,
And the wanton wind's wooling wherever it will.

Up and away!—up, up, and away!
The cuckoo's name rings through the woodlands to-day;
The warm blood of Summer runs rioting through
The veins of each leaflet—then why not of you?

Up and away!—up, up, and away!
There's Passion and Poetry stirring to-day.
Half blinded with rapture, the heavy bees dart
From the lily's white breast to the rose's red heart.

Up and away!—up, up, and away!
The old world's begun a fresh courting to-day.
I wooed you all winter, but found you as cold
As the snowdrift that gleamed like a ghost on the wold.

Up and away!—up, up, and away!
Your eyes tell me 'Yes,' though your lips say me
'Nay.'

The tears so long frost-bound, are ready to flow,
And she melts in my arms, my proud maiden of Snow!

M. REDDERWICK BROWNE.

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THE TROUT-FISHERIES OF LOCHLEVEN.

By R. BURNS BEGG.

LOCHLEVEN derives its widespread popularity as 'the happy hunting-ground' of Scottish anglers both from its local position and from its natural character. Situated within rapid and easy reach of our chief commercial centres, it affords a convenient means for securing that brief occasional relaxation from business which, in these days of high pressure and activity, is becoming more and more one of the necessities of modern life. Viewed in this light, anglers could scarcely desire a more convenient or agreeable resort. Independent of sport, the scenery around, although neither bold nor striking in its aspect, is far from being devoid of beauty and interest, and it exhales the very atmosphere of rural repose. Few scenes could more effectually tend to diffuse the complex and varied feelings of human nature over a wider, smoother, or more placid surface. Afloat on the waters of the loch, the angler can in one sweeping glance survey the sunny slopes of the verdant Ochils, the rugged fronts of the Lomond Hill and Benarty, and the long fertile and well-wooded strath extending towards Stirling with the Cleish Hills in mid-distance. Nor are the more immediate surroundings lacking in interest and attraction. In the centre of the loch nestles the hoary and picturesque ruin within whose walls the unfortunate Mary Stuart upwards of three centuries ago passed the first year of her lengthened captivity; while on the flat low-lying island of St Serf's, situated near the eastern extremity of the loch, there are still to be seen the ruined walls of the once important Priory in which Andrew de Wyntoun, nearly two centuries previously, penned his well-known *Cronykil of Scotland*. Kinross House, too, with its luxuriant woods, and the old county town of Kinross hugging the very margin of the water, impart to the scene a variety which tends to link the realities of to-day with the dim and hazy reminiscences of the past.

It is, however, neither with the picturesque beauties of Lochleven nor with its historical associations that we have here to deal; we propose rather to regard its attractiveness from a purely piscatorial point of view, and to treat of its merits simply and solely as a Brobdingnagian fishpond. It would indeed be difficult to find within the limits of the United Kingdom a sheet of water of equally large extent possessing greater fish-producing capabilities or affording better facilities for the sport of angling. Throughout its whole superficial area of from six to seven square miles, its basin, with the exception of a very limited portion to the south of St Serf's Island where the soundings are stated at upwards of eighty feet, is remarkably flat and uniform in its formation, the depth seldom exceeding twelve or fifteen feet; while the greater part is only from six to ten feet in depth. The bottom consists partly of shingle and partly of alluvial deposit, coated over with 'rannoch,' which during the summer months throws up its long green tendrils to the very surface of the water. The gently varying depth of the water affords unlimited scope for the angler; and in suitable weather, the long, far-reaching stretches of from six to ten feet in depth, which extend all along the eastern portion of the loch, seldom fail to yield excellent sport. Another circumstance which materially tends to maintain the productiveness of the loch is the fact that it belongs exclusively to one proprietor, Sir Graham Montgomery, who likewise owns almost the whole of the land by which it is surrounded. By this means uniformity of management is secured, and a fostering policy is rendered practicable—desiderata of the very utmost importance in the treatment of all angling waters.

Lochleven is a purely fresh-water lake, and so far as available to trout, it possesses no means of communication with the sea. Its sole outlet is the river Leven, which, starting from the south-eastern extremity of the loch, winds through Fifeshire until it empties itself into the Forth at the town of Leven. This stream may at some

remote period have afforded a means by which the fish of Lochleven might pass to and from the sea; but if so, it has for centuries back been rendered impassable by the obstructions both natural and artificial which have in the course of time become established all along its course. The denizens of the loch consist of trout, pike, perch, and eels. Each of these widely varying species attains to abnormal size in its waters, owing to the varied, abundant, and nutritious food which these supply. Trout have been occasionally caught weighing ten pounds and upwards; while the average weight is generally about one pound for each trout. Pike have been caught upwards of forty pounds in weight, while others of from twenty-five to thirty pounds were not infrequent; but in recent years, owing to the exterminating policy which has been prudently adopted, the specimens which have been secured of this 'fell tyrant of the watery plain' have become both much fewer in number and less remarkable in size. The perch, too, have become both smaller and fewer than they were a quarter of a century ago. At that time it was not an unusual occurrence to secure a cart-load in the course of a day's fishing with the net; and on one occasion (1855) even two cart-loads were caught in one day. In 1872 and 1873 from 400 to 722 perch were caught from one boat by angling. Since then, the 'takes' of perch have gradually diminished, and the capture now rarely exceeds two or three dozen at a time. An attempt is at present being made to 'cultivate' the perch, as it is thought that its young fry forms suitable and nutritious food for the trout. Eels are also very abundant in the loch, and attain to a considerable size; indeed, it has been found that, owing to this very cause, their marketable quality is seriously and injuriously affected. The largest eel weighed not less than $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; while $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds may be stated as a fair average weight for each fish. The eels are entirely caught in traps at the outlet from the loch; and on an average of eight years terminating with 1872, the annual 'take' was not less than 5600 pounds.

It is, however, in the trout of Lochleven that the interest of the angler entirely centres. These have long formed a prolific and inexhaustible subject for discussion both among scientific ichthyologists and less reasoning sportsmen. Not a few of the former have maintained, on apparently reliable physiological data, that the trout owe their well-known superiority over all other fresh-water trout to the fact that they form a distinct and unique species (*Salmo Levenensis*), approaching in their peculiar organic formation more nearly to salmon than any other lake trout—the trout of the Lake of Geneva only excepted. It has also been maintained that there are several, or at least more than one distinct species of trout common to the loch; and undoubtedly few of its angling frequenters can have failed to be struck by the marked diversity in colour and shape which is often displayed by the trout forming an ordinary average basket. Both of these con-

tentions are open to question; and by not a few experienced scientific authorities the diversity both in organic formation and in outward appearance is regarded simply as the natural results of the rich, varied, and abundant character of the food on which the trout subsist. This forms an interesting problem for scientific anglers to solve. The superiority of the trout is, however, a fact which cannot be questioned. It is displayed in their exquisite symmetry of form as well as in their flavour and colour; and what is of greater importance to the angler, it is displayed still more in their pluck and never-failing determination to 'die game.' With a trout weighing a pound or a pound and a half on his hook, the angler has a highly exciting and engrossing piece of work in hand; and the heartfelt satisfaction with which he slackens his line and relaxes his mental tension the moment he sees his lively captive within the meshes of the landing-net, is a sensation which may well be gratefully remembered, but can never be verbally depicted.

The wonderfully prolific character of Lochleven may be demonstrated by a simple reference to the weight and number of trout annually taken from its waters. In a small work published in 1874, '*The Lochleven Angler*,' by an ex-President of the Kinross-shire Fishing Club, there is collected together, in a concise and thoroughly readable form, a mass of reliable information bearing upon this marvellous sheet of water; and among other details we find that, towards the beginning of the present century, when the trout were captured exclusively with the net, the annual take ranged from 26,474 pounds as a maximum in 1819 to 17,904 pounds as a minimum in 1821, the average weight from 1812 to 1821 being nearly 21,000 pounds annually. At this period the superficial area of the loch was about one-fourth greater than it is now, a considerable reduction in its depth, and consequently in its extent, having been effected in 1830 by the completion of an extensive drainage scheme, promoted for the purpose of improving the water-supply of the various public works dependent on the river Leven. An alteration of so sweeping a character could not fail to affect seriously the capabilities of the loch, and the annual 'takes' since 1830 fall considerably short of those already referred to. Thus, in the ten years from 1845 downwards, the annual 'take' by netting ranged from 15,273 pounds in 1847 to 5844 pounds in 1860; while the average over the whole period amounted to 11,000 pounds, or only 500 pounds more than one-half of the annual average during the pre-drainage period. At this time the net still continued to be the sole means of capture, and therefore the comparison between the average annual result of the two periods clearly shows that the reduction in the 'outcome' from the loch was disproportionately greater than the mere reduction in its superficial extent. Fortunately, the change led to no deterioration in the quality or size of the trout. On the contrary, they seem rather to have improved in both respects, for the flavour of the trout was never more generally recognised than it is at present, nor has their average weight ever ranged higher.

In 1855 a new era in the history of the loch

was suddenly inaugurated. In the summer of that year a notice of an exceptionally good basket of trout secured with the fly found its way into the public prints, and the result was an immediate rush of anglers from all quarters; and the success which as a general rule attended them dispelled the hitherto prevailing belief that the Lochleven trout would not rise to the fly. The loch became at once established as the first angling water in Scotland, and that character it has constantly maintained for the last thirty-five years, although the 'takes' during that period have been quite as fluctuating and varied as during the earlier period when netting prevailed. Taking the angling results of the last twenty years, we find that these range from a minimum of 3271 pounds in 1876 to a maximum of 21,073 pounds in 1888. The net is still used regularly during the earlier months of the fishing season, but only for the purpose of exterminating the pike; and the trout may now be said to be strictly and exclusively reserved for the angler's delectation.

The yearly fluctuation in the productiveness of Lochleven has always formed a puzzling and apparently insoluble problem, and various explanatory theories have from time to time been propounded by its most regular frequenters. At one time the falling-off is attributed to the 'open' character of the preceding winter; at another, to the drought during some previous spawning season; or to the winter floods having swept the unhatched ova from the 'redds' in the streams down to the stagnant water of the loch, where it was either devoured by its many enemies, or became a victim to 'un-ripening decay.' Now, it is the want of insect food on the surface of the water; and next year it may be the superabundance of 'bottom-feeding.' One angler is heard maintaining that the loch is over-fished, and that the trout is being exterminated; while another with equal force demonstrates that the water is over-stocked, and that the larger trout are simply gorged with the fry of their own species.

Whatever may be the real cause of the fluctuation, it certainly is of a very marked character; and—paradoxical as the statement may seem to be—it must be remarked that the most striking feature of the fluctuation is the wonderfully unvarying order of its variation. This is observable both in the netting and in the angling period, the takes in both instances fluctuating every four or five years with wonderful regularity from a minimum to a maximum, and vice versa. This seems to indicate that the fluctuation in the aquatic harvest is attributable to the regularly recurring effect of some well-established and unvarying natural law. Meteorological data tend to show that our seasons favourable and unfavourable run more or less in cycles; and it would appear that a somewhat similar order of sequence regulates trout-fishing as well.

The angling season for the past year, which terminated with the last day of August, was an exceptionally unfavourable one. The 'takes' during the earlier months, when the weather was propitious, were unusually favourable, as contrasted with the previous ten or twelve years, the takes for April and May having amounted to nearly 6000 trout, or fully double

the number caught during the same months in the year preceding. The falling-off, therefore, during the past season cannot be attributed to any reduction in the stock of trout, but seems rather to arise merely from subtle atmospheric influences. There are few lakes which are so susceptible of such influences as Lochleven. From its open and exposed situation, as well as from its extent and general uniformity in depth, it is extremely subject to atmospheric change. Each cloud that floats over its surface, and every breeze that stirs its waters, varies its aspect; and in a summer so variable as that of last year, it can easily be understood by any one familiar with the habits and instincts of trout, how seriously their natural predilections may have been perverted. Sir Walter Scott, who was a frequent visitor to Lochleven, appears to have fully realised its peculiar variability; for in *The Abbot* we find Roland Grame, in the course of an angling excursion with George Douglas, giving petulant expression to his temporary pique against Catherine Seton, by likening her in the variability of her humour to the waters on which they were then fishing.

DUMARESQU'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIX.—A LITTLE CLOUD.

AT Petheron the autumn and winter passed slowly away, and Psyche's heart gradually accustomed itself to its great sorrow. She was brave, and she stifled down her grief bravely. Haviland Dumaresq, watching her close, with his keen gray eyes and his eager glance, flattered his own soul (poor purblind philosopher!) that Psyche had forgotten all about that obtrusive painter fellow. Oh, wilful foolishness of parents who think such things. Your children's hearts veil their wounds from your eyes with sedulous care, and you say with a smile: 'All's well! I can see no scars anywhere.'

But Psyche herself—ah, how different there! She had never forgotten him; she could never forget him. It wasn't merely that she had dismissed to his death the one man she had ever loved. It wasn't merely that he had left her abruptly, and gone where communications with him were practically impossible. It wasn't merely that his life was in danger, and that he might never perhaps return to see her. Worse than all those, though all those indeed were bad enough, was the horrible, hateful, haunting consciousness that she had been forced to show herself in a false light to Linnell, and that if Linnell died on that forlorn hope, he would die believing her mutterably mercenary, and cruel, and selfish. To show one's-self in false colours to those one loves is inexpressibly painful. Her soul loathed the picture Linnell must have formed of her. It was torture to her to think he must go on so long mistaking so utterly her character and her feelings.

For Psyche had learned, three days later, on what dangerous errand her lover had started. She read the announcement casually in the *Athenæum*: 'Mr C. A. Linnell, the rising young painter, whose oriental subjects have attracted so much attention in the Grosvenor this year, has

accepted the difficult and somewhat thankless task of special artist to the *Porte-Crayon* with Gordon at Khartoum. He set out for his perilous post on Saturday last, in company with Mr T. A. Considine, the well-known correspondent of the *Morning Telephone*. How bald and matter-of-fact the paragraph sounded, as it stood there among a dozen other indifferent scraps of gossip in the literary notes of the *Athenæum*: and yet, what a tragedy it meant for Psyche, who had driven him forth, perhaps to his death, and felt herself very little short of a murderess!

If only he could have known! If only he could have known! Her promise! Her promise! That fatal promise!

Restraining her tears with a deadly effort, she rushed up-stairs into her own room and locked herself in with all the impetuous sorrow of budding girlhood. Then she flung herself on her bed and gave free vent to her grief. She cried, and cried, and cried again, in a luxury of agony—till the hour for tea came, and she had to go down again.

But even so, she was Dumaresq's daughter. She rose, and bathed her face carefully. Her self-control was wonderful. It was with eyes scarcely red and with a cold proud air that she handed the paper across to her father with his cup of tea ten minutes later, and said in a voice hardly trembling with emotion: 'Mr Linnell's accepted a post in Africa now, you see, Papa.'

Haviland Dumaresq eyed her hard, and thought to himself with a smile of inward satisfaction: 'A mere light scratch! The first shallow love of childhood! Profound emotions preclude speech. Women, before their affections are fixed, are necessarily plastic. Unable to choose freely for themselves, like men, they can shift their emotions from object to object, or hold them in suspense, an affinity unsaturated, till the one man comes on whom to focus their regard permanently. She could never have felt the parting very much after all, or she couldn't talk as carelessly now as that about him.'

But in spite of philosophy, all through the autumn and winter months Psyche grieved silently, silently. Her sorrow was all turned in upon herself. She had no one to share it, no one to sympathise with her. Geraldine Maitland had gone with her parents for the season to Algiers: with Ida Mansel, that correct and cultivated Girtonian product, she had little in common; so she was left to brood over her great grief in solitude. Now, a sorrow turned inward is the most dangerous and insidious in its effects of any. The suspense and the isolation were wearing Psyche out. Only that unquenchable Dumaresquian spirit of hers enabled her to put so good a face upon it. But a Dumaresq suffers, and suffers in silence. Her father never knew how Psyche was suffering. With a brave heart she came down to breakfast each day as though she had not lain awake and cried all night: with a brave heart she took up the paper each morning to read afresh of new delays in the relief of Khartoum.

Everybody remembers that long-drawn period of horrible suspense, when a handful of brave Englishmen held out by themselves against tremendous odds in the doomed city. Everybody remembers the breathless interest of that

painful drama, and the slow lingering despair of hoping against hope for the gallant souls locked up in Khartoum.

But to Psyche the suspense was more terrible than to any one; the despair was most poignant; the hopelessness most appalling.

She had sent Linnell to his death, she felt sure. He would die without ever knowing how profoundly she loved him.

Yet even so, she bore up like a Dumaresq. Her father should never know how she felt. At all hazards she would keep that terrible secret from him.

So night after night, as she lay awake and cried, she learned to cry silently, imperceptibly almost. It was not merely a sort of crying that made no noise: it was a sort of crying that let the tears trickle slowly out, one after another, without even so much as reddening the eyes and eyelids. She practised crying in this quiet way, deliberately practised it, like a Dumaresq that she was: and to such a pitch of perfection did she bring it at last, that even the tears themselves ceased to flow. She cried, as it were, all mentally and internally.

But her eyes ached horribly none the less for that. Bright and clear and beautiful as usual, they ached worse every day with that unnatural effort.

One evening in January, as the days were lengthening again, and Psyche was looking forward to the time when Geraldine, dear Geraldine, might return from Algeria to comfort her soul, Haviland Dumaresq came home from the village with a London newspaper, and handed it to Psyche to read aloud to him. That was an ordeal she had often to endure now. The papers breathed full of Gordon and Khartoum—fears for the besieged, hopes for the relievers—and Psyche, all tremulous, was compelled to read aloud in a firm clear tone those conflicting rumours, and pretend it meant nothing more to her soul than the meetings of Public Companies or the Sporting Intelligence. For with all his philosophy the philosopher had never mastered the simple fact that he was slowly killing his only child by unintentional cruelty. He was sure she'd forgotten that little episode altogether now. Khartoum was no more to her than Jerusalem or Jericho.

'We have all along counselled the Government,' Psyche read aloud, 'to adopt a more vigorous and aggressive attitude towards the tribes that still block or harass the passage of our forces up the bank of the river. Unless something is done within three months to relieve the garrison which now holds out'—

'Well?' Haviland Dumaresq murmured, looking up inquiringly as Psyche broke off in sudden bewilderment. 'What next, my child? Go on, won't you?'

'I—I don't know what next,' Psyche cried, faltering, and laying the paper helplessly on her knees. 'I don't quite see. I think—there's a sort of blur somehow across the printing.'

Haviland Dumaresq took the paper incredulously from her hands. He glanced with his cold unflinching eyes at the leader she had been reading so quietly and calmly. Nothing could be clearer or more distinct than its type. A sudden thought flashed across his brain for a moment.

Could Linnell by any possibility be mentioned in the article? Psyche had almost forgotten that foolish little love-episode by this time, of course; but the sudden sight of the painter's name starting her unexpectedly, in the face from a public print, might no doubt arouse for a second the latent cloud. Emotion dies and revives so strangely. He glanced down the column. No, nothing of the sort could he see anywhere. In a neighbouring column perhaps, then; among the telegraphic items! The painter might have escaped, or might have been killed, or rescued. He scanned the telegrams with an eager glance. Nothing there that cast any light upon the subject. 'You must be bilious, my child,' he said, with a searching look, handing her back the paper. 'Accumulation of effete matter uneliminated in the blood often gives rise to yellow patches floating before the eyes. Best relieved by exercise and fresh air. Go on now, Psyche, and read a little further, if it doesn't hurt you.'

What a blank page the human heart often shows to those who think they stand nearest and dearest of all to it! Exercise and fresh air, indeed, for a broken spirit! How little Haviland Dumaresq, in his philosophic isolation, knew what inward grief was eating away his Psyche's soul and undermining his Psyche's eyesight!

The trembling girl, all calmness without, took the paper back from his hands without a single word, and went on reading for some minutes longer. Then the letters on the page disappeared once more, as if by magic, and a vague nothingness swam a second time in the air before her.

'I can't read, Papa,' she cried, laying the swimming paper down in despair. 'The words all seem to fade into a blank before my eyes. I can see nothing. It's a sort of wandering haze. I don't think I can be very well this morning.'

'A yellow patch floating before your face?' Haviland Dumaresq asked with suggestive quickness. 'A sort of central glow or spot of fire, fading off at the sides into normal vision?'

'Oh no,' Psyche said; 'nothing at all of the sort. I've had that too: I know what you mean; but not lately: this is something ever so much deeper and more serious than that. It's a sort of cloud that rises up, I think, in my eye itself; and whenever it rises, I see nothing at all for a few minutes: the whole world seems to become a kind of mist or haze floating vaguely in dim outline in front of me.'

Dumaresq rose from his chair with great deliberation and moved to the window. 'Come here, my child,' he said with that gentle tenderness in his tone which he always displayed in talking to Psyche—for oh! how he loved her! 'Eyes are far too precious to be neglected with impunity. The more complex an organ, the greater the difficulty in re-establishing equilibrium once upset. Let me look and see if there's anything the matter with them.'

Psyche walked forward with uncertain steps, half feeling her way between the chairs and tables, in a manner that brought the old philosopher's heart into his mouth like a child's. Could anything be wrong, then, with his darling's sight? He held her upturned face gently between his palms, and gazed down with profound searching into those deep blue eyes. 'A cataract forming? No, nothing like that. 'The

conjunctiva and cornea are perfectly normal,' he murmured with a sigh of distinct relief, for the bare suggestion of anything wrong with his Psyche's eyes had stirred him deeply. 'The lenses, too, seem absolutely right. If there's mischief anywhere, it must be deep down in the region of the retina itself. We'll test it carefully. But there's no hereditary predisposition to weakness of vision. Functional, functional; it *must* be functional. Your dear mother's eyes were as sharp as needles; and as for me, I can read the smallest print to this day, as you know, Psyche, at least as well as any man of twenty.'

He took down a book from the shelf at random and opened the title-page at three or four pages. 'Read as much as you can of that, or my child,' he said, holding it up to her. Psyche read it without a moment's delay: 'Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat, by John Tyndall.' Her father's face lighted up with pleasure. 'Good!' he said, relieved, as his heart gave a bound. 'Try again, Psyche,' and he took down another. 'What's this?' he went on, walking a step or two across the room, and holding the title-page open once more before Psyche's eyes.

'The Fertilisation of Flowers, by Professor Hermann Müller,' Psyche read out slowly; 'then there's something I can't quite see; and after that I can make out plainly the two words "Charles Darwin."'

'With a preface by Charles Darwin,' her father said cheerfully.—'Come, come, Psyche, that's not so bad. There can't be much wrong with the retina, anyhow, if you can read like this at eight feet distance.'

Psyche sighed and held her peace. She knew the world had faded away suddenly before her eyes more than once of late, and she could hardly treat this discomposing consciousness as lightly as her father did. But if he was satisfied, all was well. For herself, she could bear it as she had borne what was so much harder and deadlier to bear than mere blindness.

Dumaresq gazed at her for a minute in silence. Then he said, once more, 'Has this happened often?'

Psyche hesitated. She couldn't bear to grieve him. 'Once or twice, Papa,' she said after a brief pause. 'But it's nothing much; it'll go off soon—when the summer comes back to us.'

Dumaresq looked down at her with a satisfied air. 'No, it's nothing much,' he repeated. 'I know the human eye by this time pretty well. I made an exhaustive study of eyes, you know, when I was working up my second volume. If I saw the slightest cause for alarm in the case, I'd take you up at once to consult Critchett. But I don't see any. The cornea's normal; the retina's normal; and the power of vision is in no way defective. These occasional failures must be purely nervous. In girls of your age one must expect a certain amount of nervous abnormality. An incident of our civilisation; we expect Nature, as Horace says, with a fork, but Nature will always get the better of us somehow.'

Poor old man! With all his wisdom and all his power of generalisation, he never realised

the simple truth, that it was *he* who was trying to crush Psyche's nature, and that one way or other Psyche's nature would in the end prove irresistible.

(To be continued.)

THE MADEIRA OF THE PACIFIC.

THERE is an interesting speck of volcanic land rising from the waters of the ocean a few days' sail from Sydney, which has been aptly termed 'The Madeira of the Pacific;' and as it presents many features of interest, it may not be out of place to give a short description of it and of things pertaining to it.

Lord Howe Island, the official name of this 'gem of the sea,' distant and inaccessible as it may at first sight appear, is not really altogether out of the world, for it is but three or four hundred miles from Sydney, and of late has had regular communication with that city by means of the ketch *Mary Ogilvie*, which makes four voyages in the year between Sydney and Norfolk Island, calling at Lord Howe going and coming.

Lord Howe Island is situated about three hundred miles from Port Macquarrie. It is some five hundred west of Norfolk Island, and is the most southern of the islands on the east coast of Australia. Its length is between six and seven miles 'as the crow flies' (only there are no crows there), but is considerably longer if the curve of the land is followed; the average width is a mile, but is a great deal more in places.

The discovery of the island was made by Lieutenant Henry Ledgbird Ball on the 17th of February 1788, during his passage from Port Jackson (Sydney) to Norfolk Island. Mr Ball remained several days at the island; he gave it the title we know it by after the celebrated admiral, and also named the principal peaks, points, and ports around and upon it. He made a survey of the shore-line and of the adjacent islets and rocks, took soundings, and gave sailing directions for future guidance. Most of the names given by Lieutenant Ball have been retained—namely, Mounts Ledgbird and Gower, Points Phillip and King—after the first Governor and Lieutenant-governor of New South Wales—Prince William Henry Bay, &c.

The appearance of the island as it is approached is remarkable. Two round-looking knobs are first seen, at a distance of from forty to fifty miles, like separate isles rising from the water. As one gets nearer, these appear to be joined together, and to have a long flat stretch of ground attached to them, terminating in a lower mound. The general effect now is that of a camel crouching to receive its load. The two first-sighted prominences form the hind-quarters of the animal, and the small hill at the farther end of the island his head; whilst a line of low rocks stretching across the bay seems to be the cord or string attaching the head to the rump; a slight rise about the middle of the island seems to be the saddle ready for loading. A closer approach reveals a singularly beautiful outline. The two rises which were first seen turn out to be a couple of bold headlands at the south end, and are

known as Mounts Ledgbird and Gower, rising in great inaccessible cliffs nearly three thousand feet high sheer from the sea. The head of the camel turns out to be North Ridge, and the centre rise Mount Lookout. All these, with two subsidiary prominences known as North Hummock and Intermediate Hill, form the backbone, as it were, of the island. The general effect as one casts anchor at the moorings is exquisite. The deep red and gray volcanic rocks of Mounts Gower and Ledgbird are intersected here and there by great dykes of intrusive basalt running like twisting ladders from base to summit. The hills at the north end, although lower, are not less abrupt; but through them all, and indeed upon any point giving the least foothold, patches of bright green vegetation give variety and contrast to the darker stony mass. Between the hills, the undulating country is thickly wooded, breaking off into flats stretching to the sea, sometimes wooded to the water's edge, at others ending in lower cliffs; while here and there bright green swards terminate in sandy beaches, hardly ruffled by the gentle heave of the waves within the reef-bound lagoon.

The plan or form of the island is that of a crescent; 'boomerang-shaped,' Mr H. T. Wilkinson appropriately terms it; nearly two-thirds of it on the concave side is protected by a fringing coral reef extending from Phillip Point to the foot of Mount Ledgbird. The North Peak rises precipitously in a rugged promontory some six hundred feet high, and round to the westward is a semi-isolated hill known as Mount Eliza. 'It has all the appearance of a conical hill cut vertically in half,' says Mr Etheridge, while 'Linneus' says of it 'that it resembles a divided cone with a peaked top.' Along the sea-face are one or two water-washed caves.

A few ravines run from the higher lands to the sea; but the creeks are unimportant, as may be imagined from the small area of the island; fresh water, however, is abundant, and readily obtainable by shallow sinking.

There are some three thousand acres of land in the whole island, while two thousand of this would be capable of cultivation; but as a matter of fact, only a few hundred acres are in till. The principal crops are onions—the finest south of the line—bananas, sweet-potatoes, and maize. It is indeed from the export to Sydney of onions that the inhabitants of the island chiefly obtain their living; but there are abundant opportunities of increasing their means of subsistence, for there is hardly a fruit, vegetable, or flower grown throughout the temperate or semi-tropical regions of the world which would not flourish upon it.

The island was only occasionally visited from its discovery until 1834. Now and then, a party of whalers would land and refresh themselves with the easily-caught wild hens and indigenous fruits, or obtain from the lagoon boat-loads of the swarming fish; and sometimes would leave part of their crews there while they made short runs away. Some of these rambling visitors, indeed, performed acts which have left their marks on the island. They turned loose pigs and goats, and also, unfortunately, a lot of black domestic cats. All these animals thrive; but the cats became a source of great mischief, almost

extinguishing the pretty and useful but very stumpy wood-hen, as well as a curious bird like the guinea-fowl, and an elegant and gentle ground pigeon. The goats took to the mountains, and now afford excellent sport; and the pigs becoming masters of the thickets, prospered wonderfully, and are often killed of great size. Domestic pigeons and poultry were also turned loose, and became absolutely wild.

In the year 1834 a party of three New Zealand colonists, tempted by the accounts the whalers had given of this happy isle, determined to settle upon it. These men were named Ashdown, Bishop, and Chapman. They had with them three Maori women and two Maori boys, and made the passage across in the whaling barque *Caroline*, of which Captain Blenkinsop was master. They cleared some of the ground near the beach, built themselves huts of palm-boughs, planted sweet-potatoes, and lived comfortably by shooting and fishing. Shortly after this, it occurred to a Sydney merchant and ironmonger named Dawson that he might do well on the island; and accordingly he made arrangements to proceed there with a view to settling. He was accompanied by a certain Captain Poole, said to have been a military man; and these two bought out the original settlers, giving them three hundred and fifty pounds in all, of which sum Bishop and Chapman divided two hundred pounds, and, as he had made more extensive improvements, Ashdown took one hundred and fifty pounds. Poole remained on the island to represent his firm, and was joined by a Dr Foulis, who had bought half his interest. Ashdown, Bishop, and Chapman and their families then left.

Things appear to have gone on smoothly enough, and there is but little recorded of the doings of the islanders until 1843. A little vessel owned by Dawson, named *The Rover's Bride*, traded between Sydney and the island; but matters did not progress, chiefly owing to the settlers' want of energy in clearing and planting good land; they preferred to use the light and open sandy patches near the shore, instead of taking to the richer volcanic land, covered with timber and loose stones, which yields at present such bountiful crops, but is expensive and troublesome to clear and render fit for the plough. However, in the year last named an incident occurred which gives a picture of the half-barbarous, half-patriarchal manner in which the settlers dwelt and were governed, if government it may be called. At that time, Poole, who seems to have had the chief command of the islanders, had chained up to a tree a man named Moss. This unfortunate had escaped from a whaler which had put in for shelter; but he seems to have been of little use either aboard ship or ashore, and refused to do any work for his living; and to punish his idleness, Poole chained him up. One night, however, when the watch was asleep, Master Moss got free, and took to the bush. He subsisted for some time by stealing what he could, and on roots and birds; at the same time he managed to intimate to the settlers that he was desperate, and would revenge himself by burning down their huts and the store on the first opportunity. His threats created

quite a panic, and caused a better watch to be kept over the premises than had been over the prisoner; for day and night some one was on the alert, and the buildings were surrounded with casks filled with water, to put out any fire which he might cause by throwing a lighted stick on to the roofs.

Some time afterwards, however, the fellow was captured; and this time a set of orthodox stocks was made and he placed in them; but such a method of confinement was too severe, and after some days of it, Poole, fearing the man would become a permanent cripple, adopted a different mode of captivity, one, indeed, which permitted of some change in position, but was hardly less terrible than the stocks. Poole got a large cask, and absolutely headed him in it, cutting a small and convenient (so says the record) trap door in one end to admit a small vessel. Either Moss must have been a very small man, or the cask an exceptionally large one, for it is reported that he could either stand or lie down, having but these two positions to exist in. How he lived is a mystery; but after a time he and his cask—whether he was in it or not is not stated—were brought to Sydney, and Poole was also summoned thither. The latter was charged with the offence—what offence the record does not reveal, but presumably an aggravated kind of assault, or false imprisonment—but, strange to say, the case was dismissed. Poole had, in fact, bought his enemy off, giving him ten pounds to stop the proceedings. This was not quite the end of it, for Moss made further demands on Poole; but was ultimately induced to leave the country upon receiving forty pounds more.

About the years 1846 and 1847, Dawson and his friends, finding the venture they had embarked upon not sufficiently remunerative, broke up their party. Most of the settlers returned to Sydney or New Zealand, and such as liked to remain worked on their own account independently. Subsequently, other arrivals, either by accident or design, augmented the population; but in 1869, at the time of an official visit of a police magistrate from Sydney, their numbers were but thirty-five, who were, with two exceptions, Europeans or Americans, the exceptions being South Sea Island women.

In 1882 a commission was appointed by the New South Wales Government to investigate certain alleged improper conduct of some persons on the island; and the Hon. Bowie-Wilson, the chief Commissioner, reported: 'With the inhabitants generally I have been most agreeably impressed, intelligent beyond their class, most exemplary in their conduct, and, considering their isolated position and few inducements for exertion, fairly industrious.' At present, the island has sixty-one inhabitants; but as no land can be purchased from the Crown, fresh settlers are not likely to arrive, and any increase in the number of these dwellers on the rocky isle must be from natural causes, and will—considering how few they are—be necessarily slow. The island is a portion of the territory of New South Wales, and has been proclaimed a strict reserve from sale or lease; but the titles of the people who had settled prior to 1882 to their holdings are respected. Hardly any govern-

ment, in the strict sense of the word, is required; but the visiting magistrate who goes to and fro settles disputes and makes inquiry into the well-being of the islanders. There is a very well conducted school under regulations of the New South Wales education department. The climate is exceptionally good. The thermometer never rises higher than eighty-two degrees Fahr. in summer, or falls below fifty-two in winter; but occasionally there are severe storms, which, however, do little damage, owing to the shelter the high hills give on the side opposed to the prevailing winds.

The vegetation is luxuriant and superb. It has been stated that 'there are probably few islands of similar size possessing so rich and varied a flora as Howe Island—handsome banyan and other trees, shrubs, palms, pandanus, and dwarf-ferns growing everywhere in great abundance and luxuriance.' The tree, indeed, of the island is the banyan. Mr Charles Moore, the Government botanist of New South Wales, says: 'The most remarkable plant, however, upon the island is a species of *Ficus*, and the only one of the genus found there. Along the whole extent of the flat and richest ground on the south-west side this noble tree grows in large numbers—very rarely in exposed situations—but marks distinctly an inner zone of vegetation, being protected on every side by belts of trees of various descriptions. It possesses to an extraordinary degree the branch-rooting characteristics of the famous banyan of India. From its high wide-spreading branches adventitious roots are produced, which descend to the ground; then rapidly enlarge, and become in the course of time huge stems, drawing nourishment from the earth for the support and increase of the parent branch, which, as it extends, produces similar root stems, the tree by this means covering a very large space of ground. In some instances the original stem had perished altogether, the branches becoming separate trees, each with numerous root-stems, and forming by the whole a beautiful amphitheatre of considerable dimensions.' There are four kinds of palms met with on the island.

It may be as well to mention here that the houses of the islanders are built of the stems of the palms, with two or three exceptions—where imported sawn timber and galvanised iron have been used—and are thatched on the roofs and walls with the leaves and fronds of the same plant. The thatching has a particularly neat and pleasing appearance.

Geologically, the island consists practically of two formations only, the volcanic rocks forming the general mass, and the stratified beds resting on them. The volcanic rocks occupy two-thirds of the island, comprising the great hills or mountains. The exposed sections as seen from the coast present a stratified appearance like rocks of sedimentary origin; 'but a close inspection shows them to be made up of different horizontal beds of volcanic rock.' These beds vary from fifteen to thirty feet in thickness. A variety of dykes and veins, a number of which are nearly vertical, run up the face of these magnificent cliffs. There are large masses of agglomerate rocks consisting of fragments of the volcanic series 'resting upon a vesicular, and somewhat

scoriaceous rock full of crystals.' The basalt was said to contain tin; but an exhaustive assay of many typical samples made in the Geological Laboratory in Sydney proved that this was not the case.

The loam which forms the alluvium is of rich character, 'being of a dark, unctuous, loamy nature largely impregnated with humus.' It varies in character, and assumes the aspect of calcareous sandy soil as it nears the coast; but generally it is extremely rich, and supports a most luxuriant vegetation. Decayed vegetable matter enters largely into its composition, which, combined with the volcanic products washed down from the hills, gives it almost the character of a hot manure-bed, upon which almost any kind of plant useful to man or good for food can be grown.

As to the fauna, a species of bat is the only example of lower mammalia captured. Mice, said to have been introduced from Norfolk Island, are now moderately common. During gales, the Australian species of seal has visited the shores. There are no snakes; but lizards are sparsely represented by the *Lacertilia*. Turtles now only occasionally frequent the island, although in former times they abounded. The birds are numerous, and generally very tame, so much so, that naturalists have found it difficult to get far enough away from some kinds to shoot them without blowing them to pieces! The sea-fowl are numerous, and lay vast quantities of eggs in the islets about the lagoon.

Fish are to be caught with the line in numbers, and generally resemble those of the Australian coast. Some thirty-five genera and nearly forty species have been named. Of these, the rock cod is common, and grows to a large size. There are also garfish, a species of herring, and some mullet. It is interesting to notice the occurrence of the common Australian eel, individuals of which have been caught up to six or seven pounds in weight.

Enough has now been written to prove how interesting, from every point of view, is our little 'gem of the sea'; and to those who have the means and time to embrace the Australian colonies in their globe-trotting rambles, let nothing persuade them to leave these regions without first visiting 'The Madeira of the Pacific.'

MY AUNT CECILIA.

CHAPTER IV.

My aunt was standing before the fireplace, her arms crossed upon the chimney-piece, and her head reclining on them. I could see that she was trembling violently, and there was a kind of passionate grief in her attitude which affected me very strangely. Captain Dundas stood beside her, in the stiff pose of a man who has started back from a position in which he had rather not be found.

'Aunt Cecilia,' I said, going towards her, 'what is the meaning of all this?'

There was no answer; so I turned to Captain Dundas, who had moved back at my approach.

He shook his head, and answering my look, he said: 'I can give you no explanation at all, Mr. Winter. It is for your aunt to do that, if she chooses.'

'I think that is hardly sufficient,' I said. 'It appears to me that when an invited guest in my house claims a private interview with my aunt, and agitates her to the extent which I perceive, that I have a right to ask for an explanation.'

'I admit no such right,' he replied with increasing hauteur. 'There are special circumstances which you do not understand in this case.'

'But I intend to know them, Captain Dundas' (I was restraining my anger with some effort now); 'and unless you make me acquainted with them, I shall hold you responsible for the annoyance I see you have inflicted on this lady.'

'No, no,' my aunt interposed. 'He is not in fault, Osmond.'

I waited for a moment; but she did not continue her speech; and in fact she seemed incapable of doing so.

'I am at a loss,' I said. 'I am bound to accept my aunt's assurance, sir. But I may at least point out that your presence is distressing to her.'

He shrugged his shoulders. 'I am sorry to place you under the necessity of hinting that I should go,' he said. 'It was a *bêtise*.—Miss Cecilia, will you say "Good-bye"?'

Aunt Cecilia collected herself, drew herself up to her full height and gave him her hand without a word. He stooped and kissed it. Then I followed him down-stairs.

'Miss Winter is unwell, Sinclair,' he said, when we reached the garden; 'it would be inconvenient for us to stay.'

Then, with a distant bow, he strode down the garden path. Sinclair waited behind him for an instant.

'I can tell you nothing,' I said. And in another instant he, too, was gone.

When I returned to the drawing-room it was vacant; but our servant came to me. 'Miss Winter has gone to her room, sir; she wishes you to have your dinner; and if you are not going out, she would be glad to see you in about an hour.'

I went down to the dining-room, where the table was laid still for the party, of whom I was the only one to partake of the meal. I felt like some unwelcome guest at a banquet, and one by one the delicate dishes which my aunt had made ready with such care went untasted away.

It was late in the evening when my aunt sent for me. I found her lying on her couch beside the fire, and it struck me with a sudden shock that she had grown very fragile in appearance. There was an odour of sal-volatile in the room, and her favourite well-thumbed copy of *The Saints' Rest* lay open by her side.

'Bring over that low chair, Osmond,' she said, speaking in her strong clear voice again.—'Have you had any tea?'

'I don't want any.'

She smiled and shook her head. 'I thought as much. And no dinner, I daresay. Well, we will have some tea now.'

She rang and ordered it. She hardly touched it herself; but every now and then I found her looking at me with a solicitude which I could not account for.

'Aunt Cecilia,' I said at last, 'if you have something painful to tell me, wouldn't it be better to get it over?'

'It would,' she replied—'much better; but I am only a cowardly old woman.'

'Well, what is this very dreadful thing?' I asked, feigning a cheerfulness which I could not feel.

'Give me my dressing-case,' said she.

I laid it on the table beside her; and from a drawer in it she took out a small leather case, much worn, which she handed to me.

'It is a portrait,' she said. 'See whether you recognise it, child.'

It was the face of a very lovely woman, in the spring-time of her beauty, before any shadow of care had fallen on it. Clustering golden curls fell round a complexion of the richest rose colour; the mouth was half opened by a smile, and the blue eyes positively danced with gleam. And yet as I looked upon it another far different face grew out of the portrait; the fresh young features fell into lines, the smile faded, the golden hair was drawn back closely round the head; I seemed to hear a fearful voice cry passionately: 'Cecilia, Cecilia, he will forget me quite.'

'It is my godmother,' I said; 'but how changed!'

'Changed, indeed!' said my aunt sadly, taking the portrait from my hand; 'but not your godmother, Osmond. It is your mother's face—my dear, dear sister.'

'Aunt Cecilia!' I exclaimed, startled out of myself, 'you told me yourself my mother died before I could remember her.'

'I did, Osmond; but it was not true. You have no cause to be angry, child. I did it from a good motive; and I would have kept the story from you altogether if I could. But you would have suspected something after what you heard to-day. And after all, you will be a man soon, and in going about the world might hear the truth from other lips which would not tell it kindly.'

'For Heaven's sake, aunt, say what you have to say in as few words as you can.'

'Be patient with me, Osmond. The story is not long. Your grandfather, my father and your mother's, was the rector of —, in the Isle of Wight. Your grandmother died when we were quite young. I was fifteen, Fanny (your mother) was a year younger. We had many friends, especially in Southsea, and very frequently one or both of us paid visits there. The house to which we went most often was that of the Whytes; you saw Henry Whyte this afternoon—he took the name of Dundas only a few years ago. If I had known that, I should have asked you to avoid him.'

'What has the man done?' I asked.

She shook her head. 'In the winter before I was nineteen your grandfather had a long illness; his chest was affected; and when the spring came he was ordered to the south of France to escape the cold winds. I accompanied him; but as our purses were slender, we left Fanny at home, and she was to stay with the Whytes.'

during our absence. During that time she became acquainted with James Winter.'

'My father?'

She nodded slightly. 'When I returned to England I saw there was a strong attachment. I did not like it. Your father held a good position in the Dockyard, and there was no apparent reason why they should not marry. The Whytes spoke well of him; my father liked him. I felt ashamed of my prejudice, but I could not conquer it. I used all my influence to delay the marriage; I implored your mother not to pledge herself until she knew more of him. It was no use: the marriage took place. For four or five years all went well. You were born, and Fanny was profoundly happy. Then my father died; that was the first gap in the circle. Fanny was angry with me because I would not live with them; but my old aversion was not dead, and I went to stay with the Whytes until I could form some plan for the future. Not long afterwards it began to leak out that there were large quantities of stores missing unaccountably from the Dockyard. Henry Whyte was at home: his ship had been paid off. He was in high favour with the Port-admiral, and made himself very active in the matter. He and your father met frequently at the Dockyard and had long consultations. She stopped suddenly, her mouth twitching spasmodically.

'Osmond, Osmond!' she cried, 'can't you guess what I am trying to say?'

I knew; but I could not answer her.

'It was your unhappy father, child, who committed the frauds; and it was Henry Whyte who found him out.'

She lay still, not looking at me, after she said this, and only nodded when I asked if it was proved.

After a little while she reached out and took my hand in hers. 'Be a man, Osmond,' she said. 'What I have borne alone for twenty years you and I can bear together now. It is an old story, quite forgotten. No one will ever tax you with it.'

'You have not told me everything,' I said.

'After the trial,' she continued, pressing my hand when she saw how I winced at the word, 'it was necessary to decide what we were to do with Fanny and with you. Fanny loved your father more than ever; and she took a lodging near the prison, that she might be with him on the days when it was permitted. Then it came into my mind that if she would part with you, it would be possible to bring you up without this cloud upon your youth; that if I took charge of you it might even be kept from you altogether; while if you remained with your mother your father's crime must overshadow your whole life. I prevailed at length with your mother; but all our friends opposed my plan bitterly, and Henry Whyte quarrelled with me absolutely.'

'What right had he to dispute what you chose to do?' I asked hotly.

'Every right, Osmond; for I had promised to be his wife.—Don't speak of him any more, child; I would rather not.'

She lay quite silent for a long time. At last she turned and looked at me. 'You know

now why you might not go into the navy,' she said.

'Leave me now, Osmond,' said Aunt Cecilia. 'I feel very tired. Be a man, and look your trouble in the face. Trust me there is no sorrow which is too heavy to be borne. I am an old woman, and I speak of what I know.'

I went into my own room, and sat down beside the window, flinging it wide open, for there was something in my throat which stifled me. It was a cloudless night, full of stars. The air was occupied with the vague murmuring sounds of spring-time, while from the sea came a little restless wind, whispering I know not what in my ear, and cooling my forehead with its breath. At first I was like a man stunned with a sudden blow; but by degrees the serene stillness of the night restored me, and I began to think.

It was true what Aunt Cecilia had said—the story was so old that hardly any one could remember it. It was now for the first time that we had been confronted with any person who knew it—the only person in all likelihood who did. No one else, at all events, had such reason to recollect it. 'That might be,' something within me answered to this thought; 'but the humiliation comes from being brought into touch with crime. How can you forget that your father was a felon, tried and convicted?'

The cup was deep, and I drained it that night to the dregs. But at last the conviction stole upon me that the knowledge of this need not blight my life. I had still my future in my hands, to do with it as I would, to make my happiness, or to mar it, according as I was brave or weak. 'Look your sorrow in the face,' my aunt said. I did, and it receded from me. In its place came the thought of her great-heartedness. How many years she had endured this trouble in secret! From what source could she have gained the strength to give up home and love—everything she valued—for the sake of her sister and for me? At that moment I could have worshipped her as something almost more than human.

Day broke, and I had not slept. I went quietly down-stairs and let myself out of the house. There was a fresh wind blowing, and the sun was bright and joyous. The keen salt air braced my mind together with my body. I fell into a quick swinging walk, gaining strength at every stride. I must have travelled three miles before I stopped and sat down upon a rock from which the tide had receded.

Then a strange desire came into my mind to see Sinclair again; to know what he had to say to this—for he must know it; to hear his hearty voice assuring me that friendship stood high above all calamities of the world, like a beacon light which the winds and waves cannot reach. The grasp of a friend's hand would reassure me, his sympathy would cheer me. I rose and turned again towards the town, saying to myself that a friend whom I could trust was a gift direct from God. In my excited state I forgot that I had no cause to trust him.

The hotel was already open when I reached it, for by that time it was after eight o'clock. Several hostlers stood beneath the gateway, and I remember that a little Italian boy was there exhibiting a cage with white mice in it, and

talking to the hostlers in his half-intelligible broken English. They were laughing at him as I passed. I wondered at the time how the child had come to this little town, so far from the regular beat of strollers. He put himself in my way, and lifted up the corner of his box with a roguish smile, showing his white teeth. I gave him some small coin and passed by.

'Mr Sinclair,' said the waitress in the bar, in answer to my inquiry, 'left last night, sir, with Captain Dundas by the coach.'

I made some answer, I suppose, but I have forgotten. From that time I have neither seen nor heard of Sinclair.

I have lost my Aunt Cecilia now; and I stand confronting my future life like a man cast out of an iron door, who hears the bars shot behind him, and sees the shadows falling deep and dark upon the heath in front. But the remembrance of my aunt's great love is with me like a lantern which will always guide my steps, and which no calamity can extinguish, nor can time ever dim its lustre.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

THERE is no book in the world so widely read as the Bible; but how we came to have it in its present form is not so well known as it might be. Without going into the intricate history of the early texts, we will assume that the reader is acquainted with the fact that the Septuagint was the version of the Old Testament translated into Greek in the second century before Christ; that the New Testament books were written in Hellenistic Greek; and that both texts were subsequently translated into Latin. The Latin version, as revised by Jerome, is called the Vulgate, and was the authorised version of the Christian churches for more than twelve centuries.

The first complete translation of the Bible into the English tongue was effected by John Wyclif about 1380. This was the Lollards' Bible, and a large number of manuscript copies must have been written and circulated, for one hundred and seventy copies are still in existence. There were also many transcripts of certain books, as well as of the whole Bible. Wyclif could not go to the original texts, so he translated from the Vulgate, or accepted Latin version. It was not a perfect performance; but the Reformer was prevented by death from revising it, as he doubtless intended to do. The revision, therefore, was undertaken by John Purvey, and completed in 1388. It is curious that the whole of Wyclif's Bible was not printed as one book until 1850, when it was published under the editorial care of the Rev. Josiah Forshall and Sir Frederic Madden.

The language into which this, the first English Bible, was put was not the oldest form of our tongue, but what is known as Middle English. The grammatical structure is peculiar, and many strange combinations are used. Thus *en* is a common plural form—as *been* for *bees*, *kien* for *cows*, *izen* for *eyes*, *lumen* for *lambs*. *En* was

also the common termination of verbs following a plural nominative, as *drilen*, *seiden*, *founden*, *fledden*, *wenten*, *blameden*, *believeden*. Here is a fair specimen, taken from Matthew's account of the entry into Jerusalem: 'The discipils *zedden* and *didde* as Jesus commanded hem and thei *broukten* an asse and the fole, and *leiden* her clothis on hem, and *maden* hym sitte abone, and ful myche puple *stroweden* her clothis in the way, other *kittiden* branchis of trees and *strowen* in the way, and the puple that *wenten* before and that *sueden*, *crieden*, and *seiden*, Osanna to the some of Dauith.' 'Their' is always spelt 'her,' and 'them,' 'hem;' while for 'themselves' we find 'hem silf,' and for 'ourselves,' 'us silf.' The Wyclif Bible, indeed, is full of archaisms and of obsolete words. The two women at the mill appear thus: 'Tweyn wymmen schulen hem gryndyng in a querne, oon schal be taken and the tother left.' And this is how St John is made to finish his Gospel: 'There ben also many other things that Ihesus dide, whiche if thei ben writun bi eche bi hym silf, I deme that the world hym silf schal not take tho bokis that ben to be writun.' Leaven is called 'sourdough;' as, 'the kyndom of heuene is like to sourdough which a woman took and hid in three mesuris of mele til it were all sourid.' The Scotch word 'slog' appears in, 'Whanne the euenyng was come, he was there [on the hill] alone, and the boot in the myddil of the sea was *scheggid* with wawis.'

Wyclif's Bible, published in 1380, and Purvey's revised version of it, published in 1388, served until the dawn of the sixteenth century, when the Reformers began to think it time to take advantage of the newly-invented printing-press. But the language of Wyclif's translation had already become antiquated, and, moreover, copies of the Hebrew and Greek texts were now in the hands of English scholars. It occurred, therefore, to William Tyndale to prepare and print a new translation from the original texts. Tyndale was a scholar of both Oxford and Cambridge, and he was officiating as chaplain in the family of Sir John Walsh at Little Sodbury when he first formed the intention. He removed to London for the purpose of carrying it out, but found little encouragement there. At that time the Bible was an interdicted book in England; no scholar was allowed to publish and no person was allowed to peruse a translation, under pains and penalties, until the translation had been approved by the 'Council provincial.' Early in 1524, therefore, Tyndale went to Hamburg with ten pounds in his pocket; and a year later he sent the New Testament to press. It was being printed at Cologne, when it was interdicted. Tyndale hurried off with the papers and prints to Worms, where the work was continued and finished. The quarto edition of Tyndale's Testament, with 'glosses' or marginal notes, was published in 1526; and an octavo edition without notes was issued at the same time. Both editions were smuggled in large quantities into England, and quickly put into circulation. Tyndale's name did not appear on the title-page of either, and it was not then known who was the translator. He went on, between 1526 and 1533, translating and publishing the Pentateuch and the Book of

Jonah. In 1535 he was kidnapped at Antwerp, and carried off to Vilvorde, where he was tried and burned for heresy.

In working at his Testament, Tyndale had before him the Greek text, Luther's German translation, and the Latin Vulgate. He was well qualified for the task; and it has been said that his Testament is 'a noble translation, the basis of every subsequent English version, and on several accounts better than all subsequent versions.'

Eight editions altogether were published in Tyndale's lifetime, but some of these were without his supervision. One, especially, was edited by George Joye, who made several 'amendments' in the text, which Tyndale greatly resented. Another was published in what was intended to represent the Gloucestershire dialect, but which was really only a Welshman's notions of the dialect. Of the 1526 first edition, only three copies are now in existence as far as known—a quarto and two octavos. There is a wide difference between the language and rendering of Tyndale's Testament and Wyclif's Bible; but we have not space for the comparison. It may be mentioned, however, that such phrases as 'God forbid,' 'Would to God,' 'Bid him God-speed,' &c., which abound in the English Bible, are all of Tyndale's coining, although the literal renderings of the Greek text would give 'Be it not so,' 'I wish,' 'Say to him, hail,' &c. Such inversions of verb and nominative as in 'That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you,' are also Tyndale's; and it is noteworthy that many of Tyndale's renderings and homely phrases, rejected in the 'authorised version' of King James, have been restored in the 'revised version' of 1881. In fact, Tyndale's New Testament has never been superseded, only revised and amended, and is in substance that which is now in use.

The first complete Bible printed in English was issued in 1535 without any publisher's name. It was the work of Miles Coverdale, who incorporated, with revisions, Tyndale's books of the New Testament, of the Pentateuch, and of Jonah, and, for the rest, translated from German and Latin versions. It was thus only partly original, and in that part just a translation of a translation. No perfect copy of this Bible is known to exist. A copy sold a few years ago in London for one hundred and twenty pounds had the title, the first few leaves, and a map, in fac-simile.

Coverdale's Bible is called both 'the Treacle Bible' and 'the Bug Bible,' from two curious renderings. The passage in Jeremiah which we now read, 'Is there no balm in Gilead?' is rendered, 'Is there no more triacle at Galahad?' And in the Psalms, 'Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night,' reads, 'Thou shalt not nede to be afraied for any bugges by night.' In the ninth Psalm, 'Put them in fear, O Lord,' is rendered by Coverdale as, 'Set a schoolmaster over them.'

Another version of the Bible, which appeared in 1537, is also sometimes called 'the Treacle Bible.' This was translated by 'Thomas Matthew,' a pseudonym of John Rogers, who was Tyndale's literary executor. It was not a new translation, but a revision of Tyndale's and Coverdale's versions. Meanwhile, one Richard Taverner, an excellent Greek scholar, was also engaged with an edition which was published in 1539. It is a

scholarly work, but had little influence on subsequent versions.

Coverdale's second Bible, called 'the Great Bible' because of its portentous size, was issued about the same time as Taverner's. It was designed to supersede all previous editions; and as a second issue, in 1540, contains a long prologue by Crammer, it has sometimes been called 'Crammer's Bible.' The Great Bible was a revised version of Coverdale's former translation from the German and Latin, collated with the other translations that had been published in the meantime. A royal order was issued that this Bible should be set up in some convenient place in every church for free and public reading.

It will thus be seen that between 1535 and 1539 there were four separate versions of the Bible put before English readers—Coverdale's, Matthew's, Taverner's, and the Great Bible. Then there were reprints of these versions—such as Becke's and Carmarden's—which have sometimes erroneously been described as if they were new translations, when they were really unauthorised editions.

After the publication of the Great Bible there was a blank of twenty years, with the exception of a fragment of the New Testament translated by Sir John Cheke into 'Doric' English. Under Queen Mary, from 1553 to 1558, the reading of the Bible was prohibited by proclamation, and many of the Reformers fled abroad. Numbers of them gathered at Geneva, and it was there that 'the Puritan's Bible,' or 'Geneva Bible,' was prepared. The first instalment, a revised translation of the New Testament, was prepared by William Whittingham, and with a prefatory epistle by his brother-in-law, Calvin, was published at Geneva in 1557. For the first time in the English Bible the books were broken up into chapters and verses. This had been done before in Stephens' Greek Testament, and in some editions in German, but not till now in English versions. A second version of the Geneva Testament was issued in 1560, and a third in 1576. Meanwhile, Whittingham was engaged in a revision of the whole Bible, and is said to have been assisted both by Miles Coverdale and John Knox, both of whom resided at Geneva for a time. Doubtless he had other learned assistance as well; but not the less is the chief credit of the Geneva Bible due to Whittingham. It was published complete in 1560, well furnished with marginal notes, and in a cheap and handy form. It soon became a favourite, and was the version specially made use of by the English Puritans and the Scottish Covenanters. It remained in use in many places, especially in Scotland, long after 'the authorised version' was prepared by command of 'the most high and mighty Prince, James.'

The first Bible printed in Scotland—by Thomas Bassandyne in 1579, and known as the Bassandyne Bible—was the Geneva version. It was supposed to be taken from an authentic copy; but some curious misprints were discovered in the Geneva book, such as, 'Blessed are the place-makers' for 'peace-makers'; and some others.

The Geneva Bible is even now tolerably well known by the name of the 'Breeches Bible,' because of the rendering of Genesis iii. 7: 'They sewed figge tree leaves together, and made them-

selves breeches! It is worth noting, however, that the word 'breeches' is also to be found in Wyclif's and Purver's Bible; and that in one edition of the Geneva Bible, published by Lewis of London in 1577, 'breeches' is changed into 'apron.' There were three versions of the Geneva New Testament; but there was only one of the Old Testament, that in the Geneva Bible of 1560.

In 1564, the Anglican bishops resolved to prepare a version for themselves. The work was superintended by Archbishop Parker of Canterbury, who distributed portions among qualified divines for examination and revision. In four years the work was completed; and in 1568 the new translation, still known as 'the Bishops' Bible,' was completed. It was handsomely got up, with wood-engravings, a map of Palestine, an elaborate series of genealogical tables, and copperplate portraits of the Queen, Leicester, and Burleigh. It was never specially authorised by Queen or parliament, and the orders of Convocation for its use were only partially obeyed. A second edition was issued in 1569; and a third, with considerable amendments, in 1572. But it was never a great success, as it did not command the respect of scholars, and its size and price put it beyond the reach of the people. It is described as a work of unequal merit, but was really only a revision of the Great Bible.

The clergy of the Roman Catholic Church having set to work to prepare a version, they brought out in 1583 at Rheims an English translation of the New Testament; and in 1610, at Douai, an English version of the Old Testament, now known as 'the Douai Bible.' Like Wyclif's, these were translations of a translation, taken from the Latin Vulgate. The Douai Bible abounds in curious hybrid words which one never meets with anywhere else; but quite a large number of the readings and renderings of the Douai Bible were adopted by the revisers in 1881. They did not, however, adopt the variation of the 'treacle' rendering which the Douai revisers took, 'Is there no *rosen* in Galaad?' The Catholic version of the Bible now most commonly used in this country is one made by Dr Challoner in 1749 and 1750 of the Rheims New Testament and the Douai Old Testament. A revision of both was also made in 1789 by the Rev. Bernard MacMahon, with the approbation of Archbishop Troy of Dublin, and is known as 'Troy's Bible.'

These, then, were the various versions of the English Bible in use, or in existence, down to the close of the sixteenth century. With the beginning of the seventeenth century there arose a demand for a better translation than any yet in circulation, and when James VI. of Scotland succeeded to the English throne, he was supplicated to order a new translation. This was done, and is what we now call the Authorised Version. It is superior to the Great Bible, the Geneva Bible, and the Bishops' Bible—in spite of the respective merits of each of these. The King's Bible, or the National Bible, as the authorised version is sometimes called, was revised by forty-seven translators, divided into six companies, and the work occupied about three years. The new version was issued in 1611, and a second edition was required before the year was out.

The new Bible was translated from the original

texts, and the diction of the Bishops' Bible was generally followed. Within thirty years after its production, a proposal was made, and repeated in Parliament, for its revision; and but for the sudden dissolution of the Long Parliament, it is not improbable that something would have been done in 1653.

Nothing was done, however, although demands continued to be made at intervals, and several private persons tried their hands at translations of portions of the Scripture, until the work was seriously taken in hand by the Convocation of Canterbury in 1870. Calling to their aid distinguished scholars from the different Churches of the United Kingdom and America, and appointing the work, the New Testament was published in 1881, and the Old Testament in 1885—the one occupying ten and a half, and the other fourteen years. This, the 'revised version,' as we now call it, is based on the authorised version of 1611. The demand for the revised version of the New Testament in 1881 exceeded that for any other book that has ever been published before or since.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE rapid progress which has lately been made in all manufactures which are connected with electric lighting was well seen in a small but most interesting Exhibition recently opened by the St Pancras Vestry, London. This vestry have resolved to retain in their own hands the supply of the electric current to the ratepayers under their jurisdiction, and the Exhibition was devised as a ready means of showing householders what could be done, and also as a medium of introduction between buyers and sellers of electrical fittings of all kinds. Electricity was exhibited here not only as a light-giver but also as a means of putting in motion rotary fans—which will probably in hot climates take the place of punkahs—sewing-machines, washers and wringers, boot-cleaning machines, and other labour-savers. We were somewhat interested in a new form of arc light shown here which has been devised for search-light purposes. The carbon pencils in this arrangement have between them a block of fireclay, which becomes incandescent when the current is applied. This addition not only secures steadiness of light, but causes the carbon pencils to consume at a much slower rate than is usual. The lamp is exhibited by Messrs Woodhouse & Rawson.

Although every one knows that electricity will give the most intense form of artificial illumination, it is not generally realised to what an extent this brightness can be carried. In the Exhibition above mentioned are shown some fluted carbon rods about two inches in diameter, which have been in use at St Catherine's lighthouse, on the coast of the Isle of Wight. These are lent for exhibition by the chief engineer to the Trinity House. They have been furnishing a light which is equal to that given by fifty thousand standard

candles. But the power of the lenses through which the light beam is cast over the sea condenses the actual light afforded into a ray equal in power to six and a half million candles.

We learn from a contemporary that another electrical triumph has been accomplished in London. When Mr Edison visited that city he inspected the great works of the London Electric Supply Corporation at Deptford, and expressed serious doubts about the success of Mr Ferranti's plan of conveying a current of ten thousand volts pressure into the heart of London. Mr Edison is an advocate of the low-tension system. High tension, however, has been demonstrated to be not only possible under such conditions, but to be a great success. At a recent general meeting of the company, Mr J. S. Forbes, the chairman, referred with excusable pride to the triumph the company had achieved. He pointed out that the prophets, or the majority of them, had predicted failure. The great concentric mains were conveying the current with the utmost ease, and none of the terrible evils that were predicted had shown themselves. The company are at present working up to a capacity of thirty thousand lights; and the great dynamos, capable of supplying other sixty thousand, are at present being adjusted before being set to work, so that in a short time this company will be supplying ninety thousand lights from a base seven or eight miles distant. One very remarkable fact was mentioned by the chairman—namely, that 'between the dynamo at Deptford and the transformer in the West End the loss of current is practically nil.' The question of the transmission of electricity over long distances for power and light is thus satisfactorily solved.

A new form of cart has been patented by Mr W. Hollingworth, of Eckington, its principal object being to render the work of haulage easier to the animal between its shafts. Its novel feature is a lever which is actuated by the horse in such a way that the weight of the load is shifted forward when going up-hill, or backward when descending any steep gradient. There is also an automatic brake attached to the vehicle.

Mr G. J. Symons, F.R.S., in referring to the extreme dryness of last February, writes that his meteorological observations have been continuous for more than thirty years, and that during that time the month of February has never been so free from rain as that of 1891. The amount recorded for that month, so far as it could be measured, is one-hundredth of an inch. There was a slight sprinkle of rain in London in the forenoon of the 7th of February, immediately after one of those intense darknesses which are becoming so frequent in the metropolis, and Mr Symons placed some sheets of note-paper in his garden so that the raindrops might make their own records. This they did in the form of inky markings upon the paper, which afford 'one more proof of the need for drastic measures if London is to be clean enough to live in.' It may be mentioned that from only one place in England did this observer receive a return which indicated more than 0·10 inch of rainfall, and that was from the hills above Ullswater.

Some Reports upon the use of oil at sea have lately been published in America, and from them it would seem that the masters of ships are keenly

alive to the advantage of carrying oil in case of emergency, so convinced are they of its efficiency in making rough water smooth on the surface. Fish-oil is said to be the best to employ; but a combination of kerosene and linseed in one case gave valuable results. Quoting from these Reports, we find one from the chief officer of the brig *Marena*, who says that during a gale in January last the vessel was hove-to, and a hemp-canvas bag partly filled with oakum and saturated with oil was just allowed to dip into the sea from the lee quarter, the oil being replenished every two hours. 'As the vessel lay quite easy and shipped no heavy seas, it proved a great success.' The captain of the *Miranda*, a British steamship, speaks of oil having been used with most excellent effect in a gale which was encountered in December between St Johns and Halifax. 'Waves,' he writes, 'would come bearing down in the direction of the steamer as though to crush her; but they no sooner reached the oil than they rolled harmlessly past. To its use we owe our lives and the safety of the ship.'

The great severity of the cold last winter has raised the question whether fish suffer injury from being enclosed for long periods in solid ice. A correspondent of *Nature* quotes a case in which an icebag for application to an invalid's head had been filled in July from an icehouse which had been stored with ice the previous December. The ice was thus six months old, and yet, when the bag was emptied after use, a little fish was found swimming merrily about in the water which came from it. The ice had been originally gathered from a pond in the neighbourhood. Another correspondent of the same periodical, dating from a London suburb, writes that in a pond there several small carp and innumerable sticklebacks were embedded in the ice last December, and that when pieces of the ice were broken up and the fish placed in water they showed no sign of life. Seeing that these results are so at variance with one another, it would be interesting to institute experiments to settle the point. If fish can really be kept alive at a temperature below the freezing-point, a new industry might arise in the importation of Canadian salmon as palatable as that which is taken from our own rivers.

It is well known that a vast quantity of silver, gold, and platinum is used up yearly in photographic processes, and as only a small percentage of the salts of those metals assist in actually building up the pictures, the larger quantity is generally washed away and wasted. In large laboratories the residues are of course saved, and represent a very respectable sum of money annually; but it does not pay the small worker to be so saving of his wastes. Silver is still more largely employed than the other metals; but there is now an indication that photographers may presently be able to look to a far cheaper metal for their sensitive compounds. Mr F. H. Varley has discovered a means of associating salts of iron with suitable sensitizers, and of producing from them films quite as sensitive as those formed from gelatine emulsions which are used for instantaneous work. This cheapening of photographic processes will doubtless mark a new era in many of the numerous applications of the art to our manufacturing processes.

An interesting paper was lately read before the Society of Arts, London, on the subject of 'Electricity in Relation to the Human Body, its Dangers and its Uses.' The authors of this valuable paper pointed out that electrical engineers were apt to draw unfair inferences from the slight results which have often followed accidental electrical contact, and showed that a current which might be harmless to A might have very serious results for B. These different results would be probably owing to the greater moisture of the skin in the one case than in the other; and a table is given showing to what an extent skin-moisture must be taken into account. This table showed that with a continuous current the resistance of the skin when moist is reduced to about one-third of what it is when dry, and when the skin is actually wet the resistance is reduced to one-fourth. In the same paper allusion was made to a recent American invention, the object of which is to render painless the operation of tooth-extraction, and the authors stated that their experiments showed that it does fully accomplish the elimination of pain. Unfortunately, they did not further describe it, but it is called the 'Dental Vibrator.'

The completion of the telephone line between London and Paris may certainly be regarded as a great scientific triumph. The first proposal for this new means of communication between the two countries came from the French government; but the plans and specifications were made out by the chief electrician to the British Post-office, Mr W. P.reece, F.R.S. The line works so perfectly that there is no need to speak directly against the transmitter, and in all respects the sounds are far clearer and freer from extraneous noises than are the local lines to which most business men are accustomed. As a proof of this freedom from induction noises, it may be stated that a watch at Dover can be distinctly heard ticking in London. The public are allowed to use the new telephone line for three minutes' conversation on payment of ten francs (8s. 4d.). A clockwork arrangement records the time during conversation, and shuts off all communication at the end of the allotted three minutes. Payment of another fee will secure another three minutes' talk; but no person will be allowed to enjoy more than six minutes' conversation on any one occasion.

The mania for Protection seems to be pushed to a ridiculous extreme just now in the United States, if we may believe the report that a telephone cable passing through the tunnel under the St Clair River from Canada has been made to pay duty. It is also said on good authority that the steel cylinder used in constructing this tunnel was subjected to a similar payment.

An American lady-naturalist contradicts the general opinion that moles are entirely carnivorous, are exceedingly rapacious, and will die if left longer than eight or ten hours without food. She shut a mole up in a well-ventilated box, and offered it vegetable food, which it at first refused; but after sixteen hours' fasting, it was induced to eat bread and milk. Coarse oatmeal soaked well in milk, but uneaten, it ate ravenously. When released, the animal tore at the carpet and upholstery of the room in the hope of finding something into which it could burrow, eventually taking possession of a woollen mitten which was

thrown to it, and into the thumb of which it thrust its head. It lived in this way for three days, coming out of the mitten occasionally to feed on its oatmeal.

A new trade, which promises to reach extensive proportions, has sprung up lately in the importation of butter from distant New Zealand. The butter is found to keep perfectly sweet if packed in quantities of fifty-six pounds and upwards, and kept at a temperature not greater than forty-five degrees. Many factories are concerned in the production of this butter from grass-fed milk with the most improved appliances, and under scientific supervision, the result being that the product fetches the high wholesale price of one shilling per pound. When we are suffering under the rigours of winter, it is summer-time at New Zealand, and the new butter can therefore be shipped so as to arrive here at a time of comparative scarcity. The colonial authorities are said to be doing their best to develop an industry which will doubtless prove to be of much benefit to producers and consumers alike.

The *New York Tribune* lately described the methods of night-signalling which are adopted in the American navy, and which differ somewhat from the means employed in this country. In one method three sixteen-candle electric lights are used, one being white, one green, and the other red. These three lamps are hung in the rigging several feet apart, but in a vertical line, and are governed by keys, which shut off the light from each at the will of the operator. The green light indicates a dash, and the red one answers to a dot, so that words may be readily spelt out by means of the Morse alphabet. The use of the white light is not indicated; but probably it is employed as an answering signal to show that similar communications from another ship or from the shore are understood. Another method employed is to use the search-light or flashing long or short gleams of light upon the clouds overhead. This latter plan would be available for far greater distances than the coloured-lamp system, which, indeed, is limited to an area of about three miles.

A year or two back, much interest was aroused by the introduction of smokeless powder for military purposes as a rival to that compound of 'villainous saltpetre' which had been up to that time universally employed. The art of manufacturing these new powders has developed to such an extent that they are now applied to various purposes other than warfare. Sportsmen speak highly of their advantages in reducing recoil to a minimum, with an almost total absence of fouling the barrel of the gun, and giving greater penetration than black gunpowder. Riflemen also testify to the good scores which they can make with the new ammunition. For blasting purposes, a special powder is made, which, in addition to absence of smoke, has the further advantage of giving off no poisonous fumes during explosion. This latter quality of the new compound is also felt as a great advantage in confined rifle galleries where practice with a Morris tube is carried on. The Smokeless Powder Company of London are now manufacturing ammunition to suit either sporting guns or rifles. In outward appearance the new

powders bear very little resemblance to the explosive agent which in a great measure they seem destined to supplant.

In a recent paper dealing with that most lasting form of decoration known as mosaic-work, and which has to some extent been revived of late years, Mr T. R. Spence explained one method by which the designs are worked out, and the tiny pieces of glass, marble, or stone fixed in their places. From a small design in colour, a full-sized cartoon is made, and from this last, cardboard sections of the design of a convenient size are obtained by means of tracing. With his eye on the original design, the operator now glues the *tesserae*, previously cut to proper sizes, on one of these cardboard, until the whole of its surface, perhaps twenty inches square, is filled up. When each part of the design has been thus treated, these cardboard pieces of patchwork are laid on the floor or wall on a layer of wet cement, face downwards, and pressed well into position. When the cement has had time to set, the cardboard temporary support is washed off, the spaces between the *tesserae* are filled up with cement, and finally the whole is rubbed level and smoothed.

Serpellet's steam-carriage and its trials in the streets of Paris have lately formed the subject of comments in the French press, and one journal, *La Nature*, gives an illustration (taken from a photograph) of its outward appearance. It resembles a phaeton without shafts, the motor being almost entirely hidden in the body of the vehicle. The chief feature in this new form of steam-carriage is the boiler, which consists of a small metallic tube maintained at such a heat that when a small quantity of water is injected into it, steam is immediately generated in sufficient quantity to start the engine. Thus, there is no reserve of steam—it is made as required, and explosion is impossible. The trials of this novel carriage have been so successful that the police have authorised its use in the Paris thoroughfares, provided that the speed is kept below ten miles an hour. It may be noted that the peculiar construction of the boiler allows for extra pressure to be exerted, so as to overcome obstacles or to ascend hills. This is provided for by a hand-pump by which an extra injection of water may be made when required, and which seems equivalent to harnessing an extra horse to an ordinary vehicle in a like emergency.

A writer in *Nature Notes*, the Selborne Society's Magazine, calls renewed attention to the diminished number of our wild-birds since the senseless practice of using them for purposes of personal adornment became common in civilised England. The beautiful kingfisher is now almost extinct in what used to be his favourite haunts, justifying the prophecy of the late Frank Buckland, who, twelve years ago, said to the writer of the paper referred to, 'The ladies have taken to the kingfishers, and they'll have to go.' It is the same with the goldfinches and many other birds who are unfortunate enough to wear bright plumage. Even the swallows are not exempt from slaughter, so that their bodies may be stuck in bonnets and hats. Many appeals have been made through the press to stop this war against our birds, and we believe a Ladies' Society was actually formed to protest against it.

But the evil is as rampant as ever. If all fathers would insist on their daughters renouncing a badge which to thoughtful men is so uncomplimentary to the wearer, something would be done to stop the iniquitous traffic in dead birds.

To facilitate the lowering of ships' boats in case of accident, a 'combined chock and gripe arrangement' has been patented by Mr W. Bell, manager, Camperdown Shipyard, Dundee. Mr Bell's arrangement enables a boat to be more securely fastened down into the chocks, and it can be instantaneously released ready for lowering by one man, who has merely to move a small lever, without touching the 'tackles,' 'gripes,' or 'chocks.' To further increase the rapidity in lowering the boats, patent lowering and disengaging gear has also been designed and patented by the same gentleman. By it a boat can be safely lowered into the water by one man. All possibility of one end of the boat being lowered before the other is averted by both ropes being wound on the same barrel. The windlass is situated at a convenient point between the davits, and by means of a powerful brake one man can let down or haul up the lifeboat with ease and safety. Experiments have recently been made with the 'chock and gripe' arrangement in presence of an officer of the Board of Trade with very satisfactory results.

PLENTY OF TIME.

PLENTY of Time—Plenty of Time!

O what a foolish and treacherous chime!
With so much to see, and so much to be taught,
And the battle with evil each day to be fought;
With wonders above us, beneath, and around,
Which sages are seeking to mark and expound;
With work to be done in our fast passing prime,
Can ever there be for us 'plenty of time'?

Our schooling at most lasts a few score of years,
Spent in sunshine and shadow, in smiles or in tears;
While none are quite equal, however they be classed,
And judgments too often are faultily passed.
'Twixt Eternity past and its future to stand
Like a child sea-surrounded on one speck of land,
There to work out the duties that make life sublime,
Oh, surely there cannot be 'plenty of time'!

CAMILLA CROSLAND.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
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A CHAPTER ON CHAIRMEN.

Or all the social duties imposed upon mankind, presupposed to require no special training, the duties of Chairmanship stand out perhaps pre-eminent for the perfunctory manner in which they are performed. To the fulfilment of these duties all sorts and conditions of men are called under all varieties of time, place, and circumstance. In Halls, Council-chambers, Exchanges, and what not, men are summoned to preside over their gregarious fellow-men, and it is small wonder if they prove at times as ill fitted to cope with their audience, as that audience occasionally proves itself unable to appreciate its Chairman. Forgetful that the office is honorary, that the unfortunate Chairman has perchance had his greatness thrust upon him, that he feels it an honour unto which he was not born, and which he would fain have evaded, those under him rebel openly and without mercy; just as certain occupiers of the Chair, being dressed in a little brief authority, know, or at least show, no mercy to their audience. One of this sort will keep his auditory, if not listening, yet in the act to listen, to his own most sweet voice, purring out his platitudes beyond the limits of human endurance.

Take, for instance, the Solemn Chairman: it is the humour of his character to be utterly without the sense of humour; he takes the chair as he takes life—as a tough beefsteak, to be got through at some expense to the jaws, costing his digestion somewhat and testing his temper, but filling a vacuum, and not altogether distasteful by reason of a due accompaniment of condiments, the battered parsnips of flattery, or the stimulating Universal Relish of applause. The Solemn Chairman is essentially an elderly man; he dresses carefully for the occasion, and makes notes, which, when the time comes, are a pain and sorrow to him to decipher. Then is he a living illustration of the proverb, that to err is human, for he er—ers at every other word. Of pretermatural gravity—and no mute

ever exhibited more decent dejection of demeanour—he is oblivious of all byplay amongst his co-mates and brothers of the platform; oblivious also, as becomes so much sagacity, of the lapse of so small a thing as time. Generous as Dogberry himself, he would bestow all his tediousness upon us and all at once. Not seldom he requires a little extraneous aid, a certain amount of wire-pulling, to induce him to execute that important part of speech which consists in the cessation of it. A cough, a sigh, a change of attitude on the part of some one near him, who feels perhaps his own prospective eloquence in danger of being curtailed by the length of the good man's harangue, rouses him to consider his peroration, and a conclusion is thus sometimes arrived at. Sometimes, but not always, a check will now and then act like the cutting of a worm in two; that which was the tail—the end, is by the very force of the disruption endowed with new life, and becomes another and perhaps longer length of crawling sinuousness.

A speech of the nature above hinted at, we once heard brought to a conclusion, however, by a seasonable interruption which happened in this wise. A clerical grandee had been invited to give éclat to a local prize distribution at the Grammar School by taking the chair and distributing the certificates and awards. On a warm July afternoon, the boys, duly arrayed in clean collars and shining faces, with eyes drawn irresistibly to the imposing array of volumes placed on a table on the platform, had listened first cheerfully, then patiently, then despairingly, to the outpouring of the oratory with which their reverend tormentor was surcharged. The head-master and his coadjutors sat with heads decently declined on their hands, meditating perhaps their own forthcoming orations, or putting as much sagacity and ease into their appearance as they found convenient. Gradually the drenching from the powerful spray of the chairman's interminable rhetoric was reducing all to a dead level of misery. Still he bore on full sail: illustrations, admonitions, exhortations, streaming

like pennons from his mast-head. Delighted with the ripple and surge of his own silvery declamation, want of breath at last induced an instant's interval. He drew in a deep inspiration: another moment and the sails, now idly flapping, would have refilled, and again he would have been gliding over our heads, drawing deep furrows on our backs, when in the very nick of time a youngster in the front row of boys gave artless vent to a yawn so loud, so long, so opportune, that smiles broke out irrepressibly among the audience; the heads on the platform, decently dipped before, dived yet a little lower; a subtle electric current charged with the rebellion latent in the lines of chairs made itself somehow felt even by the remorseless rhetorician himself. He swayed to and fro uneasily, yawning as it were, then fell off before the wind, and murmuring a few hasty closing sentences, sat down to the music of ringing applause.

Some of our older readers may remember that in Albert Smith's lecture on Mont Blanc his St Bernard dog used to do him good service by yawning aloud, and thus giving the brilliant lecturer an opportunity of making a point by remarking that no wonder the poor animal was tired of it—he had heard the story so often. Even so our little lad had as unconsciously enabled the audience to score, by breaking off our Solemn Chairman's oration with a similar pandemonium.

In quite another light does he who may be denominated the Comic Chairman regard his duties. The whole affair is a joke; the briskest speeches, the greater the laughter, no matter how raised, the greater his satisfaction. If he be the prize-giver, he will begin by assuring his young friends that he can see they don't want any advice from him—what they want is their prizes; he can see the hungry glances they are casting at the bountiful supply of provisions on the table before him, and he is not the man to debar them one five minutes from their well-earned meal. When he, their Chairman, wants his dinner and his dinner is ready, he likes to have it, and without any palaver. He would not thank any one, not even Mr Blank—here a bow to that gentleman on the platform, for whose eloquence the Comic Chairman has the greatest secret antipathy—he would not even thank Mr Blank to come and talk to him and keep him waiting for his repast without rhyme or reason. This possibly raises a laugh, and in the enjoyment of it the Chairman will not improbably fall into the very error he has been deprecating, and indulge in a more lengthy and less rather than more humorous speech.

When the actual distribution at last arrives, the Comic Chairman is quite in his element. He takes care to possess himself of the list of the prize-takers, and while the head-master is pounding through his report, and the more or less complimentary—generally less rather than more—observations of the Board of Examiners—while this is taking place, the Comic Chair-

man, apparently profoundly attentive, is in reality conning impromptus to be bestowed with the prize on each recipient. Woe to any unfortunately shy lad possessing a name capable of being punned upon, for, rely on it, the Comic Chairman will strike the shrinking sufferer and spare not!

Of another genus is the Learned Chairman, a man who talks quite over the heads of his audience, and who is very much applauded for that reason, the canine race not being alone in their love of listening to what they cannot quite comprehend. This learned pundit will close his eyes, and soothed by the *musurus* of the reporters' pencils, and flattered by the submissive applause of his listeners, he will deliver his soul of much far-fetched, painfully-carried, and slowly-delivered erudition. His puzzled hearers try in vain to take hold of the thread of his discourse; but it is a mass of threads, one only serving to remind the speaker of another. The web is learning, the warp is learning, it is dyed in grain with learning; and the applause at the close of the Learned Chairman's lecture is indeed appreciative—of its termination.

In marked contrast to this gentleman's Chairmanship is that of the man whose education has been outstripped by the march of time, so to speak. This same march of time and the power of accumulated wealth have together elevated this 'merchant' into what he never fails to describe as the proud position of Chief Magistrate of this ancient and loyal borough of Speechy-cum-Spluttering. Never but once has he been heard to speak disrespectfully of so discriminating a constituency as that which elected him to do him and itself honor. On that occasion, his parliamentary candidate having been unseated for bribery, he was heard publicly to characterise his native Speechy-cum-Spluttering as the most 'corrupt and immaculate' borough in the country.

It was our privilege once to listen to him when, filling the office of Chairman at the annual meeting of a local School of Art, he deemed it necessary to address his audience on Art. Carefully arrayed for the occasion with white waistcoat, diamond ring, orchid button-hole, and a bandana that he waved continually in front of him like a punka, he commenced his oration, oracularly, as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen—The 'and' is accessory to the eye; without the 'and, the eye would be powerless to perdoose the numbrous imperishless performances he saw 'ung around him pulpbly on these walls.' As one of Shakespeare's clowns relies on 'O lord, sir!' as an effectual help to answer any query, so did this learned speaker rely on one word to do him yecman's service; it was—'elsewhere,' pronounced 'el-swear.' It figured continually in his speech along with Cobbett's French Grammar, which last, like the fly in the amber, still puzzles as to account for its whereabouts. For some half-hour or so the pupils had been reminded of the advantages available here and not available 'el-swear;' the head-master had been congratulated on the training which, 'el-swear' gained, had enabled him to draw out native talent here—he, himself occupying the proud position of Chief Magistrate of that ancient and loyal borough, felt that here,

and not 'el-swear,' lay the scene of his duties; and so on. And here occurred a little interlude which helped to graft the occasion firmer in our minds.

A coadjutor on the platform having arrested his Worship's attention by touching his elbow and whispering to him, the orator paused—with suspended handana—his eye roving wildly over his auditory. Presently that eye became fixed; the handana was now waved gracefully, and in an encouraging manner he began again to lift up his voice. We should mention that there happened that evening to be in the assembly a local antiquary and F.R.S., a man painfully shy and retiring, almost a recluse, but who had been thrust hither to witness the bestowal of some distinction on the nephew of a friend for some architectural drawing in which he, the F.R.S., had taken a friendly interest. Imagine, therefore, Mr Blankeney's feelings when the following sentence fell upon his ears: 'I am told,' said his Worship with gracious condescension, 'that there is in this room—and not where he ought to be on this platform, but el-swear in this room, a gentleman as knows all about art—'plaps he'll be kind enough to tell us a little about it.—Mr Blankeney, sir, come forward, come forward!' Here the becocking of the handana was renewed effusively.

Finding himself thus cruelly signalled out from his fellow-listeners, with every eye in the room fixed on him in the death-like silence that succeeded that commanding invitation to 'come forward!' Mr Blankeney rose to his feet, turning first scarlet, then purple, and shaking in every limb, muttered a few inaudible words of protest and denial; and the door being luckily near at hand, he beat so rapid a retreat from the scene of his discomfiture as to sacrifice his baggage even—his greatcoat, hat, and umbrella, which *impedimenta* a waiter recovered for him some ten minutes later, by which time it may be presumed the owner had finished shaking the dust off his feet in testimony against the inhospitable breach, committed in his person, on the modesty of private life.

Then we have had in our day the painfully Humble Chairman, whose whole speech is composed of egotistical proclamations of his own incapacity to fulfil in any degree his exalted idea of the duties of chairmanship. He is on the whole more exasperating even than the Imitative Chairman, who has taken Mr Oscar Wilde as his pattern, and who draws and twaddles with an air of mingled patronage and offensive superiority highly edifying to listen to.

The best of all Chairmen that we have been called upon, in a tolerably long experience, to 'suffer and be still' under (or to appreciate and be grateful to), the best by far is the cool-headed business man who knows his work and does it, and keeps the platform palaverer within decent bounds; who smiles at flattery, and indulges in no 'soft-sawder' himself; who can hear opposite views to his own expounded with patience, and forbear even a *sotto voce* 'Hear, hear' when his own ideas are expressed. Speaking of 'soft-sawder' reminds us how large an amount of 'butter' is expended in platform oratory: sometimes we have thought that each man there must secretly regard the others as enemies, whose

months—as in the Indian tale—must be closed by a little pat of dexterously-aimed 'ghee' or fresh butter, to prevent their following them to their disadvantage.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

By GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IS ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MORTAL COIT,' etc.

CHAPTER XX.—AT BAY.

AWAY over in Africa, the outlook was still gloomier. The 25th of January had come at Khartoum. That long, long siege drew slowly to its close. The end was not far off now. On the 13th, the fort of Ondurman, beyond the river, had fallen bodily into the enemy's hands. Starvation and disease were working their way ruthlessly among the remaining defenders. The Mahdi's troops were pressing like jackals about the fated city. It was whispered among the faithful in the town that Faragh Pasha, who kept the Messalamieh Gate, had been holding communications with the besieger's emissaries. The air was thick, as in all beleaguered cities, with vague flying rumours of suspected treachery. Everywhere doubt, panic, uncertainty: everywhere the manifold form of indefinite suspicion. And behind it all, the solemn reality of a certain fate staring them in the face. Unless relief came in six days more, the garrison must surrender out of pure hunger.

But still there was hope, for Wolesey was advancing. The army of rescue was well on its way. Stewart had reached the Abu Klea wells. The Mahdi's forces had been defeated at Gubat. Brave English hearts were eager to release them. By strange unknown sources, by the tales of deserters, by the curious buzzing gossip of the bazaars, news of what was happening in the outer world leaked in, bit by bit, from time to time through the wall of besiegers to the famished garrison. It was known that if the defenders could hold out for one week longer, reinforcements would arrive in river steamers before the quays of Khartoum. So they hoped and hoped, and despaired, and waited.

On that eventful Sunday, the 25th of January, while the notables of the town, pressed hard by hunger, were on their way to the Palace to urge Gordon once more to surrender at discretion, three Europeans sat talking together in eager colloquy by the Bourré Gate on the south front of the city. One of them was a soldier in semi-English uniform; the other two belied their nationality by their complete acceptance of the Arab costume.

'Had any breakfast this morning, Linnell?' Sir Austen asked with good-humoured stoicism, the frank cheery stoicism which the English aristocrat makes it almost a point of honour to display in difficult circumstances. 'By George, what one would give for a British beef-steak now! Tender, juicy, with potato chips! The first thing I shall do when I get back to England is to order a steak, grilled over the fire, and a dish of potatoes. Taste good, won't it, with a pint of Bass, after so many months of nothing better than roast donkey!'

'When ye get back, is it?' Considine murmured half to himself, with irrepressible Celtic

spirit. 'If ye get back, you mean surely, Sir Austen; for as things go at present, I'm glad for me own part I didn't waste me precious money on taking a return ticket. Me poor old mother'll be the richer for that same, when she comes into me property after the Mahdi's eaten us up. Linnell and I had a prime breakfast, though—for Khartoum. A ration of gum and some pounded palm fibre, and half a rat each, as well as a piece of Indian-meal bread.'

'You're in luck!' Sir Austen echoed, smacking his lips at the rat. 'I haven't tasted a morsel to eat myself this morning yet. There's breakfast waiting for me up at the Palace, but the fire was so heavy on the gate till just now that I've had no time to turn and rest till this minute.'

'And what do you think of things generally now?' Linnell asked quietly. 'Shall we be able to hold out till Stewart's party arrives, or shall we have to surrender under the very nose of the expeditionary force at the last moment?'

Sir Austen shook his head gravely. 'Neither one nor the other,' he answered, like a soldier as he was, with the solemn note of supreme conviction. 'Don't suppose for a minute we're going to escape. The Mahdi's playing with us like a cat with a mouse. It increases his prestige to keep us dawdling. He knows Stewart's force has reached Metanneh. He knows we can't hold out till the relief arrives. Mark my words; he'll assault us to-morrow as sure as fate; and in our present feeble and hungry condition, we can't pretend to resist his numbers.'

'True for you!' the Irishman put in with reckless bravery. 'Our niggers are too empty and too tired to fight any more. When Wolsley comes, he'll come to find us all beautiful specimens for the College of Surgeons. I can see myself stuck up in a glass case: "Skeleton of the late Mr T. A. Considine; typical example of the Black Celts of Ireland!"'

'And if an assault's made, what shall you do?'

Linnell asked with scarcely trembling lips.

His cousin looked back at him like an English soldier. 'Die fighting to the last by Gordon's side,' he answered unhesitatingly.

'Hear, hear!' the Irishman echoed with martial enthusiasm. 'The blood of our ancestors spurs us on to action. We'll be worthy of the fighting Considines of County Cavan.'

Linnell looked them full in the face for one minute in doubt. Then he made up his mind to speak his thought freely. 'Austen,' he said, turning round to his kinsman with a frankly cordial air, 'we're cousins after all. Till we came to Khartoum, we never really knew one another. This siege has brought us face to face at last. Here, we've learned to be brothers at heart, as we ought to be. There were faults on both sides, no doubt—misapprehensions, misconceptions, groundless fears; but we've forgotten them all, and corrected our impressions.'

Sir Austen seized his cousin's hand warmly. 'Charlie,' he said—'let me call you Charlie—you're a good fellow, and I know it now. There's nothing like a siege to make men friends. If ever we two get back to England alive, we'll stand on very different terms with one another henceforth from any we stood on before we came here.'

'Very well,' Linnell went on gravely, returning

his grasp. 'We'll fight to the last, if you will, with Gordon. But we needn't make up our minds to die, unless the Mahdi's people insist upon killing us. For my own part, I've reasons for wishing to return. There are other mistakes I feel I should clear up. I'm not a soldier, like you, Austen; but if we must be attacked, I'll stop at the gate here and fight it out like a man by your side. Still, I want to say one thing to you; and to you, too, Considine, for it's always well to be prepared against all emergencies. speak Arabic, and I know the ways and manner of Islam as well as I know the streets of London or Paris. If the worst comes to the worst, as come it will, stick by me both of you. If we're all killed, well and good; somebody in England will be all the richer for it. But if by any stroke of luck we should manage to survive, remember, you stand no chance alone; you're both too obviously and unmistakably Christian to run the gantlet of the Mahdi's forces. But by my side, and with my knowledge of Arabic and of Mussulman ways, you may get away safely in spite of everything.'

Sir Austen laid his hand gently on his new friend's shoulder. 'My dear fellow,' he said in a tone of unwonted kindness and cordiality, 'for Heaven's sake, don't deceive yourself about this. Don't lay that flattering unction to your soul. Make up your mind at once for the worst. Escape or safety is not on the cards. Unless I greatly mistake my man, the Mahdi means to attack us before to-morrow morning. And if he does, before to-morrow night, as sure as fate, we shall be all dead men. In our present condition, resistance is useless. We may sell our lives hard, but that's all. I can understand that you may want to get away. There may be somebody in England for whose sake you might wish to escape the massacre. That's natural, quite. But a massacre there'll be, as certain as death, and not a living soul in Khartoum, of the Christians at least, will ever escape from it to tell the story. We may die hard, but die we must, in any case; so the best thing for us all to do is to make our minds up to it well beforehand.'

Linnell answered without the faintest display of emotion: 'Very well. I'm prepared. Gin I mun doy, I mun doy, and there's no help for it. I'll stay by your side here and fight it out.—But Austen, one or other of us may happen to escape. If it's you, take this address I give you: you'll see whose it is: write to her that I never forgot her to the last: tell her I began to fear I might somehow have been mistaken: ask her to forgive me for having ever distrusted her.'

Sir Austen took the scrap of paper in the sacred silence with which men receive such things in a great crisis. He folded it up reverently in his pocket-book without looking at it. Then he wrote a few lines in pencil himself on a page torn out from the note-book at the end and handed them over to Linnell in return. 'Charlie,' he said in a very regretful voice, 'you're more likely by far to get away safe through this rabble of insane fanatics than I am. Your Arabic and your local colour may pull you through. I've written a word or two there to my wife. I've told her how much I mistook your character and conduct till we learned to

know one another here. I've asked her to look upon you—if I should fall—as the head of the house: you know my meaning. I've told her how much your companionship's been worth to me. If ever you get away clear from this detestable hole—by Jove, how they're fusillading away at the gate now—tell her I loved her with my last breath, and that my last thoughts were of her only.'

'Boys,' Considine said, holding his pistol hard, 'I'm sorry to be behind ye both in this matter of sentiment. I've got no wife, and I've got no sweetheart. But it's not me intention to let meself be killed here for nothing, I tell ye. I shall bowl over as many of these niggers as I can: but when the fun's all over and done, I mean to walk across Africa on me own legs, till I come out at Cape Town, if need be, before ever I'll let a nigger put daylight through me. So if ye two have any commands for home, regard me as the post—I'm the man to take them. It's me firmin' intention to be buried at peace in the family vault of all the Considines in me father's own place in dear old County Cavan.'

As they spoke, Sir Austen took out his notebook once more. 'Charlie,' he said, scribbling down a few words on a blank page, 'take that up for me to the Palace to Gordon. The attack, I'm sure, will come from this side. I've been watching these fellows, and I see they're massing their men for the Bourré Gate. We must concentrate all our forces here: and I wish I felt sure of that fellow Faragh.'

Linnell took the note and turned on his heel with the quiet gliding movement of the true oriental. Considine gazed after him with an approving glance. 'He's a good-fellow that,' he said, turning to Sir Austen; 'and it's very generous of him to propose to stand by you if we have to make our way out through all these blackguards.'

'And by you too,' Sir Austen added quietly.

'By me! Ah, yes; there's no reason there. But to help you out of Khartoum, I call reilly self-sacrificing.'

'Why so?' Sir Austen asked, with a faint tinge of distrust in the tone of his voice.

'Why, because, me dear sir,' the Irishman answered with true Irish bluntness, 'if you were to be killed, and he were to get away, he'd be a baronet of the United Kingdom, for he's next in succession to the Linnell title.'

Sir Austen glanced up at him from his seat on a step with a sudden glance of suspicious doubt. 'And if he were to be killed,' he muttered, 'and I were to get away, I'd be next in succession to a far finer property than ever the Linnells of Thorpe Manor could lay claim to.'

'Ye mean the pills?' Considine suggested with cautious smile.

'Ah, you know all about it, then,' Sir Austen answered, not without some slight symptoms of embarrassment. 'Yes, I mean the pills, and whatever thereby hangs. Charles Linnell's a rich man; and his money'd take the mortgages off the Manor without feeling it. But I'll stand by him still, in spite of that, if he'll stand by me; for after all he's a rare good fellow. Not that we need either of us trouble ourselves about titles or estates as things go now; for before to-morrow evening, Considine, I tell you the truth,

we'll be all dead men in a heap together. The Mahdi'll be in possession of Khartoum by that time, and he'll treat every man-jack of us as he treated Hicks Pasha's army before us: not a soul will get back alive to England. Don't buoy yourself up with any false hopes of escape or terms. Khartoum's doomed, and every European life within it.'

THE FAUNA AND FLORA OF THE GREEK COINAGE.

THE coinage of the ancient world is a priceless treasury of illustrations of contemporary history. For nearly seven hundred years before the Christian era the chief cities of the Mediterranean issued a continuous stream of engraved coins, which reflected the artistic excellence of the work of the sculptor and the architect. Hence a numismatic cabinet is a handy gallery of early art, and in many instances we are acquainted with the form of public buildings and sculptures, now lost, solely through the representations of them which appear on the money of the time. In his description of the city of Potidæa, for example, Herodotus refers to an image of Poseidon which stood by the municipal gate; while of Metapontum he says that the marketplace was adorned with a statue of Apollo surrounded by laurel trees. Although both these statues have perished, we know what was the form of one of them from a silver tetradrachm of the period; and of the other, from a stater issued at the very time that the great traveller was writing his fascinating journals. The Colossus which Chares cast at Rhodes has long since disappeared; but the coins of the island still enable us to behold the countenance of the famous Helios, which Laciæ claimed to be one of the sights of antiquity.

Historians have made full use of the portraits of emperors and queens, the personations of local deities, and other sources of information which are afforded by the work of early mints. But the extensive series of coin-types drawn from the animal and vegetable world has hitherto been in the main neglected by naturalists. Nearly one hundred and fifty species are represented in this way; and in some instances the only direct knowledge we have of the presence of particular animals in particular regions in pre-Christian times is derived from some local coin. As a general rule, antiquaries who make a specialism of coin-study have had little biological training, and it often happens that their descriptions of organic forms are inexact. Thus, to take one example only—coins of Agrigentum and Catania, Tarentum and Himera, bear a fine type of a prawn, which is erroneously described in many catalogues as a crayfish.

It goes without saying that organic species were as numerous in the classic world as now; and the presence on Mount Parnassus to-day of plants like the woody honeysuckle and the red helleborine is a *priori* proof that they have always grown there within the human period, even though ignored by pre-Christian art and letters. But it is impossible to compile a good fauna and flora of the early ages by direct evidence of art. There are many species mentioned in literature whose attribution is uncertain,

because coin, vase, and frieze afford no pictorial evidence in the matter. The 'ellops'—said by Lynceus of Lemnos and Varro to have been a delicacy prized by the gourmards of Rhodes—cannot with certainty be identified with the sword-fish, because that fish, striking as its form may be, was ignored by Rhodian artists.

In the second century of this era—long after the epoch of the Greek coinage was ended—a Greek physician, Dioscorides, recorded five hundred and forty-nine plants known to him, which have been tentatively identified by Sibthorp, an English physician of this century, who himself collected four times as many species as his great predecessor. But when the fact is considered that only thirty-three of these plants are drawn by contemporary mint artists, it will not be surprising to find that even Sibthorp, who knew the botany of the Mediterranean area better than Dioscorides, was doubtful as to many of his attributions. While archaic coins are instructive to the biologist in indicating the localities of particular species at definite periods, and so lightening the task of tracing the migration of living things, there are several circumstances which seriously impair the value of coin-evidence in this matter. It was very usual for colonists, such as those who migrated from Corinth, to adopt for the devices of their coinage those to which they were accustomed in the money of the mother city, and it was a common practice to utilise the field of a coin for representing some local divinity. The labours of Hercules were a favourite theme; and cities which adopted a coin-type like the Stymphalian birds—as did Perinthus, which Hercules is fabled to have founded—offer no information as to the geographical distribution of that half-mythical species. Similarly, the mouse and the snake, the raven and the hawk, the wolf and the grasshopper, the laurel and the olive, all of which were sacred to Apollo, often appeared on coins, not because they were specially abundant in the neighbourhood of the cities from which the money issued, but because those cities worshipped Apollo under one of his many forms.

For it must not be supposed that archaic mint-masters were observers of Nature for her own sake. At first, the mints were a monopoly of the priestly orders, to whom eagles and tortoises—though the number of feathers in the wing or of plates in the shell was accurately drawn—were nothing but myth types. For this reason there are many living things which must have attracted the attention of the ancients, and which yet do not happen to appear in the art records they have handed down. Bats were known in Western Asia as far back as the time of Homer, although they do not appear on any coin; and apes were imported into Babylon, Carthage, and Syria centuries before it occurred to some Egyptian moneyer of the beginning of this era to represent them on his issues.

One would expect to find the commoner quadrupeds appear in profusion on the mint issues of the ancient world; yet the weasel and jackal, which, besides the bat, are mentioned by Homer, are ignored altogether by numismatic art; and the brown bear appears once only, on a solitary fifth-century coin of Mantinea, in the mountainous region of Arcady. The boar was used by

a dozen mints, mostly Italian; and the stag was as common a type as the boar. The antelope appears at Croton, in the Bay of Tarentum; and the ibex in Syria and Lycia. The characteristics of the Cretan wild-goat are faithfully exhibited on a coin of Elymus. The distinction between the common mouse and the field-mouse is well shown in issues of Leucas and Metapontum.

There is an important group of about forty coins containing outlines of dogs, which deserve careful study. The interest of some of them is mainly mythical, as with Lelaps, the hound of Acteon, presented to Cephalos by Procris; or with the dog of Segeste, which symbolised the river Crimissus. But there are enough to show how extensive were the operations of the dog-fancier in early times. The coins afford no evidence of the development of a spaniel, there being no example of a pendulous ear, or of a mastiff, though bulldogs were undoubtedly known in the arenas of Imperial Rome. But they prove conclusively—what is shown, indeed, by the less artistic products of Egyptian pictography—that the ancients had four kinds of dogs—the wolf-dog, the hound, the greyhound, and the terrier. The Umbrians had their greyhounds, the Apulians of Asculum their greyhounds, the more rugged hunters of the Tuscan forests their fox-dogs. The favourite dog of Artemis Laphria, as on coins of Patre and Sparta, was a greyhound; while Actæon's dogs must have been half-bred deerhounds. Rhegium, if the coins may be trusted, had its sheep-dogs; the Macedonian city of Mende its terriers; and Cumæ, just above the Bay of Naples, to which all the luxuries of the ancient world were brought, its poodles. Further pursuit of this line of inquiry would probably throw some useful light upon the direction of canine domestication.

It is interesting to find on a coin of Central Italy a very good representation of a couple of fighting cocks, which, if Martial be any guide, may have come either from Rhodes or Tanagra; though the cockpits of Dardanus, on the Hellespont, to which an electrum coin of the time of the Tarquins bears witness, must have been supplied by local breeders. Coin outlines of birds are a fruitful source of confusion. At least four species—the lammergeier, the golden eagle, the osprey, and the Arabian vulture, of which all but the last occur in Homer—are known amongst numismatists under the general term eagle. No attempt is made to distinguish the owls. The ostrich appears only on the later Byzantine coinage. The best drawn bird-type of all is the swan, notably on the magnificent issues of Camarina, Terina, and Clazomenæ.

The Bay of Pastum, on the west coast of Italy, and Thurium, in the Tarentine Gulf, were the headquarters of the tunny fishery, as a fine series of coins of those cities serves to show. The skate-fish must have been frequently hawked in the market-place of Cranium by Ionian fishermen, for a fine Augustan coin-type of that species bears traces of close study of a well-grown specimen. A well-drawn species appears upon the money of the town of Gela, on the southern coast of Sicily. This is generally called a fresh-water fish, as Gela was named after the river of that name; but it is as likely

to be the coryphene, a marine species, which gave rise to the fable of the many-tinted skin of the dying dolphin. The true dolphin still infests the Adriatic and the Ægean, as it has done since history began; and the cities of the Corinthian Gulf and of the Bay of Argolis, not to speak of Syracuse, frequently used this species for their types. The similar form found on the coins of the Cephalonian town of Palé might perhaps more accurately be described as a porpoise. It is curious to find the money of Kertch bearing the device of the sturgeon, which is still met with in the rivers of South Russia.

The frequency with which the invertebrate animals are drawn by coin-artists shows the careful methods of external study then in use. The mussel which appears on the Campanian didrachms of Cumæ was cultivated in Lake Averna. The Venetian 'cockles' of the British Museum catalogue are a species of pecten. Sepia was found all over the Mediterranean, and was used by mint-masters as far apart as Enbœa and Sicily, Etruria and Tarentum. Star-fish and crabs were common types on the coins of South Italy; locusts and grasshoppers, cicadas and scorpions, on those of Sicily. Bees and wasps, some of them drawn with all the care of a Bewick, appear on the money of a score of cities, and a butterfly on a solitary Rhodian issue. The most curious type of any of this kind is one adopted by the island of Cimoloe, one of the Cyclades. This island abounds in fossiliferous chalk; and its coins bear representations of echini, perhaps the only instance in classic art in which fossil remains have attracted the eye of the artist.

The illustrations of plant-life which appear on Greek coins prove that the die-sinkers of old did not aim at the production of a mere coin-picture. The loveliest flowers which graced the slopes of Athos or the Apennines were powerless to woo the heart of the moneyer. Greek art was supreme in its animalism, its sensuousness of line and contour; it had but an indifferent eye for the naturalism of floral beauty. One has but to compare the obverse with the reverse of that gold coin of Rhodes which is one of the triumphs of Hellenic art, to perceive the strength of this distinction. The head of Helios is incomparably superb; but the rose is a poor conventional flower, which, but for its history, could scarcely claim to be a rose at all.

Of the thirty-three plant species which occur, scarcely one is interesting for itself. It may be doubted whether a fifth-century coin of Pueræ does indeed represent the hellebore, as is declared by the British Museum catalogue. That species has not been met with in the Peloponnese in modern times; and its striking flowers should make a much finer show than they do on the coin in question. The poppy which frequently appears must be the opium plant. The rose was claimed by sixteen cities at least; though the best types, as one would expect, are furnished by the island of that name (Rhodes). Europe did not then know the double rose, which is the flower of English heraldry. The parsley of Argos and Caulonia was probably our English parsley; that of Selinus is said by one writer to be the wild celery. The honeysuckle, of which the finest specimens, as of many other organic forms, appear on the Metapontine coins,

is always conventionalised. The olive, laurel, ivy, and vine make quite a show on the money of all cities, thanks to the popularity of Bacchus. The myrtle, if an obscure issue from Argolis of the time of Septimius Severus be excepted, is notably absent. The fig of Sicily and Asia Minor, the common *F. carica* is less frequently met with than would be expected. The oak and willow, fir and poplar, palm and cypress, are found scarcely. Some of the most famous plants of classic literature, as the hemlock and the asphodel, are not represented at all.

But while flowers and leaves fell outside the special scope of the artistic genius of Greece, such attempts as were made by its mint artists to represent them did not in the main offend against the rigid canon of naturalism. It is instructive to compare the sordid conventionalism of later coinages, or even that of contemporary Rome, with the fidelity to truth which is the lesson of all Greek art. The rude devices on the native issues of pre-Roman Britain are the more contemptible because they are degraded imitations of the Macedonian staters of the second Philip, whose well-drawn horses became on the British mint dies a mere jumble of lines and dots.

The closest imitation in recent times of the ancient manner is to be found on the traders' tokens of two centuries ago. But the cocks and bulls and doves of these curious moneyers are mere effigies by the side of the work of the Hellenic die-sinker; for the coins of Greece were in many instances the product of her greatest artists; and not the least of the triumphs is to be found in the long series of miniature high-reliefs which with transcendent skill portray some of the animals and plants which peopled the ancient world.

A BURMESE GENONE.

By E. D. CUMING.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'At last!' With this exclamation of gratitude, Mr George Farnwood, Assistant-superintendent of Police at Shwaydangyee, laid down the brief official note which the weekly mail-launch had just brought him.

For five years he had been stationed in this tiny village on the banks of the Salween River; and for the last two he had besieged the police authorities with applications for a 'transfer' to some less solitary post. There was not another European living within fifty miles; and for months together Mr Farnwood never had a chance of speaking his mother-tongue. No wonder the curt direction to 'hold yourself in readiness to come down to Moulmain as soon as Assistant-superintendent Anderson shall arrive to take over charge of your station,' gave him profound satisfaction. When would Mr Anderson come? That was the only question now. It would not be long before he put in an appearance, George Farnwood told himself confidently; the Inspector-general of Police was not in the habit of giving his subordinates extravagantly liberal notice when he required them to move.

'It's a singular thing that they should give me a transfer just now,' mused the young man as he

threw himself into a long-armed chair and picked up a bundle of newspapers. 'I haven't sent off a report for weeks that has not contained reference to this confounded dacoit gang that's hovering about the district. If I'm good for nothing else, I know every inch of the country round, and ruffians like Boh Tsine are afraid to come near me. It is a little strange.'

'Boh,' or 'Chief' Tsine had excellent reasons for avoiding Mr Farnwood, in spite of that gentleman's modesty. Every *budmash* or bad character in the great Tenasserim division of Burma knew him well as the officer who had walked alone up to the hut where the desperado Boh Than lay concealed, and having called upon him to surrender, had shot him dead in the act of raising his gun. It was somewhat unusual for the Government to remove such an officer from a disturbed district at a critical moment; but when Mr Farnwood opened a copy of the *Rangoon Gazette* he found in his budget of papers, he discovered an item of news which threw some light upon the matter.

For some time past a storm had been brewing between King Theebaw and his British neighbours. Certain high-handed measures which the agents of the Burmese monarch had adopted towards English traders in his dominions had called forth remonstrance from the local government. Reparation had been demanded, and refused. Warning had been sent to the court of Mandalay, and received with insulting scorn. And at last the patience of Britain was exhausted, and an ultimatum had been despatched.

'That means war,' was Mr Farnwood's comment as he read the news; 'and war means annexation of the Upper Province.—Hooray! I will bet any money they mean to send me up there. They promised me promotion after the Boh Than affair.'

He threw down the paper and rubbed his hands gleefully. To escape from Shwaydouggye was delightful; but the prospect of spending a few months amid the gaieties of Maulmain, or possibly Rangoon, prior to being sent on a mission which would offer splendid opportunities for gaining distinction, filled him with uncontrollable joy. He stood up in the veranda of the bare bungalow and fairly danced with exultation.

'Thekin!' said a sweet voice from the bottom of the stairs, 'may I come up?'

'Hallo, Mah Mee!' replied Mr Farnwood, pausing in his *pas de joie*. 'Come up, come up. How are you this evening?'

There was a clatter of sandals thrown off, and a moment later a young Burmese girl stood in the veranda—a pretty girl, according to the Burmese standard of beauty. Mah Mee's complexion was a uniform pale copper; her face was quite round; her eyes were black and almond shaped; and her figure, set off, rather than concealed, by the *tamein* or skirt which enveloped it from breast to knee, showed perfectly rounded outlines.

'Your honour is very happy,' remarked Mah Mee with the unconventional candour of her race. 'Why are you happy?'

'I am going to Maulmain,' replied Mr Farnwood in Burmese. 'I am ordered to leave Shwaydouggye very soon.'

Mah Mee's face, which had reflected the bright-

ness of his, suddenly became serious. 'When will your honour return?' she asked in tones of anxiety.

'Never, I hope—never any more!' He almost sang the words in his happiness.

'A-a-a-h!' exclaimed the girl, sinking upon her heels against the veranda balustrade. Her face grew a paler yellow, but Mr Farnwood did not observe the change.

'You will be sorry?' he inquired carelessly.

But Mah Mee could not answer. Ever since Mr Farnwood had taken up his quarters in the village he had been her friend; from the twelfth year of her age, when she first made his acquaintance, she had enjoyed the 'run of the house.' Never an afternoon, when he was in Shwaydouggye, but Mah Mee might be found in the veranda of the bungalow, squatting at his feet and talking to him, or hearing stories about English people and their country beyond the sea. She missed him sorely when duty called him away into the jungle; and now he was to leave Shwaydouggye for ever. Sorry! and she loved him with all her simple, half-savage heart.

The gong hanging in the police *thannah* or station close by rang out six o'clock as Mah Mee sat staring at him in silence; and Mr Farnwood put on his coat to go and perform his last routine duty for the day.

'You wait here,' he said to her as he ran down the stairs. 'The little freship brought me some ice, and you shall have some when I come back.'

Mah Mee loved ice as an English girl does chocolate; but the prospect of getting a bit did not appeal to her just now; and as soon as Mr Farnwood disappeared into the *thannah* she rose from her place and glided rapidly out of the house, to seek her mother's mat hut at the far end of the village, where she could weep unseen.

'Now, Mounng Louk,' said George Farnwood to the sturdy Burman police sergeant who received him with a profound *shikoh*, 'you keep your eyes wide open to-night. We have much money here, and every one in the district knows it. If Boh Tsine and his gang are anywhere about, they may take it into their heads to pay us a visit.'

Mounng Louk smiled. That was very unlikely to happen, he said. Boh Tsine would be much afraid to come near Tharnwoo Thekin after the way he had killed Boh Than.

'Don't be too sure,' replied his superior. 'Beat the gong every half-hour, to show you are awake.'

Mounng Louk promised obedience; and Mr Farnwood, having received the keys of the iron chest which did duty as the local treasury, inspected the row of Snider rifles in the arm-rack against the wall and went back to the bungalow to his dinner.

'Mah Mee!' he called, as he glanced round the veranda—'Mah Mee!' But, much to his astonishment, there was no reply. 'What has come over her?' he wondered, as he sat down to the meal his Burmese 'boy' set before him. 'I never knew Mah Mee run away like that before, particularly when I had ice for her.' He did not give the young lady's sudden disappearance much thought, however; the mail

had brought him long letters from home and a large bundle of newspapers; and these supplied him with ample occupation until bedtime at ten o'clock.

Nor had he leisure to weigh the matter when he rose next morning at sunrise. Alarming news had been brought in about the dacoit gang, and Shwaydoungyee was in a state of timid excitement. A man had arrived from Kyaikan, thirty miles away, bringing intelligence that Boh Tsine had attacked and burned that village on the previous day. There was no room to doubt the truth of his story; his own back corroborated it. He had been caught by the dacoits and flogged with a split bamboo for refusing to surrender money he did not possess. Where Boh Tsine might be at this moment, the unfortunate fellow was unable to say. As soon as that ruffian released him, he went and hid in the jungle till the dacoits had gone; and when it got dark, he set off, and ran all the way to Shwaydoungyee.

George Farnwood did not waste time in cross-examining the refugee: he left him to the care of the sympathetic villagers, and ordered a light canoe to be got ready at once; and half an hour after the man had appeared, two of the strongest paddlers in the village were skimming down the river, bearing a letter to the police authorities at Thutone, fifty miles away. Having sped them on their journey, Mr Farnwood took his next step. He selected the four constables in whom he thought he could place most reliance, and having supplied them with ten rounds of ball cartridge, he sent them to patrol the jungle-path which led to Kyaikan. He had only twelve men altogether; and even had he been able to trust them, could not venture to send a detachment to seek the dacoits. He could only take precautions and act on the defensive until the reinforcements for which he had sent, arrived.

The patrol went out, unwillingly enough, and the anxious superintendent went in to snatch a hasty meal. The October sun was high in the sky; but not a man had ventured out of the village to follow his daily work in the rice-fields. The 'vaddy' land belonging to Shwaydoungyee lay a few hundred yards off, through the jungle and out of sight; and no one dared show himself in the open while dacoits were known to be so near. All remained at home to squat about the rough brick-paved street, where they smoked, chewed betel, and recounted blood-curdling tales of dacoit ferocity, of which it is fair to say there were only too many well authenticated in currency.

The day wore on; but no fresh intelligence arrived to relax or increase the tension. George Farnwood, having relieved the first patrol with other constables, went to his room and threw himself on his bed to obtain a little sleep, for he knew that he must be on the alert during the ensuing night. Moung Louk might be trusted during the day; but when dark closed in, any little courage he possessed would ooze out of the tips of his fingers at the first sign of alarm. He slept longer than he intended; and when he awoke and went into the veranda, the sun had already sunk out of sight behind the lofty pagoda-crowned cliffs on the other side of the

river. As he looked out over the village, he became aware that unusual stillness reigned there; and realising at once there was something amiss, snatched up his revolver belt and buckled it round him as he ran down-stairs. He found the place deserted. In every house, smoky oil lamps blazed, while mats and pillows were spread on every floor as if in readiness for guests. Only two aged women remained in the village; they were busily engaged cooking huge pots of rice, and stubbornly refused to answer questions. George Farnwood turned from them and strode back to the *thannah*; he understood what this peculiar state of affairs implied.

'Moung Wah,' he said, addressing a young policeman who wore a red 'good-conduct stripe' on the sleeve of his blue serge uniform coat, 'when did the news of Boh Tsine come?'

'Your honour,' replied the man, crouching on his heels, 'two hours ago, Moung Hpay, son of Moung Gyes, came in from seeking the buffalo he lost yesterday. He met in the jungle a stranger, who said to him: "To-night, Boh Tsine and his men will eat their rice at Shwaydoungyee." Then Moung Hpay came quickly home and told the people.'

'And every one ran away?'

'Your honour, all but Mah Tsan, Mah Way, and the policemen.'

Mah Tsan and Mah Way were the two old crones who had been left behind to get dinner ready for the dacoits.

'Where is Moung Louk?' inquired Mr Farnwood with forced calm.

'Have he is now returning; he went to relieve the patrol.'

Another trial for the unlucky superintendent. As the sergeant and his following came within the radius of the lantern in the *thannah*, each man was seen to be carrying two rifles. The patrol had relieved itself.

Moung Louk explained how they had found the arms 'piled' on the path with bayonets and cartouche boxes near, to deaf ears. Mr Farnwood's rage held him dumb; he could not trust himself to speak for long after the man had finished his story; but when he did, his voice was even and steady. 'Go up to my room,' he said to the sergeant, 'and bring down my gun and the cartridge bag; bring also a long chair from the veranda.'

Moung Louk soon returned with the articles, and Mr Farnwood settled down in the *thannah* for the night. He dared not let these craven cowards out of his sight for a moment now; and brave though he was, he shrank from the thought of sustaining the onslaught of thirty or forty dacoits with only eight trembling constables to back him. There was no alternative, however; he had his chair placed across the entrance to the *thannah*, that no one might leave without permission, and having told the men they might go to sleep if they pleased, sat down to wait and watch.

The crescent moon rose in the purple night-sky, and shone down through the softly-curving palm boughs upon the desolate village. The two old women had disappeared, no doubt into some hiding-place whither their friends had already gone; not even a pariah dog skulked among the mat huts. The earth-oil lamps burned low and

dim from the open houses; but not a sound save the scream of the crickets and the screech of an owl disturbed the stillness. An hour passed. The constables within were sleeping soundly despite their fears. Two hours; and George Farnwood, straining his ears to catch some warning sound, heard the distant crackling of twigs in the jungle. He sat upright and held his breath to listen; his heart beat more rapidly, for now he felt rather than heard the long-drawn howl whose portent he knew so well. The dacoits had come.

The men sprang to their feet and seized their arms. Mr Farnwood caught up the fowling-piece beside him and thrust in a couple of buckshot cartridges. Then turning out the light, he gave his orders in a low distinct voice, and led the way out to the raised roadway, across which he formed the men, that their fire might rake the village street.

'Kneel!' he commanded, as a second yell came from the thickets at the far end of the village. 'Be steady, men!' For, as he spoke, a horde of dark-skinned figures broke from the jungle and rushed forward, redoubling their cries.

'Fire!' A ragged volley belched forth, and shrieks of pain told that more than one shot had gone home. The smoke from his men's rifles rose, and showed Mr Farnwood the dacoits ranging themselves in a rude species of formation. Their advance had been checked, and he saw his opportunity. 'Come!' he cried, springing forward to lead the charge. 'Follow me!—Ah!'

He might well exclaim. Scarcely had he taken three steps, when he trod upon a loose brick in the treacherous path, and fell heavily forward on his face. At the same instant half a dozen shots were fired by the dacoits.

'Killed!' shrieked a constable, as their leader fell. There was a ringing clatter of firearms falling, and a wild scurrying of bare feet. When George Farnwood recovered the breath his fall had knocked out of him and sat up, he found himself alone. He glanced over his shoulder. The lamps, still shining dimly from the huts, showed the dacoits drawn up, shaking their weapons and howling defiance. Looking from comparative light into darkness, they had not seen the flight of the police, and were evidently expecting their onset.

He half rose to his feet, but fell again with a suppressed cry of dismay: he had sprained his ankle so severely that he could not put his foot to the ground. He paused a moment before moving again, and great drops of perspiration stood out upon his brow as he realised how desperate was his case. He took his resolve more by instinct than thought. Groping about on hands and knees till he recovered his gun, he contrived to hobble over the short distance which separated him from the bungalow. At the foot of the stairs he stopped to rest and look back at the dacoits. They were still awaiting their foes; but their yells were less turbulent, and they seemed nonplussed by the inaction of the police.

'They'll soon understand it,' muttered Mr Farnwood to himself as he began to climb the stairs. 'Eh!' A movement in the veranda above made him stop, and sent his hand to his pistol

holster. 'Mah Mee!' he ejaculated, as he recognised the figure which approached the stairs. 'What are you doing here? Run away at once and hide in the jungle. Go out the back way; there is plenty of time.'

'I will go if your honour comes with me,' replied Mah Mee.

'I can't run away. Besides, I have hurt my foot, and can't walk.'

Mah Mee did not stop to ask questions; she ran into the dining-room and brought out a chair, which she set down by him.

'Now, see here,' he began, trying to speak sternly; 'you must be off at once. The dacoits will kill you if you stay.'

But Mah Mee sank upon her heels beside him, and begged him to let her remain. She could load his guns for him; she could fight beside him; she could not leave him alone.

'I am much afraid of the jungle at night,' she concluded in a quavering voice. 'Your honour, let me stay with you.'

Renewed howls from the dacoits attracted Mr Farnwood's attention at this moment. They had broken their ranks and were advancing cautiously from house to house, peering into each, and probing the mat walls with spears and *dahs* in search of hidden villagers.

Encouraged by the immunity with which they were allowed to loot the village, the dacoits took heart, and presently a tall man bearing a gun, and followed by half a dozen of the gang, came forward and halted just outside the village. They were evidently unwilling to approach too near the *thannah*, whose shades might conceal the police. Recognising that the 'ball' was about to commence, Mr Farnwood sent Mah Mee into his room to bring out the two *dahs* which hung there; when once the fight began there would be no time to collect weapons.

'Bring a torch!' was the order he heard given by the chief. A man ran into the nearest hut, and emerged with a roll of mat he had kindled, and which he swung to and fro to coax into a blaze. The light silhouetting the dusky forms, gave Mr Farnwood a chance; and before the torch-bearer could obey his chief's orders to throw the brand forward, two shots rang out from the bungalow veranda and two dacoits went down.

With a roar of rage, the whole gang left the agreeable pastime of looting and made a dash towards the house. They knew those two shots meant that only the Englishman was left in the village; they could make short work of him by himself.

'Stand behind me!' said Mr Farnwood, wheeling round his chair to command the stairway. 'Load my gun when I give it you, and don't be frightened.'

The narrow staircase was now thronged with dacoits who strove to press their way upward. Boh Teine came first hurling shouts of defiance at the loudest pitch of his voice. 'Fire at me!' he yelled, beating his breast. 'Fire at me! I am gun-proof! Fire!' He broke off with a gurgling sob, and fell back on the heads of his men, shot through the chest.

A number of the dacoits had taken their position below, to fire up into the veranda; but, thanks to the deep eaves which secured it almost

total darkness, their shots flew wide, and left Mr Farnwood to deal with those who were struggling on the stairs. His gun discharged, he passed it to Mah Mee to reload; and throwing up his revolver, emptied its contents upon the tightly-wedged crowd with terrible effect. Dead and living were heaped together in ever-increasing confusion. As the foremost fell, others forced their way past them, and met their fate in turn. The dacoit marksmen without were dismayed at the failure of their guns to kill this white man. And by-and-bye the mob retired, leaving their chief and seven men dead or dying on the stairs.

The first attack had failed. Mr Farnwood sat down in his chair and set to work to reload his revolver. The dacoits drew off to the river-bank, and squatted in a circle to hold a council of war. Presently two men left their companions and walked along the bank past the hamlet; and a few minutes later, a column of smoke rose from a distant hut, and a fierce burst of flame broke out. The dacoits had fired the village in hopes of smoking or burning out the occupants of the bungalow.

Mr Farnwood smiled scornfully. 'Like their carelessness,' he said to himself; 'the wind sets the wrong way.'

But the brilliant light of the burning huts illuminated every corner of the house, and placed him at a new and serious disadvantage. Had the dacoits not been convinced that he had some potent talisman against death by gunshot, they might have resumed their fire from the shelter of the jungle, and killed him with perfect safety to themselves. Fortunately, ammunition was a scarce commodity among them, and they were disinclined to waste it on a man who might be readily killed with cold steel. They were in no hurry to renew the assault, however, and the village was in a blaze, which lit up the country for miles round before they again began operations. They had no idea of making a direct attack this time; for, with a sinking heart, Mr Farnwood saw them separate into two parties, one of which started to walk down the river-bank while the other remained stationary.

'It is all over with us,' he thought; 'the blackguards mean to rush the house in front and rear.'

But a long time elapsed before the dacoits mustered up courage to carry out their new plan; and the first faint signs of dawn were visible in the sky, when the splintering crash of a door broken in warned Mr Farnwood to unsheath his *dah*, and gave the signal to the party in front. A few moments more and the veranda was crowded with yelling dacoits, who hacked and thrust savagely at their victim as he stood with his back against the balustrade, Mah Mee fighting like a wild-cat at his side.

A fight against such odds could have but one ending, and that followed close on George Farnwood's last discharge of his revolver. Stepping forward to ward a blow directed at the girl, his foot slipped in a pool of blood and he fell; and instantly Mah Mee flung herself upon him shrieking for his life.

A dozen *dahs* and spears were upraised in readiness to finish their ghastly work, when suddenly the shrill scream of a steam-whistle

cut the morning air, calling a thousand echoes from the cliffs. One dacoit stopped to level a final vicious cut at the prostrate Englishman's neck; then took to his heels and bolted after his friends at the top of his speed. The steam-launch had brought reinforcements from Thatoon in the nick of time.

MUSSELS AND THEIR CULTURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the danger attending the consumption of mussels owing to their poisonous nature under certain conditions, to which attention was drawn in the science notes of a recent number (September 1890) of this *Journal*, the demand for them as an article of food, especially among the poorer classes in England, is so great that nearly two thousand tons are annually imported from Holland, where facilities for their cultivation are greater than in this country. The Dutch beds are stocked with brood-mussels, obtained from the open sea off the coasts of Essex and Kent, where the supply is apparently inexhaustible, thousands of tons being taken merely for manure. It should be understood that mussels as taken from the deep sea are rarely in condition for food, or even bait, and it is necessary to shift them to suitable beds on which to grow and fatten, a process which takes some years.

In England, the cultivation of mussels for food is carried on to some extent in the Thames estuary and the river Medway; but the main supply comes from the rivers Exe and Teign, in Devonshire; the latter river also furnishing Plymouth, Torquay, and Brixham with mussel-bait for line-fishing. Whitstable, Boston, and King's Lynn have also prolific mussel-beds, the produce of the first named going principally to Scotland for bait; and of the others, part to Manchester, Birmingham, and other large towns for food; and the remainder to the north for bait.

For general fishing there is no bait more favourably regarded by fishermen than mussels, although care is necessary in putting them on the hooks to ensure their remaining there. In this respect the whelk is superior, owing to its toughness and consequent tenacity to the hook. Both are saved by their shells from being preyed upon by cod and other voracious fish, and this may account for the attraction they present when divested of their armour.

The most extensive mussel-bed in Scotland is that in the Clyde estuary, covering, it is said, over four thousand acres, and treated as free to the public, although the corporation of Greenock claim part by virtue of a Crown charter. There are others in the Dornoch, Cromarty, Beaul, and Inverness Firths; and between the last named and the Firth of Tay are the Findhorn, Ythan, and Montrose fisheries. The Montrose, where great natural difficulties have been overcome, has been described as 'the one available model for all

desirous of cultivating mussels on the bed system.' There are also the Tay, Eden, and Forth beds; and some small fisheries at Dunbar and Holy Island. In Scotland, where mussels do not seem to be in much request as an article of food, it is impossible to exaggerate their value as bait; and their growing scarcity, with a corresponding increase in price, has had a marked effect on the line-fishing industry. For the small lines used for haddock, whiting, and cod, the mussel stands alone as bait; and some idea of the quantity used may be gained by the fact that about eighty millions per annum are estimated to be used in the haddock-fishery at Eyemouth alone. With such figures, the term 'scarcity' as applied to the supply is, of course, relative only to the demand of a rapidly increasing fishing population. The scarcity is attributed to the practice of using immature bait—that is, taking mussels too small; the ignorant and reckless dredging of beds, with the consequent destruction of seed; and the carrying away of young mussels with the old. The fishery has undoubtedly been carried on in an improvident manner, with no thought for the future, and little or no method of cultivation. Even the great beds in the Clyde, from which, during the last fifty years, over one hundred thousand tons have been taken, are now so exhausted and unproductive, that the fishing has been practically abandoned. Mussels have also to contend with their inveterate enemies, the dog or 'borer' whelk, which pierces the shell and sucks out the contents; and the starfish, which destroys the young mussel by suction. The beds themselves are frequently swept away by heavy surf and gales, or destroyed by the deposit on them of large masses of sand or alluvial matter.

It may not be uninteresting to glance at the conditions and methods under which mussel-culture can be most favourably carried on, and the suggestions that have been made for remedying the mussel famine, which affects more particularly the fifty thousand fishermen of Scotland, who certainly during some part of the year use mussels as bait, and who are compelled to procure them not only from the English beds but from the north of Ireland—in which country there seems to be no great local demand for them either as food or bait—and from Hamburg, at prices rendered almost prohibitive by the cost of carriage.

Briefly, the conditions favourable, indeed necessary to a productive mussel-bed are: sheltered situation, and, for choice, a shingly bottom; a certain admixture of salt and fresh water, the mussel breeding best in salt, and fattening best in brackish water; absence of shifting sand or alluvium; a supply of suitable food. Given these conditions, the mussel is sure to be found in large or small quantities; and so prolific is it, that with only reasonable care on the part of the fishers, its reproduction in unlimited quantities is certain. The spat—as the spawn of shellfish is called—should be transplanted to those parts of the bed upon which the mussel is found to thrive best; and accumulations of mud and sand should be removed by a careful scouring of the beds whenever necessary. These precautions can only, of course, be observed on beds exposed at

low water, or those only covered by a depth of water rendering inspection and systematic working possible. In deep-water beds, artificial cultivation is necessarily difficult. Transplanting to increase the area, and the return of immatures dredged mussels to the water to prevent exhausting the supply, are practically the only precautions capable of observance.

On the French coast, mussel-fishing is successfully pursued by means of the *bouchot* or wicker system, which, though easier of management than beds, is attended with considerable initial expense, and interferes with inshore navigation. This method consists of wooden palisadings in the form of posts, with branches woven backwards and forwards, like basket-work, between the posts, which stand about six feet above the surface of the ground, and are sunk in soft mud—which, with a strong current, is a necessary condition of this system—and a foot left between the bottom of the wattling and the ground for the passage of the tide and the prevention of mud-silting. Two palisadings are desirable—one at low-water mark, the other higher up. The stocking is done by fastening on the lower *bouchot* young mussels tied in bunches in pieces of net, which rapidly attach themselves to the wattling. Animalcules rising from the muddy bottom furnish the mussels with food; and when a certain size is attained, they are transferred to the higher *bouchot*, which is more out of water between tides. The mussel thus exposed becomes acclimatised to the open air, and better fitted for transport. Under this method, mussels not only mature more rapidly than in beds, but are said to be of a better quality. It is evident that the system must be a valuable adjunct to bed-cultivation, being suitable for localities where the natural features are unfavourable to the formation of beds. Experimental *bouchots* have been attempted on the Scotch coast, but unattended by success, and it seems doubtful whether the places selected were well adapted for the purpose.

It has been shown that we are greatly dependent on importation for mussels both as food and bait; and having regard to the large extent of suitable shore all over the kingdom, it seems desirable to encourage their cultivation, particularly in or near localities where the greatest demand exists, the saving of carriage being an important consideration. So far as existing fisheries are concerned, the taking of mussels below a certain size might be prohibited, and perhaps also the dredging and sale of them for manure; while over-fished beds should be allowed some years of rest for the purpose of recovery. The formation of new ones is necessarily a somewhat speculative undertaking, entailing expenditure with no immediate profit. The foreshore of the United Kingdom belongs to the Crown or its grantees; and at any rate that in the hands of the Crown, where suitable, and so far as is consistent with the interests of navigation, should be available for mussel-cultivation on reasonable, indeed almost nominal terms. In France, where the foreshore belongs wholly to the State, there is no difficulty in acquiring a vacant stretch for the purposes of fish-culture. It is only necessary to satisfy the authorities that the applicant's means are sufficient to enable him to cultivate, and he obtains the shore for a term of years at a

fair rent. In Holland, too, there is a system of hiring mussel 'lays' from the government at a nominal rental.

In Scotland, all mussel-beds (or scalps) on the shore, or within the territorial waters, belong to the Crown as part of its patrimonial property, and no one has a right to them except under grant from the Crown. In this respect oysters and mussels differ from other kinds of shellfish. The origin of their exception from the common-law right of public fishing is no doubt the fact of their special value, the one for food, and the other for bait, and the liability of both to destruction by indiscriminate use.

The popular idea is that it is not the mussel which poisons people, but the beard, and that being removed, the fish is perfectly wholesome. A theory has been gravely advanced on the Continent that the poisonous action of mussels on the human system is the result of imagination. To the presence of a parasite crab (*Pinnotheres pisum*) has also been attributed the unwholesome condition; but this is contradicted by the fact that this particular crab is sought after as a food in the United States. The spawn of starfish, and copper absorbed from ships' bottoms, have also been suggested, but disproved, as explanatory of the poison. The conclusion on the subject arrived at by a Consultative Committee for sea-fisheries in France, and set forth in the Report addressed in 1889 to the French Minister of Marine, may be accepted as reliable, and we cannot do better than quote it. The poison is due to the presence in the mussel—especially in the liver—of 'a volatile organic alkaloid, developed under the influence of a particular microbe, which is only found in mussels growing in stagnant and polluted waters.' In running-water, clean sewage—that is, sewage fairly free from the pollution of manufacturing—is actually beneficial to the cultivation of mussels. As an instance of this may be cited the Forth mussel-bed to the west of Leith Pier, the yield from which is said to have greatly increased since the Edinburgh sewage discharged into the sea close by.

In conclusion, we may observe that it is authoritatively stated that mussels lose their poisonous property if cooked for ten minutes with carbonate of soda.

WAR EAGLE AND HIS RIDER.

'COMANCHES,' said Ad Anderson—'Comanches, as I'm a living sinner,' and he pulled his horse up sharp. 'There's a peltin' big crowd of 'em too,' he added, after a moment. 'We're in for it this time, sure.'

There were six of us together on the prairies about twenty miles from the Nueces, in Western Texas. There were my chum Tom Jones and myself; and Ad Anderson and his nephew Billy, a youngster of fourteen; and the two Arend brothers. These last two we hardly knew, for they were strangers to the rest of us, being Pennsylvania Dutch, I fancy, or something of that sort, who had come out to Texas to look for a place to settle. Ad Anderson and the rest of us were working as cowboys on the Santa Cruz ranch, and had come out across the Nueces to

gather cattle. The Arends had happened along at the ranch the night before, and had joined us in the morning, saying they were going our way. They had each of them a good new Warner carbine and a belt full of cartridges; but the way they handled them and the way they sat on their horses hadn't given us Texans much confidence. Now, when a swarm of mounted men appeared suddenly over a rise six hundred yards away, and they heard Ad Anderson say 'Comanches,' they didn't stand, or ask what to do, or say a thing, but they just turned their horses' heads and put for the Nueces for all that was out. And that wasn't the worst of it, for the moment they started, Billy the boy, who was riding War Eagle, the racehorse of the ranch, turned him for home too, gave him his head, and commenced to throw the whip to him, as if he was finishing a race on the track.

But Ad Anderson knew what he was about every time. The minute Billy wheeled and ran, Ad Anderson struck the spurs into his pony—and it was no slouch of a pony he was riding either—and he was up and alongside of Billy before War Eagle was fairly into his stride. 'Chuck that whip, Billy,' he shouted, raising his right hand with the quirt in it as if to hit him—'chuck it, or I'll knock you off that horse.'

Billy turned his white face to Ad: he was sitting back in the saddle and slashing War Eagle down the shoulders with a stinging raw hide; but he obeyed Ad; and at the word, he loosed the loop off his wrist and flung the raw hide clean away.

'Now pull that horse down to a lope,' said Ad. 'You mind me, d'y'e hear? Steady him! Steady there, steady.'

Ad was a man that almost everybody minded when he spoke in earnest. He had been a captain in a regiment in Hood's brigade during the war, and I reckon he hadn't been the worst captain they had. It was no easy task for Billy to get War Eagle steadied, for he was running on twenty-one feet and picking it up; but both he and the horse minded Ad's voice, and he got him down to a strong lope presently.

Meantime, Tom Jones and I were loping along behind them at a very tidy clatter. We reached down as soon as we started, and pulled our carbines out of the leather cases in which we carried them slung between the off stirrup leather and the horse's side. Tom had a Spencer cavalry carbine, a seven-shooter, and a right good one too. I had only an old Wesson rifle. We had beautiful ground to run on just here, for we were on a wagon trail from the Nueces to the Rio Grande, which crossed a high wide upland, bare of timber. As we looked back over our shoulders, we could see the Indians spread out like a pack of hounds on both sides of the trail and coming after us on the keen jump. There must have been above thirty of them, and we could hear the hi-hi-hi-yas of their yells ringing shrill down the breeze. The Arends were away ahead of us

already. Ad hollered to them to hold up and keep cool as soon as he had got Billy to drop his whip and check his horse; but they never took any notice of what he said.

'You'll kill your horses,' we could hear him shout to them, 'running like that! There's twenty miles to go, and you've got to save 'em. Take it easy, I tell you. Pull 'em in.'

I said most men naturally did what Ad told them. There was a ring in his voice and a cool confident manner about him that made it seem a matter of course to do what he said. But those two poor fools didn't feel it so. I suppose they were just crazy with fear, and the harder they ran the more crazy they made themselves. At anyrate they took no heed of him, but went on whipping their horses and galloping as fast as they could lay leg to the ground. In five minutes they were clear out of sight over a rise. Tom and I now laid close up behind Ad and Billy, our horses all going strong; the leading Indians were some three hundred yards behind.

'Shall I try a belt at them without stopping?' said Tom to Ad. 'I could maybe give one of 'em a scare.'

'No; not yet,' answered Ad; 'it'll only make War Eagle fight for his head worse to hear you shoot; and we can't afford to waste no cartridges neither. There's a steep bank to go down about two miles ahead. If they don't crowd us too hard till then, we'll stop a minute there to blow our horses and give 'em a rattle.'

But the leading Indians flogged their war-ponies to a racing speed and closed on us fast. Two or three of them began to shoot, and we heard the ping of their bullets flying past us. Luckily, Indians are for the most part poor shots with a rifle on horseback, and we were none of us touched.

'Give 'em a turn, Tom,' said Ad. 'Aim low.' And at the word Tom Jones dropped his rein on his horse's neck and twisting his body round in the saddle, fired straight behind him. Bang!

'Rick off the ground,' he announced triumphantly; 'one of them ponies is mighty sick. I aimed low, as you told me, Cap.'

His bullet had struck the ground well in front of the Indians, and rising from the graze, had hit one of their ponies, which instantly fell to the rear. As he fired, each one of the leading Indians had dropped over the right-hand side of his horse and wheeled slightly to the right, thus covering his body completely from the shot. The effect was like the scattering of a covey of partridges when a hawk makes a swoop on them, and we gained a little distance by this manœuvre. But now a lot of them began to edge off more to the right, trying to draw up parallel to us on that side, which would enable them to use their rifles with more effect and be equally inconvenient for us. Before they could succeed in doing so, however, the wished-for bank was near. It was a place where the whole width of the high prairie broke away steeply for about two hundred yards down to a lower level. Ad turned in his saddle and took a look at the Indians. 'Billy,' said he, 'the moment we're over the edge, you slip off and hold War Eagle and my horse, and I'll hold the other two. Mind you don't let 'em slip, now. Hang on to 'em like grim death.'

Then he added to Tom and me: 'Jump off, you boys, as soon as you're over the edge, and chuck me your reins. I'll hold your horses, and you give 'em what for.'

Almost as he ended we were at the edge of the slope and over it, and we all leaped off together. Throwing our reins to Ad, Tom and I knelt just under cover of the brow of the hill and opened fire. The Indians were within a hundred yards; but at the first shots they ducked behind their horses and turned away to right and left, streaming off in both directions, instead of charging right down on us. Indians hardly ever do charge straight in on men standing at bay. I loaded and fired my single-shooter as fast as I could finger the cartridges; but I heard Tom's repeater go bang, bang, bang, bang! and I heard Ad's warning voice saying, 'Steady, Tom, steady: you're shooting behind 'em. Take that white horse now, and aim a good length in front. That's one of their chiefs, I reckon.'

Ad was standing behind us a foot or two lower down the hill with the horses behind him again, so that they were quite covered by the hill from a chance bullet; but he himself standing upright was able to see over our heads where we were firing. I looked round for an instant to Tom's side of the fight while my fingers were stuffing a fresh cartridge into the gun and closing the breech. Bang went the Spencer again, and down came the white horse like a shot rabbit and rolled over his rider. Instantly two other Indians dashed up to the fallen man, and leaning down from their saddles without dismounting, they swung him up between them, and so across the withers of the horse of one of them, and bore him out of the fray.

'Mind your side, Dick!' shouted Ad to me—'mind that chap. Stop him if you can; and looking to my own side, I saw that the leading Indian was urging his horse to go down over the brow some two hundred yards away, with the view of getting behind us in the broken ground on that part of the slope. I brought my rifle instantly to the shoulder and was taking aim, when Ad called out: 'Raise your sight, Dick, or draw a very full bead: you've got the hundred yards sight up.'

I drew a full bead, and missed.

'Too low, much,' said Ad; 'you want to allow more than that.—Now come on, boys,' he added; 'let's scoot before they can bushwhack us among this broken ground.'

We sprang on to our horses again and hurried to the foot of the hill. We had an advantage over the Indians in having the wagon trail to follow. It led down the easiest grade, and was comparatively smooth. Some of their bullets whistled past us as we ran; however, none of our horses seemed to flinch, and no rider was hit. We got away from that hill quite four hundred yards ahead of our foes.

'Choked 'em off that time,' said Ad. 'That touching up did 'em good: they won't crowd on us in the open, I reckon, quite so quick. It's that belt of timber along Jack Creek, though, that I'm thinking of now. If they was to get into that before us, it's all U P.'

Our horses were much refreshed by the short breathing spell we had given them, and we dashed ahead at three-quarter speed. The

Indians came on behind us at a steady untiring gait. They seemed much less eager, though, to close on us now. Our spirits rose.

'How're ye, Billy?' said Ad. 'How d'ye like being shot at, eh? Are you sure you didn't bob your head when you heard the bullets whizzing over?'

'Nary bob,' said Billy with a grin. His colour had come back, and he looked himself again. 'I was too busy hanging on to War Eagle,' he continued; 'but I stayed right with him, as ye told me.'

Ere long we came in sight of two objects ahead of us in the road.

'Boys,' said Ad, turning to us, 'here's them two Dutchmen in front, and you can lay that their horses is plumb give out. I'm sorry, but I don't know what we can do for 'em.'

We gained on them rapidly, and soon we could see the rise and fall of their arms as they mechanically flogged their exhausted animals. Presently we drew up alongside of them, but they took no notice of us. Their horses' heads hung down, and they were reduced to a walk. The faces of the riders were set: they looked straight before them, and seemed to see nothing. It was the Shadow of Death they were looking at.

'Hallo! rouse up, you fellers,' said Tom to them, springing off his horse. 'You'd better jump off and make play with them new carbines, if you don't want the Comanches to get your hair.'

They did not appear to hear him, but pressed on, and left us. I was holding Tom's horse while he knelt down and opened a rapid fire once more on the advancing redskins. I gave Ad my rifle and belt, and he tossed his reins to me and joining Tom, fired a couple of careful shots, and dropped an Indian. The Indians fell back again to a distance of about a quarter of a mile, and seemed to deliberate a minute. Then they dashed forward again hot-foot, trying to pass us on the right as before, though keeping at a respectful distance.

'They've spotted the timber on Jack Creek, and they're making for it,' cried Ad, leaping on his horse and returning me my rifle. 'Boys, we must ride for it now. If they head us there, there won't one of us get home,' and he dashed forward at a tremendous speed. In a moment we were up to the Arroyo again; they were flogging still, with set faces pressing on to the goal they were never to reach.

'Jump off your horses and lie down and shoot,' shouted Tom as we passed them; 'that's your only chance.' But his words went by them like the idle wind. Fear had paralysed them. Half a minute later the Indians were upon them; they were struck to the ground unresisting, and the horrid yells of the savages rang their death-knell. A dozen of the fiends were hacking and mutilating the bodies of their victims beyond recognition. Tom swung himself round in his saddle and fired a long shot at them as they were bunched together.

'No use,' said Ad; 'nothing can help those chaps now. Ride, boys, ride, if ever you did in your lives.'

Our gallant horses answered gamely to the spur. Fully half the band of Indians were now

quite abreast of us to our right, too far to shoot, indeed, with any effect, but racing us for the line of timber, that showed up hardly a mile away. If they could reach it before us and beset our road through it, we must certainly perish. White men are no match for Indians in brush, especially when out-numbered five to one. Ad's horse and Tom's and mine were doing their very best, and could do no more; but War Eagle, thanks to his racehorse blood and his light rider, was going well within himself, and was quite equal to a dash. Three of the best-mounted Indians had drawn considerably ahead of the others, and were now working in to get to the place where the trail we were following entered the timber in front of us. If they reached it and delayed us there one minute, we were done for.

Ad drew out his pistol and handed it to his nephew. 'Billy,' said he, 'we've got to head them Indians away from the trail through the timber, or they'll check us there, and we'll have the whole bilin' on us before you can say "Knife." War Eagle's still fresh, but our horses can't do more than they're doing. You take this pistol and run War Eagle up level with them and fire at them, so as to make them keep wide. Stick to the trail; don't follow 'em; just fend 'em off. Shoot for the leading horse every time, and shoot well ahead of him. Now show your nerve. Remember we're behind you. If they come at you, pull up short, and we'll be alongside of you before they can get at you.'

Billy's face went a bit whiter again; but he was game. He shut his lips tight, and took the pistol and dug his heels into War Eagle, and left us three as if we had been standing still. In just no time he was a hundred yards ahead of us and abreast of those three Indians, and we saw him raise his right hand and pop went the pistol. We saw the dust fly up where the bullet struck the prairie; but the Indians still held on their course. They did not shoot back at him, for the knowledge that we were so near, I fancy, made them afraid to empty their guns at the boy. We looked for him to shoot again; but the spring of Ad's pistol was too strong for Billy to cock it with one hand, and we saw him lower it to his left hand to get a purchase. Then up it came again, popped again, and again the puff of dust showed where the ball harmlessly struck the ground.

'I had ought to have taught him better than that,' observed Ad; 'and if I have him with me long, I will, sure.—But he's got grit, anyhow,' he added as Billy, undismayed by his failures, raised the pistol the third time and missed again. After all, the Indians were eighty or a hundred yards away from him, a tremendous range for a pistol, and shooting off a horse on the run isn't so easy as it looks in a circus.

Once more Billy raised his weapon and popped, and then we all shouted for joy. The leading Indian pony stumbled, and blundering almost on to his nose, came to a halt. His rider lit on the ground on his feet, and instantly levelling his piece, fired at Billy. The boy gave a cry and dropped the pistol; but he didn't fall off War Eagle, who kept right on to the timber. In five seconds more we were up to the spot where he had dropped it. Ad reached down from his saddle, and snatching it off the ground, held on after Billy. Tom jerked his horse to a dead stop

and leaped off. The dismounted Indian ran behind his horse, which was standing still, for shelter; but his legs showed underneath, and Tom hit him fair in the knees and doubled him up like a jack-knife. It was a neat shot. Then he fired three more shots at the two others, missing them, for all we could see, but it turned them off our line. Tom sprang on again, and we loped after Ad and the boy. We caught them up just inside the timber, Billy looking rather white and shaky with the pain, but he smiled at us.

'Come on!' said Ad—'come on, boys; we must get out of this. Billy'll do. The arm ain't broken—only an ugly flesh-wound, and he bears it like a little John-man.—Don't you be scared, Billy. If you get sick, I'll ride War Eagle and tote you. He can carry double.'

We followed the pair as fast as we could go. We could hear the yells of the Indians to our right in the timber, though we could no longer see them; but we had the advantage of the wagon trail to travel on, and went considerably faster than they could travel through the brush. Presently we came to Jack Creek and crossed it; there was no water in its bed. We continued to gallop through the timber on the other side of it, and came out again on the prairie beyond, and had gone quite four hundred yards in the open before our enemies emerged behind us.

'Jump off, boys,' said Ad, 'and send 'em word we're here.—Billy, you stay on your horse.'

We three leaped to the ground, and Tom and I opened fire again; but the Indians kept dodging in and out of the edge of the timber, and we couldn't see if we did any damage. They fired back at us; but the range was too far for the rifles they carried—at least they didn't hit us.

'Now, come on again,' said Ad; 'just jog, so as to show them we ain't afraid. They've got a sickener, I reckon. I wish we could meet a good party of the boys from the ranch, and we'd whoop 'em back again to where we found 'em.'

We were only seven or eight miles away from home now, and there was a chance of such a thing happening, though it didn't come off; but, as Ad reckoned, the Indians had had about enough of it. It is wonderful how a firm stand discourages them. Perhaps they had lost their chief. Anyhow, they retired, doubtless to gloat over the corpses of the two poor men they had murdered, and left us to make our way to the ranch unmolested. Billy didn't faint on the road; but he was most uncommonly glad to get in and rest his arm and have it dressed. He was a healthy youngster, and it healed up in three weeks.

The day after the fight, a good crowd of us well armed went out and buried the bodies of the two Aredts. We found three dead warponies that had been killed or crippled by our bullets. Of course the Indians had carried off their dead, if there were any, of which we had no proof, though we knew some of them were hard hit. Their giving up the chase so soon looked as if they had lost some warriors. They don't care to fight so much unless they can get you at a disadvantage. Billy didn't go with us to the burying, as he had to stay at home and nurse his arm. Also, he was young, and Ad didn't want him to see the hideous work Indians

make of the bodies of white men they kill. But for all that, Billy heard some of the men telling about it when they came back, and we saw his eyes glisten.

'Billy,' said Ad, 'if you'd stampeded with them poor fellers as you started to do, you'd have run War Eagle to a stand-still in five miles, and you'd be lying out there now carved up like them. But you obeyed orders and kept your nerve; and from this out we'll have to reckon you as a man in an Indian fight.'

Billy was pleased.

TREES OF OLD LONDON.

Old City Trees, dear City Trees!

Whence comes your placid spell,
You that scarce taste of sun or breeze,
Yet breathe of both so well?

The summer sun on city walls,
It hath a mournful air;
But where the old Tree's shadow falls,
The peace of home is there.

It is as if with ours and us
They had for ever grown,
And watched, as a familiar does,
All changes we have known;

As if, amid the great unrest,
Discouraged, faint, and sore,
We would creep home to Nature's breast,
And found her at the door;

As if a mother's sleepless love,
That comes not twice in life,
Hung wistful in those boughs above
To lull us from the strife.

Is it the souls of times gone by
That stir those twinkling leaves,
And make the sun kiss lovingly
Their legendary sheaves?

A Tree! It is a note from God,
Wherever it has birth;
A spirit nurtured by the clod;
A glory to the earth.

The great majestic Forest reigns,
Aloof, in might and age;
He cannot share our puny pains,
Although he may assuage.

But you, poor pent-up Trees, whose face
Is kindly, freshly, beauteous,
You have no comrades of your race,
You are our home-born friends.

Dear City Trees! still may you grow
In nooks amidst the mart!
When innovation lays you low,
The household gods depart.

X. C.

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WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

THE continent of Australia may be likened to one immense plain, with a fringe of highlands dividing the interior from the encircling sea. On the west this fringe extends about two hundred miles inwards, and merges in the great plain at an elevation of some two thousand feet. Thus, while possessing a bold outline of rocky ranges as its boundary on the seaward side, the vast territory of Western Australia finds its eastern limit fading into an arid expanse of blue-gum trees, sandy wastes, and salt marshes. It is the vastness and the aridity of this great central plain which influence the whole character of the island-continent of Australia, and which affect its peoples more even than the oceans which surround it.

Australia is to us now one continent, but in the youth of the world its eastern and western portions were separate islands. They only became united at what geologists call a 'comparatively recent' epoch. The western island was the more ancient as well as the larger of the two. At some remote period it was united with the Asiatic continent, from which it received the ancestral forms of what are now regarded as the peculiar Australian flora and fauna. The Western Australia we now know is the remnant of the vast primeval island which at some far-back period was severed from the Asiatic continent.

It was in 1527 that the island-continent was made known to travellers from the northern hemisphere. Meneses, the Portuguese, in that year discovered what he called *Terra Australis Incognita*; and soon after him came the Dutch, who examined, and bestowed many names on, parts of the western coast. There came one Dutchman, Houtmann, who gave his name to a small group of islands; another, Doore, who gave his name to an island in Shark's Bay; another, Edzel, who gave his name to the district around the Bay; another, who named Cape Leeuwin after his own ship; another, who gave the name of Nuytsland to the coast east of Cape Leeuwin. And so on, until, in 1665, the Dutch

government complacently named the whole continent 'New Holland.' Soon after this came Dampier to examine the north and west coasts, and to bestow a few more names; and in 1697, Vlaming to discover and name the Swan River. Then for a period of about eighty years Australia, or New Holland, was neglected by navigators, and only came into notice again when Captain Cook took possession of Botany Bay in 1770.

The Swan River Settlement was the germ of the colony now called Western Australia. In 1826 the then governor of New South Wales, with a desire for lateral expansion, sent a detachment of troops to occupy King George's Sound, which had been discovered and named some thirty years previously by the famous Vancouver. Following up this movement, Captain Stirling went in H.M.S. *Success* to spy out the land with a view to forming a Settlement. He anchored off the Swan River, and he and his officers went in boats as far up the river as they could get. Captain Stirling reported so favourably of the land on his return to Sydney, that the governor recommended the Home Government to form a Settlement there.

Thus it came to pass that, in 1829, Captain Stirling returned to the Swan River as Lieutenant-Governor, commissioned to form and control a new colony. Within a year, some forty vessels followed him, bringing a thousand settlers, with personal effects and cash estimated at nearly one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This we may regard as the capital with which the colony was started. Its progress was slow, and marked by many mistakes. The first was the over-liberality of the Home Government in offering large tracts of land to settlers with small means, the result of which was that immense areas of the best land near the coast fell into the hands of persons who were both unable to manage it and unfit for the hardships of pioneer life. Some of these early settlers soon got disgusted, and left, but retained their titles to the land so foolishly ceded to them. The new settlers who followed were unable to obtain land in favourable localities, and thus had either to

travel far afield, or betake themselves to one of the other colonies. In this way fresh immigration was discouraged, and the population which did settle became scattered over such a wide area as to leave the colony for long without any cohesion.

For many years the colony made little progress. Capital was scanty, and labour scarce and very dear. Moreover, there was a difficulty in finding markets for their products, and the Swan River settlers altogether felt that their lines had not fallen in pleasant places. Then came the rush to the gold-fields of Victoria, which still further depreciated the chances of the western colony. Finally, the colonists petitioned to be made, what the other colonies were rebelling against—a depot for convicts. The Home Government very promptly and gladly agreed to make Western Australia a penal settlement; and for twenty years, ship after ship discharged the scum and rascality of Great Britain in the Swan River. When, in 1868, transportation was suspended, West Australia had absorbed about ten thousand convicts of various shades of criminality, which is just about one-fourth of the present population.

The original Swan River Settlement was only the south-west corner of the present colony. Western Australia now includes a good deal more than a third of the entire area of the Australian continent. Its coast-line is some three thousand five hundred miles in length; and its acreage is estimated at six hundred and seventy-eight million four hundred thousand acres, or one million and sixty thousand square miles. This colony is eleven times as big as Great Britain, and it has only a population of forty-two thousand—the population of a third-rate British town.

Will it ever be fit for more? That is the great question of the moment, and there is not much difficulty in answering it in the affirmative. It has taken the colony sixty years to attain its present extremely modest importance, while its neighbours to the east have been adding to their population by the hundred thousand, and to their wealth by the million. But West Australia has had an unhappy childhood and an unfortunate youth. There is no reason why she should not have a bright maturity in spite of the errors of her creators and the dubious antecedents of her pioneers.

In this great dominion of one million square miles there are several ranges of hills of considerable size and beauty; there are several rivers which irrigate, for at least a portion of the year, great stretches of fine country; there are vast forests of magnificent timber; there are mineral treasures that are only beginning to be revealed to the eager searchers; there are large tracts of land suitable for agriculture; there is an abundant supply of both temperate and tropical fruits; and there is, in the southern portion of the colony at any rate, a climate which is said to be the best in the world, and which is certainly not surpassed anywhere for salubrity.

The handful of forty-two thousand people—a population equal to only about one-hundredth part of what the next census will show the Australian continent to hold—have not done the utmost with their heritage; but they have done a great deal. They have constructed some four hundred and fifty miles of railway to connect

their chief towns, and to bring down the forest-products to the ports; they have erected some three thousand miles of telegraph; they contribute an annual public revenue of nearly four hundred thousand pounds; and they have built up an important export trade which amounts to nearly a million and a half sterling per annum. Not many years ago, Perth, the capital, was like a small sleepy English country town; now it is a 'city' of ten thousand inhabitants, with numerous fine buildings, half a dozen banks, two cathedrals, several churches, clubs, societies, and all the resources and luxuries of civilisation.

Near Perth there is a little community which is unique in colonial history. A short distance to the north of the capital, some Spanish monks of the order of St Benedict founded the settlement of New Norcia. There for many years they have devoted themselves to the reclamation of the aboriginal tribes, and under Bishop Salvado there is now a considerable company of natives, trained to useful and industrious occupations. These blacks have been taught by the Benedictines to till the soil, grow the vine, and reclaim the waste lands. The monks have educated them, made musicians of many of them, and have at the same time not stifled them by confinement, but have given them in place of their nomadic habits a taste for all outdoor athletic sports and exercises. This vigorous little community is a standing reproach, for it shows what might have been done for the Australian aborigines if they had been properly dealt with elsewhere. West Australia has a larger proportion of aboriginal natives than any other section of the continent, and it is good to know that the West Australians give considerable employment to these natives about the sheep-runs and farms. There are in this country many tribes which have never even been seen by white men; so it is impossible to tell what are now the numbers of this dusky race.

Of this enormous colony—enormous as to territory, although insignificant as to population—upon which the Imperial Parliament is about to confer the privilege of responsible government, very little is known by English people at home, and, indeed, not a great deal of information has been published. Perhaps the latest facts are those which have been communicated by the late Attorney-General of the colony, Mr A. P. Hensman, to the Colonial Institute.

Among the chief industries, perhaps we might say the chief industries, of the colony at present are sheep and cattle farming. These farms are found along the banks of most of the rivers in the southern portion of the country. There is some difference of opinion as to its agricultural capabilities; but Mr Hensman says that, although there are many parts where, owing to the sandy nature of the soil and the absence of water, farming cannot be carried on, yet there are numerous tracts well suited for wheat-growing. There does not, however, appear to be good reason for thinking that West Australia will ever rival her neighbour, South Australia, in the production of corn for export. At all events, some machinery will first have to be devised for the storage and distribution of water, if wheat-growing is to become a considerable industry. Even the most arid tracts have been made fertile by irrigation.

For the growth of fruits of all kinds the capacity of West Australia is remarkable. In the south, the vine, the orange, the fig, and the olive grow in perfection; and the grapes are said to be only equalled by those of English hot-houses. Any fruit of the temperate zone will attain perfection there. The distance is too great, probably, for any hope of market for these fruits in Europe; but there is one possible industry in the preserving of them. There is another in the making of wine, and the day is, perhaps, not far distant when West Australian vintages will be familiar in England. Wine, in fact, is now, and has been for some years, made in the colony, although none of it has yet found its way 'home.' On the Darling Hills, near Perth, there are many flourishing vineyards; and there are several other districts as well adapted for vine-growing.

One great source of the wealth of the colony so far has been its forests. These are so enormous and continuous, that the southern portion of West Australia has sometimes been described as one vast forest. At one time the chief export from these forests was sandal-wood, in the shipping of which fragrant material to China considerable fortunes were made. This trade, however, is not nearly so important and so lucrative as it once was. For one thing, the sandal-wood tree requires careful replanting, and the colonists were only bent on securing that which they saw before them, without providing for the future, so that they have now to go farther and farther afield for it. This of course adds to the expense, and reduces the profit; while, also, the prices obtainable in China have been steadily receding. The export now averages in value only about thirty thousand pounds a year. It is an industry which may be revived by cultivation.

At present, the most valuable forest-product is the Jarrah—a species of eucalyptus—which rises straight from the ground to a height of a hundred feet without a branch, and which has a girth of from twenty to thirty feet at the base. The durability of the timber of this tree is said to surpass that of any other known wood. When carefully selected and cut while the sap is least active, the timber is absolutely impervious to the borings of insects, and it has remarkable resistance to the action of water. It is thus eminently adapted, and is being largely used, for jetties, piers, railway-sleepers, and the frames and planking of ships. Although very hard, it is used also in the colony for the flooring and rafters of houses, and for furniture. One thing in its favour for building purposes is that it is one of the least inflammable of known woods.

As this valuable tree is known to abound in West Australia over an area equal to the whole of Great Britain, it will be seen that the forest wealth is very great, and it is of special importance that it exists in localities within moderate distance of the coast and harbours.

Another valuable tree is the Karri, also a species of eucalyptus. This tree grows in the humid country near the rivers and towards the coast, and is the largest but one of the eucalyptus tribe of the Australian continent. Specimens have been found over four hundred feet in height, and stems have been measured three hundred feet clean up to the first limb. The stems are

slender where the trees grow close together, and one of two hundred feet high may have a stem not above a foot in diameter. But where growing apart, they attain enormous girth; and one has been measured with a circumference of sixty feet at the base.

From well-grown specimens of the Karri, timber as much as twelve feet wide can be obtained. The wood is elastic and durable, although not very easily worked, and is splendid for shafting and planking. Baron Mueller has introduced this tree both into Victoria and into Europe, because of its easy culture, its quick growth, and its valuable timber. West Australia has millions of acres of it.

Next to its forests, the colony has heretofore relied most on its pearl-fisheries. These are conducted on the north and west coasts, and employ large fleets of boats. The pearls are well known in England, and the value of pearls and pearl-shells exported has steadily increased until it is now about one hundred thousand pounds a year.

For some years West Australians have been envious of the gold-mines of their colonial neighbours; but now they have found gold for themselves. In the northern part of the colony, gold has been discovered in the district called Kimberley. It is a long way from ports and civilisation, and there is also a deficiency of water for crushing and other purposes. But already a railway is projected, and the government are industriously boring for water. Gold-mining is now actively carried on at Kimberley and in other places; and although many of those who went with the first rush when the discovery was reported, returned in disgust because of the hardships of the life and the inconveniences of the situation, there is no doubt that West Australia is now to be added to the list of regular gold-producers. There have been native traditions of gold-mines for ages, and it is possible that the deposits are very much greater than is yet even surmised. Anything seems possible in such an enormous, and as yet practically unexplored territory.

Of even more importance is the recent discovery of coal on the upper part of the Irwin River. The reports as yet are meagre, and there is also a belief that coal exists in the Kimberley district. If the expectations are realised, then West Australia may well indulge in dreams of prosperity, for, apart from her own proper needs—and there is native copper, lead, and iron to be smelted—her shores are the first that are touched, or sighted, by outward-going steamers from Europe, and the last to be left on the homeward voyage. The ports of this colony are from one to two weeks nearer to us than those of any other of the Australian colonies.

Such are a few of the characteristics and resources of what some people are inclined to regard as the coming colony. For the rest, the climate is such that Albany may one day become a favourite and fashionable health-resort for British and Anglo-Tulshin invalids.

Albany stands at the head of the inner harbour of King George's Sound—a vast natural harbour, which is destined to be of Imperial importance. It is just round the south-west corner of Australia, in the very line of the great trade of

the world with the colonies. It is a spacious and safe anchorage-ground, naturally and geographically adapted as a harbour of refuge, a coaling-station, and a rendezvous for the navies which are being created for Australian defences.

But it is plain that West Australia cannot go on and prosper without more people. She has plenty of room, but she has not all the attractions for ordinary colonists that other parts of Australia have. Those who go must not expect to find a land flowing with milk and honey, or to fill their pockets in a morning with gold nuggets. But those who can rough it, who have patience and perseverance, and who have the enterprise to beat out new tracks, and who have a small capital to start with, may do well. It is certainly a land of great natural wealth, waiting for development, and those who aid in the development will share in the reward. It is not, however, a land for indiscriminate emigration.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXL.—AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

A FEW hours later, on that terrible Sunday—the last before the final disaster at Khartoum—Sir Austen found himself in the great square of the town, in front of the Governor's house, where a starving crowd of natives was already gathered, eager to hear the last news of the deliberation going on inside the Palace. Sir Austen had been relieved for the time from his dangerous and difficult post at the Bourré Gate, and had strolled inward into the city to learn for himself what hopes the Governor still had as to their chances of holding out till the army of rescue arrived to reinforce them.

It's wonderful how callous people get at last to the dangers of a siege, when once they're in the midst of it. The constant rain of bullets from every side passes absolutely unnoticed. Men cross open spaces under fire without seeming to observe it. Even a shell exploding causes far less commotion than the fall of an omnibus-horse would cause in Regent Street. So Sir Austen strolled on carelessly, undeterred by the distant thud of firing, through those covered streets, overhung with matting to keep off the heat of the mid-day sun, and past the hungry blacks who peered now and again from darkling doorways in the wall, greeting the English officer as he strode by with a military salute in true Soudanese fashion. Sir Austen saluted in return, and stepped on briskly. But the square, when he reached it, was alive with an eager throng of superior natives, both soldiers and civilians, in every possible stage of weariness and misery. A long siege had left its mark on all. Famine stared visibly from every face. The gaunt Egyptians looked gaunter than ever: the stalwart negroes were worn to shadows. Among them the officer's quick eye was not long in picking out once more the still burly figure of his Irish friend Considine.

'What's up?' Sir Austen asked with considerable curiosity, forcing his way not without some difficulty through the buzzing throng. 'A depu-

'Ye've hit it,' Considine answered lightly, with his accustomed easy devil-may-care expression. 'The precise game. A dozen of the chief niggers are in conference with the Governor, and they want him to surrender at discretion this very morning. But they don't know Gordon. And from what I can guess of these fellows' lingo, I fancy Gordon don't see it in the same light as they do. They seem to me to be grumbling in their own tongue—which is a grand one for the purpose—and I can certainly answer for it that we've all of us got a right to, for we're confounded hungry.'

As he spoke, an Arab a step or two in front of them turned round to them with an intelligent air and smiled. Considine was the first to recognise who it was among the confused crowd of similar white oriental dresses. 'Why, man, hanged if it isn't your cousin again,' he cried, with a sudden look at Sir Austen. 'Ah, but he's a splendid Arab! The devil himself wouldn't know him from a born Mussulman. —Linnell, ye rascal, come here and tell us what the bother's all about. Ye can understand these niggers' unaccountable lingo. Tell us what the dickens the black fellows are haggling over.'

'Hush,' Linnell answered, coming over to them with an almost reverential air. 'Hush! He's going to speak. Let's hear what he says. I'll translate it all for you as well as I can afterwards.'

Something in the tone of his voice compelled attention. Considine and Sir Austen looked up at once, and saw standing on the steps of that whitewashed Palace the well-known figure of a tall and commanding-looking man, in white European uniform and dark red fez, that showed off to the utmost advantage the chastened strength and majesty of his sunburnt face and grizzled gray moustaches. A buzz ran wave-like through the assembled crowd—a whispered buzz of 'Gordon! Gordon!' The Governor raised his right hand for a moment, palm outward, as if to bespeak silence; and all at once a sudden stillness fell like magic even upon that motley crowd of noisy chattering orientals. One second they surged like a summer sea; then they looked up eagerly. Every man held his face upturned to hear, as Kashim Elmoos, Gordon's most trusted native officer, called out loudly in Arabic: 'The Governor will address you.' But for some minutes the Governor himself only glanced round impressively with his deep blue eyes: his silence and his look, all pity and resolution, seemed well-high as eloquent in their way as his soldierly language.

The crowd waited patiently, hanging upon his lips. Then Gordon, steadying himself with his hand on Kashim Elmoos's shoulder—for he was ill that day, and had been up all night making the round of the ramparts—gazed about him compassionately on that silent sea of eager black faces, and began to speak in rapid and fluent but very clear and distinct Arabic. Neither Sir Austen nor Considine could understand one word he said; but his winning smile, his cheery voice, his resolute manner, his quick cadences of emotion as he passed in turn from chiding to exhortation, made them almost able to follow in rough outline the general sense of what he was driving at. As for the straining

mob of terrified orientals, they hung upon his words in breathless silence, and stroked their chins, muttering now and then in concert. 'Allah is great. Gordon says well. He has faith to shame us. With Allah's help, we shall hold out yet till hope comes of deliverance.'

But the Governor's face belied his confidence. As he went on with his speech, even in that dire extremity, some electric spark from the great man's heart seemed to run now and again through the entire assembly, so wonderfully did he inspire them all with the sense of personal devotion. They thrilled responsive. At one point, the Governor's voice sank low and musical. 'What's he saying to them now?' Considine asked in an almost inaudible whisper of Linnell, unable any longer to repress his curiosity.

'He's telling them he feels it all, not for himself—not for his reputation—not even for England—but for his people's sake—these poor sheep of Soudanese, whom he has tried so hard to save and to benefit. If all is lost, it is for them that he grieves over it. Four long days and nights he has never slept nor closed his eye; he has gone round the posts incessantly, and personally encouraged his starved and wearied soldiers to stand firm till help arrives from Wadadey. The question of food, he says, has worn him to a shadow. He is hungry for his people. But all will yet go well. If they will but hold out for three days longer, Stewart's troops will be here: and for his part, come what may, he will never, never consent to surrender. They may give up the town if they like; that is *their* lookout; but he and we and Kashim Elmoos will die fighting to the last for God and duty.'

'Hooray!' Considine cried out enthusiastically at the top of his voice. 'And so say all of us, too, General. We won't give way. We're with you! we're with you.'

Gordon looked down with a placid childlike smile in the direction of the suddenly interrupting voice, and added in English, loud and clear: 'My determination is unshaken. I will hold out to the end. England will never allow us to perish. But even if she does, we must do our duty.'

Sir Austen pressed his way up through the surging crowd, now loosed in speech once more, and eagerly discussing this last deliverance of their Governor's. 'I have news for him,' he murmured to Linnell, as they pressed forward together through the wearied throng. 'I believe help is nearer even than he supposes. We took a man prisoner this morning near the Bourré Gate, trying to make his way as close as he could, as a spy. From what Abdul Ahmed, who examined him, tells me, I think he can be relied upon for giving truthful information.'

They reached the steps, and moved slowly up to where Gordon himself had now taken his seat in a wicker chair on the platform of the Palace. Occasional bullets still whizzed past them with a whir; but the Governor nevertheless received them with that genial smile which never forsook him even in the last extremity. 'What goes at the gate, Linnell?' he asked, grasping Sir Austen's hand hard, and looking down into his very soul with those clear blue eyes of his. 'All well towards Bourré?'

'All well, as yet, I trust,' Sir Austen answered, trying his best to imitate his great leader's cheeriness. 'But we expect a determined assault to be made before long. We took a dervish prisoner this morning in the outer ditch, attempting, as I believe, to scale the rampart and communicate with Faragh.'

Gordon's eyes gleamed steely at the treacherous Pasha's name. 'Very likely!' he answered, with a quietly contemptuous air. 'Faragh can't be trusted. I made that man, and I know now, if he dared, he would willingly betray me. He has a cur's nature, I fear. But I'm not afraid of him. If we die, at least we have done our duty. Though even now, two hundred men would be enough to save us. Two hundred Englishmen, of Probyn or Burnaby's sort. With their help, we could hold out for another twelvemonth.—Well: how about your prisoner?'

Sir Austen smiled back at that calm heroic face of a great man struggling with a sea of adversity. 'My prisoner tells us,' he went on, in a very quiet voice, 'that the Mahdi has news of a severe defeat of his northern detachment on Saturday week by Stewart's troops at Abu Klea. He understands that Stewart himself is wounded or dead, but that his column has succeeded in reaching Metannah. The dervish tells us that the army of relief made a reconnaissance in force at Metannah on Wednesday, aided by our four steamers, which he seems to think have effected a junction with them. And he says that in the Mahdi's camp every one is of opinion an assault must be made not later than Tuesday on all available points, for fear the army of relief should arrive by Wednesday or Thursday.'

The Governor listened to this exciting news with profound interest. 'My own information looks the same way,' he murmured with that imperturbable calm of a brave spirit. 'Depend upon it, we are only three or four days off now from our deliverance. I have wrestled with this trouble in prayer, and it is passing away. It is passing away, I feel certain.—But which way it will pass away, we can't tell yet. My grief is all for my poor starved people. I believe our steamers must really have met Stewart's detachment. But that makes our danger all the greater for the moment. Everything depends upon the next four days. The Mahdi's too good a strategist, you may be sure, not to know his one chance of success lies in preventing a junction. The nearer help comes to us, the more eager the enemy will be to hasten his assault. He'll attack us to-night, I believe. He'll attack before morning.—I must see your prisoner, Sir Austen. Where have you left him?'

'At the Bourré Gate,' Sir Austen answered respectfully, 'in charge of Ali Ismail.'

At the words, the General, like a wounded man, sprang from his seat, astounded. 'In charge of Ali Ismail,' he cried with an incredulous air. 'Why, Colonel, you surprise me! The man's a spy, of course, who came near on purpose, hoping to be taken, that he might communicate with Faragh! And you've left him in charge of one of Faragh's own most intimate officers! Why, what could you have been thinking about? In a man less experienced and less trustworthy than yourself, I should be inclined to call this culpable negligence! Depend upon it, the fellow

has a message from the Mahdi. By this time, he's arranged things comfortably with Faragh, no doubt. And the worst of it is, we don't know whom to trust. We must go down at once and try to prevent any further mischief.'

Sir Austen clapped his hand to his head in horror. 'Great heavens,' he cried with a sudden burst of enlightenment, 'I must be mad! I never even thought of it!'

The General, never chiding him, moved down the steps with a resolute air. 'This is bad news,' he said quietly. 'Very bad news indeed. I've heard none worse through all this day of trial. I distrust Faragh; and I don't know how many of his subordinates may be implicated with him. If we had only the enemy to deal with, we might hold out for weeks; but with traitors in the camp—starvation and treachery to cope with at once—God alone knows now what may happen next to us. And when we fall, they will treat my poor people as these wretches treated the defenceless souls in Berber.'

MODERN NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

IRONCLAD FIGHTS.

SINCE the naval operations during the American Civil War opened the eyes of Europe to the necessity for ironclad or armoured war-ships, and the consequent need for heavy guns, there have been few opportunities of testing these modern monsters by the ordeal of real warfare; yet naval actions between armoured vessels, or actions in which armoured vessels were engaged, have been more numerous than is generally supposed. The famous fight between the 'Merrimac' and the 'Monitor' was the death-blow to the old order of things.

The 'Monitor,' built by Captain Ericsson, was a turret ship, with a single turret carrying two guns, throwing one-hundred-and-eighty-pound shot. The armour of the turret was eight inches in thickness; while the side-armour was five inches thick; she had, however, a freeboard of about a foot only. The 'Merrimac' might be described as an impromptu ironclad. Among the vessels burnt or sunk by the Federals on their evacuation of Norfolk was the wooden steam frigate 'Merrimac.' It was raised by the Confederates and cut down to the water-line; both ends were decked over, and on the centre portion was built a casemate, something like the roof of a house. The walls of the casemate were of oak, two feet thick, faced by two layers of iron plating, four inches thick. She was armed with ten guns of various calibres. Both vessels steamed about five knots, and were utterly unseaworthy.

On the 8th of March 1862, the 'Virginia,' as the 'Merrimac' had been rechristened, made her appearance among the enemy's fleet, and immediately began to give them a taste of her quality. The 'Cumberland,' a thirty-gun frigate, was rammed and sunk with startling rapidity; the 'Congress,' a fifty-gun frigate, was driven ashore and burned; and another frigate was also driven ashore. By this time night had fallen, and the 'Virginia' rested on her laurels, expecting to finish her work on the morrow. Beyond having her loose hamper shot away, she was not damaged;

but she had left her ram, which had been insecurely fastened on, in the side of the 'Cumberland.'

But the next morning an antagonist appeared on the scene in the shape of the little 'Monitor.' The 'Virginia' had met her match. Both vessels immediately prepared for action, and the first fight between ironclads took place. The result was indecisive. The combat, a fierce artillery duel, continued for four hours. The distance between the combatants ranged from half a mile to close range, yet the armour of neither was pierced; and although both were badly battered, they did not sustain any vital injury. At last, as if by mutual consent, they separated, their crews being utterly worn out. It is related that during the fight the crew manning one of the guns of the 'Virginia' were found standing at ease. On the officer in command being asked why he was not firing, he replied that 'gunpowder was precious, and he could do her [the "Monitor"] as much damage by snapping his fingers at her every two and a half minutes!'

Although a drawn battle between the actual antagonists, yet the 'Monitor' succeeded in its object, the saving of the remainder of the Federal fleet. This was the only fight of any consequence either the 'Virginia' or the 'Monitor' was engaged in.

Next to the action between the 'Virginia' and the 'Monitor,' that between the 'Alabama' and the 'Kearsarge' has the most interest for us; if, indeed, taking place as it did at our own doors, it does not take precedence. It illustrated in a graphic manner the value of defensive armour. The 'Alabama' was a large-rigged wooden propeller, carrying eight guns, one of which was a rifled hundred-pounder. After two years of depredation, in which she inflicted incalculable injury upon the shipping of the United States, she repaired to Cherbourg in the beginning of June 1864 to refit. A few days afterwards, the 'Kearsarge,' which had been in pursuit of the 'Alabama' for some time, also arrived off the port. Captain Semmes of the 'Alabama,' partly from a feeling of chivalry, and partly, no doubt, from a feeling of superiority in his armaments, determined to go out and fight his antagonist. The 'Kearsarge,' like the 'Alabama,' was a wooden propeller, but carried only seven guns. Unknown to Captain Semmes, however, she had been strengthened in a remarkable manner. Like the knights of old, she was encased in a suit of chain-mail. Amidships, on both sides, she was protected by a chain cable placed up and down from the rail to the water's edge, the whole being covered over with a thin planking, which completely concealed the armour beneath. About ten o'clock on Sunday forenoon, 19th June 1864, the 'Alabama' left Cherbourg harbour, and came up with the 'Kearsarge' about seven miles from land. When the latter was about a mile distant on her starboard, the 'Alabama' opened fire. Firing now proceeded rapidly on both sides. The 'Alabama' had pivoted her guns to starboard, and in order to keep their respective broadsides bearing, they fought in a circle, both vessels steaming round a common centre with a distance varying from a quarter to half a mile. In about half an hour the firing became very hot, and the 'Alabama' began to suffer. She was hulled several times,

and a number of her men killed, while her shell in return did the 'Kearsarge' little damage. After the lapse of about an hour, the 'Alabama' was in a sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded in her sides and between decks, making large apertures, through which the water rushed with great rapidity. At last she hoisted sail to get away; but the 'Kearsarge' was laid across her bows, threatening to rake her; the 'Alabama' thereupon surrendered, but sank a few minutes afterwards. A few of her crew were rescued by the boats of the 'Kearsarge,' but most of them by tugs and pleasure-vessels, which had gathered round to witness the combat. The 'Kearsarge' was little the worse of the encounter owing to the protection her armour afforded. It is possible that if Captain Semmes had known the 'Kearsarge' was partially armoured, he would not have been in such a hurry to come out and fight, or he might at least have taken the same precautionary measures.

Two years afterwards, the war between Italy and Austria gave the world an opportunity of witnessing for the first time a general naval engagement in which ironclads were engaged on both sides. Owing to the conflicting accounts of the contending parties, it is almost impossible to give a perfectly accurate account of the battle; but the following narrative, compiled from the various reports of it which appeared in the *Times*, will give a tolerably clear idea of the main facts. On the 20th of July 1866 the Italian fleet was attacked by the Austrians off the island of Lissa, which the Italians had endeavoured to capture the day previous. The Italian squadron, which was under the command of Admiral Persano, consisted of eleven ironclads, six screw frigates, two paddle-wheel corvettes, three small gunboats, and several small steamers. Among the ironclads were the 'Re d'Italia,' a fine ironclad frigate; and the 'Affondatore,' a powerful ram of the newest construction, carrying the admiral's flag. The Austrian fleet consisted of seven ironclad frigates, the 'Kaiser,' a wooden three-decker of ninety guns, several frigates and small vessels—altogether about twenty-three. The Austrian admiral, Tegenfroh, had hoisted his flag on the 'Ferdinand Max.' On the morning of the day mentioned both fleets formed themselves into order of battle, in two lines, with the most powerful vessels in front; and the Austrians advanced to the attack. When about two hundred and fifty yards distant, fire was opened on the Italians both from sea and land. They immediately replied, and the firing soon became appalling. Several of the Italian ironclads closed with the 'Kaiser,' evidently mistaking her for the Austrian flagship. The 'Re de Portogallo' tried to ram her, and struck into her with such force as to carry away her bowsprit, foremast, and a large part of the prow, the figure-head falling on board the Italian vessel. The 'Kaiser,' disabled, on fire, with her chimney fallen across her deck, managed eventually to escape with great difficulty. Meanwhile, the Austrian admiral, seeing the danger in which the 'Kaiser' was placed, came to the rescue, and made a fierce attack on the 'Re d'Italia.' He directed his own vessel, the 'Ferdinand Max,' full speed on the Italian ironclad, which, with its rudder disabled and already damaged at the water-line, was stove completely in, and was engulfed almost

immediately. It is said that as the ship was going down, half a battalion of marines stationed in the tops sent a parting volley on the deck of the Austrian flagship, killing and wounding eighty men. While this tragical proceeding, the Italian ironclad gunboat 'Palestro' caught fire, and presently blew up; her crew refusing to surrender, were blown up with their vessel. The combat raged for two hours, during which the fleets forced their way through one another and changed places, when they turned round and prepared to renew the battle. The Italian squadron was still holding its ground, and the Austrians were waiting to renew the attack. Meanwhile, the distance between the fleets widened; the Austrians fell back; and the Italians, after waiting on the spot until nightfall, made for Ancona. Although the Italians claimed the victory because they remained in possession of the field of battle; yet, losing two of their best ironclads, and being foiled in their object—the capture of Lissa—the victory must be given to the Austrians. The fact also that the Italian admiral, Persano, was in the following year expelled the service, gives a certain indication in favour of this decision.

A period of eleven years now elapses ere the next naval engagement takes place. On the 29th May 1877 was fought the engagement between the British cruisers 'Shah' and 'Amethyst' and the Peruvian ironclad 'Huascar.' In one of the periodical revolutions of Peru the 'Huascar' had been seized by the rebels, and had put to sea on a roving expedition. This was all very well, if she had not interfered with British mail-steamer and forcibly taken coal from an English barque. Vice-admiral De Horsey determined to put a summary stop to these piratical proceedings, and set sail after her with the 'Shah' and 'Amethyst,' and came up with the 'Huascar' off the town of Ilo. The 'Shah' and the 'Amethyst' were unarmoured cruisers, the one of twenty-six guns, and the other of fourteen guns of various calibres. The 'Huascar,' built at Birkenhead, was a turret ram, with turret armour five and a half inches in thickness, and a belt of four and a half inches. She was armed with two ten-inch three-hundred-pounders in the turret, and two forty-pounders on her maindeck. The officers of the 'Huascar' were surprised at the appearance of the English vessels; but they were more surprised at what followed. The 'Shah' fired a gun for the 'Huascar' to lay-to, and sent a boat on board with the message that Admiral De Horsey gave the 'Huascar' just two minutes to surrender in the name of the Queen. This was resented by the rebel government, which was on board, as an unwarrantable interference in a purely family quarrel; and they prepared for the fray. The English opened fire at six hundred yards, the 'Huascar' immediately replying with her three-hundred-pounders. The 'Amethyst' tried to rake the ram, but failed. The 'Shah' now fired her broadsides, which were discharged by electricity, and in a few minutes the 'Huascar's' deck was cleared of everything but masts, turret, and smoke-stack. The 'Huascar' continued to fire at regular intervals; but the gunnery was bad. After an hour and a half the 'Amethyst' was set on fire amidships, and steamed out of action. The 'Huascar' now attempted to ram the 'Shah,'

but this was prevented by good handling. The Peruvian was hit several times by three-hundred-pound shot, but only one completely pierced her armour. She now adopted new tactics, first advancing on the 'Shah' and then on the 'Amethyst'; but ramming was again prevented by good management and superior speed. After the battle had lasted for three hours, the 'Huascar' slowly retired, a shell from the 'Amethyst' having destroyed the primers of the turret guns. She headed towards land, but the enemy did not attempt to follow. She escaped in the darkness, and it was well for her she did, for about 10 p.m. a steam-launch from the 'Shah' was sent into the port of Ilo with a torpedo to blow her up; and it was by the merest chance a peaceful trader escaped destruction, being mistaken for the 'Huascar'. This encounter was considered a drawn battle. It is remarkable as being the only one in which British war-ships have been engaged since the introduction of ironclads.

In 1879 the 'Huascar' again came on the scene. In that year war broke out between Chili and Peru. On the 21st of May the 'Huascar' and the 'Independencia,' a broadside ironclad of twenty-two guns, fell in with the Chilean wooden corvette 'Esmeralda' of twelve guns and the gunboat 'Covadonga' off the port of Iquique. Firing immediately commenced between the 'Huascar' and the 'Esmeralda,' and was kept up for two hours; but as it was at long range, neither sustained much damage. Captain Grau of the 'Huascar' at length determined to bring the engagement to an issue by ramming the 'Esmeralda.' She was struck on the port side, but received little damage. Grau rammed again on the starboard bow, this time with more success; a hole was made, through which the water poured and flooded the engine-room, putting out the fires. The powder-magazine was also flooded, and the men there drowned. These two failures to sink the 'Esmeralda' were owing to the engines of the 'Huascar' being reversed too soon before striking, thus diminishing the force of the blow. Although the Chilean now lay at the mercy of her opponent, she would not surrender. The 'Huascar' now charged a third time, hitting her in the starboard side, at the same time firing into her; and the 'Esmeralda' foundered almost immediately. The fight had lasted altogether four hours. The 'Huascar' was little injured, the 'Esmeralda's' shot failing to pierce her armour, although her bows were somewhat damaged by the third charge. Meanwhile affairs had not been progressing so favourably with her consort. She had given chase to the 'Covadonga,' which, being of lighter draught, escaped into shallow water, and the 'Independencia' heedlessly following, ran aground. The gunboat then took up a position where the guns of the ironclad could not bear, and pounded her at short range, until the 'Huascar,' having finished with the 'Esmeralda,' came to the rescue, when the gunboat made off and escaped.

On the 8th of October 1879 was fought the engagement in which the 'Huascar' changed hands. The Chileans had bent all their energies on capturing the waspish little ironclad, which had kept their coasts in a continual state of terror, and had done them a good deal of injury since

the commencement of the war. On the morning of the day mentioned, after a chase of some days, the 'Huascar' found herself cornered by six of the enemy's vessels—in fact, nearly the whole of the Chilean fleet, the most powerful of them being the sister-ships 'Cochrane' and 'Blanco,' two of the most powerful ironclads of the day, each carrying six twelve-ton guns. Grau, the commander of the 'Huascar,' finding himself caught, determined to try to make a dash through the enemy's line, trusting to his superior speed to get away. The first shots were fired by the 'Huascar' at the 'Cochrane' at a distance of two miles; the first three fell short; but the fourth pierced the 'Cochrane's' armour. The Chilean ironclad now opened fire, and its first shot deranged the revolving apparatus of the 'Huascar's' turret. The antagonists having now closed considerably, the 'Huascar' made several attempts to ram the 'Cochrane,' but failed, owing to the agility of the latter. The two vessels now being close together, an incessant fire of small-arms and machine guns was kept up on both sides. Presently a shell from the 'Cochrane' struck the coming tower of the 'Huascar,' destroying it and killing Admiral Grau, who was inside. Four officers were killed or wounded in rapid succession immediately on taking command. The 'Blanco' now coming up and joining in the fray, the Peruvian was soon almost disabled; one of her guns also being disabled by a shell entering the turret. Unsuccessful attempts were now made on both sides to end the fight by ramming. The 'Huascar's' Gatling had by this time been silenced by the Nordenfelts of the Chilean ironclads. At last, after an hour and a half's fighting, the 'Huascar' surrendered. She was then in a sinking condition, hulled in all directions, steering apparatus gone, and swept of everything but her turret and smoke-stack. The 'Cochrane,' owing to the thickness of her armour, (six inches) was not much injured, most of the 'Huascar's' shot failing to penetrate. When the immense odds against the 'Huascar' are considered, it must be granted that this was one of the most desperate and plucky actions ever fought.

Although engaged in desultory skirmishes under her new flag with her old companions during the remainder of the war, this was the last serious action in which the 'Huascar' was engaged. She has survived to the present day, and took part in the recent Chilean revolution. Her checkered career, in spite of her insignificance, has gained for her a world-wide notoriety.

The history of ironclad warfare is nearly told. The last occasion anything of the kind happened was in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877. The Turkish fleet was so powerful as to overawe the Russian fleet, and no engagements took place, although there were one or two torpedo attacks on Turkish monitors in the Danube. One of these was a night attack by six Russian torpedo boats on three Turkish monitors at Sulina; but the Turks, having been galvanised into life by Hobart Pasha, were on the alert, and the torpedo boats were beaten off with a loss of two of their number.

The newest type of ironclad, as the 'Trafalgar' and the 'Nile,' or even the 'Thunderer' and 'Devastation,' have been wholly untried in war—

fare, and how they would behave is a matter of conjecture; but enough has been related to dispel a somewhat popular belief that one well-directed shot would send an ironclad, like an old kettle with a hole in it, direct to the bottom.

With the introduction of ironclads, however, there has been developed an entirely new mode of attack—the use of the ram. Where ramming has taken place, it has almost always been successful: and to the cases we have narrated might be added two of unintentional ramming. The first was the ramming of the 'Vanguard' by the 'Iron Duke.' The 'Vanguard' was struck on the starboard quarter between the main and mizzen masts four feet below the water-line, and sank in an hour. The second case was a much more serious one, inasmuch as two hundred and eighty-four men lost their lives. This was the sinking of the 'Grosser Kurfurst' by the 'Konig Wilhelm' in the German naval manoeuvres in 1878. The 'Grosser Kurfurst' was struck nearly amidships, and part of her side ripped completely off; she sank almost immediately. Although ramming is fatal, it can easily be avoided when the intended victim is under control; but this is not always the case. It undoubtedly makes modern naval engagements more 'dangerous,' if such an expression may be used.

A BURMESE GENONE.

CHAPTER II.

'THEN, Farnwood, to put the matter in a nutshell, you owe your life to the girl?'

'I owe her my life,' replied Mr Farnwood with grave emphasis.

It was literally true. When, at the last moment, that decoit stopped to make his final cut, Mah Mee had thrust out her arm and intercepted the blow, which, had it reached its mark, must have ended George Farnwood's earthly career. As it was, the girl's arm was as nearly as possible severed below the elbow; and she was still, three weeks after the fight, in so weak a condition that her recovery was far from certain.

Mr Farnwood himself had received several deep flesh-wounds, and was under orders to come to Rangoon on 'sick-leave' as soon as he could travel. Mr Anderson, the officer who was to relieve him, had brought up the force of police sent in reply to his message asking for help, and this gentleman had been at Shwaydounyee ever since.

The two were sitting in the veranda, whose floor bore dark suggestive stains no scrubbing could remove. Mr Anderson never forgot the sight it presented on that morning when he arrived so opportunely; to quote the expression he used in his official report, the place 'looked and stank like a shambles.' And he could not look upon one corner without seeing a vision of George Farnwood sitting blood-drenched and faint against the wall, with the head of the unconscious Burmese girl resting in his lap.

'You will have to do something handsome for her,' remarked Mr Anderson, 'poor little body. She is a pretty girl, as Burmese beauties go.'

'I shall marry her,' answered Mr Farnwood briefly.

His friend screwed up his mouth and shook his head dubiously. 'A fellow can't well overpay the woman who has saved his life at such cost to herself,' he said. 'But to marry her! Think what it means, my dear man. You condemn yourself to life in this awful country for ever, and to social ostracism besides. Moreover, you would put an effectual stop to your advancement in the police. I'd think very carefully before I took such a step as that, Farnwood. The life Miss Mah Mee has saved wouldn't be worth living, if you repaid your debt by making her your wife.'

George Farnwood had thought the matter over very carefully; indeed, during these last three weeks, which he had spent on his bed, it had seldom been absent from his mind for an hour. He had learned from Mah Mee's own lips how she had come to be in the bungalow that night when every one else had fled to the jungle. She confessed that she lingered behind when the others were hurrying away, and had at last returned and concealed herself in the bushes behind the *thannah*. She heard the decoits' cry, and watched Mr Farnwood go out with the policemen. When she saw him fall, she could not move for a minute; but as soon as he got up, she knew he would go to the bungalow, and went in by the back way to meet him there. It was needless to ask what motive had inspired the girl; and a thousand times, George Farnwood bitterly reproached himself for having permitted her to say so. He doing so he had laid himself under an obligation he could meet in one way only; and he made up his mind to repay Mah Mee's devoted love by making her his wife. He must do it, though every fibre revolted against the idea. The subtle instinct of race, unconquerable in himself, wholly wanting in the girl, forbade his feeling for her more than an indulgent liking such as he might have entertained for an intelligent dog; and even that was now strangled by the debt she had forced him to incur. Mr Anderson had expressed in the plainest language the terrible bonds such a marriage would rivet upon him; but it was too late to harp upon its drawbacks now. He had given his word, and would not recall it; for as soon as he could walk so far, he had gone to the hut where Mah Mee lay and had promised to marry her.

'I am going away in a few days,' he had told her; 'but when you are well again, I shall send for you to come to me. I am going to make you my wife.'

And Mah Mee had acknowledged the words which it had been the dream of her life to hear, with a simple: 'Yes, my lord!'

Shwaydounyee had risen phoenix-like from its ashes, and save that the huts were cleaner, it presented much the same appearance as it had done before Bok Tsine's memorable visit. The runaway policemen had not felt themselves equal to resuming their duty in the Imperial service, and had deputed Moung Louk to return and convey their 'resignation' to Mr Farnwood. The sergeant, trusting that his fifteen years' good service would save him from punishment, had undertaken the task; and was promptly

placed under arrest until the pleasure of the authorities should be made known. Mr Farnwood had spoken his mind very freely to Moung Louk, and had promised that no effort on his part should be wanting to obtain smart punishment for his cowardice.

In view of the pending war with Upper Burma, the young officer was keenly anxious to report himself as fit for duty again; and the first step in that direction was to obtain proper medical attendance. Mr Anderson's rough-and-ready surgery had patched him up sufficiently to face the journey; and a day or two after his visit to Mah Mee, he was on his way down the river, bound for Maulmain, where he would find means of crossing to Rangoon. He had intended to proceed direct to the hospital on his arrival at the latter station; but, much to his surprise and gratification, he was received at the wharf by the chief of his department, Colonel Grane, who refused to hear of any such arrangement.

'My wife has got a room ready for you,' he insisted. 'The doctor is waiting at my house to take you in hand, and there is the *dhooly* to convey you up to cantonments.—Come along; Mrs Grane and my daughter are going to nurse you.'

An Indian hospital is not an exhilarating place of residence for a convalescent, and Mr Farnwood felt that for every reason it would be well to accept the Colonel's warmly pressed invitation. Accordingly, he allowed himself to be placed in the canvas-covered stretcher or *dhooly*, and was carried up to his chief's house in cantonments without more ado.

Once fairly installed there, he could not but congratulate himself on his good fortune in finding such a haven. Mrs Grane's kindness and care would alone have made it a pleasure to be her patient-guest; but when he was allowed to exchange his bed for a sofa in the veranda, and Miss Mabel Grane took over charge of him, he looked forward almost with regret to the day when he should no longer be able to pose as an invalid.

But that day, if the doctor was to be believed, was a long way distant yet. His strength had been sapped by loss of blood, and the slightest exertion was strictly prohibited. Indeed, had not Colonel Grane supported him in his petition to be allowed to remain in Burma, Dr Ritchie would have summoned a 'Medical Board' and packed him off to England on six months' sick-leave by the first homeward-bound steamer.

'The man will fret himself into fever if you insist, doctor,' said Colonel Grane. 'He doesn't want to leave the country just now, and very rightly. He is marked for promotion; and it would be folly for him to go away home while there's every chance of the Upper Province being annexed; besides the Government wants all its best men on the spot.'

'It goes against my conscience,' answered the doctor doubtfully. 'However, there's a great deal in what you say. And after all, the cold weather is coming on. Farnwood has a sound constitution, and he is in the best possible hands. We won't say any more about sending him home for the present.'

So the question was dropped, much to the satisfaction of all concerned—save Mrs Grane.

That lady had warmly seconded her husband's suggestion that they should take Mr Farnwood in; but had done so under the impression that the patient would jump at the doctor's recommendation, and go home as soon as he could be moved. And with no little anxiety she saw her daughter take her place as nurse-in-ordinary. She liked the young man herself; but Mabel was her only daughter, and was a girl regarding whose future any mother might be pardoned for being ambitious. The young lady had only been in Burma a few weeks, having come out from England for the first time shortly before Mr Farnwood's arrival. She had a beauty of her own, and that, with the fresh complexion the climate had not had time to drive from her cheeks, had already won Miss Grane admirers among the most eligible men in the station. A junior police officer, however promising, was scarcely the man an ambitious mother could regard with an eye of favour; and Mabel had betrayed such eagerness to take her share of the nursing duty that Mrs Grane allowed her to do so with considerable misgiving.

It was indeed the casting together of fire and tow. George Farnwood, fresh from the long exile which had made him a stranger to the society of women of his own race, was peculiarly susceptible to their influence. Mabel Grane, but lately released from the schoolroom, brought ready-made admiration and sympathy to bear on one fully entitled to both. She had listened with breathless interest to the story of his fight with the dacoits, as given by her father and mother, while Mr Farnwood was confined to his room; and every day whetted her anxiety to see him and hear the history again from his own mouth.

He had gratified her wish on the first evening they met; and Miss Grane was a little puzzled to find that the chief actor's account differed in one essential particular from those she had already heard. No mention had been made by her parents of the fact that a young Burmese girl had taken a prominent part in the affair, much less that this girl had saved the life of her European friend at fearful cost to herself. The story, as Mr Farnwood told it, possessed a romantic element which multiplied its interest tenfold; and she was at a loss to understand why such a feature should have been ignored. The young man's manner of referring to this girl, moreover, gave the impression that there was still something to learn; but as he did not appear willing to speak of her, Miss Grane's natural delicacy curbed her curiosity.

Mr Farnwood could not share with her a secret he felt bound to withhold from her father, of all men. His marriage with Mah Mee would, he knew, put an end to all promotion in the police; and he felt justified in maintaining silence regarding his matrimonial intentions until the step in rank, he had been unofficially informed was in store for him, was gazetted. The local government of Burma holds that by espousing a daughter of the soil an officer creates a link between himself and those over whom he is placed which is prejudicial to the free exercise of authority. The theory may or may not be correct, but with that we have nothing to do: it exists. George Farnwood knew it, and meant

to take the last step he could hope to get without imperilling it by making premature disclosures. Mabel's omission to inquire into his relations with Mah Mee relieved him greatly, and inspired him with a certain grateful respect. The feeling which had prompted the Burmese girl's self-sacrifice was, he knew, abundantly obvious, and could not fail to rouse the sympathetic interest of any woman. When, therefore, Miss Grane carefully avoided all reference to her in their daily conversations, George Farnwood strove to atone for his reticence on this point by doing his best to entertain and amuse her.

He succeeded only too well; and ere he had been a fortnight under Colonel Grane's hospitable roof, his eyes were opened to the fact that he found in Mabel's society a charm which grew sweeter and stronger every day. They were of necessity thrown much together. The so-called 'cold season' in Burma is only comparative, and during the day the heat precludes outdoor amusement almost as completely as in the recognised hot weather. Mabel had little to occupy her in the house beyond self-imposed tasks; and the guest had nothing to do. Hence, while the Colonel was kept from morning till night in his office, where work just now was unusually heavy, and Mrs Grane was absorbed in household cares, it was in the natural order of things that the two young people should pass their time together. And if the truth must be told, George Farnwood resigned himself to his dangerously pleasant fate with little thought of the entanglement to which intimacy with Mabel might give rise.

But Mrs Grane, passing to and fro on her many duties about the house, would often note with a troubled wrinkling of the brow how close the two heads were to each other, or with what rapt attention her daughter appeared to be listening to Mr Farnwood. It was very plain that the understanding between them was growing, from her point of view, unsatisfactorily good; and at length she felt constrained to speak to her husband on the subject. Colonel Grane, however, did not share her apprehensions as she could have wished.

'You think Farnwood and Mab are falling in love with each other,' he laughed. 'Pon my word, Helen, you give them credit for losing no time. I can't imagine you are right. But, what if they are?'

'Hugh!' exclaimed Mrs Grane incredulously.

'Well, my dear?'

'You surely don't mean that you would approve of such a thing? A police officer on three hundred rupees a month! When Mr Watsdene, and Captain Albroke, and Mr Herringdon—all of them men in a good position—with means—devoted to Mabel,' said Mrs Grane disjointedly.

The Colonel stroked his moustache thoughtfully. 'I don't know anything about the gentlemen you mention so far as their regard for Mab is concerned, except that she doesn't seem to care two straws for any one of them,' he answered with gravity. 'And if I must speak plainly, Helen, I shouldn't in the least object if Farnwood did win Mab's affections.—Now, don't distress yourself,' he continued, laying his hand upon his wife's. 'Farnwood is bound to get on in his profession, and he is as fine a fellow as we

are ever likely to meet. We will just let things slide.'

'It would be a deep disappointment to me,' sighed Mrs Grane. 'But of course?—'

A glance from her husband silenced her. 'What was I when we married, Helen?' he asked gently.

Colonel Grane was a penniless subaltern in Her Majesty's service when he committed matrimony; life had been a struggle for many years; but the loud lamentations raised by friends of both parties had never found an echo in the thoughts of either Hugh or Helen Grane.

'Is it quite the same?' asked Mrs Grane slowly.

'Quite; save that Farnwood's prospects are better than mine.—Come, Helen! If I can't cast a stone at people who marry for love.'

'Of course we are not sure that they do want to marry yet,' said the lady, seeking comfort in the uncertainty she had a few minutes before tried to convince herself did not exist.

'No, we aren't,' answered the Colonel, smiling.

'We will therefore postpone all conjecture till there's better ground for it.'

But ambition is too strong to be easily routed by argument, however subtle or persuasive; and Mrs Grane was by no means gratified to learn, a few days later, that Mr Farnwood had kindly consented to remain in the house for another fortnight or three weeks during the Colonel's absence.

'He was very reluctant to stay,' said his host. 'He has got some foolish idea that he ought not to trespass on our hospitality, as he puts it, any longer. In fact, I had to be candidly selfish, and tell him I only wanted him here as *chaw-kidar*, which was partly true. The bazaars are full of bad characters just now, you know, wife, and I shall be much easier in my mind if Farnwood is acting watchman while I'm away.'

'Surely there's no fear of dacoity in Rangoon,' said Mrs Grane, rather coldly.

'Not dacoity, in the legal sense of the term.—"Five persons or more,"' quoted the Colonel; 'but there is grave danger of incendiarism and burglary; and the presence in the house of a dacoit-slayer like Farnwood is the best possible protection you could have.'

'I can't say I am a nervous woman,' remarked Mrs Grane, holding up her needlework and inspecting it with a critical eye.

'There is not a pluckier woman in the East than yourself, dear,' replied her husband with warm sincerity; 'but you must make allowance for my fears on your account and Mab's.'

The condition of the bazaars gave ample reason for Colonel Grane's wish to procure a protector for his house and its inmates whilst he was away; and he had explained to George Farnwood that the indications of uneasiness in the city urged him to request the continuance of his stay. There had been numerous fires, whose origin could not be traced, and were more than suspected to have been the handiwork of incendiaries. Burglaries of a peculiarly audacious character had been perpetrated in the suburbs, and it was unusually difficult to obtain the evidence of the sufferers. This state of affairs had grown up since the surrender of Mandalay; and the steady increase of violent crime all over

the Lower Province was traceable to the numbers of bad characters who had come from native territory to ply their nefarious trade.

If Mrs Grane did not regard Mr Farnwood's prospective stay with any favour, Mabel's satisfaction made amends for it; and she told the young man frankly that she fully approved her father's action.

'We were not looking forward to being left alone,' she said; 'and it will be much nicer for you to stay with us than to go and live by yourself in that horrid little bungalow near the railway.'

'Are you very nervous people?' inquired Mr Farnwood.

'I am—awfully,' replied Mabel; 'but mother is not; nothing frightens her. She laughs at the idea of dacoity in Rangoon; but then she lived in dreadful places in the jungle when she first married, and measures safety here by the dangers she used to encounter.'

'Did she ever make the acquaintance of dacoits?' asked Mr Farnwood.

'Indeed, she did,' replied Mabel, by no means unwilling to recount adventures such as have befallen few ladies in India since the Mutiny. 'Once she was left alone for a night in camp at some place down in the Mergui district. While she was asleep, a Malay crept into the tent, and stood over her with a kris, threatening to kill her if she did not give up the money papa had with him. Mother put her hand under the pillow, as if to give him the keys, and shot him dead through the sheet.'

'Very few ladies, or men either, for that matter, would have had the presence of mind to do that,' was Mr Farnwood's comment. 'Mrs Grane can use her revolver, evidently.'

'Yes; she contracted a habit of keeping one loaded by the bedside when she was with papa in the Arracan Hill Tracts, and she has never broken herself off it; she says it gives her a sense of security when she is alone.'

'I don't wonder at it if she makes such practice with the pistol.'

Colonel Grane took his departure next day on one of his periodical tours of inspection, and Mr Farnwood entered upon his office of *chaukidar*, which merely required that he should occasionally satisfy himself that the native watchmen did not pass the night in sleep. He could not fail to notice that Mrs Grane's bearing towards him lacked something of its old cordiality; and while he could not have explained exactly how he gathered the impression, he felt that, in spite of Colonel Grane's earnestly reiterated assurances, he was wearing out his welcome with his hostess. That Mrs Grane's change of demeanour was owing to his rapidly advancing intimacy with her daughter did not at first occur to him; but as the days went by and their repeated tête-à-têtes grew more and more confidential, he began to recognise the truth. As a matter of fact, the mother's prognostications had been well founded. George Farnwood suddenly discovered, as one awakens from sleep, that Mabel was far more to him than she had any right to be to a man who was pledged to marry another woman; and while he told himself that he must seize the first opportunity of explaining his position, and

save her the pain he must suffer by breaking off intercourse with her, he continually caught himself wondering whether Mah Mee could not be satisfied with a large pecuniary recompense in place of fulfilment of his promise. And as Mabel grew daily dearer to him, he braced himself to face the question more boldly. Was he bound to ruin his whole career and sacrifice the happiness of his life to requite a debt which had been thrust upon him? Would any one blame him if he set aside a promise which had been wrung from him by an overstrained sense of duty? Then involuntarily his memory flew back to the scenes enacted that night in the Shwaydoungyee bungalow. He saw Mah Mee lingering alone in the dark forest, to be near him; he heard her pleading to be allowed to stay and share his danger—or his death. Dared he offer money in return for such love as this? He could not. But the thought of marrying her was now ten thousand times more repulsive to him than it had been two months ago, before he knew Mabel Grane.

And while the difficulties of his position grew hourly greater, while he wavered between faith and falsity with every thought, the knot was cut for him by Mabel herself. They were strolling in the compound one evening, and their talk had taken a deeper turn than it had ever done before; though Mabel had never mentioned Mah Mee's name, she could not forget the girl's heroism, and the nature of her talk with Mr Farnwood to-night seemed to indicate that she might safely touch upon the subject.

'Forgive me for asking you the question,' she said hesitatingly, 'but I have always wanted to know more about the girl who was wounded with you in the dacoit fight. Have you heard lately how she is going on?'

'Not a word, Miss Grane. You see, she can't read or write, nor can her mother; so I am unable to communicate with them.'

Mabel looked up in surprise. 'Do you mean that you have never even tried to find out how she is, Mr Farnwood? That you have allowed two months to pass without even knowing whether she is alive or dead?'

No answer from Mr Farnwood.

'Surely you don't mean that you are utterly indifferent to the fate of the girl to whom you owe your life?' she continued almost pleadingly, 'Mr Farnwood, I can't believe this of you.'

There was a long silence. Mabel would have spoken again; but a glance at her companion's face bade her be silent, and she waited for him to answer.

'You are not to think I have forgotten her,' he said presently, 'or that I do not mean to repay her as fully as I can.—Before I left Shwaydoungyee,' he continued, 'I told Mah Mee I intended to marry her, and I am only waiting till my promotion is gazetted to send for her.' He caught Mabel's eye as he spoke, and instantly averted his gaze. 'I did not tell you this before,' he continued, 'because, were the authorities to hear of my intention, they might cancel the promotion they have promised me. My marriage will put a final stop to my professional advancement, and I may as well take what I can now.'

'But is it necessary to do this, Mr Farnwood?'

burst out Mabel. 'Is it fair to yourself, I mean? It cannot be right to ruin yourself thus.'

'What else can I do, Miss Crane?'

Even had Mabel known what to reply, she could not have spoken at once. She forgot to reproach herself for having for a moment imagined that this man was untrue to the character with which she had invested him: he was worthy of it; of the best she could have attributed to her ideal hero. When she did answer her tone was hard and formal. 'Of course, if you have promised to marry her, you must keep your word,' she said. 'Let us go in; I am growing cold.'

SPORT IN BRITISH HONDURAS.

A few months ago a gentleman in British Honduras received from an English correspondent an inquiry as to the sport to be had in that colony. He answered that there was very little to be had, and further dissuaded the inquirer from coming thither to search for game. In this he was probably right, for, unless a man is prepared to rough it to a very considerable extent, and can with safety defy the dangers arising from the malaria of the tropical marshes, thinned food, and often unwholesome water, and has a skin impervious to the attacks of sandflies, mosquitoes, and ticks, with which the bush is infested, he had better not attempt to explore the forests in search of sport.

The statement, however, that there is very little to be had we do not consider correct; and a man who is prepared to face these dangers, or who is indifferent to them, will find in British Honduras such opportunities for gratifying his love of adventure as may well recompense him for his journey to this little-known and only partly-explored colony.

Jaguar and puma are fairly numerous in the southern and western districts; while one species at least of ocelot is common; the quash and the night-walker, probably the quagga and the kinkajou of science, as well as the opossum and the little ant-eater, are plentiful; an animal locally known as the 'Bush Dog,' which we think is the tayra, is found. Otters, with beautiful fur, haunt the rivers, and the howling monkeys are also common in the southern portion of the colony.

Turning to those that would afford the traveller a welcome change from his diet of salt pork and army rations, there are the peccary, as well as the white-lipped variety, the warree, an animal which, when in doves, is so fierce and so formidable with its long sharp tusks that even the jaguar will not venture to attack it. The tapir or mountain cow, more dreaded by the native than even the jaguar, is also eaten, as are the gibbonet, the Indian rabbit, and the armadillo.

Deer are fairly plentiful in the colony, and there are probably several species, amongst which the Mexican deer finds a place. Stalking is very little resorted to, the deer being mostly come upon accidentally in the pine-ridges; occasionally, however, the small plantations are cautiously

approached up wind in the early morning; and at other times the pine-ridge is fired in a few places, and the hunter returns when the young shoots are just beginning to sprout.

The iguana is very common, and the traveller will always be in a position to procure this delicacy, which, though repulsive-looking in life, affords a dish very like chicken, and by no means to be despised even by an epicure.

Turning now to the birds, he will find a considerable number of species. Among game-birds will be seen the crested carassow; the guan, locally called the quag; and the delicious tinamon partridge. On the western frontier he may meet with the beautiful Honduras turkey, now becoming rare, a bird which alone is worth all the journey to Central America and the hardships of travel. Wild-fowl are numerous during the winter months, making their appearance simultaneously with the advent of strong north winds, which commence about October every year.

The commonest of the duck family, at least about Belize, is the teal, which is to be seen in small wisps flying about the marshes at the back of the town. In the marsh-belt, which extends some fifteen miles inland, are found innumerable egrets, boat-bill herons, night-herons, cranes, and a species of ibis about the size of a fowl, locally called the clucking-hen. Pelicans are very numerous, and are generally to be seen in flocks of six or seven around the 'cays' and the shoal water of the coast. It is considerably smaller than the African species, and is of a light gray colour, with the exception of the quill feathers, which are black, and the neck, which is of a rich maroon colour.

The American osprey and a smaller kind of fish-hawk may at any time be seen hovering over the coast; and numerous birds of prey are to be found; one we remember seeing being little larger than a wood-pigeon, with light-blue wing coverts, each feather of which was spotted with black; and another, a kind of buzzard, with tremendous claws and beak, in whose crop, however, we could find only whelks.

The graceful frigate-bird is one of the commonest sights to the inhabitants of Belize, and can be said, indeed, to be always visible. We have often watched these birds sailing along, now rising and now descending without any apparent motion of the wings, though we have fancied we detected a slight movement of the long forked tail.

Parrots are very numerous in the colony, of which two species are frequently tamed and make fair talkers, though inferior to the grey African bird. Toucans are represented by two or three species, and are commonly seen around Belize in the autumn months when the tamarinds and wild grapes are ripe. There is excellent pigeon-shooting to be had at the 'cays' in November and December; the species generally shot is called locally the bald pate, from the white patch, of feathers on its head.

To the ornithologist, an excursion in this colony could not fail to be of the greatest interest, as the number of the different species of birds cannot fall far short of, if it does not exceed two hundred. Around Belize alone we have been able to identify upwards of twenty; while there are at least a dozen more that we know well, but

cannot determine the exact classification, and we have neither taken into account any members of the finch or linnets tribes, nor the humming-birds, of which there are several species.

Fish are to be found in great variety both in the sea and in the rivers; but their capture, especially in the latter, is very seldom attempted, and the art of fishing is very little understood. The home market is fairly well supplied with fish, principally by the inhabitants of the 'cays,' who effect their capture by means of casting-nets and seines, both home-made, as well as by lobster-pots, drop-fishing, and trolling.

Sharks infest the sea, and are found in great numbers in the harbour, making bathing impossible except in 'crawls' constructed for the purpose, a precaution which the large number of deaths from the jaws of these monsters fully justifies.

In order to give the intending visitor some idea of the game likely to be encountered, we will give a brief account of two morning excursions in search of game, one in the marshes on the outskirts of the town, and the other in the heart of the bush.

In the winter of 1898 we occupied quarters at the old military barracks, which are situated on the shore, about half a mile to the north of the town. The parade ground lies between the buildings and the sea; and, as it is for the most part below sea-level, it is very swampy, and affords a capital hunting-ground for plover and crane. When the strong north winds, accompanied as they frequently are with heavy drenching showers, blow, the swamps and marshes around are frequented by duck and teal, and in the early morning one stands a chance of having some good sport. On one such morning early in December we set out to try our luck, nor were we disappointed; for suddenly with a shrill whistle a bird rose from the shore, and with a snap-shot we managed to secure it, a species of whimbrel, locally known as the Turkey plover. The report of the gun seemingly roused to life the shore; flocks of sandpiper, interspersed with dotterel, wheeled around once or twice before settling, while with a loud cry of alarm a 'Georgie Bull' winged its way to the marsh. This curious bird is very common about Belize, and appears to have similar habits to the moorhen. Pursuing our way along the shore we heard, presently, a harsh grating cry, which we recognised as the call of a toucan, coming from the direction of a tamarind tree. Cautiously approaching, we were successful in securing it. This bird, about the size of an English jackdaw, is, of course, chiefly remarkable for its beak, which is shaped like an inverted keel, being four inches long by two inches broad, and was light green in colour, with a band of light purple running all along the upper mandible. The throat and cheeks were orange, and the back of the head was black with a crimson gloss; the back, breast, and wings were of a black-blue colour; the upper tail coverts were pure white, and the under deep vermillion.

At the report of the gun a loud rattling alarm came from a cocoa-nut palm, and away dashed a belted kingfisher. We felt tempted to send the contents of our second barrel after it, for many a time has that shrill warning cry at a critical

moment robbed us of our game. The next moment we were glad we refrained, for flying over the rifle-range we spotted two blue-winged teal, which we marked down in a small pond the other side of the marsh; and aided by the long coarse grass and the high banks of the pool, we made a successful stalk, but, alas! an unsuccessful shot; and the two teal winged their rapid flight inland.

As we returned home we secured a magnificent osprey, which we intended to preserve. We had heard great things of our local taxidermist, and had seen some fairly creditable work of his, so we sent him the bird together with a couple of buzzards and a tyrant fly-catcher, and asked him to skin them. Three months passed away in silence, and then a parcel arrived. We opened it, and there lay a confused mass of feathers, in which with some difficulty we recognised the buzzards, or rather the remnants, but no osprey or fly-catcher. In their stead was a letter from the artist, expressing great regret for his failure, and for which he did us the favour of not charging; but he excused himself on the plea that the 'fish-hawk' is too tender to be skinned, and the woodpecker was too badly wounded.

Towards the end of March we left Belize with a friend in a sailing-vessel for Jonathan Point, a place some sixty miles distant to the south, where there was a cocoa-nut walk and banana plantation belonging to a Captain M——, at whose house we were going to put up. We started about nine on a beautiful moonlight night, with a fair wind. Arriving at our destination, we were cordially welcomed by our host; and after a refreshing dip in the sea and a substantial breakfast, we sat down to discuss the programme for our visit. It was decided that we should make a start at daybreak next morning, under the guidance of an experienced Carib bushman. In the meantime our host offered to show us his plantation. Accordingly, we started along the beach and through a fine cocoa-nut grove; then turning inland, we struck a narrow bridle-path nowhere wider than a riding, and in most places no bigger than the ruck of the Midland counties. After a walk of about a mile and a half we reached the plantation, which was situated along the bank of the South Stann Creek River, at that time at very low water. This river, which rises in the Cockscomb Mountains, and which was made the basis of operations whereby to explore that range just one year later than the date of which we are writing, reminded us very forcibly, with its attenuate shallows and deep pools, of a trout stream. During our walk we saw only a few small birds; and though we took our guns with us, we only got a shot at one bird, called by the natives 'peam-peam,' a mangy-looking gray crow.

For the benefit of those intending to try bush-shooting in this colony, we must warn any one against attempting it in the rig-out as we did. We simply wore the ordinary English shooting-suit, with a cartridge belt instead of a bag; but long before we had gone a couple of miles, we were envying our guide, who, with a loose linen smock and trousers, was pounding along with bare feet, as if he was on a smooth hard road. B——, who had been bush-shooting before, was

better off, as he had his suit of lighter material, and wore innocuous, while we had shooting-boots.

The thing which struck me most was the almost entire absence of underwood, as we should understand it in England; its place was taken by a bewildering network of creepers, well named tie-ties, which ran along the ground and leapt from tree to tree in wild array. The ground was covered with dead leaves, often completely hiding the tie-ties and interlacing roots of the trees, making it extremely difficult to avoid stumbling, and still harder to prevent scaring any game that might be in the neighbourhood. We only noticed one flower, a kind of convolvulus, the blossoms of which were very similar in colour to prim-roses.

The trees were of all sizes, from the 'poke-no-boys,' the size of broom handles, and armed with long stout thorns, up to the magnificent silk-cotton tree, whose wedge-shaped buttresses rose at least twenty-five feet from the ground. We went in single file, our guide first, armed with a heavy machete or cutlass, with which he cleared a path; and a muzzle-loader charged with about two ounces of SSG shot. I came next, armed with one of Lancaster's Colindalins, with BB in the right barrel, and an ounce and three-quarters' bullet in the left; and last of all came B— with one of Greener's guns, loaded with buckshot in both barrels.

Soon after entering the bush, I had a rare fright, for a tie-tie caught under the hammer of my gun and exploded the charge. Luckily, I always carry my gun pointing well to the side, so I only cut up the ground for a few yards to the left of the party; but our guide jumped as if he had really been shot, and seemed very unwilling to believe that he was not wounded; while I was rather scared, and thought that I had minimised our chances of success by the untimely discharge.

After another half-hour's walk, however, the Carib turned round and whispered excitedly that he 'smelt warree'; and with rising hopes, we crept cautiously through the bush, and in a few minutes came upon the creek, now a dry bed, with here and there a pool of stagnant water or patch of soft mud. Down this water-course we stole, still in Indian file, for a few hundred yards; when the acuteness of our guide's olfactory organs was fully verified, for we came upon a soft patch churned with the marks of innumerable feet, and even I smelt a strong and unmistakable odour of pig. With, if possible, more caution, we crept on, until suddenly the Carib pointed towards the right bank, and I saw, a few yards away in the bush, a 'warree.' We all three fired simultaneously; and the Carib followed up his shot with a dash among the trees, and almost immediately we heard him shoot again; and following, as best we could, we found him standing over an expiring warree, which had a large ugly wound on its back. To this the guide jubilantly pointed, and claimed the pig as his prize, asserting that we had all missed our first shots; and having dragged the game a few yards, he went off to look for some dry wood for singeing it, preparatory to taking it home.

As soon as he had left, being rather sceptical

as to the ability of any man, however expert, to overtake an unwounded and startled warree in the bush, and having noticed the great trouble the Carib had taken to keep one side of the pig uppermost, I quietly turned it over, and there, sure enough, to our great delight was a large wound behind its left shoulder, which was certainly not made by the Carib's slugs. We mutually congratulated one another for, though we should certainly have lost the pig had it not been for our guide's wonderful quickness and second shot, yet we were confident that he could never have come up to it if it had not been disabled at our first discharge.

When he returned, I silently pointed out to him the wound behind the shoulder, and he at once affirmed that it was also the effect of his second barrel; but how one charge was capable of making two wounds at right angles to one another he was unable to explain, and he appeared rather discomfited.

He now cleaned the warree, and carefully cut out the musk glands over its tail, and then hanging it up to a poke-no-boy, he piled dry leaves and branches round it until it was almost entirely concealed and then fired the pile. In about five minutes the pig was well singed; and then, having tied its legs together with a tie-tie, he hung the eighty pounds of pork round his neck and led the way home at a fast walk.

On our return journey, beyond losing our way for a few minutes and flushing a tinamou, which rose some distance in front of us, nothing particular occurred, and we were soon enjoying the luxury of a bath, preparatory to sitting down to a luxurious dinner at which stewed iguana and warree steak formed the principal dishes.

If this paper should succeed in awakening the interest of scientific men for this little-known colony, and so be the humble means of opening out to science new and strange forms of life, which we are sure exist within its limits, or at least of enabling more extended information to be gained regarding the habits of little-known animals, we shall be amply repaid for our labour on a subject which, indeed, is to us ever fraught with interest and pleasure.

VIRTUES ASCRIBED TO PRECIOUS STONES.

It is not merely on account of their beauty and great rarity that precious stones have, from remote ages been held in the highest favour, although, no doubt, these alone are the reasons that have weight with us at the present day. Imitation gems are almost as pleasing to many people as the genuine ones; and when they are worn simply for personal adornment, their comparative cheapness is certainly an advantage to those of slender means. Moreover, precious stones are often so cleverly imitated that it is very difficult for any one but an expert to distinguish a spurious gem from a real one.

There was a time, however, when these stones were often prized and worn for other reasons than their beauty; and therefore, even the most perfect imitations would in such cases have been regarded as utterly valueless. Of

course it must not be inferred that our ancestors always wore valuable gems, for even in those days the poorer classes had to content themselves with cheap ornaments when they indulged in finery. But precious stones were formerly supposed to possess peculiar virtues, which, apart from any other considerations, rendered them more or less valuable. The reputed virtues of some were of a most miraculous nature, and happy indeed the fortunate possessors of these gems ought to have been.

Although popularly supposed to be itself a deadly poison, the diamond has from remote ages been credited with the power of protecting the wearer from the evil effects of other poisons, a reputation which it retained until comparatively recent times. According to Pliny, it also keeps off insanity. Amber, too, was supposed to possess the latter virtue. Besides the diamond, several other stones were supposed to possess medicinal virtues. The ruby was considered good for derangements of the liver as well as for bad eyes. The sapphire and emerald were also credited with properties which rendered them capable of influencing ophthalmic disorders, and there is a superstitious belief that serpents are blinded by looking at the latter stone.

The turquoise, although not credited with either remedial or protective properties so far as disease was concerned, was nevertheless regarded as a kind of sympathetic indicator, the intensity of its colour being supposed to fluctuate with the health of the wearer. The latter, moreover, by virtue of the stone which he carried, could, it was said, fall from any height with impunity. The Marquis of Villena's fool, however, was somewhat nearer the truth when he reversed the popular superstition in his assertion that the wearer of a turquoise might fall from the top of a high tower and be dashed to pieces without breaking the stone.

The opal was looked upon as a thunder-stone, and although many women now appear to have a strong superstitious prejudice against wearing one, it was in bygone days held in the highest estimation, for it was supposed to combine the virtues of several other gems. On the other hand, the onyx—so named on account of its resemblance to the colour of the finger-nails—could scarcely have been a nice stone to wear, for, according to mediæval superstition, it rendered one particularly susceptible to annoyance from nightmares and demons.

Temperance advocates, if they have any regard for the beliefs of the Greeks and Romans, might seriously consider the advisability of distributing amethysts among drunkards, for it was supposed that these stones prevented intoxication. Coral was made use of by the Romans as a protection against the evil eye; and popular superstition has credited the topaz with the power of depriving boiling water of its heat.

Perhaps the most wonderful properties, however, were ascribed to the chimerical stones which many creatures were supposed to carry in their heads. Most of our readers have no doubt heard of the precious jewel which the toad carries in his brain-box ; and so-called toad-stones, which were in reality the teeth of fossil fish, were formerly worn in finger rings as a protection against poisons, at the presence of which they were

supposed to change colour. It was thought that the best stones were those voluntarily ejected by the living toads; but as the latter were not addicted to freely giving up their treasures in that way, it was necessary to procure the coveted articles by other means, and the recognised method was to decapitate the hapless batrachian at the instant he swallowed his breath. The feat naturally demanded considerable celerity, such as could only have been acquired by constant practice; and it is not unreasonable, therefore, to assume that although the endeavours to gain possession of the jewel were perhaps numerous, they must invariably have been unsatisfactory, especially to the toads. The eagle stone was considered an excellent thing to wear during pregnancy, and the swallow carried in its stomach stones of great medicinal value.

The brain of the tortoise was supposed to contain a wonderful stone, which was efficacious in extinguishing fire, and when placed under the tongue, would produce prophetic inspiration. Another stone possessing the latter property was to be found in the eye of the hyena. The head of the cat, however, was thought to contain what would undoubtedly have been the most wonderful and most desirable treasure of all, could it have only had a real instead of an imaginary existence, for that man who was so fortunate as to possess this precious stone would have all his wishes granted.

VOICES.

DECEMBER'S wind was keen and shrill ;

The streets were desert, bleak, and bare :

I could but inly feel the thrill

Of wintry sky and leaden air,

Made by ~~hand~~ machine

Of lamp and gas, as on the ear

There fell a voice whose faded trill

Gave little sign of merrie cheer ;

For Fortane's hardest shafts are hurled

On hearts that hunger through the world.

The face was thin and wan : the frock

So tattered, scanty, old, and thin,

Was feeble screen to meet the shock

Of cold without and cold within ;

Yet ever clear above the din

There rose : 'The thief rejoiced to see

That fountain in his day :’ to mock

It did but seem her misery.

And Fortune's hardest shafts but hurled

On hearts that hunger through the world.

'I will not leave thee nor forsake.'

Is yet the only voice that cheers

The aching heart of man to slake

His weary lot of hopes and fears—

Frail pendulum 'twixt smiles and tears !—

To find a haven safe at last.

And anchorage therein to take.

From the keen wind and biting blast

Of Fortune's shafts, no longer hurled

On hearts that hungered through the world.

W. K. LEASK.

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OUR ROUND CHURCHES.

We still have four ancient Round Churches, and the ruins of a fifth. We have word of more in old writings. The medieval historians tell us Wilfred's Church in Hexham was round; and that Wearmouth Church was also of a circular plan. The four round churches we possess are in different parts of the kingdom—London, Cambridge, Northampton, and Little Maplestead in Essex. All the four are dedicated to the Holy Sepulchre; and consist of a circular building, from which a rectangular chancel departs eastwards. They are supposed to reproduce the distinctive outlines of the church built over the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. There is also an impression in some minds that the first round churches were survivals of expression of the same ideas that prompted the placing of huge stones in circles for temples in the ancient times spoken of as Druidical.

All these four round churches have passed through the crucial process of restoration in our time. They have been scraped, polished, and shorn; and are supposed to be now restored to as much likeness to their original features as could be compassed. During the centuries that have passed since their erection, various alterations and additions were made; and they had, doubtless, all arrived at a dilapidated condition, which those in charge of them considered would be improved by the processes in question. Dr Johnson tells us our cathedrals were mouldering, in consequence of unregarded dilapidations, in his day, and remarks that it seemed to him to be part of the despicable philosophy of the times to despise our monuments of sacred magnificence; and we may take it for granted that the circumstances of our round churches were equally unhappy. Consequently, perhaps, we should not look too closely for mistakes; though it would not be quite fair to leave unmentioned the fact that there are many archaeologists who have expressed their discontent that every Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Queen Anne touch and tone, and

every evidence that the House of Hanover ever reigned, were displaced in the course of some of the renovations.

The finest of the four round churches is that in the metropolis, known as the Temple Church, formerly owned by the Templars, and the Knights-Hospitallers of St John, successively; and now enjoyed by the learned legal Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple. We enter the vast and superb 'round' of it through a wide low Norman doorway at the west end, the very same that the old martial Templars passed in and out at seven centuries ago, very richly sculptured, weather-blackened, and hoary; and now approached by a descent of several steps, rendered necessary by the accumulations that have heightened the surrounding ground. As the heavy doors slowly close, the visitor finds himself in a large lofty circular building, lighted by two tiers of narrow semicircular-headed windows, in the centre of which is a circular arcade, or peristyle, of six lofty clustered polished Purbeck marble columns, carrying pointed arches, which arcade leaves an ambulatory between the columns and the outer wall, and at the same time supports the upper part of the fabric, sometimes called the drum. On the tessellated floor, in the silence and solitude, lie the stone effigies of several knights. Above the ambulatory mentioned is a triforium, pierced at intervals with openings that command the interior of the rotunda. This is enriched with a ring of interlaced arches with semicircular headings, over the pointed arches of the stupendous colonnade, which marks the transitional period of the erection, a period when pointed architecture had not quite vanquished the old Norman manner of building. We may be sure the 'round' was built before the rectangular part of the edifice, because in the latter only the pointed arch is to be seen. Less, perhaps, than fifty years may have elapsed between the commencement of the rotunda and the completion of the eastern portion of the edifice; but in that time the new style had completely established itself.

There is a winding stair leading up to the triforium; and as though to help us to realise the rigour of the rules of the proud Templars, there is a small cell passed on the way up in the thickness of the north wall, too small for a man to stretch out his limbs in, and lighted only by two slits opening into the church, in which tradition says offenders were imprisoned, and performed penance. No reference to this cell can be made without mention of an unfortunate Grand Preceptor of Ireland who was placed in irons in it and left there to starve to death. In the wide and light triforium, or gallery, are now placed the interesting Elizabethan and Jacobean monuments removed from the walls in the restoration. Among them is one to the memory of James Howell, 'the worst of poets,' author of the *Epytaphs Howellianæ*, or Familiar Letters.

Next in interest to the Temple is the Cambridge round church. This stands in an open space on the east side of Bridge Street, in a part of the town once called the Jewry. It was built in the reign preceding that which saw the masons gradually raising up the Temple, in London; and is, consequently, of a more massive character. It is forty-one feet in diameter, and the circular colonnade within it has eight cylindrical pillars and semicircular-headed arches enriched with chevron ornament. The upper part of the tower supported by this circular range of columns is, like the chancel, the work of a later century. It was raised to a greater height than the Norman masons contemplated; but has now been reduced from its Plantagenet pretensions and covered with a conical roof.

The Northampton example has likewise seen vicissitudes. Both rotunda and chancel were originally of Norman workmanship; but all the Norman chancel was taken down in a succeeding century and rebuilt in the manner then in vogue; and all the upper part of the rotunda at a later period. Though this, too, was replaced, many other alterations and additions were made which affected the original plan, including the erection of a steeple west of the rotunda, and an apse eastwards of the chancel. Seeing that the wall that once surrounded the town and the castle that once protected it have both disappeared, and that a great fire (1675) destroyed a large portion of the town, it is a matter of congratulation that any portion of this nationally interesting fabric is still left to us.

The Essex example is smaller than either. It is built of flint with stone dressings. A porch has been added west of the rotunda; and, as at Northampton, an apse has been thrown out from the east end of the chancel. There are but six pillars in the ring to sustain the tower, and form the arcaded ambulatory round the building. The windows throughout are of a later date than the original Norman structure; and the roof over the ambulatory is broken at intervals by dormers. In each face of the low central tower, which is

hexagonal, is a small window opening; and its pyramidal roof is surmounted by a vane.

The ruins of the fifth round church are at Temple Bruerne, in Lincolnshire.

Curiously, Norman masons gave expression to the same continuity of idea by forming circular east ends to some of their other churches. These semicircles were in some instances as massive and solemn and austere as the round churches; and they had the same heavy solid cylindrical columns that seem so little removed from the huge monoliths of Druidical times, only arranged in a semicircle at the east end, instead of in a circle at the west end; and they admitted of an ambulatory, only it was round the east end instead of the west. The venerable church of St Bartholomew, in Smithfield, built by the minstrel of King Henry I., Rahere, is an example. The nave and transepts have been destroyed, and only the choir is standing; but this, in its vastness, solidity, and simplicity of aspect, and antique grace, is a most interesting relic; and at the east end of it is a set of cylindrical pillars looking as much like monoliths as the Norman masons could make them. In less stupendous buildings the semicircular east end became an apse only, without the rounded columns that give the grander fabrics so much majesty. The Priory Church on Holy Island had, originally, an apse to the choir, and others at the east ends of both the north and south aisles of it. As time went by, a large number of Norman buildings were enlarged by setting back the east ends, and thus elongating the chancels; hence it comes to pass that, as in this case, they have been removed to make room for these extensions, and only practised eyes can detect they ever existed. Occasionally, a semicircular apse may yet be seen in small ancient edifices that have not been altered. A striking example may be found at the foot of the Bewick Hills in North Northumberland in a small chapel there, that is very appealing in its reverential simplicity, in which the window-openings are but a finger-length in breadth.

Another phase of the use of the circle in our ecclesiastical fabrics is to be noted in the round towers of the churches in the eastern counties. There are about a hundred and seventy-five examples of them, and, with the exception of ten or a dozen, they all occur in Norfolk and Suffolk. Three of these exceptions may be seen in Cambridgeshire, two in Berkshire, two in Sussex, two in Essex, one in Northamptonshire, and one in Surrey. They have all every evidence of extreme antiquity, thick walls and very small window-openings, like loopholes, which, however, in some cases have been considerably enlarged in Plantagenet and Tudor times. The walls are generally four feet thick, and the only entrance is from the interior of the nave, an arrangement that must have made them veritably towers of strength. We can but remember that from the earliest times the buildings required for a community have always been associated with towers. From the days of the building of Babel to those of the last Parisian Exhibition, it has always been, 'Let us build cities and make towers.' Perhaps it is a matter of curiosity that so few of them have been circular; for not only early columns, but early arches, door-heads, and window-heads, were of a semicircular form. Be

that as it may, we learn as a fact that as centuries rolled by, the erection of ecclesiastical buildings in circles was discontinued throughout the land.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

EARLY next morning, about three o'clock, as Linnell was dozing uneasily in his bed, on the second floor of an old Arab house not far from the Bourré Gate, a strange sound and tumult in the city awoke him suddenly. It wasn't the mere ordinary fusillade or boom of the batteries: he could sleep through that quite carelessly now. It was something out of the common. He rose, and opened the latticed window to explore the mystery. Looking out across the flat roofs, a fierce red glare met his eyes to eastward. Something up, undoubtedly! Heavy firing was going on along the Blue Nile line, in the dead of night, in the direction of Bourré.

At the very same moment, even as he looked and wondered, an answering red glare burst up like flame towards the sky on the west, along the White Nile front, in the direction of Messalamieh. Heavy firing was going on in that quarter too. A horrible din seemed to grow upon his ears as he stood and listened. It was plain the enemy had assaulted in force—and from two sides at once. The end had come at last! The Mahdi must be making his final attempt on Khartoum!

With a tremor of awe, Linnell rose hastily and put on his Arab dress as usual. Then he took his field-glass in his hand, and stepped out upon the flat white roof of the tumble-down villa. His quarters were in one of the highest houses in the whole town, from whose top terrace he could command the entire Messalamieh district. Gazing in that direction, he saw at once by the red glare of the fire and the white light of dawn, a number of swarthy clambering objects that swarmed and clustered over the rampart by the Messalamieh Gate. They looked like black ants, at such a dim distance, seen through the field-glass against the pale white wall of the fortifications; but Linnell knew in a second they were really naked black Sudanese soldiers, creeping one by one into the doomed city. They had filled up the ditch below with bundles of straw and palm-branch brushwood, and were ascending the wall prone on their bellies now, like so many cats or crawling insects!

At one glance he took it all in, that awful truth, in its full horror and ghastly significance. Those crouching black barbarians had almost carried the gate by this time, and if half an hour more the town would be glutted and given over to indiscriminate slaughter and rapine. Only those who have seen the black man at his worst can tell what nameless horrors that phrase encloses.

But before Linnell had time to make up his mind which way to go, or where duty most called him, another wild shout surged up simultaneously from the Bourré Gate, and another red glare burst fiercer and wilder than ever towards the pale expanse of tropical heaven.

The startled European turned his glass in the

direction of the new noise, but saw no naked black bodies scaling the walls over in that quarter. The cry and din towards Bourré came all, it seemed, from well *within* the gate. The mad red glare that burst up anew to the sky was in the city itself. Then Linnell knew at once what had happened on that side. Farouk Pasha had betrayed them! The game was up! His creatures had boldly opened the eastern gate! The Mahdi's wild gang was already within the beleaguered city!

In that awful hour, every European heart in Khartoum was stirred by but one thought. To the Palace! To the Palace! To die defending Gordon!

With a throbbing bosom the painter hurried down the stairs of that crazy old native house and rushed out into the deserted streets of the city. The gray light of dawn and the red reflected glare of burning houses illuminated together the narrow tangled alleys. The minarets of the crumbling old mosque across the way stood out in pale pink against the lurid red background. But not a soul was to be seen in the deserted lane. Though the din and tumult rose fiercer and ever fiercer from the two main assaulted points, the silence in the empty houses on either side was almost death-like. For most of the Mussulman inhabitants had quitted the town three weeks earlier, by the Mahdi's permission, leaving few non-combatants within that doomed precinct; and the handful that remained were now cowering in their own gloomy little sunless bedchambers, waiting for the successful tide of negro savagery to burst in and massacre them like sheep in a slaughter-house.

Linnell girded up his burnous forthwith, and ran at all speed through the empty streets in the direction of the Palace. As he neared that central point of the entire city, crowds of natives, Egyptian officials, black Sudanese soldiers, and terrified Arabs, were all hurrying for safety towards the Governor's headquarters. It was a general *sauve qui peut*; all thought of their own skins, and few of organised resistance. Still, at the very moment when Linnell turned into the great square, a small body of Nubian troops was being drawn up in line, to make for the Bourré Gate, where the enemy was thickest. Sir Austen stood at their head and recognised his cousin. 'Well, it has come at last, Charlie,' he said, with a solemn nod. 'The black brutes are upon us in real earnest. This means massacre now, for my poor fellows are far too hungry, and too exhausted as well, to make anything like a decent resistance. We shall all be killed. Save yourself while you can. In that dress, nobody'd ever take you for a moment for a European. Slink back into the crowd, and when the Mahdi's people break upon you, give in your submission, and accept the prophet.'

'Never!' Linnell cried, placing himself in line by his cousin's side and pulling out his revolver. 'If we must sell our lives, we'll sell them dearly at anyrate, in defence of Gordon.' And without another word, they made for the Bourré Gate in awful silence.

As they reached the actual scene of the fighting, or rather of the slaughter—for the worn-out defenders were too weary by far to strike a blow even for dear life—a horrible sight met the

Englishmen's eyes. No words could describe that ghastly field of carnage. It was an orgy of death, a wild savage carnagnole of blood and murder. A perfect sea of naked black-skinned African fanatics had poured through the open gate into the battered town, and was rushing resistlessly now through all its tortuous lanes and alleys. With hideous cries and bloodstained hands they burst shrieking upon their defenceless enemies, who fled before them like sheep, or stood to be shot or sabred with oriental meekness. Every form of weapon was there, from savage club to civilised rifle, and all were wielded alike with deadly but reckless exultation of barbarism. Linnell had never in his life seen so awful a picture of slaughter and desolation. The fanatics as they swept forward, headed by their naked dervishes with blood-begrimed locks, shouted aloud in Arabic or in their own guttural Central African dialects, fierce prayers to Allah for aid, and savage imprecations of divine wrath on the accursed heads of the Mahdi's enemies. Neither man, woman, nor child was spared in that first fiery onslaught: whomever they met at close quarters they ran through with their bayonets or their long native spears: whomever they saw flying at a distance, they fired at with their rifles in wild confusion.

One fierce band of dervishes in red loin-cloths made straight along the street towards Sir Austen's little party. 'Kill, kill, kill!' the black fanatic at their head shouted aloud to his followers in his deep Arabic tones, stretching his bare arms heavenwards: 'Jehad! Jehad! The Prophet promises Paradise to all who die to-day in the cause of Islam. Slay, in the name of Allah and the Prophet; slay, in the name of the Mahdi, his servant!'

As he spoke, a bullet from Sir Austen's revolver whizzed hissing across the intervening space, and passed like lightning clean through his naked body. The red blood spurted out in a gush from the open wound; but the man pressed on regardless of the shot for all that. By some strange chance, the bullet had missed any vital part; and the dervish, clapping his open hand to the spot for a moment, and then holding up his palm, dripping red with his own blood, before his frenzied followers, cried out once more, in still wilder accents: 'Kill, kill, kill! and inherit heaven. See, the blood of the faithful is your standard to-day. My children, Allah has given us Khartoum for our own. Who live, shall divide the women of the infidels. Who die, shall sup to-night with the houris in Paradise!'

With one fierce shout of 'Jehad! Jehad!' the black wave, thus encouraged, swept resistlessly onward, each man tumbling over his neighbour in his eager haste to inherit the blessing. Their red eyes gleamed bright in the glare of the fires: their long matted curls of woolly hair blew loose about their thick bull necks in wild and horrible confusion. A mingled gleam of spears, and short swords, and firearms, and naked black thighs, seemed to dance all at once before Linnell's vision. Huge African hands, begrimed with smoke, and spattered over with stains of blood and powder, wielded Remingtons and bayonets and savage native weapons in incongruous juxtaposition. It was all hell let loose, with incarnate devils rushing fiercely on, drunk with slaughter

and mad with excitement. Sir Austen himself stood firm, like a practised soldier. 'Fix bayonets!' he cried, as they broke against his line. But his little band of weary and siege-worn Nubians faltered visibly before the shock of that terrible onslaught. 'We must fall back,' he whispered half under his breath to his cousin, forgetful that his men couldn't have understood even if they heard his English; 'but at least we can fall back in good order on the Palace, with our faces to the enemy, and die with Gordon!'

At the word, Linnell waved his right hand wildly above his head, and turning to the little band of trained Nubian allies, cried out in Arabic: 'Stand your ground, men, and retreat like soldiers. We go to die with Gordon Pasha!'

The Nubians answered with a feeble cry of assent, and fell back a pace or two.

Then their assailants burst in upon them with a frantic yell of triumph. 'Infidels, sink down to hell,' the dervish shouted at their head in a voice of thunder; and leaping into the air, fell himself as he spoke, riddled through the body by a second bullet from Sir Austen's six-shooter. His followers paused for some seconds as they saw their captain's blood spatter the ground: then another naked warrior, one-armed and one-eyed, with a rifle of the newest Woolwich pattern brandished madly in his hand, and a bundle of strange charms, for all clothing, hung loose round his neck, sprang forward with a bound and took the fallen leader's place in quick succession. Waving the broken stump of his left arm excitedly round his head, he cheered on his horde, drunk with hashisch and fanaticism, to attack the infidels and inherit Paradise!

Step by step and corner by corner, Sir Austen and his little body of faithful adherents fought their way back, retreating all the time, but with faces to the foe, through the narrow alleys and covered bazaar, in the direction of the Palace. As they went, their number grew ever smaller and smaller: one weary Nubian after another fell dying on the ground, and the Mahdi's men rushed fiercely with bare feet over his prostrate body. Now and again, a stray shot was fired at the assailants by an unseen friend on some neighbouring house-top: but, on the other hand, as the defenders retreated slowly and in good order before the overwhelming force of the foe, their enemy grew each moment more numerous and more audacious. Black warriors swarmed down the narrow lanes from every side like ants from an ant-hill. Religious frenzy and the thirst for blood had driven the dervishes mad with frantic excitement. Their thick lips showed blue with congested blood; their eyes started from their sockets; grett drops of sweat poured down their naked breasts and limbs; even those that droppled, stabbed through with bayonet thrusts, and those that flung themselves in their frenzy on the serried line of the retreating defenders, cried aloud to Allah with foaming mouths as they fell to revenge his Prophet, and the Mahdi, his servant, on the cursed dogs of infidels who had sent them to Paradise before their time.

It was hot work. Linnell's brain reeled with it. Their faces ever to the foe, and their bayonets fixed, the little band fell back, a step at a time, disputing every inch of that narrow pathway.

At last they reached the great square of the town, where already other hordes of the frenzied fanatics were engaged in a ghastly and indiscriminate slaughter of all whom they came across. In the far corner, by the wall, a little band of terrified Greek women, the wives of merchants who had refused to flee before communications were cut off, crouched all huddled together near the *État Major* buildings, where some faithful black troops were endeavouring in vain to guard and protect them. Even as Linnell looked, the Madhi's men burst in upon the poor creatures with a headlong rush, and swept away the soldiers with their deadly onslaught. One unhappy girl they actually backed to pieces before his very eyes, tossing her head in derision as soon as they had finished on to the flat roof of a neighbouring whitewashed building. The rest, they drove before them with their spears into the further corner, where a fierce band of dervishes with grinning white teeth was already beginning to collect a living booty of women; while a second horde of marauders, turning fresh upon Sir Austen's own tiny company of worn and wearied negroes, rushed fiercely upon them with a loud cry of 'Mashallah; death to the infidel!'

Sir Austen gave the word to his men, in his scanty Arabic: 'To the Palace. To the Palace. Quick march. Keep order.—There's nothing to fight for now,' he added in English to his cousin, 'but to save Gordon from unnecessary torture.'

THE OTTER.

THE Otter, once so common throughout the United Kingdom, has, like the badger, marten, and wild-cat, gradually become rarer, though fairly numerous in Devonshire, Cornwall, and also in other of our more western English counties; and even more so in many parts of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. The animal still inhabits certain reaches of the Thames and its tributaries, and where preserved for hunting purposes, may be said almost to hold its own.

The habits and natural history of the otter have been so often fully written upon, and discussed at length by well-known authorities, that one would imagine the character of the animal, good, bad, or indifferent, to be thoroughly established and set at rest for ever; and yet, strange to say, great difference of opinion prevails among sportsmen and naturalists as to how the otter hunts his prey? what his manner of seizing fish? what his power of dealing with fish of large size? and last, though certainly not least, whether the otter is a thoroughly mischievous animal in a salmon river, as alleged by many, or if the contrary is the case? There are many who maintain that so long as the creature can obtain food in the shape of eels and other small fry, he will only occasionally kill a salmon. The same writers also assert that the otter does little harm to the salmon-fisher by disturbing the pools inhabited by the king of fishes; some even deny that the otter has the strength to cope with and slay a lusty salmon. However,

it may be safely said that the majority of well-experienced sportsmen, accustomed all their lives to frequent the banks of salmon rivers, and then, by careful observations, to draw right conclusions, hold the exact contrary opinions to the above. This ancient controversy on the otter *versus* the salmon has recently been again revived, and many new and interesting points in the natural history of the otter have been brought to light. The writer's sole object in relating his own personal experiences with this highly interesting animal is the hope that something new may be found among his observations on the subject.

For many years I resided on the banks of a salmon river in the south-west of Ireland. My lodge stood in a wild, out-of-the-way spot; and within a few hundred yards of my door lived a family of otters. I constantly met with them at all times and seasons, and had every opportunity of observing their habits, their particular food, and manner of obtaining it. The chief stronghold of these otters lay near the brink of a waterfall, though they often frequented a wooded island immediately opposite to my house; but the side of this waterfall was their chief resort, and here, or in other resorts of the kind not far away, they remained throughout the greater part of the year. In the height of summer and towards autumn, when the grass and undergrowth became very thick, the otters appeared to migrate up stream, and I believe that about this time they also followed the large lake trout ascending the small streams for spawning. But at anyrate the animals always reappeared in their old haunts later on, and in increasing numbers, for they generally brought back their young ones. I should mention that the river alluded to is of comparatively small size, rising in an upland loch, and flowing through a mountainous country for some eight or ten miles till it falls into a large lake, again to reappear lower down, and eventually find an estuary in a branch of the sea. Once upon a time this particular river was famed for its early salmon-fishing; but what with poaching and over-netting it has, like so many others, fallen off in this respect. The banks of this stream were in many parts thickly wooded and rocky, so much so as to be often impassable to human beings, the roots of trees—chiefly fir, holly, and stunted oak—projecting into the stream. The deep clefts and hollows under the overhanging bank, worn away by the torrent, and here and there choked up with tangled creepers, rank undergrowth, and driftwood, formed many a snug retreat for the otter, and from which the best hounds in the world could not oust him. Though I seldom met with the otters during the daytime, they sallied out from their hiding-places after nightfall, and we often heard their soft whistling cries in the still evenings.

When my fishing commenced on the 1st February I very soon learned that I was not alone in search of sport. Not once or twice, but continually, I came across the remains of fish lying on rocks or dragged out high and dry near the water's edge. Many a time we carried home

what the otter had left, for our own dinners, but this was not soothing to the angler's feelings.

So long as the river continued in flood and the salmon were able to push up the river, our sport was fairly good; the harm then done to the pools by the otters was perhaps immaterial; but when the water fell, and the river settled down into fishing order, I found the animals to be most annoying and destructive. They not only killed the finest fish in the pools, but so harried the water when hunting their prey at night that it was useless my attempting to fish the following morning. The sand and mud on the margin of the stream was often covered with the fresh webbed footprints of the otter; there were regular runs through the rushes and grass where the animals had been passing to and fro to the water, and not unfrequently the scales of a newly-killed fish glistened on the strand. The terrified salmon, driven from their natural resting-places, where my fly would have met them, were hidden away down in the deepest part of the pools, where it was useless attempting to take them, and where they would remain for days after.

I noticed a remarkable fact about this period of the year in connection with the character of the otter, which goes to prove that he is undoubtedly a dainty feeder. During the early spring months—February and part of March—the river was full of kelts or spawned salmon on their return journey down stream to the sea. These ravenous foul fish are a perfect nuisance to the angler, affording no sport when hooked, and trying his patience and temper to the utmost. At this particular season of the year these kelts greatly outnumbered their lusty brethren the spring salmon, fresh from the sea and bound up stream; and, moreover, they offered a far easier prey to the otter, had he been inclined to catch them. But not so; the cunning animal preferred the new run salmon for his edible qualities, rather than the soft, tasteless spawned fish. Many a time we found the remains of fine clean fish, but hardly ever a kelt.

Again, as to the otter being a wasteful feeder: of this I had clear and constant proof. We generally found a fish killed by an otter to be minus the head and shoulders. Often, however, a small portion was eaten away from the neck only. The tail and lower part of the body were always left to waste on the river bank. There could be no possible mistake as to how these fish had come to their end. There, in the firm hard flesh, were the clean-cut teeth-marks of the destroyer, with sometimes evidence of the otter's claws on the silvery side. The otter seldom if ever devoured the whole fish; and further—unlike many wild animals, who return to their prey for a second meal—I never knew an instance of this occurring with the otter. When once he quitted a fish, he did so never to return, no matter how small a portion had been devoured in the first instance.

I will mention one case in point out of many I could instance, tending to show that this is one of the characteristics of the otter. I happened to be staying at an hotel on the river I have described, in company with several other anglers. In the month of March we particularly noticed a salmon of unusual size. He had come up the

river in a recent flood and taken up his position in a well-known cast. We all had a try for him. Flies by the dozen, of every size and line, were temptingly put in front of him, but in vain; he would not be taken in by any one of our lures. At length the river became so low that fishing was out of the question; but we repeatedly saw the 'old lodger' leaping in the same spot where we had marked him down. There he was left in peace for several weeks; but his most deadly enemy, the otter, discovered his retreat and killed him.

One day, when out walking, we chanced to pass by the spot, and there, lying full length high and dry on the grass, lay the old salmon. To all appearance he had been dead only a few hours. There was no mistaking our old friend. The same copper-coloured sides—showing that he had been many weeks, if not months, in fresh water—a large almost ugly head, with the deep hooked lower jaw of the male salmon. The otter had evidently clutched the fish below the body, and from behind, and having dragged him to land, had eaten a small portion of the very best part—across the neck and shoulder—and left the remainder. The fish, though by no means beautiful in appearance, was a clean salmon, perfectly good for the table; but his general appearance was not in his favour, so we left him where he lay. I visited the spot several times afterwards; but the otter never returned. Now, here was an instance of a fine healthy fish, weighing probably sixteen or seventeen pounds, sufficient, one would suppose, to feed a whole family of otters for a considerable time, being utterly thrown away, and thus clearly confirming my former assertion, that the otter is a dainty, wasteful feeder, making one meal, and *one meal only*, off each capture he makes.

I believe that in hunting salmon, as also with other fish, two otters generally take part together in the pursuit, each alternately taking up the running till the salmon becomes exhausted and at length falls an easy prey. I have watched two otters thus at work, but in this instance their efforts proved unsuccessful.

It was one still evening in early summer, just before darkness set in, I happened to be out for a walk, and suddenly came upon two otters busily engaged hunting a salmon in a long stretch of dead water, but a very favourite resting-place for heavy fish. I watched the animals for several minutes. First one and then the other appeared. The salmon kept deep down. I never once saw him near the surface. Eventually the otters lost their intended prey among a number of rocks, roots, and sunken trees at the far end of the pool; but they took their departure so suddenly that I remember thinking at the time the creatures had discovered me.

It is the habit of the otter to have a particular station on the bank of every pool, generally the highest point whence the creature can survey every part of the water. An observer can always discover these spots by the unmistakable signs left by the animals.

It would appear that the otter invariably seizes his prey from below. On carefully examining dead fish killed by the otter, I often discovered the exact spot where the fish, to all appearance, had been first seized. I have also at different

times killed with the fly seven or eight salmon, some of them severely bitten by seals or otters. Every one of these was injured below or on the side, none of them on the back. In two instances when the river was low, and it was impossible for fish to travel up from the sea, the salmon killed by my rod had been undoubtedly wounded by otters; the tears in the flesh were quite fresh, almost bleeding. It seems strange that a salmon should take a fly or any other lure under such circumstances, but so it was; and I may mention that a very experienced Irish fisherman, who constantly accompanied me in my rambles, assured me that one of these mauled salmon would rise at a fly more readily than any one of his comrades in the pool.

The otter, though constantly residing close to the water, yet carefully chooses a dry spot for his home. Often, though not always, the entrance to his den is beneath the surface. Like most wild animals, where left undisturbed, the creature will sometimes come out from its retreat to bask in the sun. A friend once walking along a river-bank in Ireland accompanied by an Irish setter-dog, observed the latter come to a dead set near to a bush growing on the margin of the water; and on walking up to see what the dog's attention was taken up with, a large otter plunged into the water and made off. The animal had been lying, probably asleep, in a hollow of the bank, enjoying the warmth of the mid-day sun. When suddenly alarmed, as in this instance, the otter makes a heavy splash and often dives out of sight instantaneously; but at other times, when engaged fishing, the creature glides into the water almost noiselessly.

The eyesight of the otter is specially adapted for nightwork, and in the dusk of the evening the animal is extremely vigilant, immediately detecting a moving object. But in the full glare of the sun the exact contrary is the case. I have stood within a few yards of an otter under such circumstances without being perceived. On one occasion, when fishing with the river in high flood, an otter glided out of the water on to a rock close in front of me, and until I moved, was quite unaware of my presence. This particular animal was not, so I believe, bent on fishing, but the rising water had probably forced him to quit his retreat under the river bank.

The sense of hearing in the otter is strongly developed, the slightest sound attracting its attention; and the power of smell is still more marked. The otter is an extremely wary creature, ever on the alert against danger. The best of trappers often fail in their endeavours to take him. Unless the trap be very carefully and skillfully set beneath the surface of the water, the animal will at once detect the snare laid in its path.

Finally, I am of opinion that the statement so often made as to the otter in salmon rivers, or where large trout abound, contenting himself with eels and other small fish, and not interfering with the more valuable quarry, does not hold good, but that the very contrary is the case. I believe that the otter, from pure love of good feeding, will endeavour to catch the best fish in the pool.

It is unfortunate that truth has compelled me to pronounce against the otter in almost every

point of his character that I have touched upon; nevertheless, I should be the last to advocate the extirpation of this highly interesting animal.

J. H. B.

A BURMESE GENONE.

CHAPTER III.

'If you have promised to marry her, you ought to keep your word.' That was Mabel Grane's opinion; and in his present frame of mind, a far less definite pronouncement would have determined George Farnwood's course. The sentence rang in his ears unceasingly; he harped upon it until the words almost lost their meaning; but what it implied struck deeper and deeper every hour. He might fulfil his promise to Mah Mee without inflicting pain on any one but himself, since his affection for Mabel had called no responsive love into being; and he dismissed all thought of attempting to buy back or set aside his pledge.

As though the Fates were resolved to give him no excuse for further delay, the *Gazette* issued next day contained the long-expected paragraph announcing his promotion; and George Farnwood hardened his heart, and began to cast about him for a messenger to whom he might entrust the task of bringing Mah Mee and her mother to Rangoon. Chance placed in his hands the man he required in the person of Moung Louk, his old sergeant. That officer had reaped the reward of cowardice in degradation to the status of constable, and in that capacity had for some weeks carried a truncheon in the streets of the capital. Strict attention to duty and good behaviour might in time have regained for him the position he had lost; but between small pay and great temptation Moung Louk came to grief. He accepted a trifling consideration for closing his eyes to the illegal doings of certain Chinese gamblers on his 'beat'; was found out, compelled to disgorge, and promptly dismissed the force. Mr Farnwood's intercession had saved him from severer punishment, but of this the man was not aware. He was in great straits for money when that gentleman sent for him, and was only too glad to undertake anything that would put a little coin in his pocket.

Oh yes! he would certainly go up to Shway-dawngyee and bring the women down to Rangoon: all the honorific appellations in the Burmese tongue could not express his reverence for Tharnwoo' Thekin and eagerness to serve him. So, with fifty rupees against expenses, he was sent forth on his errand.

For a day or two after she had been taken into Mr Farnwood's confidence, Mabel made a half-hearted attempt to hold herself at a greater distance from him. He was engaged to another girl, and so had no right to cultivate the intimacy that had arisen between them to the extent he had done; he had deceived her, and had brought about misunderstandings between her mother and herself. And Mabel tried to believe that this man was nothing to her, even as he never could be more than a friend at most. But this forced reaction could not last very long; she soon found herself seeking excuses for his

conduct, and discovering sound reasons to extenuate it. He had been in no way bound to reveal his engagement to Mah Mee; as he had himself explained, his own interests compelled silence. Further, it was quite clear that he had no affection for this Burmese girl, and was only going to marry her from a high sense of duty. Mabel Grane had not been a woman if, in her bitterest moments—and they were not very bitter after all—she had condemned him for loving herself; and increased respect for his unselfishness, coupled with sincere sympathy for his unfortunate position, not only dissolved the resentment she had attempted to nurse into life, but drew her nearer to him than before.

When, therefore, he informed her that he had resolved to abide by his promise to Mah Mee, and had actually despatched a man who knew the girl to escort her to Rangoon, Mabel did not attempt to conceal the sympathy she felt. She had, too, a vague suspicion that the unthinking speech with which she had cut short their last conversation might have influenced him in his decision; and though she could not recall the words without betraying her regard for him, she was quite unable to let the matter rest where they left it; the ice had been broken, and she intuitively knew the young man would not be disinclined to discuss his fiancée.

‘Mr Farnwood,’ she began, ‘you will believe that it is not altogether curiosity, but may I ask you about Mah Mee? I can’t help feeling a certain interest in her.’ She coloured hotly as she spoke, and George Farnwood’s pulse beat faster as he saw it.

‘What can I tell you about her, Miss Grane? She is just such a girl as you may find any day in a jungle village.’

‘Is she educated at all? Can she speak English?’

‘She has a little general information as a child of three years old,’ answered Mr Farnwood. ‘She does not know a word of English, and has no more refinement or manner than a coolie. It is not nice to say so, but you may as well know the truth.’

‘It won’t be very pleasant for you to live with her in a large station,’ remarked Mabel after a pause.

‘It won’t be very pleasant anywhere.’

If words could undo words, Mabel Grane’s assertion that he ought to keep his promise would have been wiped out for ever.

‘Does Mah Mee know what you lose by marrying her?’ she asked abruptly.

‘Oh no! These are matters quite beyond the scope of her understanding.’

‘I should think she would be miserable when she does understand it.’

‘We must not apply our standard of love to the affection a half-civilised Burmese girl is capable of entertaining,’ said George Farnwood slowly. ‘Although Mah Mee risked her life, and would have laid it down eagerly to save me from physical injury, it would never occur to her to refuse to marry me because the marriage would be prejudicial to my future: that is a kind of self-denial absolutely foreign to her and her class; it is beyond their comprehension.’

‘It is the love of an animal,’ said Mabel. ‘But surely she must know that she has nothing in

common with you; that you don’t care for her. Don’t you think you prepare disappointment for her, besides horrible bondage for yourself in marrying her?’

‘I don’t know, Miss Grane,’ answered Mr Farnwood despairingly. ‘I don’t believe the poor creature will ask more of me than that I will tolerate her dog-like devotion. I hope not, for her own sake.’

Mabel said no more: she felt that if she spoke again, her own love must overflow, and bid him shake himself free of this hideous entanglement.

Mr Farnwood had calculated that it would take Moung Louk at least two weeks to accomplish his mission if he made good speed: he had to cross the Gulf of Martaban by steamer to Maulmain, where he would take passage by launch as far as Thatone; thence it would be necessary to proceed by boat or canoe, as the small weekly mail-launches which maintained communication with ‘up-river’ stations would not give accommodation to natives travelling on other than Government business. He had not felt called upon to say anything to Moung Louk relative to his intention regarding Mah Mee; indeed, explanations would have been superfluous, for he was quite aware that his offer of marriage to the girl was public property in Shwaydouggee twenty minutes after he had made it.

He utilised the period of grace granted by his messenger’s absence to make arrangements for the reception of the girl and her mother. A tiny house on the outskirts of cantonments was offered him at a small rent by a trader in the bazaar, and he furnished it with the few trifles necessary for their temporary residence. That done, he sought out the chaplain, and ascertained the forms to be executed when he should call upon that gentleman to perform the ceremony prescribed for such unions by the Indian legislature. These matters took some little time, and he awoke one morning with a feeling of miserable surprise to recollect that this was the day when Moung Louk might be expected to return with Mah Mee.

How the day passed he never knew; he could not compose himself to sit down and read for ten minutes together; and even the hours Mabel spent with him seemed to drag by on leaden feet. He was almost glad when the signal denoting the approach of the Maulmain steamer was hoisted on the flagstaff; and he prepared to go down and meet the vessel in nervous haste. He must be on the wharf to receive the party, or Moung Louk might bring the women up to Colonel Grane’s house—a contingency against which, for several reasons, it was advisable to provide.

He reached the pontoon in good time, and took his stand under the iron roofing to await the vessel, which was now creeping alongside. He watched the throng of native passengers as they crowded down the gangways until the ex-sergeant’s well-known face appeared. He strained his eyes to see who was with the man; women there were, and girls in plenty, but none he had ever seen before. He forced his way through the crush, and waited at the bottom of the gangway in breathless eagerness until Moung Louk reached him.

'Where are Mah Lay and Mah Mee?' he asked hurriedly.

Moung Louk dropped the rish-basket *pah* which comprised his luggage and crouched at his feet. 'My lord,' he answered, 'the news is bad—Mah Mee is dead.'

Dead! George Farnwood asked no further questions, nor did he cast another look upon Moung Louk's solid face. He turned, fought his way out of the crowd, and hailed a *gharry*; and two minutes after he had received his release, he was driving back to cantonnments as fast as the driver could urge his pony. He was free! If Heaven's forgiveness be needful for one who rejoices in the death of a fellow-creature, George Farnwood stood in need of it that day.

'You must wait until your father's return, Mabel,' said Mrs Grane, when that evening her daughter told her she had promised to marry George Farnwood. 'I can't say anything about it. I—I have no doubt it will be all right, since your father thinks so highly of him; but I'd rather you did not ask my opinion at all.'

So Mabel, having received this very suggestive hint as to the nature of her mother's opinion, forbore to press for franker expression of it, devoutly hoping that when she recovered her disappointment, she would adopt a more kindly attitude towards George and herself. The date of Colonel Grane's return was uncertain, as also were his movements, and as neither letter nor telegram could be trusted to reach his hand while he was 'in the district,' the two young people sought comfort and encouragement in each other's society.

The situation, nevertheless, was not an agreeable one, for Mrs Grane shrouded herself in forbidding silence, and never addressed a remark to Mr Farnwood beyond those imperatively demanded by the barest courtesy. Allowances must be made for the mother's feelings; as she told her husband when first she observed the growing attachment, Mabel had received attentions from the most eligible men in the station; and she had been keenly anxious for the worldly success which it seemed within her daughter's power to grasp.

Moung Louk made his appearance next day to render an account of his mission and claim the reward he had been promised. Mr Farnwood and Mabel were alone in the house when he came, and the former interpreted the man's circumstantial report as he offered it. Moung Louk's story was a long one, and its interest was not enhanced by the remarkable exactitude with which he detailed the various sums he had disbursed. Suffice it to say that on his arrival at Shwaydougree, Mah Lay had greeted him with the news that Mah Mee had succumbed to fever three weeks previously. She had suffered much with her arm, and the pain brought on continual attacks of high fever, which she was too weak to combat. And as Moung Louk ended his recital, George Farnwood felt himself choking with remorse for his joy of yesterday: the poor girl had, after all, paid with her life for her devotion.

He glanced carelessly over the dirty 'account' Moung Louk submitted for payment and dis-

charged it without a word. His mind was too much occupied with graver thoughts to examine it closely, and he scarcely noticed even to himself that the total was extravagantly large. Nor did he remark that the man left the house with his money omitting to repeat the request he had previously put forward, that his old officer would exert his influence to procure him some humble appointment he coveted.

Mrs Grane having heard from the servants that a Burman had paid a long visit to Mr Farnwood and Mabel, unsuspectingly asked the latter what had brought him to the house; and the young lady, glad of another opportunity to speak of her engagement to her parent, explained at length.

'So he says the girl is dead,' remarked Mrs Grane dryly. 'Does Mr Farnwood believe it?'

'Why, yes, mother!' answered Mabel in astonishment. 'The man has been up to Shwaydougree himself—there can't be any doubt about it.'

'I wouldn't be too sure of that, if I were you,' rejoined Mrs Grane. 'Natives have a wonderful talent for inventing stories "to please master."'

'But Moung Louk could have had no motive for telling an untruth, mother; he knew that George meant to marry that poor girl.'

'I daresay Moung Louk had a very tolerable idea of the answer Mr Farnwood wished him to bring,' said Mrs Grane. 'We won't say any more about it now, Mabel; but don't blame me if you find yourself involved in some horrible scandal. If I were Mr Farnwood, I should want some better evidence than the bare word of a native in such an important affair; but I can quite understand he is not difficult to convince.'

There was something of a sneer in her last words, which seemed to imply that she suspected George Farnwood's honesty; and Mabel's indignation deprived her of speech. As a matter of fact, Mrs Grane had no doubts regarding the young man's veracity or that of his messenger; she had no more definite object in view than to disparage him generally; but had she deliberately sought means to estrange her daughter, she could not have discovered any more effectual. From that day Mabel never touched upon the subject; and the relations between mother on the one side and the affianced pair on the other became so painfully strained that Mr Farnwood felt he could no longer remain in the house.

'I'll just move my things over to Roger's bungalow,' he told Mabel. 'It is quite impossible for me to stay here. I would have left long since, had it not been for the Colonel's wish that there should be a man in the house at night; and even now I'm by no means sure I am doing right in going.'

'Of course I am prejudiced,' said Mabel with a slight smile; 'but I think you ought not to leave. I know how excessively unpleasant it must be for you here, and am not a bit surprised at your wanting to go. But, George, if there ever was good reason for your being here, it exists now. Mother admitted only two days ago that she was thankful papa had asked you to stay with us.'

George Farnwood frowned in perplexity. His position was undoubtedly a very awkward one,

and he was at a loss to decide what course to take. Mabel was right in saying that if there ever had been good reason for his presence it existed at this time. Colonel Grane's anticipations had been abundantly realised by perpetually recurring burglaries of the most daring description both in town and cantonments; there was positive danger in leaving two ladies alone with no protection but that of natives. Colonel Grane's house, by reason of the owner's official position as Inspector-general of Police, was just the one bad characters flushed with success would select for a nocturnal visit if they thought possible to make it with a fair chance of escape. An act of such seeming bravado as to plunder the residence of the head of the police department would have great attractions; and George Farnwood felt that it was his duty to remain at the post his chief had assigned to him.

He was confirmed in his decision by a letter Mabel received from her father, which announced that his return might be looked for in the course of the ensuing week; and as that event would permit Mr Farnwood to leave without risking any unpleasantness with Mrs Grane, he resolutely blinded himself to the petty slights which caused him to feel more than an intruder, and remained where he was.

Both he and Mabel looked forward with double eagerness to the Colonel's arrival: it lay with him to sanction or veto their engagement; and though Mabel was exceedingly sanguine, the gentleman's modesty precluded his imagining he would be effusively accepted as a son-in-law.

Any apprehensions he might have had were quickly dispelled when he approached Colonel Grane with his request.

'As far as the man himself is concerned,' said the father, laying his hands on George Farnwood's shoulders, 'I am more than satisfied with Mabel's choice. But we must not talk about marrying yet a while; you must wait until matters are more settled in Upper Burma; the service may require that you be sent there, and it's no place to take a lady at present.'

To which Mr Farnwood was obliged to assent. He had no idea of asking Mabel to share such a life as it had been his lot to lead at Shwaydoun-gee, with a larger element of danger thrown in. But he had been in hopes of obtaining an appointment to some more civilised place, and said so straightforwardly.

'You may be sure I will do my best for you,' answered the Colonel kindly. 'You have done your full share of jungle-work, and we shan't forget that you rid the country of two such pests as Boh Than and Boh Tsine. The Government fully recognises your claim upon it, and if any plums are going, you won't be passed over.'

His cordiality urged George Farnwood to make a clean breast of his intended relations with Mah Mae, and he did so as briefly as he could.

'I am sure you will believe me when I tell you the poor girl had no claim upon me whatever except that, she established by her behaviour in the Boh Tsine affair,' he concluded earnestly.

'I take your word for it, Farnwood,' replied Colonel Grane. 'You were in no way bound to reveal your purpose to me before; and as things have turned out, I'm sincerely glad you did not. I should have made Ritchie send you off home

for twelve months, had I known it: you were going to ruin your career.'

If George Farnwood had been amenable to persuasion, he would have stayed on with the Granes until his name had been removed from the sick-list; but now the Colonel had come back, his services as *cheukidur* were no longer necessary, and he adhered to his resolve to move. In short, the day after his engagement had been sanctioned, he packed up his traps and joined a bachelor friend in a little bungalow about five minutes' walk from the Granes' dwelling. The cool mornings and evenings, which grew more bracing and delightful as January drew on, he spent riding or driving with Mabel; but the intervening hours hung heavily upon his hands, for his chum, who belonged to the Public Works Department, was much away in the district, and, as he often complained, paid rent for a bungalow he slept in twice a month. The European population of India is essentially a busy one, and go where he would, to club, library, or mess, George Farnwood rarely found a fellow-idler with whom to while away the time. The doctor, to whom he now made almost weekly applications for a certificate of restored health, urged him to try to expedite his recovery by a trip to Northern India; but as that implied a total separation from Mabel, he was not inclined to act upon the suggestion. It was of course well known in the station that he was engaged to Miss Grane, and he was indebted to the hospitality of his fiancée's friends for frequent opportunities of spending a day with her. Mrs Grane's antagonism had become no milder, and except when the Colonel was at home, he seldom went to the house.

Two months passed away, and the cold season had faded into stilling heat; the Saturday cricket matches were over; breakfasts were no longer voted unnecessary at breakfast and dinner; and the most seasoned resident was glad to seek shelter from the sun at half-past eight. George Farnwood had made good progress towards recovery, and had extorted a promise from Dr Ritchie that he should be allowed to 'rejoin' in a fortnight. He was very eager to get back into harness. Colonel Grane had been as good as his word, and had procured him the pleasantest berth the Police Department offered for a junior officer. He was to be 'Personal Assistant' to the Inspector-general, and in that capacity would accompany his chief wherever duty might take him. No more banishment in the jungle! Rangoon for headquarters, with occasional journeys about the province. He could not have asked anything better. When absent from Mabel, he need never lose touch with her, as he might have done in a solitary station where 'mails' were few and far between; and there was no chance of the authorities losing sight of him.

The vice-regal proclamation announcing that Upper Burma had been annexed to the British Crown had been issued, and the sent of the local government was temporarily taken up at Mandalay. There were gathered together the Chief Commissioner of the province and the heads of departments mapping out the first scheme of administration of the new territory. Colonel Grane, as a matter of course, was among the number, and although the condition of affairs in the Rangoon bazaars had not improved for the

better, Mrs Grane and Mabel were alone. The Colonel had been made painfully aware of the attitude his wife adopted toward their daughter's future husband, and had refrained from asking the young man to reinstate himself in the house.

The pair had been out for a ride one morning as usual, and were cantering easily down the road towards the bungalow where George Farnwood was wont to leave Mabel. As they pulled up to enter the compound, a Burmese girl, who had been sitting in the shade opposite the gate, rose and looked so fixedly at them that Mabel drew her companion's attention to the fact.

'That girl seems to know you,' she said. 'Do you?'— She stopped short; George Farnwood was staring at the girl with a face as white as his coat.

'My God!' he exclaimed with ashy lips, 'it is Mah Mee!'

RAILWAY STATION-INDICATORS.

EVERY railway traveller knows the discomfort and annoyance which are caused by a hurried attempt to discover the name of a stopping-place. On a cold windy night, as the train draws into a station, one may have to lower the window, shout frantically to a porter, and perhaps learn, when once more in motion, that this very station is one's destination after all. Or one may be crossing England from the north with an elderly nervous lady, who will ask at intervals from the Border downwards, 'How many more stations is it to London, please?'

In the early days of the railroad, before station-names were overshadowed, as they now are, by the staring advertisements of traders, this feature of railway travel attracted the attention of inventors. Thirty years ago, two Frenchmen patented in this country a device—for which they secured provisional protection only—for 'placing in each compartment an apparatus operated upon by the guard or other official in such manner as to bring the name of each station in succession into view before the train arrives.' Since that time, scores of ingenious attempts have been made to solve the problem of a station-indicator, and at least three dozen of them have been accepted by the Patent Office as novel combinations. Inventiveness in this direction has not been confined to engineering experts; many a man—a 'florist' or a 'photographer,' a 'wool-stapler' or a 'game-dealer'—instead of grumbling in the *Times*, has set his wits to work to overcome the evil. Although automatic arrangements of this sort are to be met with here and there in the States, British railway-men have not hitherto shown much eagerness for this needful reform. For this reason, it may be of service to summarise the result of thirty years of inventive work, that the travelling public may perceive whether the acknowledged terrors of station-finding must perforce be endured for lack of remedy.

Observing at the outset that a device is not of necessity practicable because protected by letters-patent, it may be well to point out some limitations of the problem. To commend itself to a railway-man, an indicator must be capable

of instantaneous adjustment and readjustment—must not be influenced by speed-vibration or the concussion of engine-shunting—must be durable, interchangeable, easy to operate, and of reasonable expense. Many indicators fulfil more or less perfectly all these conditions, except perhaps—from the point of view of a railway directorate—that of cost.

Two classes of inventions may at once be dismissed. One comprises those arrangements which are actuated by a cord dependent from each carriage. Two insuperable objections lie in the way of their adoption: the loss of time involved in the march of a cord-puller from one end of the train to the other; and the ease wherewith unauthorised cord-pullers might throw the apparatus out of gear. In one system the names of the stopping-places are printed on carls bound bookwise; in another, on tablets secured to an endless chain; in a third, on curtains whose upper edges are fastened upon a revolving reel. Any one of these is, however, readily adaptable to a truncar or omnibus—this description of vehicle having, in fact, its own army of eager inventors at its heels. It is curious to find that this least efficient of all principles is the only one at present in use in this country. On the new South London Railway, at the suggestion of one of the men, a simple slide arrangement has been introduced experimentally on one or two carriages. It is operated directly by the hand of the guard, and although of much utility, does not seem to be regarded by the authorities with favour.

The other inadmissible principle is that utilised in the construction of the pedometer. A good example of this system is one devised by a Scottish mechanician fourteen years ago. A dial-pointer is geared to the carriage axle by means of a pitch-chain, so that the number of miles traversed by the train is indicated to the traveller at the proper intervals, station-names being marked on the dial radially. Apart from the inconvenience of a closely-printed dial-face, demanding close study, the time-principle is objectionable, because it requires a train to start invariably from the same spot of the same terminal, and does not take into account the fact that wheel-revolution is disturbed by the variable and irregular action of the brake: Still less practicable is a 'Frisco' idea patented a couple of years ago, which consists of a cylinder geared to the car axle, and timed to make a given number of revolutions between any two stations, however distant.

A first analysis of indicator-systems groups them into two great classes: those which are operated by the guard or the engine-driver; and those which are operated by obstructions in the path of the train. Each principle has advantages of its own; and while the latter is the more favoured by mechanicians, the former is to be preferred for express services. The first difficulty to be surmounted is that of inter-carriage communication, most guard-operated arrangements involving extra couplings, and so increasing the labour of shunting. This difficulty is set aside by the principle of actuating the indicators in each carriage from mechanism placed in the permanent-way. But this introduces a new source of danger, for no such obstruction could

possibly withstand the impact of an express train.

The difficulty referred to of inter-carriage communication is reflected in the inventions which involve guard-action. There are a dozen in all, of which two rely on mechanical means, two on pneumatic action operated by the guard, one on vacuum-brake action operated from the engine, and seven on electro-motive force. From the fact that only one of the first five specifications was ever completed, it may be inferred that the inventors themselves doubted the worth of their systems. The very first Englishman who turned his attention to the subject thought to twist a notched disc—whereon station-names were to be painted radially—by setting the guard to pull a wire extending over the carriage roofs, and so rotate a cog-wheel engaging with the notched edge of the disc. Another introduced a complex notion which the free habits of British travellers would never tolerate. He would have the guard pull a cord on entering the station, releasing a door-bolt in each carriage, and so permitting ingress and egress. When the train started again, another twitch of the cord would bolt the doors and also twist a notched disc, thereby presenting to view the name of the next station.

Some years ago a Pennsylvanian gentleman invented a system of collapsible vacuum-pipes, or rigid pistoned cylinders, to extend beneath the carriages, and to be connected on the engine with a steam siphon operated from the boiler. It would have the objection of giving extra work to the engine-driver—of itself fatal—to say nothing of the ever-present peril of collapse or leakage. Two pneumatic systems have been worked out at different times by metropolitan inventors, the power to be derived from the brake apparatus, or from a reservoir charged by a pump located in the guard's van and actuated by the carriage axle. The uncertainties of such an arrangement would be quite forbidding. An American patent deriving its motive-power from a system of collapsing cylinders would probably be found on examination to have failed mainly on account of the wayward ingenuity of its arrangement of the station-names on loose piles of cards.

Of twenty inventions worked automatically from the permanent-way, five overlap with the class just discussed by providing an alternative method operated by the guard. Of the other fifteen, one only involves the use of electro-motive force. It may therefore be said, in general terms, that the recognised motor for indicators worked from the guard's van is electricity. Where this is rejected on the score of expense, the recognised motor for indicators worked from the permanent-way is the mechanical. Quite half the inventions which embody the latter principle have never been completely specified. But it may be instructive to pass them all under review, that, from the varied attempts which have been made to surmount them, the difficulties of the problem may be discerned.

Two inventions stand by themselves. One of them, the production of an ingenious 'florist,' fixes an S-shaped bar horizontally on the carriage roof by means of a vertical axle which carries bevil-gearing. The bar projects slightly beyond the width of the carriage, and engages with a

rigid rod located by the side of the rails just outside the station. Curiously enough, another amateur—professionally a 'photographer'—utilised the same principle two years ago by arranging rotatable rods transversely on the carriage roofs, with cog-wheels and radial arms, to be actuated by a rigid horizontal bar suspended over the roof-level. Such a device would be permissible, if at all, only on lines where the trains invariably stop at all stations and move slowly out of them. Any unusual speed would infallibly cause the derangement of the S bars or of the suspended catches, not to speak of the disturbance caused by the passage of heavily-piled goods-trucks.

A less exceptional method is that of a contrivance riveted to the sleepers, or otherwise fixed in the train-path, at a convenient distance outside each station. The first completed specification introduced this principle thirty years ago. Dwarf-posts were to be erected in the permanent-way, and these were to lift a pendent rod geared to the carriage floor, and so rock a lever connected with an endless chain bearing the station-names. The following year a 'photographer' dabbled with the subject, thinking to actuate some simple sub-stage mechanism by a cog-wheel or prism made fast to the permanent-way. A twelve-month later a 'woollen manufacturer' tried his hand, and covered provisionally an arrangement differing in its actuating movement from the above by opposing a pendent rotatable shaft with radial arms to a roller fixed in its path. A still later idea was to weld a horizontal pin to the side of a rail outside each station, which was designed to strike a series of levers suspended under the passing train, and so to actuate indicator-drums by well-known mechanical means. The levers being knee-jointed and duplicated, the system would be effective in either direction. A variation of the same system carried the cord connecting the sub-stage contact-lever with the indicator-box right round the outside of the carriage—a device quite clumsy and impossible. In 1879 another invention was completed, contact with the fixed obstruction being secured by means of a running wheel, pendent from a vertical axle. A beautifully-ingenuous but impractical idea was thought out by a Londoner three or four years later. A pointer was to be caused to rotate in front of a dial to angular distances increasing with every station. A so-called contact-surface would be arranged outside the first station on the outward journey, at a definite distance inside the 'near' rail. Outside the second station the distance would be doubled, so that, whereas the pointer in the first instance would indicate '1,' in the second it would reach '2.' The contact-surface was to be three times the length of a station platform, to give travellers ample time to observe the movement of the pointer. The inventor admitted that, to provide for sixty stations, the increment of distance of the contact-surface from the rail would be only two-thirds of an inch per station, a difference too minute to be of practical service. Branch lines would also throw the station-series entirely out, and the system was therefore never actually placed on the market. The same fate befell an invention which consisted of a pendulum hung beneath the carriage, to swing lengthwise to the train, and to strike an inclined plane erected in the permanent-

way. The swinging of the pendulum actuated an air-pump, and so provided intermittently the power which worked the indicator.

During the last two or three years the number of patented inventions of this particular class has been comparatively large. Their details would be wearisome to the general reader. One of them places the indicator in the carriage-window, and so permits passengers to see from within the name of the station, while it presumably permits intending passengers to see from the outside the name of the next stopping-place. Three other inventions, all of Californian origin, while retaining the tripping mechanism in some form, discard the idea of the disc or the drum. One of them fixes the station-names on cards slotted in the notches of a wheel. Another binds the cards into a book, and by making them increase in size in regular sequence, enables them to fall into position one after another in their turn. The third pivots the name-cards radially on a drum. One of the latest ideas is to simplify the tripping mechanism very much, there being little more than a vertical rod running on a easer, which comes into contact with a permanent incline, and so actuates the name-roller.

The attempts which have been made to combine in one system the self-acting and the guard-acting principle have met with little practical success. A comparatively old idea is to actuate the indicator mechanically, either from the permanent-way or from the guard's van, rotatable rods being fixed lengthwise on each carriage roof, connected one with another by self-adjusting couplings.

Turning finally, then, to electric indicators, it may once more be observed that this motor seems, in the opinion of inventors, to be most suitably operated from the guard's van. A Scottish 'game-dealer,' it is true, has a plan for placing a series of magnets in the carriages, make-and-break contacts being effected from the permanent-way. But apart from this the system has an objection, arising out of the fact that the stations are to be pointed out on a dial bearing numbers, which have to be translated into station-names by study of a chart—a plan which ignores the elderly nervous lady. A dozen years ago an idea was partially worked out for sending a current from the guard's van through a wire connected with an indicator in each compartment, and an ingenious device was added whereby a passenger could set an alarm to go off when a particular station was approached. Such a plan would never be workable, for no long-distance passenger by a night-train would place himself at the mercy of a succession of short fares, setting the alarm at frequent intervals.

A 'watchmaker' who applied himself to the solution of the problem transmuted electric into mechanical power by means of a spring barrel, which would have to be wound up clockwise at periodical intervals. To be adopted at all, the period for winding would have to be long; a one-day movement, for instance, would never be accepted by railway-men.

It may be predicted that, if a station-indicator be ever adopted universally in this country, it will have to eliminate the demerits which attach to most if not all of the systems already proposed. Whether the station-names be displayed on a drum, a roller, or a dial, is a point which will

have to be settled by each railway line for itself. But the tendency seems to be in favour of the adoption, if at all, of some plan deriving its motive-power from electricity, and the general introduction of the electric light as a carriage-illuminant would immensely increase the chances of a station-indicator. The self-adjustment of the indicator from the permanent-way is a principle not to be despised, and will probably be introduced as an alternative. Indicators will be worked in this way in trains which habitually stop at every station; while in the case of express services they will be worked from the guard's van.

SOME METHODS OF MODERN JOURNALISM.

RETROSPECTS of the past fifty years bring out many interesting facts concerning the growth of almost every department of our social, scientific, and industrial life. Among the many remarkable things associated with the latter half of the century, the historian will certainly have to chronicle as a feature of the times the wonderful development in enterprise and influence of the newspaper press of the country. Journalism has shown a marvellous power of assimilating the fruits of scientific invention and new mechanical appliances. Improvements in machinery for the printing of newspapers have been eagerly taken advantage of, and there is now a widespread distribution of the 'Walter' Press, the 'Victory,' and other notable machines capable of printing and folding from twelve to fifteen thousand newspapers per hour. Such a fast-running machine, however, would not have been possible unless, in the first place, an immense step forward had been taken in paper-making. But paper-makers were equal to the occasion; and webs of paper two miles in length for use on fast-printing machines are now turned out at many mills. Any one visiting a newspaper office of to-day with its magnificent machinery under the care of skilled engineers, engines and machines duplicated and triplicated in case of accidents, cannot fail to be impressed with the immense strides which have taken place in recent years in the mechanical appliances for the production of the modern journal.

The great advances made in telegraphy and telephony have also been widely utilised by newspaper proprietors. If Puck's gridle of wires and cables has been put round the globe, the general community see the result in the budget of news, served up every morning at the breakfast table, from every country under the sun where anything of a noticeable character has transpired during the previous twenty-four hours. While this is true of the morning paper, it is in some respects doubly so of the well-conducted evening paper, of which as many as six and seven editions are published in the course of the day, presenting the news of the world with a freshness and fullness which really leaves little to be desired.

The great demand for the latest news has necessarily led to large additions being made to the staffs of the leading dailies. The Reporting

Department has been most augmented. In the good old days of weekly newspapers a reporter might have been included among the leisured classes. Now, there is no busier man. He must necessarily be active and energetic and of a nimble turn of mind, ready with his pencil, and with all his wits about him so as to seize upon the salient features of whatever event he has on hand, for presentation in a readable and attractive shape to the public.

One of the great problems the evening newspaper man has to solve is how to get his news transmitted in the quickest possible manner to the office with which he is connected. To save time with telegrams, for instance, the *Scotsman* proprietors at great expense put their offices in Cockburn Street, Edinburgh, into connection with the General Post-office there by means of a pneumatic tube. Formerly, a telegraph boy took five or six minutes to deliver a message. Now, it is blown through the tube in twenty seconds; and as there are hundreds of telegrams every day and night, the saving of time effected is great indeed. Attached to every evening paper office there is a corps of boy messengers, whose services the reporters can always command. The Edinburgh evening papers have also a trained service of carrier-pigeons for use at race-meetings, football or cricket matches, shooting competitions; and in out-of-the-way districts where there is no telegraph or telephone within easy reach, they are often very useful. In connection with the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* (with which the writer is most familiar), the pigeons are important adjuncts to the reporting staff. They are housed in quarters specially erected for them on the flat roof of the office, the dovecot including an ingenious trap arrangement and electric bell. Many people have a very hazy idea as to what a carrier-pigeon can and cannot do. They seem to imagine that it is possible to send the bird out as well as in, and that with a little training it can even be induced to go to the nearest restaurant for the reporter's lunch. Of course that is all nonsense. What a reporter expects a pigeon to do is that it shall fly straight home from the place where it is liberated.

A few words as to how it is done. When a reporter desires to use the pigeons, he leaves word the night before with the person in charge of them. This is very necessary. When they are to fly far or on any particular business, it is better that they should only be lightly fed in the morning. The pigeons—two or four, as may be required—are caught in the morning, and placed in a comfortable wicker or tin basket—like a small luncheon basket—with compartments. The reporter when he leaves the office carries the basket with him. He also provides himself with a book of fine tissue paper, 'flimsy,' and a sheet of carbonised paper, 'a black.' He writes his report very legibly and compactly, so as to put as much on a page of 'flimsy' as it will possibly hold. Then he rolls the 'flimsy' neatly up and attaches it to the leg of the bird by means of an elastic band. Or he may send two pages of 'flimsy,' one on each leg. The pigeon being released, makes straight for home. In the carrier-pigeon the home instinct is strongly implanted; and if the bird has been taken off its nest, it has an additional reason for wishing to get back as soon as

possible. It also knows that there is a good feed of peas and maize awaiting it at the end of its journey.

Arrived at the newspaper office, it alights on the ledge of the dovecot. To get through the usual circular-headed opening it pushes before it a couple of light wires, and these falling after it close the aperture. The bird is, however, not yet into the cot. It has only got the length of the trap. This trap, two feet square or so, has a flooring set upon an electric spring. The weight of the bird pressing down the spring, releases an electric current, which rings a bell in the sub-editor's room. The bird thus heralds its own arrival. A boy-assistant proceeds up-stairs, takes the pigeon from the trap, removes the message from its legs, and opening a sliding-door, allows it to enter the cot, where it is welcomed by its sorrowing mate.

Some of the pigeons fly straight and fast. Others are not so reliable. Few loiter on the way; but they frequently are in no great hurry, if the weather be fine, to enter the trap. They prefer to sun themselves on the ridge of a neighbouring house. The feelings of a sub-editor waiting for the end of a meeting or the result of a football match under such circumstances may be better imagined than described. At the Altcar coursing meeting the pigeon that brought the result of the final in the Waterloo Cup was shot as it neared its cot, so as to prevent the possibility of any such delay. But the Edinburgh carriers have not yet had such hard lines meted out to them. For press purposes, carrier-pigeons are seldom flown farther than twenty miles from home. But they are constantly in use within a ten-mile radius of the city, and often do good work. It was a carrier-pigeon that brought to Edinburgh the intelligence that the first train with Royalty in it had passed over the Forth Bridge. The bird was liberated from a carriage window of the royal train exactly in the centre of the bridge, and went home in about eight minutes. Other pigeons took messages from both sides of the Forth recording the progress of the ceremonials.

During the visit in October last of Mr Gladstone to Midlothian, the reporters of the evening papers in Edinburgh were put upon their mettle; and some feats in reporting and prompt newspaper printing were accomplished which it would be difficult to match in the history of the newspaper press of the country. Whether he is in office or in the cold shade of opposition, Mr Gladstone's speeches never fail to awaken an extraordinary amount of interest in the country. On each occasion he has visited Scotland Mr Gladstone has been reported with an accuracy and fullness which the right honourable gentleman has very heartily acknowledged. In October last the country was on the *qui vive* to hear what the ex-premier had to say on Home Rule and Disestablishment; and the 'special edition' with a verbatim report of the speeches was looked for by the public. How the evening papers reported Mr Gladstone verbatim, set up the types, printed the paper, and had the news-boys in the streets of Edinburgh selling the 'special' before the meeting at which the speech was delivered had separated, will no doubt

interest those who are not initiated in the secrets of a newspaper office.

Mr Gladstone addressed four meetings—two in Edinburgh, in the Corn Exchange and Music Hall; one at West Calder; and one at Dalkeith. The arrangements for reporting these meetings were of an elaborate nature. Every detail was carefully studied beforehand. Nothing was left to chance, and no effort was spared to make the work complete. In the Corn Exchange, the Committee which organised the meeting provided ample accommodation for the army of reporters who were present not only from all parts of Scotland but from England and Ireland.

The corps of the *Dispatch* consisted of nine reporters, a gentleman to keep time, and another to collect the 'copy'—that is, the written-out portions of the speech. The chief reporter, who had made the arrangements, took a check-note. That is to say, he took a note right through the speech, in case any words might accidentally be dropped between the turns of the other reporters. The moment the meeting began the nine reporters commenced their work. Each reporter took a minute turn. That means that he took a short-hand note of the speech for a minute, and then proceeded to write it out in long hand for the printers, his next neighbour meantime taking a note of the speaker also for a minute. This minute turn is quite an innovation in reporting. The turn used to be of five minutes. Three minutes were accounted a very short turn. But with men who can keep their heads, and put themselves unreservedly for the occasion at the disposal of the time-keeper, a minute turn gives fast results. The time-keeper is an important functionary in such a schema. With watch in hand he passes the turns round, rigidly adhering to a minute in each case. A good reporter can write out a minute turn in about five minutes. At the Corn Exchange meeting each reporter had thus three or four minutes to breathe and to read over his copy before his turn came round again. The 'takes,' numbered with the letters of the alphabet, 'A, B, C,' &c., as they were finished were handed to the person appointed to collect the copy, who noted the turn on a slip before him, put the manuscript into a numbered envelope, and handed it to a messenger whose duty it was to take it to the side-door of the Exchange. From this door to the *Dispatch* office in Cockburn Street, one-third of a mile distant, there was a chain of messengers, each with a 'beat' of about one hundred yards to cover. The lad 'No. 2,' who received it at the door ran with it to 'No. 3,' who passed it on to 'No. 4,' and so it went from hand to hand until it reached the printing office. Immediately the letter was out of his hand, the messenger returned to his original starting-point to await the next batch of copy. This plan answered admirably; the reporters in the hall worked with precision, and the messengers outside loyally seconded their efforts.

In the printing office there was in attendance a large staff of compositors, who dealt with the copy as it was handed in; and so the work of reporting, transcribing, transmitting copy to the office, and setting up the types went on while the speaker was electrifying the great audience with

his oratory. As Mr Gladstone neared the close of his speech, which lasted an hour and twenty-five minutes, the time-keeper, according to instructions, began to reduce the turns in such a way that the reporter who took the last of the address had only a few sentences to write; and it is nothing more than bare fact to say that the cheering which greeted the close of the oration had hardly subsided when the messenger with the end of the completed report was hurrying out at the door. It was in the office five minutes later; and such is the power of organisation well directed, that in ten minutes more the compositors had done their work, and the types were ready to be stereotyped.

The delay that at present takes place in stereotyping is heart-breaking to the manager pushing forward a 'special edition.' It is one of the things which has yet to be overcome. As many people know, an impression is taken off the types by pressing upon them, in a hot press, a layer of what may be popularly described as *paper-mould*. About a quarter of an hour is required for the setting or stiffening of this matrix from which the metal plate is cast. On this particular evening the whole process was forced through in about twelve minutes. The plate was in the machine-room a minute or so afterwards; and the machines were running within half an hour of the time Mr Gladstone ended his speech. As there were resolutions to be moved after the great orator had sat down, the newsboys were able to sell for a halfpenny to the people as they left the Corn Exchange a paper with a verbatim report in it of the speech to which they had been listening. As the speech was over four columns in length, this was a feat of which the paper had every reason to be proud.

For West Calder, which is sixteen miles from Edinburgh, arrangements of a different nature had to be made. The Post-office authorities having refused to provide telegraphic facilities for transmitting Mr Gladstone's speech to Edinburgh, an arrangement had to be made with the Caledonian Railway Company to convey the reporters to Edinburgh by a special train immediately after the meeting. The hour of the meeting was 3.30 p.m., and, judging from his Corn Exchange speech, it was guessed that Mr Gladstone would speak at West Calder for an hour and twenty-five minutes. The time for the departure of the 'special' was therefore fixed for five o'clock. As a matter of fact, the ex-premier sat down at 4.53, so that little time was lost. The speech was all written up in the meeting save the last two turns, and these were finished in the railway carriage. Advantage was also taken of the short time—twenty minutes spent in the journey—to prepare the copy for the compositors. When the special train drew up at the West Princes Street station, one of the party jumped into a hansom and took the whole of the copy to the office. There a largely augmented staff of compositors was in waiting. The speech, also over four columns in length, was set up in an incredibly short space of time; and at 6.30 p.m.—an hour and a half after Mr Gladstone had finished his speech at a place sixteen miles off—the paper, with a verbatim report of the speech, was selling on the streets.

For the Dalkeith meeting, which took place

on a Saturday, quite a novel method of transmitting the copy to Edinburgh was organised. This was by means of a special corps of bicyclists, who willingly gave their services for the occasion, and though the afternoon was wet and the roads bad, entered very heartily into the whole matter. This is perhaps the first time bicyclists have so systematically performed such work. A bicyclist was despatched from Dalkeith every ten minutes, and the five or six miles between that burgh and the capital were covered in splendid time. These arrangements, carefully planned in all their details, worked in the smoothest possible way, so that in about an hour and forty minutes after the Dalkeith meeting was over, a long verbatim report of Mr Gladstone's speech was in circulation in Edinburgh.

Many people look upon a newspaper office as a very mysterious place. How the work is done they never inquire. This article may help them to an understanding of the problem, and at the same time give the public an idea what newspaper people have to strive after in order to place before their readers the latest and fullest news of the day and night.

A NOVA-SCOTIA SUGAR-CAMP.

THERE is a sugary, sap-like odour in the air. The gentle spring breeze fans it through the maple trees, up the winding path to the old homestead. The crackling of wood-fires, a babbling of some boiling liquid, a sound of chopping—all these are the burden of the same breeze. Many voices ring out—a snatch, perhaps, of a French ballad, or a lusty young voice trolling out 'The Maple-leaf for Ever.' The homestead is deserted, and we follow after the truant family. We find them at last in the maple grove; and a gay party they and their neighbours, who have come to assist at the sugar-making, are. They are not idle, for all realise that no time is to be lost, for the work must be got through in the coming six weeks of March and April, ere the sun shines too warily.

The tall rock-maples, Spartan-like, hold their heads haughtily erect, as if to conceal their injuries, for the blood of these forest beauties is being slowly drained away. A triangular notch is made in each trunk, and in this a chip is placed so as to form a spout; or a hole is bored and a wooden 'leader' inserted. A bucket below catches the reluctant drops; but if the preceding night has been cold and the day mild, a goodly outpouring may be expected.

Next comes the straining process, and then one realises why the Canadians have so decided a preference for 'white sugar' (the adjective applies not, as would be supposed, to the sugar, but to the complexion of its maker), or sugar not made by Indians. In an Indian camp, cleanliness is not consulted, a blanket that has been in use for a season or so being considered an excellent strainer. Here order prevails, and proper woollen cloths are at hand.

Bonfires are gradually melting away the snow, for 'Winter still lingers in the lap of Spring.' The heat draws tears from the crystal icicles yet on the bare branches of the trees. Over the fires swing great iron pots, in which the sap is being 'boiled down' till the proper consistency

is attained. The time of boiling varies with the quality of the sap, and is at best a painstaking process, for the heat is intense, and the 'woody' odour arising with the vapour is overpowering. Maple honey is the first manufacture. As soon as the sap ceases to be watery, the bottles are filled with this Canadian delicacy, and the remaining liquid is watched patiently; careful stirring is needed here, for a pot of scorched syrup is a heavy loss.

The sap rises above the mouth of the pot in great golden-brown bubbles, and then falls again under the hand of the patient stirrer. Children congregate around these centres of sweetness. It is necessary near the end to try the syrup every few minutes by dropping a little on a ball of snow, when, if done, it speedily hardens; and many are the applicants for this post of honour and emolument.

A number of rude baskets and small canoes of brick bark are at hand. After the thickened sap has been chilled, it is packed in these, ready for the market, where it will be known as 'maple wax' or maple candy. The maple sugar is yet in a solvent state, and keeping the great spoon in constant motion through the heavy liquid mass is no light work. At last the molasses becomes 'sandy' or 'grains.' The great work is accomplished—the sugar is made. Moulds, which the young people have been greasing, are now forthcoming. They are of many designs—cubes, hearts, bricks, houses. These are filled and set away to harden. Their appearance in the shop windows will gladden the hearts of the young and old sweet-toothed generation. A considerable quantity is reserved for home use, for the farmer prefers it to ordinary sugar for sweetening tea, coffee, or apple sauce; and happy is that man who partakes of the genuine Nova-Scotia buckwheat cake spread with translucent maple-honey.

A TWILIGHT SONG.

THE thrush has piped his last clear note
To herald twilight's hour,
And fragrant breezes gently float
Around your silent bower.
Now drops the dusky robe of Night,
And, clasping it above,
One jewelled star shines clear and bright—
It is the Star of Love!
Yet cold and cheerless seems its ray,
Sweetheart! while you are far away.

The fountain, like a fairy lute,
In tinkling cadence falls;
And through the wood, with fitful hoot,
His mate the owl calls.
The crescent moon behind the hill
Creeps up, with silvery light;
Yet round your bower I linger still,
While evening grows to night,
And count each weary hour a day,
Sweetheart! while you are far away.

JAMES WALTER BROWN.

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BOLTS FROM THE BLUE.

BY MISS LYNN LINTON.

'CALL no man happy till the day of his death,' says the wise old Eastern aphorism. And yet we live as if the transient were the eternal, and esteem ourselves safe for all time because for the moment we are undisturbed and unthreatened. The skies are serene; no clouds are on the horizon; happiness, prosperity, peace—all are ours; and we drink as if the fount were inexhaustible. And then suddenly, without warning, the Bolt falls from the Blue, and the whole fair fabric of delight is destroyed. The lordly pleasure-house built for the soul wherein to dwell for ever, is a heap of ruins, out of which not even the most modest little shieling where happiness may hide, can ever be reconstructed. The children's voices are hushed and their pattering little feet are still. Caused no one knows why, and coming no one knows whence, that cruel demon we call diphtheria has seized on them as a wolf might seize on a couple of lambs playing by the side of the mother, strong to love and powerless to protect. Before we can well realise their danger they are sleeping in the cradle which is their coffin, that last long sleep of death which knows no waking; and our eyes will behold them no more. And with them has gone out the very light of our life—the very joy of the day and the peace of the night.

More suddenly still that bolt comes out of the blue when the husband and father, who set forth in the full possession of health and strength, glad of the 'southerly wind and the cloudy sky' which 'proclaimed it a hunting morning,' is brought home in the mournful way proper to the huntsman who has missed the big jump and broken his neck in the fall. When the shattered body is that of the sweet young wife whose beauty has been trampled out for ever under the hoofs of her stumbling horse—or haply if the silver cord has been loosened and the golden bowl broken on the heap of stones by the wayside, when the fiery chestnuts forgot their training

and the coachman lost both head and hand—that, too, was a bolt out of the blue for which no warning prepared the sorrowing survivors—the wreck of all happiness both in the present and the future—the ruin of the soul's pleasure-house and the enduring eclipse of the sun-god. These lives so suddenly destroyed by the unexpected death of those they love, are like to those 'ships which have gone down at sea When heaven was all tranquillity.' If only they had had time to prepare! they say; if some portent had presaged that annihilating bolt, it could be more easily borne! But the suddenness seems to paralyse the faculty of resignation, and the stricken heart can do nothing but lament. For which of us can say with Marcus Aurelius that we 'willingly give ourselves up to Clotho, allowing her to spin our thread into whatever things she pleases?' To spin these sudden sorrows tries us all; and Divinity itself will be merciful to Despair.

All your affairs are in perfect order and your securities are apparently as safe as the Bank of England. All your affairs are in the hands of your family solicitor; and your family solicitor is a man for whom Argus might shut his eyes, and whom Theristes himself would be hard put to it to revere. The whole edifice of your fortunes seems to be as solid as those great pyramids which earthquakes themselves have not destroyed. And then, pouf! the whole vanishes like smoke. The bolt comes out of the blue; and here again you stand among the ruins of what was once so noble a pleasure-house. Your family solicitor proves himself one of those luckless rogues of whom we have had more than one example. He has tampered with his clients' securities, yours among the rest—speculated—lost—and now has had to flee to those convenient sanctuaries still maintained in Spain, where fraudulent bankrupts and dishonest trustees find safe shelter from the pursuer, and snap their fingers at that outraged Justice vainly flourishing her blunted sword across the barriers. Thousands of miserable beings have been ruined in this manner—from affluence suddenly reduced to poverty—the

destructive bolt falling from a cloudless sky without prefatory warning or so much as the shadow of a passing little curl-cloud heralding the evil to come.

The local bank that has stood four-square for over a century, one day suddenly collapsed like a forest tree eaten to the heart by white ants—the fine old mansion with its priceless heirlooms licked into nothingness by the fierce flames which nothing could subdue—the sudden arrest of the favourite son whose fair outside was believed in as implicitly as veneer is sometimes taken for solid material, or enamelled slate is prized as marble—the sudden elopement of the favourite daughter whose base intrigue had been kept as secret as the grave—all these are bolts out of the blue which overcome and destroy; and when they have fallen, the roof-tree of the goodly pleasure-house has fallen too, and there is no more dwelling to be found therein. Then we have nothing for it but to cover our face decently in our mantle and sink at the foot of the statue of resignation, bearing with such dignity of patience as we can command the evil which no energy can cure.

Bolts of a minor sort come tumbling out of the blue, to fall on our heads when least expected. There is that friend in whose love for us we have believed as implicitly as we have believed in our own for him. Suddenly, we do not know why, the scene changes and the whole thing dissolves into nothingness. Offence has been taken at some microscopic oversight—an oversight so small that we ourselves were not conscious of it; but to our friend it was large enough to swallow up all the sweets of that happy past of mutual trust, mutual love, and to destroy at least for the time the fair garden of our souls. And though perhaps this destruction may be remedied, and fresh flowers may grow and bloom where those others once grew and bloomed and then lay dead, still, for all that, the renovated is never the same as the original, and 'old things are best' in more senses than one. And also, when once this kind of bolt has come out of the blue, one never knows if another may not follow after. All that sense of security which made part of the play has gone, and can never be restored. That which has been may be again; and where one of the supports of a two-legged stool has broken, the chances are it will break again.

A bolt of the same kind is in the sudden treachery of a trusted friend—one loved, believed in, confided in. Without the overcasting warning of a coolness—the muttering thunder of a quarrel—you hear of all sorts of ill-natured things which your friend, your Abba and fidus Achates, has said of you. Things told in confidence have been whispered abroad, with embroideries and tags and jags superadded. Or, if the circumstances themselves have not been told, they have been made as it were the pedestals for an image as little like your real self as a negro from Central Africa is like a Greek god. When you opened your heart and poured into the hands of your friend the treasures of your confidence, not a word of remonstrance, of rebuke, of another principle broke the harmony that was between you. You did not know that your confidant took this view of the matter and blamed you and not your antagonist. You find it out only from that

invariable third person, to whom your friend has made a present of that which you confided to him; and you find also that the whole appearance of sympathy has been a sham. The bolt has fallen out of the blue with a vengeance; and between surprise and pain you scarce know which is greater. For indeed no greater shock of its own kind can come to any one than this sudden misinterpretation of actions, words, and motives, made by one from whom no cross-cross enmity has hitherto been suspected. Selfish, are you?—insincere?—artificial?—affected?—a mere pumpkin at your best?—mean? if you are prudent—shamefully reckless? if generous. Yes, all this and more form those bolts which come out of the blue with a sounding rap on your poor unsuspecting pate—sure as the booming launched by the well-practised black-fellow, and swift as the arrow let fly from the bow. Such a cloudless blue as it was overhead, and such a stunning blow that came when the bolt tumbled from sky to earth!

Friends indeed have a mighty pretty knack of manufacturing their bolts when least expected. Where love has one peril, friendship has twenty; and far more wary walking is needed for the latter than for the former. Love forgives more easily; and friendship sulks more pertinaciously. The fervour of the one consumes dissatisfaction as fire destroys dry grass and heather; but friendship, which is less warm, is less forgiving, and dissatisfaction remains in full vigour, as it might be grass and heather wet with dew, and a lighted match dropped among the branches. Friends demand so much. You must go and come and fetch and carry and be always ready and always willing, else are there huffs and tears and pouts and slights and the whole battery of offence-taking fired point-blank unto your face. You have to give valid reasons why, and go into minute particulars how, and show that a very big force indeed—a force of circumstances quite elephantine—has prevented your doing this and that, as your friend desired, else will you not be forgiven—and then look out for bolts! Friendship asks tremendous interest on its capital, and if the one friend is of stronger character than the other, that interest has but one name and that is Slavery. In the event of two strong characters coming together, and the one 'trying it on,' while the other refuses, then those bolts we know of fall fast and heavy, and the whole concern comes to the Irishman's immortal smithereens.

You have made a very pleasant acquaintance, perhaps rather rashly, and without voucher or godfather. Still, you suspect no evil and see no trace of any; and your new friend is really very charming. You give yourself away like the impulsive and morally credulous fool you are, and after you have committed yourself to public companionship and patronage, the bolt comes out of the blue and you are hard hit as it falls. Your new friend is a man of more than doubtful antecedents—of character no more 'sweet' than so much thunder-turned milk! And after all his 'nice talk,' too, and fine high-sounding professions of a noble faith and a superior morality—that fly-blown past the real thing, and this unspotted appearance the mere mask and sham! Well for you, whoever you may be, if you have not given yourself away irrevocably—if, as a man, you have not gravely

pledged your credit—if, as a woman, you have not bestowed hand and heart and funds and future on one absolutely unworthy of any trust whatsoever. If you have, and then the truth becomes known, the biggest bolt that ever fell out of the blue anywhere will not equal that with which you will be overthrown—beaten to the ground, and left there unable ever to rise from it again.

A little pain—a small uneasiness makes itself manifest here or there in the complicated mechanism of your body. A prudent decision to go to the doctor and hear what is amiss is the result. A consultation follows; then a grave glance into your face to see how much stuff you have, how much power of bearing—and then is pronounced your doom—'Internal cancer, and your tether of life not longer than four months'! Here is a bolt out of the blue in good truth! You had no kind of suspicion of any seriousness in the character of your disease; disease indeed you did not think it—only a temporary trumpery little disorder. You thought it wiser and more prudent to take advice than to go blundering on in the dark; and here you are—doomed to death and in the stage of hopelessness, where you believed you were only in that of discomfort! A bolt out of the blue!—your death-warrant flung into your face where you had looked for a cheering assurance of 'soon being put to rights'! Here, too, you have nothing for it but to cover your face decently and give yourself up to the still dignity of resignation. The bolt has fallen from the blue. Your hour has come; your day is over. Good-night—farewell—and God's will be done!

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE FALL OF KHARTOUM.

It was no longer possible to keep up any semblance, even, of a regular line. The scanty body of famished and wearied survivors fell back in a hasty and broken rout towards the steps of the Palace. The Mahdi's men, following them up at a run, like a troop of hungry wolves upon a defenceless sheepfold, shouted louder than ever, and fell in murderous little groups, with discordant cries of triumph, on every man who stumbled or lagged behind in the scurry.

The confusion was horrible. Linnell's brain whirled with it. Fresh swarms seemed now to break in upon the square by every lane and street and alley, like kites that swoop down from all sides upon some wounded jackal. One seething, surging mass of black savage humanity occupied the square with shrieks and imprecations. Some hung like bees on the flat roofs of the houses around, and kept up a desultory fire from their rifles on the stragglers below; others pressed on with Mohammedan ardour towards the Palace itself, where a small band of famished defenders still held out at bay round the sacred person of their revered Governor.

As Linnell and his cousin reached the steps, a little line of faithful blacks formed an alley down the terrace, and a tall, spare figure clad

in white European uniform stood forth, to grasp Sir Austen's hand in solemn silence.

For a moment nobody spoke a word. All speech was useless. Then the Governor looked around him with a pathetic look of infinite pity. 'My poor, poor children,' he cried, gazing sadly on that wild orgy of fire and slaughter. 'I came to save them from the stick, the lash, and the prison. I did my best to protect them. But it was ordained otherwise. I have lived whole years in this last long fortnight. Not for ourselves, Sir Austen; not for ourselves, indeed, but for them, I feel it.' Then after a short pause he added slowly: 'And what a disappointment, too—when they come up—for Stewart and Wolsley!'

Even in that final moment of defeat and death, the hero's first thought was for the feelings of others.

Linnell stepped forward and grasped the Governor's hand in turn. 'We will all die with you,' he cried with profound emotion. It was easy enough, indeed, for him. He had nothing left on earth to live for.

And yet—and yet, now that death stood staring him in the face, he would have given worlds that moment for one last word with Payche.

'We'll meet them here, Pasha, I suppose?' Sir Austen said, trying to rally his few remaining men on the steps. 'You will die at your post, as a soldier ought to do.'

'No, not here,' the Governor answered, with his quiet smile. 'My duty lies elsewhere. I had thought once, if Khartoum fell in God's good time, of blowing the Palace up, with all that was in it. But I see more wisely now. I elect rather, with God's help, to die standing. Besides, we must make an effort at least to save Hansel. He has sent to me for help. He holds out in the consulate. I must go and meet him.'

Hansel was the Austrian consul, whose house lay not far off down one of the neighbouring narrow alleys. To attempt to reach it was certain death; but still the attempt must be made for all that. Some twenty black Egyptian soldiers, with Kashim Elmoos at their head, still rallied feebly round the adored Governor. They started on their last march, that little forlorn-hope, fighting their way boldly across the open square, now one wild scene of havoc, and keeping together in a compact mass, with Gordon at their head, leading the party bravely. Only once the Governor paused on the way to speak to Sir Austen. 'Better a ball in the brain, after all,' he said quietly, 'than to flicker out at home in bed unheeded.'

Near the corner, a fresh body of dervishes rushed upon them down a side street. The Governor halted at once and drew his sword. Sir Austen endeavoured to fling himself in front of him. 'For Heaven's sake, sir,' he cried, in an eager voice, 'fall back among the men! These wretches recognise you! Unless you fall back,

you're a dead man, and our one last hope is gone for ever.'

For even then, he could hardly believe that Gordon would be unsuccessful.

But the Governor waved him back with that authoritative hand that no man on earth ever dared to disobey. 'March on!' he said in a military voice unshaken by fear. 'I know my duty. We must go to Hansel's.'

Before the words were well out of his mouth, a volley of musketry rang loud in their ears. A rain of bullets rang against the wall behind. Linnell was aware of a strange dull feeling in his left arm. Something seemed to daze him. For a moment he shut his eyes involuntarily. When he opened them again, and steadied himself with an effort, he saw a hideous sight in the square beside him. Gordon's body was lying, pierced by three bullets, bleeding profusely on the dusty ground. And half the Egyptians lay huddled dead around him.

What followed next, Linnell hardly knew. He was dimly conscious of a terrible swoop, a cry of wild triumph, a loud tumultuous yell of diabolical vengeance. The naked black warriors fell upon the body of their famous enemy like ants upon the carcass of a wounded insect. A great wave of assailants carried Linnell himself resistlessly before them. He felt himself whirled through the midst of the square once more, and carried by the press up the steps of the Palace. His cousin was still by his side, he knew; but that was all. They two alone remained of the defenders of Khartoum. No trace of resistance was left anywhere. The whole town was given over now to indiscriminate massacre.

All round, the smoke and heat of a great conflagration went up to heaven in blinking mist from the ruins of charred and blackened houses. Men and women were running and crying for their lives; black ruffians were seizing young girls in their brawny arms, and carrying them off, struggling, to places of temporary safety. All the horrors of a sack by victorious barbarians were being enacted visibly before his very eyes. The scene was too confused to yield any definite sensation, and great red drops were oozing copiously from Linnell's wounded arm, which he had bound round now with a fragment of his burnous. He almost fainted with pain and loss of blood. Just at that moment, a naked black fanatic with a blunted sabre lifted high in the air seized him violently by the shoulder. 'Are you for Allah and the Mahdi, or for the infidel?' he cried in broken African Arabic.

'I am for Gordon and the English!' Linnell answered with spirit, flinging the man away from him in the wild energy of despair, and drawing his knife, for he had no cartridges left. 'Lay your hand on me again, and I'll send your wicked black soul to judgment!'

Sir Austen by his side tried to draw his sword feebly. Then for the first time Linnell observed

in his flurry that his cousin, too, was seriously wounded.

The sight of an infidel in European uniform who dared to offer resistance, and of a man in Arab dress who drew a knife to defend him, brought whole squads of marauders to the spot in a moment. Another horrible rush took place in their direction. Once more there was a loud noise as of a volley of musketry. Once more, smoke and fire flashed suddenly before Linnell's eyes. The unhappy man saw Sir Austen fling up his hands aloft in the air and give a loud wild cry. Then he knew himself that blood was trickling again from his own right breast.—The rest was dim, very dim indeed.—Big savages pressed on up the steps of the Palace.—Sir Austen was lying like a log by his side. Naked black feet trampled him down irresistibly. A fellow with a bayonet seemed to thrust him through a third time. Linnell knew he was weltering in a great pool of blood. The din grew dimmer and still dimmer all round. Light faded. The consciousness of the outer world melted slowly away. All was over. Khartoum was taken. Gordon was dead. Sir Austen lay stark and stiff by his side. He himself was dying—dying—dying. Numb coldness spread over him. And then, a great silence!

But that morning at Khartoum, for six long hours, the city was given over to massacre and rapine. The men were slaughtered and stripped of everything they possessed, the women were haled off and divided as booty. Four thousand of the townspeople lay rotting in the streets under a tropical sun. At least as many Egyptian and Soudanese soldiers were bayoneted by the fanatics in cold blood. And Gordon's headless body cried out to heaven for mercy on his murderers from a corner of the square by the gate of the Palace.

So much, we all learned long after in England.

OUR SONS AS ARCHITECTS.

How often indeed is the question asked by one fond parent of the other, 'What shall we do with our sons?' and how much anxious thought goes to the answering of the question! It is only natural that parents desire their children to do well in the world in a material sense; and many children, too, dream often enough of future wealth and of the lifelong happiness which, as they think, comes in its train. Few, certainly, care to look forward to a life's work without hope of some comfort during its progress, and of some provision against that day when work shall have become a burden. It is no wonder, then, if parents and children try to select a trade or profession which holds out some hope of success. Does architecture hold out such a hope? Possibly it does.

Like all other professions, and trades too, for that matter, the architectural profession is crowded. The art would be none the worse if there were fewer dependent on it for bread and cheese, and doubtless the bread and cheese would be none the worse either. But it is true enough that in most cases a youth, moderately endowed with brains and good taste and capable of taking pains,

can earn a decent living as an architect; he must not, however, expect to amass a fortune; only two or three in a generation can do that. At the end of his term of pupillage he may be expected to be a competent 'junior assistant'; the wages of such are usually about thirty shillings a week for the first year, with annual increments of five shillings a week for three or four years. He ought then to be able to obtain a situation as 'managing assistant' at a salary of three or four guineas a week. The next step is the commencement of practice on his own account. If he have taken good advantage of his opportunities, his friends ought to have no fear of trusting him with their work when he has had ten or twelve years' experience—that is to say, when he is twenty-six or twenty-eight years old. From this time forward his success depends largely on his own care and skill, and to a considerable extent on the number and wealth of his friends. By merit (and good fortune) he may gain work in competitions. In middle age he may be able to reckon his income only by hundreds, or may be successful enough to pocket thousands.

But although the mere monetary view may be enough to take of many trades and of some professions, it is not enough to take before selecting architecture as a profession. The architect is something more than a man of business; to be worthy of the name he must have the spirit of an artist, and be able to give to his productions a touch of that beauty or grandeur which will lift them from the commonplace and make them works of art—giving pleasure to cultured beholders. It is just this artistic faculty which differentiates the architect from the engineer and the builder: the works of the last two are works of utility; the works of the architect ought to combine utility and beauty.

It is not intended to detract in the least from the great merits of modern engineers; possibly our children of the tenth generation may judge of the spirit of this age by its engineering triumphs and may pass by our buildings as of little value; but such a thought ought not to deter architects from attempting to imbue their works with grace, refinement, and proportion, and thus to continue, if such a thing may be, the glorious traditions of the profession. If a lad have no artistic spirit, he may make a good engineer, but he will never make a good architect. But it does not follow that because a lad is clever with his pencil, he is born to be a worthy successor of Ictinus and William of Wykeham and Wren and Waterhouse; he may possibly make a better painter or etcher than architect. The gift of artistic design must be linked with the power of acquiring and utilising a mass of quite practical knowledge and with a considerable business-capacity; for, though architecture is the great mother of all the arts, she is near akin to all the sciences. In imagination an architect should be a painter, able to mass his buildings finely, to colour them harmoniously, in short to build a picture; in mind he must be clear and exact almost as a mathematician, and learned in much of the hard wisdom of geologists, foresters, metallurgists, chemists, electricians, doctors, and so forth.

The youth destined to become an architect should receive a good education, the more liberal

the better, and should most certainly in his school-days become tolerably proficient in algebra, geometry (both theoretical and practical), free-hand drawing, and the French or German language; some knowledge of chemistry and physics is also desirable. These will enable him to take advantage at once of the opportunities of improvement afforded by office-work.

It is sometimes recommended that a course of instruction such as that given in the architectural classes of the University of London be followed for one or two years after leaving school, and there can be no doubt of the value of such instruction. Some, again, take their degree at one of our universities before entering an office. But neither of these courses does away with the necessity of apprenticeship, which is really the only British way of becoming an architect. There are, of course now, as ever, others who have received no real training for the work, who pass themselves off as architects, and frequently the credit of the whole profession suffers for the misdoings of such *soi-disant* architects as these. It remains true, however, that apprenticeship is in our country the only legitimate mode of entering the profession, and it is in the main the best. The French system of education by schools of art and ateliers has no counterpart in Great Britain, nor is it likely ever to take root among us, although it has its advocates. The system represses individuality, which is so characteristic a feature of modern British architecture (possibly too characteristic), and does not give the student that practical experience in every detail of building which is the great merit of apprenticeship.

The youth must be article'd to some one of good reputation, and with at anyrate a moderate practice. A premium will have to be paid, varying, perhaps, from thirty or forty pounds—if the master be a young or needy practitioner—to two hundred or more if he be a very successful London one. The amount is a matter for settlement by the parents and the architect. The length of service also varies. In most provincial offices a term of five years is usual, and is indeed necessary for youths who have received no previous technical training. But for those who have attended special courses of instruction at some college, a three years' service is sufficient, and this is the general term in large offices. It is doubtful if it be really the best policy to place a youth in a large office. He will certainly there see better work and be engaged on the drawings for more important buildings; but it is more than probable that at the end of his pupillage he will be merely a good draughtsman, clever with his pencil, pen, and brush, but sadly deficient in power of planning and in practical knowledge.

Perhaps the best course is to article him for three years to an architect in moderate practice in a provincial town; and at the end of that term, or soon after, to send him as an improver to a really good and successful architect. He would of course receive little or no salary; but a year spent in the large office after the preliminary provincial training would be far more beneficial than three years spent there as a pupil. Again, in small towns an architect has frequently a great variety of work, being called upon to design and carry out buildings of almost every description;

whereas in London and the large towns and cities architects are more or less specialists, some confining themselves chiefly to ecclesiastical work; others to domestic; others, again, to shops and warehouses; and so on.

It is not certain that London, with all its great advantages to architectural students, is really the best place in which to serve an apprenticeship; it possesses the best architectural library, and has the best professors and the best classes, and perhaps the best buildings in progress; but to set against all these are the great and numerous distractions which render study so difficult, and the many temptations to neglect the hard labour of good husbandry for the some time pleasurable sowing of wild-oats. The country youth had better be article'd in some neighbouring town, rather than sent friendless into the heart of London.

Frequently, the student's career is made or marred during his pupillage; the channel into which his life is turned in those days leads, often unalterably, to success or mediocrity or ruin. He should be encouraged in his studies, assisted by the wise advice of a good master, and placed in competition with other students for the mutual sharpening of wits. Most towns of any importance possess architectural societies, in connection with which classes are held and prizes offered to students; he should be early enrolled a member of a society of this kind. Home-study is quite indispensable; and for this purpose the best elementary books on materials, sanitary science, construction, and the history and details of architectural styles, must be purchased by the pupil's parents. Part at least of every summer holiday ought to be devoted to sketching and measuring ancient buildings, castles and houses, cathedrals and village churches. Parents and sisters will do well to remember that a good architectural sketch is not necessarily a pretty picture, and that a very pretty sketch of a building may be utter rubbish in an architect's eyes and quite useless for purposes of study. Do not praise the lad's attempts at picture-making, and do not scorn his unintelligible measured drawings.

It may happen that the only return which a youth gets for his preminn and for his three or five years of unremunerated service is the privilege of 'having the run of the office;' he is at liberty to keep his eyes and ears open, and to pick up what scraps of learning he can. Now and then, when work is slack, the master may suddenly bethink himself of neglected duties, and set his pupil to copy 'the five orders,' or to design a more or less grandiose building in a certain style. But these instructions are short and far between; and the student is thrown in the main on his own resources, or left to the tender mercies of the managing assistant. It is possible, too, that he may be kept for a long time at one kind of work—perhaps mere drudgery, such as printing or tracing or even copying specifications—and may gain little experience in design and in the higher branches of an architect's labour. It requires no little application and perseverance for a pupil to make much progress amid such discouraging surroundings.

One is fain to believe that such a haphazard mode of education—if education it can be called—is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Cer-

tainly it is felt by all who have the best interests of the profession at heart that a more definite course of instruction is necessary. The education of architects is just now the theme of many speakers, and the London Architectural Association is engaged in discussing a scheme which may ultimately result in the formation of a College of Architecture.

Professor Roger Smith, in his opening lecture, delivered in October last to the architectural classes of the University of London, treated fully of the subject. A week or two afterwards Mr Leonard Stokes devoted his presidential address at the Architectural Association to the consideration of the same question. And at the recent Birmingham Congress of the National Association for the Advancement of Art, another excellent address was delivered by Mr T. G. Jackson, the President of the Architectural section of the Congress. These three papers were fully reported in *The Builder* during the months of October and November, and are well worthy of careful perusal by those whose sons are or are about to become students of architecture. Nor do these exhaust the list of recent utterances on the subject; but enough has been said to show that architects are beginning to see that, if architecture shall retain her ancient honours, some better method of training students must be educed than the utterly unsystematic one of 'having the run of an office.' Office-training is indispensable, but systematic study is likewise indispensable.

In order to encourage this systematic study, the Royal Institute of British Architects, which is the representative society of the profession, has established a course of progressive examinations—the Preliminary, the Intermediate, and the Final. The first—we quote from the Calendar of the Institute—'is to test the general knowledge of aspirants entering or who have just entered the profession.' Candidates who have passed certain examinations such as the matriculation and the junior or senior local examinations of any British university, and further, who can show due proficiency in geometrical and freehand drawing, are exempt from this examination. The Intermediate 'is intended to enable the candidate to show that he has been diligent in his studies, and has acquired a certain proficiency as a draughtsman;' and also 'to test his knowledge of the elementary principles of architecture both as an art and a science.' A student ought to pass it in the second year of his pupillage. Before he can sit for the final examination he must have attained the age of twenty-one years. For this last examination a considerable number of drawings of both artistic and constructional subjects are required, together with a knowledge of the history and details of the principal styles of architecture, the nature, application, and strength of building materials, constructive details, sanitary science (drainage, water-supply, ventilation, lighting and heating, acoustics), specifications and contracts, measurement and valuation of buildings, legislative enactments relating to building, and other things. In fact, this Final examination is, with some slight additions, the same as the one which all persons desiring to become Associates of the Institute have been required to pass since the year 1882.

The first preliminary examination was held

in November 1889; the second intermediate in March this year; and the first final will probably be held at the end of 1891 or in 1892. When the threefold system has been in full operation for some time, qualification by the present single examination will doubtless cease. To show that the examinations of the Institute are not mere matters of form, we may say that out of about one hundred candidates who sat for the examination for Associateship in 1890, only one-half satisfied the examiners, and were therefore eligible for election as Associates. An Associate is entitled to the affix A.R.I.B.A.; in due course he may become a Fellow of the Institute (F.R.I.B.A.); and these two are the only affixes which show that the person using them may have passed an examination in architecture. The great majority of the present *Fellows*, however, were admitted without passing the ordeal of examination; but it is highly probable that the admission of *Fellows* without examination will shortly cease; for the honour of the Institute, it is certainly desirable.

The system of progressive examinations is on its trial; but the number of pupils who have already presented themselves is so great that the success of the scheme seems assured. It offers far and away the best course of study hitherto propounded, and bids fair to become eventually the standard whereby the capabilities of the young architect are measured. Parents will do well to make it a condition in the indentures of apprenticeship that their son be allowed all reasonable facilities for study, so that he may in due course present himself for the several examinations, and if possible become an Associate of the Institute. The effect of the examinations on British architecture cannot but be for good; they will not of course ensure noble architecture, for good architects are born, not made—either by examination or by anything else—but they will at any rate keep those persons who have studied sufficiently to pass them from designing such ugly incongruous buildings as everywhere nowadays deface our streets and lanes.

A BURMESE GENONE.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

GEORGE FARNWOOD sat in a low chair, his head resting on his hand, while Mah Mee, crouching at his feet, told him how she had come to Rangoon. After he had left Shwaydoungyee, she said, her arm became very bad indeed, and she got fever. For more than a month she lay ill, and every one thought she was going to die; but when the cold season came round she got better, and began to watch for the messenger her lord had promised to send. She used to go and sit on the river bank where she could see the boats coming up, and the people knew she was expecting Tharnwoo Thekin to send for her. At first they said nothing; but when one moon after another waned and no one came, the women began to laugh, and point their fingers at her when she passed, asking where was her English husband. She was very miserable, for her mother wished her to marry Mounk Pho, the cultivator, and was always saying Tharnwoo Thekin had forgotten her. When she reminded

her mother that her lord had promised to marry her, Mah Lay said perhaps the gentleman was dead. Other people also admitted that Tharnwoo Thekin always kept his word; and she grew anxious lest her mother should be right. So she determined to come to Rangoon herself to seek him.

It was not easy to get away from Shwaydoungyee, for Mah Lay would never have allowed her to leave had she known her purpose. But when the feast of the Full Moon of Taboung drew near, it brought the opportunity for which she was waiting. Mounk Wike and his wife were going to Maulmain to worship at the pagoda, and offered to take her with them in their big paddly-boat. Mah Lay was kind, and allowed her to accompany the old people. When they reached Maulmain she easily escaped from her friends, and found her way to the great freship she was told would go to Rangoon; and having a few rupees, which her mother had given her to buy incense offerings, she was able to pay her passage. When she arrived in Rangoon she was much frightened by the crowds of strange people, and did not know where to go; but Mah Noo, a woman with whom she had made friends on board the steamer, offered to take her home and find out for her where Mr Farnwood lived. Mah Noo's husband was a policeman, so she was able to get the information. The moment she knew which way to go, she started to find his house; she was going there when she saw him riding with the lady. She had found him, and she was his slave.

'Did Mounk Louk not come to you at Shwaydoungyee?' asked Mr Farnwood, who had been expecting every next word of Mah Mee's story to relate to his mission.

'I have never seen him since he left with your honour last year,' answered Mah Mee, clasping his limbs to her breast.

George Farnwood lay back in his chair and remained silent for a moment or two; then he sat up and turned upon the girl as though refuting an accusation.

'Listen, Mah Mee!' he said. 'I kept my promise. Two months ago I gave Mounk Louk money, and sent him to bring you and Mah Lay to me in Rangoon.'

'But, my lord,' returned the girl in great surprise, 'Mounk Louk is your enemy. Your honour obtained punishment for him for running away from the dacoits, and he told many people in the village he would be revenged.'

'I understand,' said George Farnwood thoughtfully. It was all clear now. Mounk Louk, never dreaming but that love dictated the errand on which he had been sent, had undertaken it with the deliberate intention of defeating its end. There was no doubt about his method of proceeding. He had gone to Maulmain to pass the time he was supposed to spend travelling up to Shwaydoungyee, because to have remained here in Rangoon would have been to court detection. Those elaborately-detailed accounts were nothing more than a blind. The money had doubtless been spent in enjoying the little trip to Maulmain. Mr Farnwood promised himself a day of reckoning with Mounk Louk when that gentleman could be found.

'He never came to Shwaydoungyee,' said Mah Mee, breaking in upon his train of thought.

'He told me he had been, and that you had died of fever,' answered Mr Farnwood.

Mah Mee did not reply to this; she looked up with an unutterable joy in her eyes, as though to say, 'It does not matter now; I am here.'

But George Farnwood did not smile back upon her as he had been used to do. He looked over her head out into the compound with a hard, sorrowful gaze, which sent a cold shiver to Mah Mee's heart. She crouched nearer him, but he motioned her off gently, muttering words she did not understand.

'Do not stay with me longer now,' he said, rising; 'when you want to see me, you may come here.'

His tone awed the girl; she drew herself away, and sat for a few moments watching his face. The yearning, wistful look left her eyes. Her lord thrust her from him. But two moons had waned since he sent to bring her to his side; for two months he had believed her dead. It must be there was another woman now; and Moung Louk's lie had done this. She rose from the floor, and pressing her hands together in a farewell *shikho*, glided from the house without another word.

Soon after she had gone George Farnwood put on his hat and bent his way over to the Granes' bungalow, where Mabel was eagerly awaiting him.

'There is little to tell you,' he said. 'Moung Louk played me false. The story of his journey to Shwaydoungee and of Mah Mee's death was a lie from beginning to end: he never went near the place.'

'What are we to do, George?' asked Mabel, when she had heard all Mah Mee had told him.

'I do not know, darling,' he groaned; 'my head is in a whirl.'

'George,' said Mabel, taking a firmer grasp of his hands, as if to strengthen herself, 'I know perfectly what your difficulty must be. Let me help you. You shall go back to your work on Monday free; our engagement shall be at an end until we see our way out of this terrible state of things.'

George Farnwood did not answer, and she continued. 'You will be with father in Mandalay, and we shall be able to write to each other. I can't give you up altogether; but I want to set you free to act as you think right.'

He drew her nearer him and kissed her. 'It will be best,' he said. 'There will be no end of scandal and worry over the business, and your name must not be mixed up in it. We will decide nothing at present. I will go up to Mandalay and think over the position before we take any steps. I can't resign you; and I cannot bring myself to tell that poor girl I will not marry her, she has trusted me so implicitly.'

Mabel could not urge him to do it. She thought of Mah Mee sacrificing home and friends and all that made her simple life worth living; of the timid, ignorant daughter of the forests plunging blindly into the great city alone and penniless, upheld solely by George Farnwood's promise. She could not say more than she had done. She had set her lover free to do what his conscience directed, and left the rest in his hands.

When he left her, Mabel hastened to her own room and remained till her mother came in

search of her two hours afterwards. Her fortitude had been severely tried by the ordeal of parting; and only her determination to add nothing to George Farnwood's trouble enabled her to come through it with any show of composure.

But there still lay before her a task from which she shrank with nervous dislike. Her mother must be told that her engagement was at an end, and why; and recalling certain conversations, she felt the task would be a painful one indeed.

Herein, however, she proved mistaken. Mrs Grane was beginning to see the engagement in a more favourable light, for George Farnwood's appointment to be 'Personal Assistant' was an earnest of his future success; and, moreover, she could not fail to be influenced by the unanimity with which people who knew him only by report predicted a brilliant career for him. Hence, when she heard the story of Moung Louk's perfidy and Mah Mee's appearance, she did not promptly remind her daughter how she had predicted these things; on the contrary, she joined Mabel in deploring the imposition that had been practised by the unscrupulous Burnan, and spared no effort to console and reassure her. Their happiness, she declared warmly, should not be sacrificed to a quixotic promise. Mr Farnwood had done all that could be expected of him towards its fulfilment; and for her part, Mrs Grane considered he was not free to repudiate his engagement to Mabel now. No doubt, it was best that the matter should remain in abeyance for a time; and it would be well for Mabel to leave Rangoon also, until the chatter to which Mah Mee's arrival would inevitably give rise subsided.

'I think, dearest,' she said, 'you had better pack up at once and go over to the Windons in Maulmain for a little while.—Don't worry yourself about the matter needlessly. I shall write to your father to-night, and ask him to talk it over with George as soon as he goes up to him.'

And Mabel, thankful beyond expression that her mother was no longer in opposition, acquiesced with little demur in the suggestion that she should go away.

'If you don't mind being left alone, mother,' she said, 'I think I should like to go. I dread the talk and questioning there will be when the story comes to light.'

'Don't trouble about me, dear. You ought to know by this time that your mother has no lady-like dread of dacoits,' said Mrs Grane, smiling.

But before Mabel consented to telegraph her friends that she was coming over to see them, she obliged her mother to request the authorities to furnish the house with a guard every night. She could never grasp the strong-minded self-reliance which was her mother's chief characteristic.

'I'll do it to please you, Mab,' she said as she addressed her note; 'but it's only adding two voices to the concert of snores I hear when I waken at night. I don't believe any earthly power could keep a native sentry awake.' Which opinion Mrs Grane had arrived at after long experience.

The Mah Mee who left George Farnwood's house was a different woman from the Mah Mee

who had entered it half an hour before. She followed him all aglow with passionate love; she walked out a tigress, mad with a jealousy which blazed the more fiercely because she knew not against whom to turn it. She must give it some vent; and she determined to seek Moung Louk, who had been the means of estranging her lord. It was not difficult to discover where he lived. The husband of Mah Noo, who had, with true Burmese hospitality, given her shelter, was able to supply off-hand his address in the bazaar. He had known Moung Louk during his brief period of service in the Rangoon police; and when he told Mah Mee where she might find him, he uttered a word of warning not to have too much to do with that individual; he did not bear a good character nowadays. And Mah Mee, without even staying to share the mid-day meal, set off to look for the ex-sergeant. She found Moung Louk alone in his house, and was received with open arms. It was, he said, a great surprise to see her alive and well; he had heard that she was dead.

'Who told you I was dead?' demanded Mah Mee.

Moung Louk frowned in doubt for a minute, and shook his head slowly. It was strange, but the name of his informant had escaped his memory.

'I saw Tharnwoo' Thekin an hour ago,' said Mah Mee, looking narrowly into the man's face, expecting to see some symptom of alarm there.

'Yes?' said Moung Louk, with an air of sympathetic interest. 'His honour had sent me to bring you to him.' His honour had sent me to bring you to him. 'His honour had sent me to bring you to him. I did not go on to Shwaydoungyee. I returned to tell him of it. His honour was sorry to hear it; very sorry. He would be glad to see you again.'

'He sent me—from him,' said Mah Mee, with quivering lips.

'A-a-a-h!' returned Moung Louk, pityingly; 'I fear you have not heard the news. Something has happened to change Tharnwoo' Thekin's heart.'

Mah Mee shot a glance of hungry ferocity at him, and clenched her hands convulsively while she waited to hear more. But Moung Louk was in no hurry to go on. It seemed to him that his betrayal of Mr Farnwood's trust, which he had since regretted, might after all furnish him with an instrument to wreak a vengeance bitter enough to satisfy his worst cravings, and he did not wish to make a false step by hasty speech.

Such an event as the engagement of the daughter of the *Sit-boh-gyee* or 'Great War Chief' who commanded the police, to an officer belonging to that body, could not well remain unknown to the rank and file when orderlies and messengers were about the house all day gossiping with the servants. Every constable in Rangoon knew that the dacoit-slaying officer from Shwaydoungyee was to marry the daughter of the *Sit-boh-gyee* Ga-lane; indeed, a subscription to purchase a wedding present had been set on foot among the men, for the Colonel was very popular, and his daughter's marriage offered an opportunity of paying him an indirect compliment. Moung Louk, who had frequent intercourse with his old comrades, had been made acquainted with the

news soon after his return from Maulmain, and had thought a good deal about it in connection with Mr Farnwood's despatch of himself to bring Mah Mee.

'What has happened?' asked the girl, finding Moung Louk did not speak.

'It is said by the police,' answered the man with seeming reluctance, 'that Tharnwoo' Thekin will marry the daughter of *Sit-boh-gyee* Ga-lane.'

Mah Mee drew a sharp sobbing breath; she knew now why her lord had thrust her from him.

'The feast which takes place when an Englishman marries has not yet been given,' said Moung Louk; 'they are not yet married.'

'They never shall be!' flashed Mah Mee in ungovernable passion.

'But,' continued Moung Louk, with an abstracted air, 'I think the ceremony must soon take place. Tharnwoo' Thekin will go to Mandalay in a few days. The *Sit-boh-gyee* is at Mandalay; the ladies are alone in their house.'

He paused, and glanced at his companion to see how his remarks were affecting her. She sat with her lips pressed together, wrapped in thought: there was that in her expression which made Moung Louk continue with the same apparent carelessness: 'Tharnwoo' Thekin lived with them for many weeks, but now he has his own house. I believe there is no Englishman near the ladies at night.'

'Where is their house?' asked Mah Mee.

Moung Louk dropped his careless manner, and explained carefully where Colonel Grane's bungalow stood. 'After passing the jail,' he said, 'you go up the road across the railway, and—'

'I know it,' snapped Mah Mee, springing to her feet. 'I saw my lord ride in there this morning with an English girl.'

'A girl with yellow hair?' inquired Moung Louk.

'Yellow hair,' assented Mah Mee.

'That is the girl: that is the *Sit-boh-gyee's* daughter.' He rose from the mat on which he had been sitting, and cast his eyes round the walls of the house until they rested on a naked *dak* which glittered like a steel ribbon against the brown boards. He glanced at Mah Mee. 'It is very sharp,' he said; and walked out.

Mah Mee stepped swiftly over to the corner, where the wicked-looking sword-knife hung, and ran her finger along its edge; then she took it down and balanced it in her hand. 'It will do,' she whispered as she replaced it on the wall.

Mah Mee did not return to her friend of the steamer until very late that night, and when questioned, replied that she had been with old friends at the other end of the town. Colonel Grane's Madras servants could have told another story.

On the following evening at sundown she went back to Moung Louk's house, and finding no one there, walked in, and made herself at home with that gentleman's cheroots and betel nuts. She had learned all she wanted to know about the interior arrangements of Colonel Grane's bungalow: the 'cook's matey,' a young Madras man, who spoke Burmese, had been attracted by her pretty face, and gave her all the information she asked for. Burmese girls are always of an

inquisitive turn of mind, and Venketsawmy, knowing it, had answered Mah Mee's casual questions without suspicion. She had not asked many; among others, which was Miss Grane's sleeping apartment, and whether the sentries at night were Burmans or natives of India. Mah Mee had well-founded confidence in her fellow-countrymen's talent for sleeping most soundly when they ought to be awake; but the ways of those big black men were strange to her. Had she known the Panjaubi nature, she would not have taken the trouble to clear up this trifling matter.

She sat smoking patiently until she thought it time to set out: then she lighted a fresh cheroot, hung the *dah* by its loop over her shoulder, and went into the street. There were few people about when once she got clear of the slums, and no one interfered with her; her short tunic and bare shoulders stamped her as a 'jungle-woman'; and the police, lounging under the dim street-lamps, saw in her a timid country-girl ostentatiously displaying a weapon for self-defence. Any attempt to conceal it would have led to her prompt arrest. When she came opposite Colonel Grane's bungalow, she paused; one oil-lamp in the up-stairs veranda showed that the house was not in its normal condition; yesterday, it had been all neatness and order; now it was blocked with heaps of furniture. All the rooms up-stairs were in darkness save one; but that one, as she marked with a thrill of savage delight, was the corner apartment the servant had pointed out as Miss Grane's.

Down-stairs, the central room was brightly illuminated, and the swinging punkah told there was some one within; but the *purdah* across each doorway screened the interior, and Mah Mee could not discover who was there. Strolling up and down on the path before the house were the two Burman sentries; they stopped now and again to talk in low tones, and once the girl heard them yawn noisily. Waiting until their backs were turned, she stole through a gap in the thick-set bamboo hedge which surrounded the compound, and crept over to a clump of laurel-like crotons, under whose shadow she could sit secure from observation. Squatting down upon her heels she looked out through a framework of leaves and recombited at leisure. Her hiding-place was opposite the corner of the bungalow and about thirty yards from it. She could see nothing of the front veranda save the nearest corner; but right overhead were the open windows of Miss Grane's room, veiled with white muslin curtains. No one could enter it unseen, and Mah Mee was content. She laid the *dah* on the grass, adopted a more comfortable attitude, and composed herself to wait.

She did not know how long it might be before Miss Grane retired, so she undid the knot in the corner of her kerchief and took out a 'betel-chew' she had prepared at Moung Lonk's; and while mumbing this, amused herself catching the bright fireflies which hovered in swarms about the bushes. The night was warm and very dark; but Mah Mee, albeit she had slept little these last two nights, had no desire to close her eyes. She was perfectly calm; her now idle hands lay loosely folded in her lap without a twitch of nervousness, and her breath came and went without a tremor.

As the gong up at the native lines rang out ten o'clock, and a hundred hoarse voices answered in Hindustani, 'All's well!' the rustle of a woman's dress on the stairs made Mah Mee prick up her ears. She listened carefully, for she could see nothing. The footsteps went up the stairs and across the uncarpeted veranda above. Another lamp blazed up in the space over the porch; and with a suppressed exclamation of disappointment Mah Mee grasped the fact that Miss Grane was not yet coming to her room. She drew from the hole in the lobe of her ear a partly-smoked green cheroot and smelt at it longingly; she had matches in her kerchief, and felt for them; but as her fingers closed on the box, she reflected that it would attract attention if she struck one. She pinched the cheroot and replaced it in her ear with a little sigh; she could not smoke now; she would wait till—till afterwards.

Eleven o'clock boomed from the distant gong. Mah Mee was growing stiff, and the Burmese sentries were evidently beginning to wonder when their charge was going to retire, for from time to time they walked out on to the grass to see what she was doing. At length a movement in the veranda made the watcher start: through the muslin curtains she saw a lady enter Miss Grane's room and turn up the lamp. She picked up her *dah* and fingered its edge delicately; a few minutes more and then— She set her teeth and glared with eyes that started from their sockets up at the shadowy figure in the bedroom; for a moment she had lost her self-control.

She had ample time to recover herself before the light was extinguished, however. She thought Miss Grane would never go to rest, so long did the lamp burn in her room. But suddenly it went out with a snap, and silence followed. She must wait till the sentries were asleep, and to their proceedings she turned her attention. They lost no time once Miss Grane was safely bestowed. Mah Mee saw them unroll their sleeping-mats and lie down under the stairs, after turning up their bull's-eye lanterns and placing them so that the light shone over the compound.

'I will wait,' thought the girl, 'till the gong strikes the second watch. I must not hasten.'

Midnight rang out. Mah Mee waited until the last echoes died away, and then, *dah* in hand, stole noiselessly as a shadow across the lawn to the corner of the house, where she paused to listen. The heavy snoring from below the stairs told her all was safe; and she glided forward, across the floor and up the stairs. Arrived at the top, she paused again to look round: the veranda was piled with tables and chairs; every door was open, and a cold damp air floated through the house. Feeling her way now with redoubled care, Mah Mee moved along the floor till she stood on the very threshold of Miss Grane's room, with only a loose-hung curtain between her and her victim. She held her breath and listened: the only sound within was the even regular breathing of one asleep. Mah Mee drew herself upright and smiled; the moment had come.

She took a firmer grip of her *dah*; the rings clattered sharply on the pole as she tore the *purdah* back and sprang through the doorway.

Her arm was raised; another step and she might strike. A terrified cry broke from the sleeper, and a blinding flash burst almost in Mah Mee's face. The *dah* slipped from her relaxing fingers; the report of the pistol was ringing faintly in her ears as she fell clutching at the sharp, stinging pain in her breast. She had been too hasty after all.

The story was all over Rangoon before next morning's sun was two hours old. Mrs Crane, having taken advantage of the absence of her husband and daughter to organise a thorough house-cleaning, had occupied Mabel's bedroom for a night, her own being damp. A female dacoit (such persons are not unknown) had gone into a room she thought empty, to see what she could pick up, and finding herself confronted by Mrs Crane, had attacked her with a *dah*, meeting her fate at that courageous lady's hand. This was the account which circulated without contradiction, for neither the Cranes nor the Farwoods, who were the only people aware of the truth, cared to make it known.

THE FOLKLORE OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

In spite of its romantic beauty, and past history of Danish and French invasions gallantly repelled by its hardy people, the Garden Isle is the home of but few poetic legends. A more imaginative race would have made the grassy barrows of the ancient Jutes, which outline many a windy hill, the centres of weird tales, and would have surrounded the great Chessil cemetery with its buried treasure of warriors' weapons, children's toys, and the jewels and household implements of women, with the glamour of mystery. But the matter-of-fact islanders take no interest in the dead past. Unlike the Cornishmen, who delight in tales of 'the old men' whose rude monuments surround them, they take no heed of the remains of their Saxon forefathers, although the most purely Saxon words, unheard elsewhere, linger on their lips.

The most diligent inquiry fails to find here any trace of the fairy folklore with which Ireland and Scotland still abound. Some thirty years ago it was not extinct, for a writer in the *Quarterly Review* gave us some interesting accounts of the belief then current in a more benevolent and genial race of fairies than the malicious and variable 'wee folk' of the Celtic races. The generation of islanders who believed in them has passed away (though a 'fairies' hall' was shown quite recently among the fern-hung roots of old thorns in a high bank by Arreton Down). The sound of their 'music, of most unalloyed sweetness,' is no longer heard among the ruins of Quarr Abbey, where the fabled golden coffin turned out to be a stone coffin filled full of golden hair, and where in the old days so many royal ladies and noble warriors were laid to their rest by the narrow Solent sea.

At birth and at burial, old wives' fables still crop up; and a bride must look well to her doings if she would escape the bad luck which many an old saw warns her of. To make any of the

clothes she wears on her wedding day is disastrous; to wear a blue gown will ensure the loss of her first child, who will be buried in a blue coffin; to look back on leaving the door will surely bring her bad luck; and if her husband be dressed all in black at the altar, he will assuredly take his bride to the *bitten* (or churchyard) before six months have passed. Strong as is everywhere the prejudice against a Friday's marriage, the islanders regard a Saturday wedding as even worse. 'You may,' they say, 'be unfortunate in everything in life if you marry on a Friday, but you will have love to comfort you.' Saturday is 'no day at all'; you will neither have love nor life, nor money nor luck, 'nor nothink at all.'

For a single girl to go to church three times with a wedding party is so unadvisable that it is not an uncommon thing to see a pretty young girl sitting solitary outside a village church, afraid to enter while the service goes on within; for some courage is required to face the forebodings of the proverb, 'Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride.'

Although a blue gown must be avoided by the bride who would fain see good days, yet a small and invisible scrap of the dangerous colour must be worn somewhere, generally in the garter, for the old saying ordains that she must appear in

Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue.

And while the general prejudice against the marriage of two sisters on the same day is here unknown, it is considered very unlucky for a girl to marry a man whose name begins with the same letter as her own; for

If you change the name and not the letter,
You change for the worse and not for the better;

and to the truth of this old saying innumerable islanders are ready to bear witness.

A new-born baby must be first fed by its mother out of a silver spoon, as a preventive of poverty. If the child's own wealth be not secured by this effort, a rich marriage at any rate may be counted upon. It must be carried upstairs before it goes down; and the old nurses will mount a chair with the child in their arms if there are no stairs to go up, lest he should in life pursue a downward course. The nails must not be cut for a twelvemonth, or the baby may turn out a thief; or if not, 'you cut him away from you.' To short-coat a child in the unlucky month of May is forbidden by the old saying:

Tuck them in May,
And you tuck them away.

A child who never sneezes is under a spell, and one who does so often 'has no luck of brains in the head.' He must not see himself in the glass, lest he cut his teeth 'on the cross'; and when an older child loses his first teeth, care is taken to make him throw them in the fire, or else the new ones will be shaped like a dog's.

In the same way, it is very unlucky to burn hair, and equally unlucky to leave it about where a bird might get it to build its nest with. Bad headaches would result, so the islanders throw it in the ashes; whilst the Ulster peasants hide it in the thatch.

To cut the nails at night is unlucky, but not so bad as to cut them on Sunday, for

He who on Sunday pares his horn
'Twere better for him he had ne'er been born.

It is believed that if a child be born with any teeth, he will certainly turn out a bad and undutiful son; and a baby born at midnight or any time between that and one o'clock has the power of seeing any spiritual creatures that haunt the earth. A child whose teeth are divided in front will be lucky and a great traveller; met brows mean bad temper; filbert nails foretell wealth; and flat or fish-scale nails show that you must work hard for your living. Freckles over the eyes mean a death by drowning; and a high brow tells of a good temper.

From all manner of features the disposition can be read like a book by those who know the science. By pulling out a long hair from the head and stretching it tightly for a moment, you can divine if a girl's temper be proud or not. If it curls up on being released, she is of a haughty spirit; and if, when you press the back of the hand, a white dint lasts for any time, you may know that she has a sullen and unforgiving nature.

An odd cure for toothache is to put the same stocking always on the same foot, and to remember always to put on the left stocking first. Indeed, it is always a good way of ensuring luck to put the left glove or stocking on before the right, and the most trivial duties of the day may be so performed that good or ill luck may follow the doing of them. For two women to 'handle the teapot' during the same meal is unlucky; for the loaf to break in halves bodes no good to the household; and for the knife and fork to lie 'crossed' on the plate is as sure a sign of quarrelling now as it was in the days of Addison. A falling knife tells that a strange man is coming; and a fork foretells a woman's visit.

Sweeping the room after seven in the morning is unlucky, and if the sweeper is so careless as to lay the broom with its head up against the wall, it is sure to bring an undesired visitor; and we find the same belief in Rutlandshire, where flourish some very remarkable and far-descended scraps of folklore.

All the widespread moon-beliefs are found in the island; and it is a common thing for a whole household to be warned against looking out of any west window as the new moon is visible. The members of it will then hasten out of doors, and there curtsy nine times, kiss the hand nine times, and turn the money in the pocket thrice, taking care not to let it leave the pocket. By this means you are certain of having some in your pocket all the month.

Another odd way of ensuring money in your purse is to carry there the tip of an ox-tongue. 'It breeds money,' say the old folks, who are never without it. And yet another way is to have a small bunch of wheat ears, corn, or barley hanging in every room of your house. 'It keeps away the poverty,' say the poor widows who stoop to gather any stray ears they see.

To pass anything that you might pick up is against your luck, for

If you bend your back to pick up a pin,
You'll bend your back to pick up a bigger thing.

And even in the picking up of a pin there are rules to be observed by those who are careful in such matters. You must never pick it up by the point, even if you have to go round to get the head; and if any one asks you for a pin, never hand it with the point from you. It is safer, however, not to hand it at all, but to stick it into your own sleeve, and let the person who wants it take it thence.

Nails, too, must be picked up and carried home for luck; and if you see a piebald horse, and wish you must be careful only to look at the tail, for you lose your wish if you see the whole horse. There are no wells, or trees, or arches, such as we find in Ulster and Cornwall, where wishes are formally made. But one belief found in both these places, and in Lancashire and Norfolk, prevails here. To baring hawthorn into a house when it is in bloom is to bring death into that house. Blackthorn is regarded with the same aversion; and a lady whose drawing-room was beautified by the white blossoming sprays last spring was urged by her terrified servants to throw them away instantly, or she would have cause to rue the day she brought 'the flower that smelt of death' into her house.

To let birds' eggs hang under your roof will bring misfortune also; they may be hung in a shed or under the porch and no harm will come to the family; but when they are inside the door, ill-luck is in there with them.

If you kill a cricket, not only will you be unlucky, but the survivors will avenge its death by eating your stockings—a queer belief, which is found also in Ireland.

If you burn crusts—as the islanders call crusts—black beetles and poverty will haunt your household; and if you let so much as one green leaf burn in the fire, a sharp pain will strike through your own body. Never transplant parsley; never buy or sell bees; never return to the house after setting out, if you have forgotten something, unless you sit down before leaving it again; never put shoes or boots on a table, or there will be a disturbance in the house; never turn back on the stairs; and above all, never, if you value your luck, pass any one on the stairs, however great your haste may be.

But there are evils you cannot guard against in the island, however wary you may be. To go on with a journey after you have seen a magpie fly across your road is a hopeless thing; and many an islander has turned back, well knowing that misfortune would be his portion if he went on. If the magpie flies in the other direction, it does not affect the luck; but a horse-dealer who had recently crossed the water to Southampton on business, told the writer that the first thing he saw was a magpie; and the second, a squint-eyed woman, and that he would sooner have given five pounds than have met them, for he had no luck in his dealing, and wished with all his heart he had taken the warnings in time and turned back.

Crows and hawks may fly over the house to bring warning of death; a glass may ring; 'Come in' may be said carelessly when no one knocks, and so ill-luck may enter. A cat may go up-stairs, or a spider may be killed accidentally; the potted plants in your house may bloom out of season, or the fruit-trees bear fruit and blossom at the same

time; the death-tick may sound in your ears; salt may be burnt in the fire; or your scissors fall with the points up—and if any of these things befall you, then prepare for sorrow; for sorrow will surely come to your house or to those you love.

But every oven is not a sinister one. If a bee flies into your house and stays there, you may prepare for the stranger who is sure to follow soon. If you meet a flock of sheep, you are sure of a present; and if you take an orphan into your house, 'fortune will smile upon it like summer rain.' Good-luck attends also the accidental turning of a garment, and laying a rug down on the wrong side; and there are well-ordered island homes where such mishaps are left unremedied all day, lest the luck should be lost.

If a spider of any sort touches you, you are lucky all day; and the baby-spiders or money-spiders that cling to your clothes must not be shaken off, for they tell of fortune; and old women give this rule to young housewives beginning life in an old jingle, thus:

If in a house you live and wish to thrive,
Be sure to let your spiders run alive.

And they warn them to spare the spinner while they destroy the web.

A girl who wants to know what her future husband's calling will be must take the first egg a young hen lays, break it raw into a glass of water, and let it stand in the sun all day, when it forms the shape of something from which you may guess what trade your sweetheart will follow. This mysterious-looking object may often be seen standing on a kitchen or cottage window, while wondering young women discern ships, or ploughs, or spades in the form it takes. They look, too, for their lovers' initials on broken roots, and on the roots of lilies gathered on St John's eve.

Here are a few of the superstitions about death and of the ghost tales of the island. The sound of a dog barking thrice, the sudden restlessness and loud 'blaring' of the cows, the flowering of lanestinus beside a grave, the loss of your bees from their hive or the crickets from your hearth—all these are sure forerunners of a death in your household. A great show of plums on the trees foretells deaths by fever; and blue-bottles hanging about the house bring the same doleful message. Your bees will fall asleep, and must be awakened and told of the death, or they all die; and they must be told carefully and distinctly after three taps on the hive.

It is considered unlucky to change the patient's linen before death, and it is universally believed that people can only die easy when on the left side. The strange belief we find in Ireland and in Lancashire still lives here—that the soul cannot entirely forsake the body till the coffin is carried from the house. Therefore, the doors and windows are never entirely closed during the period between death and burial. A light burns in the room by night, so that the 'angel of the dead' may look upon the body it inhabited. It is supposed to come and go, and never to be far from the chamber of death. If the door by chance be closed, and it is seen to open gently of itself, it is the spirit of the dead entering the room; and the angels of heaven never carry it

away to heaven till the door has closed on the coffin-bearers.

No pin should be left in the shroud or tying of the dead, 'lest what's bound on earth be bound in heaven'; and no flowers should be buried in the coffin. The friends watch anxiously here, as they do in Ireland, Scotland, Lancashire, and Norfolk, to see if the dead body becomes stiff or remains limber. If it fails to stiffen, it is 'waiting for another'; and a death will take place before another year be out; and if the eyes do not close, they are 'watching' for the soon-coming death they foretell.

If in an island village a dead body remains unburied over the Sunday, two more villagers will die within three months; and if you chance to meet a coffin with the wide end toward you, you may be sure that you will bury 'one of your own' within a twelvemonth.

Turning from these grim forebodings, we must glance briefly at the ghostly legends which cling to some of the old island houses. In many of them we hear of portraits that leave their frames by night and ramble up and down the old haunts they loved. In one island vicarage the figure of an old clergyman glides down the stairs every night as the clock strikes twelve, his silk gown rustling as he walks. One long-demolished mansion is still haunted by its lord, who committed suicide. Living people declare that where were once the stately terraces of the antique garden of Knighton, they have seen his mournful ghost drag his weary steps. In the ancient panelled house where King Charles for the last time met a deputation from Parliament, his restless ghost has often been said to terrify those who met the kingly figure and saw the melancholy eyes of the monarch, whose sad story gives such pathos to the ruined rooms at Carisbrooke Castle where he was imprisoned.

ABOUT AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

As a rule it may be said that a library composed entirely of books belonging to one class of literature is attractive only to the specialist student. The classical library appeals to the scholar, the theological library to the cleric, the legal library to the lawyer, and the medical library to the physician; and though in every one of them the cultivated reader would certainly find something to suit him, he would soon be depressed by the terrible lack of variety. As for the libraries of the people who call themselves 'book-lovers,' probably in order that they may be distinguished from the tribe of book-readers—the collectors who gather together first editions, large-paper copies, Elzevirs, black-letter folios, Caxtons, and all the miscellaneous 'curios' and rarities of the world of books—their value in their owners' eyes is intensified by the fact that the common herd is unable to discern in them any value at all, and can only 'wonder with a foolish face' of bewilderment when told that a small shelf of musty-looking tomes, which might have come out of the sixpenny box at a bookstall, is worth as much as the house that shelters it. Still, there is no reason why, if a man will only set his wits to work, he should not be able to gratify the instinct of the specialist collector in forming a library

which would be of some interest to the intelligent Philistine, as well as to the member of his own little tribe of connoisseurs. He might, for example, begin the formation of a collection of Autobiographies, for not only is autobiographical literature sufficiently extensive to provide him with occupation for a lifetime, but it comprises works which are sufficiently rare to stimulate the appetite of the book-hunter; and as the collection grew he might make the startling discovery that he had become possessed of books that tempted him not only to look at them, to handle them, and proudly to exhibit them, but actually to read them as well.

Indeed, a man of ordinary intelligence who did not feel the fascination of a chamber lined from floor to ceiling with the stories of the lives of men and women, told by the only persons who could tell them with absolute truthfulness, must be in some way an abnormal creature. To the average human being human nature is the one supremely interesting thing—witness the universality of the passion for fiction, drama, and personal gossip; and the autobiography is of human nature all compact. 'I have remarked,' says Carlyle, in the opening chapter of his *Life of John Sterling*, 'that a true delineation of the smallest man, and his scene of pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man; that all men are to an unspeakable degree brothers, each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and that Human Portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls.'

If this be true of biography, which is, after all, a view of the house of life from the outside, with here and there perhaps some details supplied by surreptitious peeps through window or keyhole, it must be more inclusively true of autobiography, in which we are taken by the hand and made free of the inner chambers. An absolutely unreserved and sincere record of the deeds, words, thoughts, and emotions which have gone to make up the most commonplace life, would be of priceless value in many ways, but most of all, perhaps, would it be valuable in relieving every one who read it of at least a part of that burden of isolation which most people carry with them all their lives. Nearly everybody, certainly every young person, is fully convinced that some of his experiences are peculiar to himself; and because of this conviction he dare not disclose them, lest he should subject himself to certain misunderstanding and probable reprobation. Then, in some fortunate moment he takes up the ideal autobiography, the volume in which some other man has disclosed the secrets of his soul, and he finds that what he has supposed to be his own peculiar property or his own peculiar torment, is the property or the torment of this other man as well; and if of him, why not of a hundred, of a thousand men—of the greater number of the race? Loneliness must always be more or less terrible to a being with a social nature that craves for companionship; and a book which relieves our loneliness by assuring us that what we had mistaken as a sign of alienation from our fellows is really a sign of kinship with them, is a book which enriches our life by giving us a new feeling of being at home in the world.

Once, and once only, during the course of

Emerson's last visit to England he and George Eliot met in London at the house of a common friend. Unfortunately, no Boswell or Eckermann was near, and of what could not fail to be an intensely interesting conversation, only one fragment has been preserved. The sage of Concord asked the great English novelist what was her favourite book—not, one would think, a question to which an omnivorous reader like George Eliot would find it easy to give an instantaneous reply. Nevertheless, the reply was ready: without a moment's hesitation she named a work by Rousseau; and Emerson's serene face brightened as he said, 'Why, that is my favourite too!' It seems at first sight one of the most curious and inexplicable of coincidences that out of the whole world of books with which both interlocutors were so widely familiar, each should have selected this book as the object of special and peculiar favour. But there is not really anything curious or inexplicable about it: the interchange of identical sentiments was simply a putting into concrete form of the general feeling that no knowledge can possibly be more interesting or fascinating than the knowledge of those inner facts of human nature from which the veil is so seldom lifted.

Probably, indeed, no one, or hardly any one, doubts that an absolutely sincere and unreserved autobiography would be a uniquely attractive and valuable book; but many people may doubt whether even an approximation to such sincerity and unreserve has ever been made. Even a biographer, it may be said, is apt to fall in love with his subject, and his hero-worship will tempt him to heighten all the lights and soften all the shadows in the hero's portrait; but his temptation is nothing to that of the autobiographer, for the good reputation of *his* hero is of more consequence to him than is that of any other man in the world; and to expect him voluntarily to reveal that which would expose him to execration or contempt is simply to expect a moral impossibility.

But if anything like a minute revelation of a man's life through a biographical medium be neither generally attainable nor even desirable, it does not follow that the impression left by a man's self-painted portrait, the record of his life from his own point of view, must necessarily leave an unvarnished impression behind it. What David said in his haste no man who is not an inveterate cynic will repeat at his leisure. The man who sits down to write his own biography is not likely to be less truthful than his neighbours; and he is probably incited to his task by the reflection that an accurate record of his career, written by the one man to whom absolute accuracy is possible, will redound to his honour. The parenthetical clause in the last sentence is important. Whether a man *will* tell the whole truth about himself may be questionable; but it is unquestionable that he is the only person who knows it and *can* tell it. Many a word or action which, as recorded by the best-informed biographer—who necessarily writes from the outside—seems perfectly inexplicable, would in the pages of an autobiography lose its mystery by revealing itself in its relation to some obscure side of the writer's character; and even if his explanation

were not in itself satisfactory, it could not fail to supply invaluable materials for an explanation of our own. We may even suspect that it is not the true explanation; but the mere fact that the autobiographer wishes us to accept it as true is a real help to an understanding of his character and motives.

As a matter of fact, the secrets of personality cannot be kept, and a man's nature betrays itself without his knowledge of the betrayal. The truth is suggested by words from which truth is absent; the writer, though consciously false, reveals himself unconsciously; and if we lose the real man at one point we catch him at another. Perhaps we are more likely to catch him in autobiography than in any other form of written utterance.

There is occasionally something intoxicating in the act of writing about one's self. There is no surer means of knowing a man than getting him to talk about something in which he is supremely interested, and the autobiographer has a theme which is absorbing enough to carry him out of himself, and make him forget all his favourite tricks and affectations and reserves.

Oddly enough, there seems to be some self-revealing magic in the mere use of the first personal pronoun, even by a writer who does not intend to make any confession. The novelist who adopts the autobiographical form often seems to be so dominated by the form that he unconsciously produces a story which is autobiographical in substance also. Charlotte Brontë and Charles Dickens each wrote one novel in which the principal character—is also the narrator; and the hero in another—*David Copperfield* are the most intensely and recognisably personal books which their authors have left behind them. Dickens was doubtless well aware what he was about, for a man cannot tell the story of his youth without being conscious of the fact; but *Jane Eyre* proves conclusively that a woman can paint her own portrait and never recognise a likeness obvious to all the world. In answer to a statement that in her famous heroine she had represented herself, Charlotte Brontë declared that Jane was like her 'only in being little and plain.' That she believed what she said is certain; and it is equally certain that she never made a more egregious mistake. The pictures of Charlotte Brontë painted by Mrs Gaskell and Mr Augustine Birrell are so good that by their help we are enabled to see that the picture of Rochester's governess has more of intimate and interpretative *verisemblance* than any one of them. Shirley was 'she,' Lacey Snowe was 'she,' but Jane Eyre was 'I,' and the pronoun had such potency that, all unwittingly to herself, the features of the real I were traced one by one on the tiny scraps of paper.

There are probably some very sensible people by whom this last speculation will be scouted as fanciful. Let it be so: perhaps that is the beauty of it. If we could never be fanciful, life would not be worth living; but whatever amount of fancy there may be in this or that speculation about autobiography, the charm of autobiography itself is a solid and a delightful fact. The hypothetical collection pleaded for on an earlier page would be a treasure-house of humour and pathos,

of adventure and meditation, of jubilant boast and penitent confession, of splendour, strange, or grotesque curiosities of life from the well-trodden highways and the obscure byways of human experience. It has been said that the best books are the books which take us into the best company; but then men's opinions concerning good company are perplexingly mixed. One thing, however, may be said with more of emphatic dogmatism than is generally allowable, that if a man cannot find pleasure in the companionship of a devout saint like Augustine, or a vivacious scamp like Cellini; a sentimentalist like Rousseau, or a matter-of-fact man like Cobbett; a pushing bookseller like Lackington, or a gentle book-writer like Leigh Hunt; a dreaming De Quincey, or a wide-awake Franklin; a philosophical aristocrat like Lord Herbert of Chichester, or a pleasantly egotistic shepherd like James Hogg—if, having a taste for theology, he has no delight in John Bunyan, George Fox, Francis William Newman, or his more illustrious brother, or, being a lover of feminine society, is blind to the varied attractions of Madame D'Aubray, Harriet Martineau, or Mary Howitt—he may be given up at once as a hopelessly unsocial person, fit only for an uninhabited circle—though, unfortunately, there is none—in Dante's Inferno.

NEST-BUILDING IN CAPTIVITY.

MANY of us, some time in our lives, have taken an old bird's nest in our hands and admired the wonderful structure, the neatness and care with which the inside has been finished, whether it be the nest of a thrush, so carefully lined with manure, and smoothed off with the art of a well-taught modeller; or maybe the lovely lining which we find in a robin's nest or some of the finches; but we have few actual chances of seeing these miniature homes put together, unless they are built in captivity, under which circumstances the art of nest-building becomes most interesting to a careful watcher.

Let us take, for instance, canaries. A pair of these birds in their second season's building—by which time they have perfected thoroughly the art, supposing they are supplied with a suitable box and materials for the purpose—commence first of all by filling the box with the rougher pieces of moss, after which the hen hops into the middle of it, and sitting down, begins to turn round and round; by this process the inside of the nest is formed. If they find it not full enough, more moss is brought, and the process repeated until it is to the satisfaction of the hen. After this, the delicate part of lining the nest is commenced, the hen sitting in the nest while the cock supplies her with hair, which he first prepares in the following manner. After picking up a small bunch of hair which he holds across the middle, he flies upon the perch and knocks it from side to side against the perch, to shake all loose pieces out; after which he holds the wisp or bunch of hair on the perch with his foot, at the same time drawing his beak up it with a twisting motion. This is repeated until it becomes somewhat woven together, and is then presented to the hen, which she carefully takes and places in the

moss, one piece after another, until a smooth lining is the result. At this point she allows her husband to enter the nest, which they keep doing in turns, with a great deal of excitement and soft twittering, continually turning round and round to finish it off in a workman-like manner.

Canaries, when both are young, often make some very radical mistakes with their first nest, either by using far too much material or not enough. One pair we watched filled the box completely full; so they were supplied with more material, which they at once began piling up on the top of the box until it rose two and a half inches above the edge. In the middle of this they made the nest, not only using moss and hair, but every feather and odd bit they could find. At the end of the season they built a second nest, which showed they had learned something by former experience, this nest being composed of sufficient material and no more, answering the purpose in every way, with about half the expenditure of labour used in their first attempt. Again, it is very interesting to watch them under the condition of having unsuitable materials to build with, and under these conditions they point a moral to us by doing their best under the worst circumstances. To one pair of birds which had bred three seasons I gave a nesting-box so small that the hen could not possibly sit in it; however, this only called forth special effort and thought; and after filling the box, they gradually extended the sides of the nest, a little at a time, as it rose above the edge of the box, until the circumference was large enough to allow of the inside being formed.

One pair which were caged together last year could never agree as to which box they should build in, having a choice of two. The hen decided on one, the cock on the other; so they both began building on their own account until all the material was used. Then the worst of the quarrel began. While the hen was down feeding, the cock would go and fetch the moss out of her box to put in his own; and so *vice versa*, many desperate fights being the result. After three days of this unhappy state of married life, I removed one box, and gave them some fresh moss; after which they built a very nice nest, and reared a family of three, in perfect love and concord with each other.

It has always been my habit with the young birds, when old enough to leave their mother, to take them from the cage and turn them loose in the aviary, much amusement being obtained by watching them in their games, for, like children, they not only play games in their way, but play at keeping house, which I saw them do as follows. Two young birds took possession of an empty box; and after a deal of twittering and hopping in and out, they began flying down and picking up feathers or any bits they could find and taking them into the box. After this had been going on for about ten minutes, another young one without being asked came and joined in the game, but was rudely buffeted away; and, no doubt in a little petty spite, he kept going every time the other two fled down, and threw out all they had put in, which ended in them flying him round and round the aviary until they were all quite exhausted.

I have an old cock canary that has never been blessed with children, yet, for the sake of his splendid disposition, is kept loose in the aviary, and spends the entire summer in philanthropic work; that is, he makes it his duty to look after the young ones as they are turned loose in the aviary, feeds them as their own mother would, and has often stopped them quarrelling, by giving them a sharp blow or two with his wings. Often have we seen him on the floor with five or six young ones round him, all clamouring to be fed. Nothing daunted, at it he goes, dropping food first down one throat and then another, trying his best to satisfy all. Many a weakly one, not learning quickly to feed himself, would have succumbed had it not been for his fatherly care; and when the autumn comes and the young ones have grown out of hand, he seems quite mopeish, his occupation being gone.

Canaries, like human beings, vary very much in character, some cocks being so indifferent and idle that they will let the hen do all the work of building and rearing, while they themselves sit and plume their feathers. Others, again, are perfect gentlemen in their manners, waiting on the hen with a quiet courtesy, and seeing that all she requires is at once brought to her. Again, the hens vary in disposition, some hens behaving in a quiet modest way, attending to their young ones with regularity; while others are in a constant state of chatter with their husbands, pecking and arguing with them every time they go near. Thus we see that these little birds have their tiffs and domestic quarrels, not unlike ourselves.

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

DEAR idle summer winds that softly blow
Across the lea,

I love a maid, and fain would have her know
Sweet thoughts of me.

So let me fetter you with strong desire
For my beloved,

Then wing your way, and light a loving fire
Within her breast.

Go, murmur through the pine-trees, soft and low,
In mournful tone,
Until she sighs—then whisper: 'Thus in woe
He walks alone.'

Go, dash her lattice with the sea's salt tears,
Nor ever rest
Until she weeps—then whisper: 'So do fears
Assail his breast.'

Go, shake the heather blooms, and make them ring
Each rosy bell
Until she laughs—then whisper: 'They but sing,
"He loves thee well."'

Go, waft the sound, if marriage church-bell rings
A glad refrain,
Then—if she speaks—oh, bear it on your wings
To me again!

FREDORA BELL.

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SOME LONDON PARKS.

Few spots are dearer to the heart of the Londoner than his Parks, which have been fitly called the 'lungs' of the great metropolis. Like most human institutions, they have had their vicissitudes, at one time basking in the sunshine of popular favour, at another finding themselves relegated to the chill shades of neglect. But ever since the Restoration, one or other of the Parks has been the resort of Londoners of all classes. The history of the Parks may be truly said to be the history of the amusements and the fashions of our ancestors for several centuries.

Hyde Park owes its origin to Henry VIII., who, at the dissolution of the monasteries, wishing, no doubt, to extend his hunting-grounds, obtained the manor of Hyde from the Abbot of Westminster and the monks, who for many centuries had remained in undisturbed possession of its silvan glades. The first keeper was one George Roper, appointed by Edward VI., at a salary of sixpence a day, and many perquisites, no doubt. With these royal chases, however, we are not much concerned. Elizabeth reviewed her 'Pensioners' there, all 'well appointed in armour on horseback, and arrayed in green cloth and white'—the first of a long succession of reviews in Hyde Park. Charles I. opened it as a public pleasure-ground. Races and other amusements took place there; and Shirley the dramatist tells us how the cuckoo and nightingale sang there, and milkmaids plied a busy trade. In the troublous times of the civil war the Park witnessed Fairfax and his army marching through it three deep, each man with a laurel branch in his hat, on their way to the city. The next year, Colonel Lambert encamped there; and in 1649 Cromwell reviewed his Ironsides in the same place.

In 1652 the House of Commons resolved to sell the Park for ready-money in three lots, which was accordingly done. Evelyn, in his Diary for April 1653, tells us how he 'went to take the aire in Hyde Park, where every

coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchas'd it of the State, as they were called.' The merriment of Hyde Park was not totally eclipsed during the Commonwealth. May-day 1654, as we learn from a letter of that time, must have been cheerful, as many as fifteen hundred coaches being there with their contingents of fair women and brave men, and when 'my Lord Protector's coach came into the Parke with Col: Ingoldsbay and my Lord's daughters (three of them all in greene-a), the coaches and horses flocked about them like some miracle.' On that day—the Park belonging to a private owner—each coach had to pay 2s. 6d. We also hear that this same day was more observed by people going a-maying than for divers years past—'many hundreds of coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powder'd hair men and painted and spotted women.' In spite of the Puritans, however, this fashionable throng seems to have enjoyed the hurling-match between Cornish gentlemen, fifty a side, which took place on that occasion.

At the Restoration, Hyde Park became the most fashionable rendezvous of the town. The 'Ring' or 'Tour' was then the centre of attraction, and round this open space, surrounded by trees, the riders and drivers circled. Samuel Pepys often mentions the Park—which seems to have had a great attraction for him—and minutely tells us of his smart suit of clothes obtained for a ride there, and how nervous he felt in them; or, again, how ashamed he felt of being seen in a hackney coach, and of his great joy in driving a carriage all his own! The world of his day dined in the afternoon, and then went to the play, afterwards taking a drive in the Park, and finally returning home to supper. 'Every one, therefore,' says De Grammont, 'who had either sparkling eyes or a splendid equipage constantly repaired thither; and the king seemed pleased with the place.' On the 25th of April 1669, Pepys tells us he took his wife to the Lodge, 'and there in our coach eat a cheese-cake and drank a tankard of milk.'

We now enter on the era of reviews in the Park. In these, the early days of a standing army, Charles reviewed his Guards in honour of the ambassadors of the Sultan of Morocco in 1682. William III. held many reviews there, and from that time until this the practice has continued. In 1695, hackney carriages were no longer permitted in the Park, a regulation which still holds good. Hyde Park was never more fashionable than in the reign of Queen Anne, when large chariots appeared upon the scene drawn by half-a-dozen Flemish horses. Now the long period of duels begins. In 1712 a duel was fought in the Park between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, in which both lost their lives. During the Jacobite commotion in 1715, a camp was formed there. Among the disadvantages of the Park at this time were the badness of the roads through it, its dust, its inefficient lighting at night, and the frequent robberies which, as a necessary consequence, ensued. Even as late as 1749, Horace Walpole, returning across the Park from Holland House, had his carriage stopped by two highwaymen. Queen Caroline took a great interest in the Park, and it is to her we owe the Serpentine, formed by draining the different pools then existing, and enlarging the little Westbourne brook. Cricket, which was becoming a popular pastime under George II., was played in the Park, and accidents were numerous. At this time, too, fashion transferred its affections from the 'Ring' to Rotten Row, the old road to the suburb of Kensington, which had been much improved by William III., who had caused it to be lit with a continuous row of lamps at night. During the Gordon Riots, the military were encamped in Hyde Park to the tune of ten thousand men, which caused some jealousy of soldiers in general in the popular mind.

In the days of the French Revolution, when England was fearing an invasion of her shores, Hyde Park saw the first of a long series of Volunteer reviews, inaugurated on the 4th of July 1799, when the new recruits passed before George III. Robberies by this time were few and far between; and the last duel in the Park took place in 1817. During the severe winters of those days, skating on the Serpentine was much in vogue, and gathered a much more fashionable attendance than at present. In 1814 a number of booths were erected on the ice, and country-dances and Scotch reels were executed by the skaters. The year 1814 was an important one in the history of the Park. In April, Louis XVIII. passed through it on his way to Paris, to ascend the throne of his fathers; and the same year saw the visit of the allied sovereigns and the famous Blücher. An immense concourse of people thronged the Park. A large fête was given, and the number of booths and stalls stretched from Piccadilly to the end of the Serpentine. At night, Chinese lanterns illumined the scene. Among other

sights was a mimic battle of Trafalgar on the Serpentine.

And now that the story of Hyde Park has been brought down to our own prosaic times, there is little more to be said about it. In 1820 chairs were first introduced; and two years afterwards the Achilles Statue was set up in honour of the Duke of Wellington. Space does not permit more than a bare mention of the renowned Exhibition of 1851, and of the Crystal Palace erected there, and afterwards removed to Sydenham.

Kensington Gardens can hardly be said to have a history distinct from that of Hyde Park. To a comparatively recent date they were in a wild state, and foxes might have been seen there at the close of the last century. At first, the Gardens consisted of about twenty-six acres. Queen Anne enlarged them, and Queen Caroline added as many as three hundred acres.

The two sister-parks—St James's, and the one stretching along a portion of Piccadilly called the 'Green' Park—have witnessed many changes of fortunes. Before the Restoration, the Green Park was merely a large piece of meadow-land, and only commences its existence as a Park from the reign of Charles II. It was much improved by Queen Caroline, who built a Pavilion Library there. Under George II. it was utilised for reviews of small bodies of troops. In 1749, at the close of the war of the Spanish Succession, a grand fête was held there, a 'Doric' Temple erected, and fireworks blazed at night. Robberies were not uncommon in the Park; and a duel was fought there, in 1771, between Lord Ligonier and Adieri the poet, which created a great sensation at the time. A few years later, strange as it may seem to us of the present day, the Green Park became a fashionable promenade in the evening, when, after dinner, the gay world assembled there in full dress. Then the view, stretching away over the Thames to the Surrey Hills, must have been very beautiful. This custom of the after-dinner stroll in the Park lasted till the early years of the present century, when the dinner hour became as late as eight or nine, and thus put a stop to this freak of fashion. The Green Park witnessed another great fête in 1814, when a 'Temple' and other erections so beloved in that pseudo-classic age formed the more serious part of the amusements, which included a fair (as in Hyde Park), which did no small damage to the appearance of the grass. In 1842 its modern form was given to the Park; and in 1856 the reservoir of Chelsea waterworks, which stood on Constitution Hill, was filled up.

A much more illustrious history belongs to the twin Park of St James's. Once the lands belonging to a Leprosy Hospital, they were formed by Henry VIII. into a Park. He also built St James's Palace, and obtained from the Abbot of Westminster some more lands, which he added to the Park. James I. kept a kind of menagerie there, the animals including an elephant, camels, crocodiles, and so forth. Admission to the Park was then probably reserved to the ladies and gentlemen of the court and others in high position. It was a favourite walk with Cromwell,

where he was often to be seen alone, musing, doubtless, on high affairs of state; and Charles I. passed through it on his way to the scaffold. The story of St James's Park is bound up with that of Charles II. That 'merry monarch' was very fond of the Park, sauntering along its avenues, feeding the wild-fowl, chatting to the beauties of the court, or playing a game at Pall Mall: none of these came amiss to him. The different springs and pools were united in one large sheet of water, and trees were planted round the pond called after 'Fair Rosamond'—a favourite spot for lovers' meetings. A new wall was formed, over fourteen hundred feet long, and the new canal was stocked with wild-fowl of all kinds. From 1660 to 1670 as much as £246, 18s. was paid for oatmeal, tares, hemp-seed, and so on, for the 'birds and forbes in the Park.' Other payments, too, were made 'for fish for the cormorant,' which bird, to judge by its name, was doubtless blessed with a good appetite. A pelican, called by Evelyn 'a melancholy water-fowl,' might also have been seen there, together with Guinea goats, Arabian sheep, rebucks and red-deer. The larger sort of foreign birds probably had their cages situated along the walk, which is still called 'Birdcage.' The ornamental water was much used for skating in the winter. Pepps in his entry for December 1662 tells us how he went 'over the Parke, where I, first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skatees, which is a very pretty art.'

The Mall soon became a fashionable walk by day as well as by night. Private balls and evening parties were then rare, so that the upper classes took their amusement in a less exclusive way than at present. There, from twelve till two, and again at seven, the beaux and belles of those days, in all the Arcadian simplicity of their Watteau costumes, paraded about 1730, and still later, exchanged the simplicity of shepherd's and shepherdesses for the monstrous garbs borrowed from abroad and yeelped 'Macaroni.' Camps were formed in St James's Park in 1736, and again during the Gordon Riots. Near the Spring Gardens, which now, thickly covered with houses, still bear the empty title, was held a Milk Fair, relics of which, in the shape of divers cows, may be seen there at the present day. At the close of the last century the 'Mall' and St James's Park generally lost the high position they had held in the favour of the world of fashion. At this time they were still popular, and the tradespeople and citizens on Sundays flocked there in large numbers. Gradually, however, both Parks have become more or less deserted save by nurses and their charges, and the 'classes' as well as the 'masses' seem to prefer Hyde Park.

Little remains to be said. In 1786 a mad-woman, named Margaret Nicholson, attempted to kill George III.; and on another occasion, Colonel Despard's plot to kill the same king by firing off a large gun on the Parade in the Park was discovered in time, and its author hanged. The once romantic spot, 'Rosamond's Pond,' is at present identified with the 'Guards' and Wellington Barracks; and Buckingham Palace stands on the site of the once famous Mulberry Gardens, formed by James I. in his

laudable desire to promote the production of silk in England. In 1827 St James's Park was altered to the shape and form which in the main it bears at the present day.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXIV.—AN HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

At Petherton, during all that fearful time, how closely Psyche followed the march of events; how carefully she reckoned the chances of war; how eagerly she watched the slow advance of the relieving force up the Nile to Dongola and across the desert to Abu Klea and Metannah! Early in the morning, before even Dumaresq came down to his Spartan breakfast, Psyche was already scanning with anxious eyes the *Times* or *Norcs* she hardly held in her trembling fingers. When Papa went out on the downs for his mid-day walk, Psyche brought forth the big Atlas from the study shelf, and, pen in hand, pounced down, all eagerness, on those strange unknown names, fixing for herself with minute care the exact spot where Wolseley had last arrived, or the utmost point on the wide blank of sand yet reached by Stewart with his desert advance-guard. Here they camped last night: there they go to-morrow. Love had turned the pink-and-white maiden unawares into an amateur tactician of the first water. She read with more than military fervour the latest views of distinguished authorities as to the chances of the Camel Corps; the conflicting opinions of newspaper scribblers as to the tactical value of Beresford's Naval Brigade. General Maitland himself could not have been more eager as to the possible merits of the mounted infantry; the very War Office could hardly have been more excited when the van of the relief party arrived at Gakdul.

And all this in the silence of her own heart! For Psyche did not dare to confide in any one. When she heard Papa's footstep on the gravel path outside, or Ida Mansel's voice by the garden gate, the Atlas was hurriedly thrust back into its place on the shelf, the *Duty Vers* was carefully folded away in the rack by the fireplace, the tears were hastily brushed from those clouded eyes, and the poor self-restrained girl came back at one bound from Khartoum or Dongola to Petherton Episcopi. No one but herself knew with what anxiety she followed every move in that terrible and protracted game; no one but herself knew how often, as she gazed at that hopeless map with its impassable stretches of desert sand and its long curves of interminable Nile, names and places faded suddenly from her failing eyes, and a vast blank alone rose up visible before her—a mingled blank of despair and blindness.

Now and again, to be sure, there were gleams of hope. It was not all pure unmixed despondency. On New Year's day, for example, came a message, a glorious message from Gordon to the relieving force: 'Khartoum all right on the 14th of December! A fortnight ago, then, Psyche thought with a thrill, Linzell was safe; but, ah, how many things may happen in a fortnight! Yet even so, that cheery message, despatched by a brave man in stifled despair, brightened up her

New Year not a little. For a full week afterwards her sight never suddenly failed her unawares; she walked with a firmer and a freer tread; there was still hope, for Stewart's force was now well on the way for Metannah. Then came the flicker of victory at the Abu Klea wells—why, now they were almost at the gates of Khartoum. How very short a distance it looked on the map. Psyche measured it carefully by the scale of miles with a pin and some thread: her heart smelt within her when she found the result! How many days' journey, how many days' journey, if one came to look at it by that sterner method.

On the 22d, another message arrived from Gordon: 'Khartoum all right. Could hold out for years.' Her heart bounded with joy within her as she read. All would yet be well—and Linnell would come home again.

When Linnell came home, she would tell him all. She could stand it no longer, this misery of misinterpretation. She would ask her father to release her from her promise, that horrible promise that had wrought so much harm. She would fling herself freely, for all her pride, on her painter's neck, and with tears and entreaties beg him to forgive her. A Dumaresq as she was, she would beg him to forgive her.

The end of January, though full of suspense, was indeed a happy time in anticipation for Psyche. Everything was going on so well at the front. The relief of Khartoum was now all but accomplished. Day after day came brighter news. Gordon's four steamers, sent down the Nile to assist Wolesey, had united with the expeditionary force at Metannah. Then all was still safe in the beleaguered city. Sir Charles Wilson had started for Khartoum; in three days more the siege would be raised—the siege would be raised, and Linnell would be free again! The whole world of England had its eyes fixed during that period of suspense on one man alone; to Psyche, too, there was but one man in all Khartoum, and that man was—not Gordon, but the Special Artist of the *Porte-Crayon* newspaper.

On a Wednesday afternoon towards the end of the month, Ida Mansel stopped with her pony-carriage in front of the Wren's Nest gate, and called out to Psyche, who was busy in the drawing-room, to come in with her that minute to Melbury.

Psyche flung down her needlework at once. Melbury was the nearest country town, and she was delighted indeed to have such a chance; for the evening papers could be bought at Melbury. Every hour was of breathless importance now: nobody knew how soon tidings might arrive of the relief of Khartoum. She would buy a *Pall Mall* or a *St James's* at Melbury: she would get the latest news, that way, twelve hours earlier. So she hurried on her hat and jacket anyhow, and rushed out in haste to Ida.

It was a lovely afternoon, and the sun was shining. Such a January day, Psyche scarcely remembered. The hedgerows were bright with hips and haws; the feathery streamers of the clematis, or old-man's beard, as village children call it, festooned the bare boughs with their flower-like fluffiness; the chirping of robins from the shelter of the holly-bushes made her almost forget it was the depth of winter. Rocks caved

from the rookery in cheerful content: young lambs already bleated from the pasture-land. Everything spoke of spring and hope. And Psyche's heart was glad within her; for had not England sent out help to her painter? Was not an army well on its way, all to bring her lover back to her at Petherton?

For the very first time, as they drove along through the brisk clear air, Psyche ventured to broach the subject that lay nearest her heart to Ida Mansel. 'Do you think,' she asked timidly, with a deep blush, 'there's any chance—we might hear to-day—that they've relieved Khartoum?'

Mrs Mansel was in her most oracular Girtonian mood. 'Perhaps,' she answered, vaguely, flicking the pony's ear, 'and perhaps not. But, for my part, it simply surprises me to find how much importance everybody attaches to the particular question whether this one man, Gordon—an estimable person, no doubt, in his own way, but one among ten million—does or does not happen to get shot in an expedition on which he volunteered, for the express purpose of going to shoot other people. To my mind, the interest the world displays in his fate smacks of provincialism.'

Psyche, with her poor heart fluttering within her, was not disposed to contest this abstract proposition. 'But there are so many more people in Khartoum with him!' she ventured to interpose, her thoughts all full of one among that nameless unthought-of number.

'So there are many thousand estimable Chinamen dying every day in Pekin, I believe,' Mrs Mansel answered, with chilly persistence. 'It seems to me irrational, in a world where hundreds must die daily, of endless misfortunes, to make so much fuss over a few dozen Englishmen more or less, who've sought their own death over yonder in Central Africa.'

'Perhaps you'd feel it more if you were personally interested in any one of them,' Psyche ventured to suggest, very tentatively, though her heart misgave her for even trenching so far on the dangerous question.

'That's just it, you see,' Mrs Mansel replied, with philosophic calm, replacing her whip in its stand carefully. 'As it happens, we have a friend out there ourselves, you know. Mr Linnell, you remember, that nice young man who was here in the summer, and who painted your portrait, and your father's too, has gone out to Khartoum; and you recollect he's a very old chum indeed of Reginald's. Reginald's very much concerned at times about him. But what I say is, if we who have acquaintances actually in danger there don't make any unnecessary noise or fuss about it—if we're content to look on and watch and wait to see what time and chance will do for them—why should all the rest of the world go crying and shrieking and wringing their hands in wild despair like a pack of children about Gordon and his companions, who are the merest names to them? War's an outlet for our surplus population. It replaces the plagues of the middle ages. There are plenty more soldiers where those came from.'

The tears stood full in Psyche's eyes, though with a violent effort she held them back. But she could talk no more about Khartoum after that. 'Mr Linnell, you remember, who painted

your portrait, indeed ! As if she could forget ! as if she could forget him ! Oh, strange irony of accidental coincidence ! How little she knew ! How little she understood poor Psyche's sorrow !

They drove on into Melbury in silence almost, and up the long High Street, stopping at the grocer's and the wine-merchant's and the draper's, till at last they reached the one shop in the place that had now any interest for poor eager Psyche—the bookseller's and news-agent's. There were no placards displayed outside the door as usual. Mrs Mansel pulled up the pony at the door and let Psyche jump out. 'Have the evening papers come in yet ?' Psyche asked, trembling.

'No, miss,' the shopman answered, with glib unconcern ; 'they're a little late : behind time this evening ; but *Punch* is to hand if you'd like to look at it.'

Psyche took it up in a vague, uncertain, half-dreamy way. *Punch* for her indeed ! What sarcasm ! What irony ! Of how much interest to her were its jokes and its caricatures now, with Linnell imprisoned by that mob of fierce fanatic blacks in Khartoum ! She opened the paper, hardly knowing what she did. It almost fell from her hands in her intense excitement. Oh heavens ! what was this ? A terrible joy burst over her as she looked. The cartoon was a picture of two weather-stained soldiers shaking hands together amid loud huzzas and tossing-up of caps, while a body of faithful Egyptian and negro allies looked on from behind and shared in the universal rejoicing of their deliverers. Underneath was the simple legend, 'At Last !' Remote as Psyche lived from the great world of men and events, she took in at a glance what the picture meant. Love sharpened her senses to read it aright. She recognised even the faces of the two leading men. One of them was Wilson ; the other, Gordon.

Then all was well ! Khartoum was relieved ! The steamers with the Sussex regiment on board—those steamers whose course she had followed so anxiously—must have run the gantlet of the Mahdi's fire, and succeeded in forcing their way up the Nile to the besieged city. Wilson had thrown himself into Khartoum at last ! And Linnell would now come back to England.

All England was thinking of Gordon that night. Psyche was thinking only of her artist lover.

She turned, on fire, and laying threepence hastily down on the counter, rushed out of the shop with her priceless treasure in her hands, all trembling. At the door, space disappeared for a moment before her swimming eyes ; but she cared nothing at all for all that, now : what was blindness itself, with Linnell safe ? She groped her way, with her precious paper in her hand, to Ida Mansel's pony-trap ; and in a second, as the wave of joy passed through her once more, she saw again as distinctly as ever she had seen in all her life ; for no tonic on earth can equal happiness. 'Mrs Mansel !' she cried, 'he's safe ! he's safe ! They're relieved Khartoum, and defeated the Mahdi !'

'Who's safe ?' Mrs Mansel repeated, half incredulous. And Psyche, too proudly honest to answer 'Gordon,' replied with a scarcely conscious blush : 'Why, your friend Mr Linnell ! I'm so glad to hear it !'

Ida Mansel took the paper sceptically from the girl's hand. It was that ill-too historical number of *Punch* with the famous cartoon, so soon to be falsified, representing the supposed junction of Wilson's reinforcements with the handful of defenders still left with Gordon ; and as everybody now knows, it was prepared beforehand, as such things must always necessarily be prepared, in anticipation of the shortly-expected triumph of that futile relief party. But neither Psyche nor her friend was critical enough to reflect, in their woman-like haste, that the drawing and the block must have been put in hand, at the very latest, several hours before the arrival of the last telegrams in that morning's papers. They were not critical enough to remember that *Punch*, with all its acknowledged virtues and excellences, has never laid any claim of any sort to rank as an independent purveyor and dispenser of authentic intelligence. They accepted the hypothetical announcement of the cartoon in good faith as so much honest comment upon established fact ; and they made no doubt in their own minds that in London that evening the news of Gordon's safety was common property.

Oh, glorious, short-lived, inexpressible delight ! Oh, sudden breaking of tense heart-strings ! Oh, instant relief from unutterable suspense ! Psyche drove back to Petherton beside herself with joy. Linnell was safe, and she would see him again. She had no fear now that he might have died or been killed during the siege. Some supreme internal faith told her plainly that all was well. England had wasted money like water and sacrificed lives by the thousand in the desert, all to bring Psyche back her painter ; and now, in the very hour of the country's triumph, should any base doubt dare to obtrude itself on her happy mind that all was in vain and that her painter was missing ? No, no, a thousand times over, no ! Not thus are the events of the Cosmos ordered. Psyche *knew* he was safe. She *knew* he would come back again.

The robins in the hedge chirped merrier than ever as they two drove back in high glee to Petherton. The sun in the sky shone bright and spring-like. The waves on the sea shimmered like diamonds. Everything was gay and blithe and happy. For Linnell was safe, and Psyche was herself again.

And in many an English home that night, sad hearts were mourning for their loved ones at Khartoum.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE APPLE STANDS TO-DAY.

THE ordinary householder and his wife may be surprised to know that this old-fashioned and ever popular fruit has been and is still causing some stir in the community. No doubt the ripple it makes is only a small one when compared with the big circles caused by circumstances of greater interest to the general public ; so that most people will hardly know whether Apples fail or succeed ; or if they do, what effect failure or success produces on table or pocket. The fact that the cultivation of the Apple has been allowed to sink into a shamefully neglected

condition is conceded by everybody who has any acquaintance with the matter. Nor is this anything new. It had been written about in the gardening papers for very many years; but as a rule—perhaps without exception—the writers were mere promulgators of fads, and the whole of them failed, inasmuch as the comparative value of varieties was not certainly known or clearly defined. When the seasons of ten to a dozen years ago clouded over agricultural interests, the Apple was smitten hip and thigh; and had it not been for imported fruit during that period, the apple dumpling must inevitably have fallen into desuetude, at least for the time being. Meantime, the British orchardist began to rub his eyes, and when he got them sufficiently opened, he beheld his orchards in the possession of trees, aged, lichen-covered, and totally incapable of responding with certainty to cultural treatment.

But with the return of better seasons apple trees regained fruitfulness, and in 1883 the crop was a good one throughout the country. The opportunity was seized to hold what was called an 'Apple Congress' at Chiswick, in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society. The result was to open still wider the eyes, and to allow for the entrance of more light into the minds of the now awakened pomologists. A few facts were deduced, which must form the basis of intelligent apple-culture in the future. Some thousands of dishes of fruit were forwarded to this gathering from all parts of the United Kingdom; and the astonishing number of from fifteen to sixteen hundred distinct varieties were thus brought together. Many exhibitors 'set up' fifty or more sorts, and some from one hundred up to three times that number.

The evil of cultivating so many varieties was fairly exhibited when the varieties recommended for general cultivation by fruit-growers came to be examined. Thus, out of the fifteen hundred odd sorts, less than one hundred were named as worthy of cultivation by four or more persons. About fifty sorts had ten or more recommendations; while only about twenty sorts were recommended by thirty-six to one-hundred-and-one voters.

In the Scottish gathering held in Edinburgh two years later, the results were of a nature almost identical. The remarkable outcome of this census went to show that nearly one-and-a-half thousand kinds of apples were in cultivation throughout the country, the value of which as a whole was very slight. Or, put in another way, it showed that many thousands of apple trees of problematical value were occupying ground and absorbing labour, the place of which could be occupied by from twenty to one hundred sorts in a more valuable manner.

Another outcome of the 'Congress' was to show that the nomenclature of apples all over the country was in a jumble of confusion. Very few collections were altogether correctly named, and some popular sorts were found on the tables under from eight to sixteen different names. It appeared as if a rule prevailed that when some extra good cropping sort had asserted itself in a district—its name having previously disappeared—a local designation was tacked on to it,

and distributed from some nursery establishment as a new thing altogether. If it had other qualities besides that of great fruitfulness, not much harm would ensue; but if the variety was lacking in size or flavour, then it followed that an extra number of trees of an undesirable nature was by this means unwittingly distributed over the country. It would also occur—and as a fact the occurrence was not unusual—that one might order a good variety and succeed in procuring one of no worth.

But perhaps the most remarkable result of all was the final triumph of one 'stock' over all others. The general reader will not of course understand what the term stock as applied to apples means. Nowadays, the almost invariable method of increasing the number of apple trees is by budding or grafting the sort required on to other trees specially prepared for the purpose. These latter are technically termed 'stocks.' Most of the fruit exhibited was accompanied by a card containing, with other information, the kind of stock on which the tree was grown; and it was found that fruit which had been produced by trees on the 'Paradise' stock was, from whatever district shown, superior to all others. The Paradise had been long known for the influence it exerted over the scion which was worked on it, inasmuch as the trees assumed a more dwarf and fruitful habit; but it was now distinctly seen that it possessed the equally important qualification of improving the appearance and increasing the size of the fruit.

In numerous instances, seedling apple trees are employed for 'stock' purposes; and on certain kinds of soil these do very well; but in the crushing competition which is becoming every decade more pronounced, not quantity so much as size and quality will perforce become the factors of success. That is so to a great extent even now, but not to the degree it must attain in time to come.

This and other 'congresses' which followed were, however, only initial proceedings. Some occupiers of orchards, and this especially in the Home Counties, were indeed not slow to put into execution proceedings some of them of an extreme nature. Moderately healthy trees were headed over and regrafted with the best kinds, while the older worn-out subjects were summarily stubbed up and destroyed and young plantations made in their stead; and here and there throughout the country an impetus was given to a more intelligent system of culture. But the ordinary Britisher of whatever calling is slow to move in the adoption of anything new, and in no calling is this so pronounced as in interests connected with the land.

In order to a further improved fruit-culture, a Society named the British Fruit-growers' Association has been and is trying to promulgate the knowledge of improved principles in fruit-growing. In the winter of 1890 a scheme was broached to raise twenty thousand pounds in order to carry out the crusade with increased vigour and greater effect. As one result of the operations of this Society, the Fruiteers' Company of London has been induced to descend to practical matters; and last year (1890) there was instituted a series of prizes for fruits and preserves. At the show of these held in the Guild-

ball, it was palpably apparent that the culture of hardy fruits, of which apples were by far the most conspicuous, is only imperfectly understood. When it is remembered that nearly the whole of the best apples consumed in this country are imported from Canada and the northern States of America, it is apparent that there is verge enough for a more enlightened régime.

In the apple-growing counties of England, finer fruit than the best of the American can be produced; but it is only here and there that cultivators give their trees that amount of attention which enables them to produce fruit of the highest quality.

Again, in many parts of Ireland the soil and climate are fitted to produce fruit of magnificent quality; but hardly without exception is there any attempt to cultivate orchards, and the fruit when ready is often knocked to the ground by means of long poles, instead of being carefully gathered, sorted, and marketed. It has been given on good authority that the Irish could compete with the men of Kent with the highest-class apples.

Then in Scotland, notwithstanding the long-remembered saying of Sydney Smith, there are many districts where quite as large fruit as is common in England can be grown. The only drawback is the lack of colour, which is so attractive in fruit grown under the influence of sunnier skies. At the same time it is noteworthy that Scottish fruit of the right kind, intelligently cultivated and properly sorted, commands as good a price as the ordinary run of American produce, and very much better than Continental, which, carelessly grown, is no less carelessly put on the market.

But the outlook, it will be seen, is becoming still more serious, when it is known that another competitor, who will in a few years rival the American grower as an importer, has sprung up in the form of the Australian colonies. Some four years ago consignments of Tasmanian apples were received in London, and the results were so generally gratifying, that the importation of apples into the metropolis during April and May is becoming a staple industry. The quality and appearance of the fruit are of the very highest class. But more. Two large fruit-growing colonies on the Murray River, with the most complete irrigation appliances in the world, are being rapidly established, and before long we shall have these also competing for a share of our fruit orders.

Under such circumstances it may be questioned by the man of caution whether it will pay to grow apples in this country. The reply to that must be that it only will when made a matter of business. Our gardens and orchards are at present mostly occupied by trees of next to no use, and instead of supplying our own wants, the mass of our apple-supply has to be bought abroad. We have, in fact, decided advantages to set against certain drawbacks. The American, for instance, does not, in the strict sense of the word, cultivate his apples at all. He simply selects a certain few good sorts, sets them out in his orchard, and awaits his crop. The general result arrived at is that one season the crops are abnormally large, and the trees are so much exhausted in the endeavour to mature their crops that the following year is

spent as a recuperative holiday. Thus, leaving out altogether the contingencies of spring frost, the ravages of caterpillars, &c., which also have to be contended with on this side, there is a constant recurrence of seasons when imported apples are more or less scarce. Then, with the exception of the Newton Pippin, our islands can produce a better quality of fruit than America does; and Continental fruit is in the meantime much inferior to ours.

What we have got to do in order to make headway is to grow a very few varieties, and these the best; that is to say, only those which as trees will grow rapidly, keep healthy, bear freely, and mature fruit of a large size. It requires a man to have a special training in order to succeed even then. The writer is acquainted with instances where the best kinds were planted, and yet, through inattention to cultural details, the price of the trees has not been metted in the course of a dozen years. The system known in France as 'petite culture' has been recommended as a solution of the difficulty in this country. But the circumstances are so very different, that it would take perhaps two generations to establish it with success. The Frenchman has from one generation to another been bred to the work. It is with him a second nature, and the results are marvellous.

In Great Britain we have to raise from raw material the like class of men, and at the best it is doubtful if our climate would second him in securing as good a return for his labour. Most exaggerated statements of the profits attainable from apple-culture have been put before the public. Writing from experience, and keeping within the strictest bounds, a bush apple tree will one year with another produce fruit to the net value of one shilling and sixpence. That may appear an inconsiderable sum; but a bush tree when full grown will not occupy more than nine square yards of ground, and an acre so planted means forty pounds.

Starting with one-year-old trees, scarcely any fruit should be allowed to form for the first six years. The growth of the tree will be much more rapid under these conditions, and a fair crop may be expected the sixth or seventh season. The ground of course will be much of it under general cultivation until the trees are, say, a dozen years of age, so that there will constantly be a return from the ground even when nothing is secured off the apples. In no season should any but a moderate crop be taken. In extra fruitful years the apples should be freely thinned when quite small, and by this means large fruit will be the rule; while in scarce seasons, which are generally the outcome of an overcrop, a good crop will hardly ever fail to mature. Thirty years may be taken as the term of the paying life of the trees. It is not uncommon to net from ten to twenty shillings' worth of fruit from a bush tree in full bearing; but three to four shillings is a more fair estimate, and over all, the eightpence per tree may be taken as being neither too sanguine nor too low.

It is absolutely necessary that the right sorts be grown. Warner's King, Eckinville Seedling, Lord Grosvenor, and Keswick Codling, are examples of what succeed everywhere, being of rapid growth, free fruiting, and producing fruit of

the right size. The English Paradise should be selected, and a course of periodical root-lifting carried out in the earlier years of the trees' existence.

MISS WINTER'S HERO.

MISS WINTER (Christian name Kate) stood at the window of the lodging-house drawing-room, her hands clasped behind her back, looking out at the sea, with a very dissatisfied face. Of what use was it to be rich and pretty and twenty-two, if one could not have one's own way? Fathers were all very well—with a glance at the portly personage in the corner, half hidden behind his newspaper; but no middle-aged father living could even begin to comprehend all the lights and shades involved in a case like this. Laurence had said so himself; and her father had never made any pretensions to finer feelings; he was simply an honest, comfortable, matter-of-fact man of business, and his daughter had arrived at a crisis where those qualities were at a discount.

The state of the case was this. Mr Winter had come to Scotland on some matter of business, and brought his household with him. They put up at one of the Clyde watering-places, and there Kate made the acquaintance of a certain Mr Laurence Glynn, about which acquaintance Mr Winter had expressed himself very freely that morning, and Kate was resenting it accordingly.

'My dear, there's a dreadful draught coming in at that window,' her father broke in upon her meditations. 'Couldn't you shut it? or—What's the matter?'

'Nothing particular,' returned Kate, shutting down the window sharply. 'What was the use of going over it all a second time? 'I'm going down to the beach; this room is unbearably hot.'

'Very well, my dear; and perhaps I may come after you when I've finished my paper.—Cheer up, Kate; there's as good fish in the sea as'—

But Miss Winter did not wait to hear the whole of that wise saw, neither did she adjourn direct to the beach. A narrow path wound up a low cliff behind, where the coastguard's flagstaff was planted, and thither she bent her steps. There was a circular green bench round the staff, and on the bench sat a handsome young fellow in a brown velvet coat. His hair was a little longer than is customary in these close-cropped days; and that, or a certain rapt absent expression, would have stamped him at once as either poet or artist with most people. Kate, looking at him in the full flush of the warm sunset, felt that it was no light privilege even to know such a man; but having known him, that he—refined and cultivated to such a pitch of perfection—should have laid his fortune at her feet, should have counted her worthy to share his future, the fame that coming days were to bring him, passed all belief. At the sound of her foot on the springy turf he looked round.

'Kate, my queen!'—there was music in his lightest tone—'I thought you were never coming.

Do you know this is the first time I have seen your face to-day? It has been all cloud; no sun has risen for me.'

'I would have come if I could,' said Kate, very truthfully. 'Oh Laurence, I don't know how I am to tell you what has happened, I am so miserable.'

'What is wrong, Kate?' asked her lover, coming down from the clouds and growing suddenly sober.

'This is wrong. Somebody—it's that horrid Mrs Smithson—has been talking to papa about you. She said you—you were idle, that you were over head and ears in debt. I can't tell you what she didn't say; and then papa came up to me, and said he would have no more philandering—that was the very word—about here, and—and that wasn't all.'

Mr Laurence Glynn had turned scarlet and white alternately. He got up from the bench. 'And you agreed with them, I suppose?'

'Oh Laurence!'—Kate's eyes overflowed altogether—'if the whole world said so, what difference could it make to me? Even if I had never seen you, I should have believed in you from your poems. No one but a good man and a great man could have written like that.'

'Then the world may say what it pleases, my Kate.' The young man flung himself on the grass at her feet and gazed up at her as Antony may have gazed at Cleopatra, Dante at Beatrice, Rizzio at his royal mistress. 'Something must be done, however, and done at once,' he said presently. 'I will not lose my Kate for all the fathers or Mrs Smithsons in Christendom.—What was the rest of the tale, Kate? I may as well hear the whole of it.'

'It's that John Petersen, a person who hasn't an idea beyond business and the money market—so everybody thinks him perfection; and he's coming over from Liverpool on Saturday, and papa hopes I mean to be civil to him.'

Mr Glynn's brows contracted. Instead of gazing at Kate, he was rooting up all the clover-heads within reach and hurling them into space. Kate watched the process with troubled eyes. He looked round at her suddenly.

'Kate, you never had any brothers and sisters, I think you once told me?'

'No. But what has that to do with it?'

'A good deal. You are your father's only child; that gives you a grand claim upon him; he would forgive you anything.'

'I don't think he has had much occasion for forgiving me,' said Kate, with a little touch of dignity.

'I know that, dear; but he may have more, or think he has, which comes to the same thing. We must just take the law into our own hands, and carve out our own fortunes.'

'You mean?'—rather breathlessly.

'I mean that you must take me for better for worse without any delay. We are not the first who have been driven to that step, and we shall not be the last. Once mine, Mr John Petersen and Mrs Smithson may go to—anywhere they please.'

Could the poet have been going to say—to Jericho? It sounded uncommonly like it, even to Kate; but she had no time to debate the point; she was completely swept off her feet

by the deluge of eloquence he brought to bear upon her. He pictured the desolation that must inevitably compass all her days, if she meekly allowed herself to be handed over to this narrow-minded soulless worldling; the shattered hopes he himself would carry under all the honours with which his fellows crowned him, and—saddest reflection of all—to remember, that they two had once stood together at the very entrance to Arcadia and lacked the courage to enter in.

Ah me! if one could always sojourn on those exalted heights; but there was the valley waiting at the foot, the sordid details to be gone into, the practical arrangements discussed. The first thing was to get back to Liverpool—that was the post's headquarters as well as the objectionable Petersen's. Once there, Laurence would procure a special license through a friend who was well up in that kind of thing; and then the deed done, they could choose their own time for informing the powers that be.

They were to slip away to Greenock by separate trains to-morrow afternoon, and go down to the quay and take the Liverpool boat; and then, while Mr Winter was scouring about the different railway stations for the runaways, they would be sailing peacefully over the blue waters beyond all reach of pursuit.

'To think that this time to-morrow we shall be together—not a cloud to dim our gladness, not a jarring note to make discord in the harmony—“Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one,” said Mr Glynn, waving his hand—a shapely and well-cared-for hand—towards the dipping sails on the horizon. Of course the railway is the quickest; but there is the telegraph and cross lines, and a hundred chances to guard against, that the sea is exempt from. Kate! we shall both look back upon it as the happiest expedition we ever had—our very first together. The distance is nothing; it will be only too short for the delight we shall crowd into it.'

But all this rapture notwithstanding, Kate went through that evening with a curious sense of oppression at her heart. Her father was her father; she had had nothing but love and kindness, albeit somewhat rough and ready kindness, from him since she could remember. No shadow of trouble had ever fallen across her sheltered path. If it were for any one else in the world than Laurence, she could never have entertained the thought of leaving him; but there were times—Laurence said so—when even the best of fathers must stand on one side. Kate found herself watching him quite tenderly as he sauntered about the room, and hoped he would not mind very much, when he found she was gone.

'I tell you what it is, Kate,' he said, stopping in front of her on one of his peregrinations. 'I don't think this idle kind of life is exactly good for us; we'll go home to our cotton bales again next week. I'll be right glad to get my shoulder to the wheel once more; nothing takes the place of it, even on a holiday.'

Next week! Kate bent her head over her book; she did not feel equal to any comment.

'By the way, John Petersen will be here to-morrow afternoon. I'd a line from him by

to-night's post; so we'll make a grand wind-up and all go back together.'

'To-morrow!' echoed Kate. 'He said Saturday before.'

'Ay; but I think he's wanting a sight of you, Kate: there's a limit even to patience.'

'As long as he has a ledger beside him he will put up without a good many other things,' remarked Kate, getting up and gathering her scattered properties together.

'Don't be too sure of that, my lassie—still waters run deep.'

The weather had broken when Kate looked out next morning; sea and shore were muffled up in a shroud of damp gray mist, known to the dwellers in that region as a 'haar.' Kate gave an involuntary shiver as she thought of the pilgrimage to be begun under its auspices; a bright day would have made such a difference. It was too late for reflections now; but she set about making her necessarily limited preparations with strange want of enthusiasm; that glowing future seemed to have dwindled into something vague and far away; while present surroundings loomed large and life-like instead, after the fashion of the house gables in the misty street; while the rolling hills behind had vanished into blank space. Another of Laurence's similes. Kate herself was not good at ideas of that kind, possibly one of the reasons she was attracted by it in him.

And so the day wore on. By four o'clock Kate found herself rattling into Greenock station. How she had escaped at the last she hardly knew, only here she was, and every now and again a big tear splashed down on her lap and blotted out what landscape was left. Laurence was waiting on the platform. Kate greeted him with something suspiciously like a sob. 'Laurence, I don't like going off like this a bit; it isn't like a real wedding at all.'

'Never mind, Kate. What does a little present inconvenience count for? Think of what lies beyond! See; I've got a cab ready waiting for you.'

The cab was one of a row, and did not appear to be waiting for her more than anybody else.

'Papa is in Glasgow to-day,' said Kate as she got in; 'he went this morning to meet John Petersen. I hope we shan't meet them.'

'I hope not, indeed,' ejaculated Mr Glynn in some consternation. 'Sit well back, Kate. What a good thing we decided to go by the boat!'

Down to the wet sloppy quay, where, jostled by porters and packages, surrounded with noise and dirt and discomfort of every description, they contrived to struggle up the slippery gangway on board a snaky, paunchy steamer known as the *Bluebell*. There was little of the bluebell element about her beyond the name; and Kate shrank back in unconcealed dismay from the motley collection of passengers and cargo that thronged the deck. Where was the poetry to come in? Was this the white-winged carrier that was to waft them over the summer seas to their earthly paradise?

The deck was an impossibility. As they stood bewildered in the stream of traffic, a little sharp-faced elderly lady, who had followed them up the gangway, and was evidently accustomed to travel, touched Kate's shoulder. 'Pardon me;

I think you would be more comfortable in the saloon; the boat is going to be very full to-night.'

They followed her down. The boat was full; they had some difficulty in finding sufficient space to bestow themselves and their wraps.

'I had no idea it was going to be such a crush,' said Mr Glynn, surveying his fellow-travellers with unmitigated disapproval. 'Kate, I'm afraid it won't be quite so pleasant a trip as we expected; still, we are together—that is one bright spot in the gloom.'

Kate nodded rather grimly; somehow sentiment fell flat with an audience of children and nurses on either hand reaping the benefit; and Mr Glynn felt it. After a few more attempts at longer and longer intervals, he suggested taking a turn up above to see how they were progressing. 'The wind is rising, so that will blow the fog away; we may have a fine evening even yet,' he remarked.

'We may,' responded a ponderous matron, taking his observations to herself; 'but I'm thinking we'll be wishing for the fog instead, before we're much older.'

'I don't quite follow you,' said Mr Glynn distantly.

'I've been this road before, and I know what a wind means when we get round the corner. Why, I've seen this cabin with not a person in it able to hold up a finger, except the stewards.—Are you a good sailor, ma'am?' turning to Kate.

'I don't know; I never tried it more than a few hours at a time,' owned Kate.

'Ah well! I'm thinking you'll know more about it by morning. Hear to that!'

Laurence had vanished. Kate sat on alone, sometimes watching the people about her, sometimes exchanging a word or two with her neighbour, the little elderly lady. Miss Priestley her name was, and she had something to do with a girls' school, Kate found. By-and-by it got dark, and Kate began to wonder if Laurence could have been washed overboard; it was strange he never came to see after her. This was not at all the kind of treatment he had promised last night. Thoroughly uneasy at last, she crept up the brass-bound stairs to the upper deck. The mist had cleared away, but the rain was coming down in sheets, and the boat pitching and plunging in a fashion that Kate was certain was most dangerous, apart from the discomfort of it. A feeling of righteous indignation against her truant lover began to surge up in her breast as she stood there, holding on to the rails.

'By your leave, miss.' A steward bustled past with something in a glass to a miserable crumpled-up object crouching in a distant corner. In the dim light, Kate had not noticed that any one was there. The next minute a fretful high-pitched voice fell on her ear.

'What do you mean by bringing such beastly stuff? Take it away, if you don't want to be kicked out of this.'

Kate launched herself across the space between like a thunderbolt. Could—could that be Laurence? that dragged, battered creature, shivering and trembling like a baby, and railing at a steward in that manner—her hero, her poet, her Sir Galahad!

'Why, Laurence,' she cried indignantly, 'what has come to you? What are you behaving in this way for?'

Mr Glynn was utterly unable to explain. Human nature is much the same the wide world over; in the throes of sea-sickness, even a poet has to take his place with the rank and file. He simply laid his head down on the wet bench before him and groaned.

And Kate? Alas for Kate! Instead of the womanly sympathy that ought to have been forthcoming, she stood and looked down upon him in stony silence.

'You had better ask that steward to put you to bed,' she said presently in quite an altered tone. 'You are not likely to get any better in that state.' And without one backward glance or look at him, Kate turned about and marched down to the stuffy cabin she was to share with the little teacher. That lady was already there, and glanced up at Kate's flushed face. 'Did you find your friend?'

'Yes,' said Kate shortly. 'I found him—disgustingly sick.'

Miss Priestley laughed. 'Sickness is hardly a crime, my dear.'

'It is for a man to go and make a baby of himself, and speak like a costermonger,' said Kate severely. 'If a little thing like this upsets him so, where would he be with a big thing?'

It was a big question. Kate stared at the flickering lamp as if it was keeping back the answer. 'It serves me right. Why did I ever come?' she cried, suddenly putting her head down on the edge of her berth. 'Oh, if I was only at home again with my father!'

Miss Priestley folded up her nightcap and took the sobbing runaway to her bosom. 'What is it, my dear? Are you in trouble? Cannot I help you?'

'Nobody can help me any more,' sobbed Kate. 'I'm—I'm eloping.'

'Don't do it,' said the elder lady briskly. 'Go straight back again to your father.'

'I can't,' cried Kate. 'I never told him I was going, and he never liked Laurence besides.'

'And seeing that "Laurence" has persuaded you to behave in this way, I should say your father was very well justified in his opinion. Tell me all about it, my dear.'

And Kate did. The boat plunged and ploughed through the choppy waves, rain and spray dashed against the blurred glass of the porthole; the lamp smoked and pervaded the close air with its fumes—a fit setting for the telling of the brief love-story, that had seemed so sweet at the time, and was so humiliating in the retrospect. 'I know how mean it must sound to you,' said Kate, half apologetically; 'but indeed I would not have come away so suddenly if it had not been for that John Petersen coming this afternoon.'

'John Petersen?' echoed Miss Priestley—'the Brunswick Street John Petersen?'

'Yes. Do you know him?'

'Know him! I should think so—he is my nephew.'

'O—oh!'

'And I can tell you,' went on the little lady, 'that he is worth any six of your Laurence

Glynn. You are a very fortunate girl to have made his acquaintance; he is no fair-weather lover.

'I don't want any more lovers,' said Kate dismally; 'I've had enough to-night to last me for years. I thought when people once fell in love they never changed; and here I feel already as if I never wanted to see Laurence or speak to him again, and I did love him yesterday.'

'Or you thought you did. You must tell the young man you have changed your mind as soon as you get to Liverpool, and then we must telegraph to your father. You will be safe at home again in a few hours more.'

There was no need to telegraph. The *Bluebell* steamed up the Mersey the next morning in a flood of brilliant sunshine, green fields and houses bedded in trees stretching away on the Cheshire side, one straight unbroken line of dock wall on the other. Sailing-vessels flitted past like great gulls; huge steamers lay at anchor, swinging lazily round with the tide. Last night with its rains and storms might have been a bad dream. Mr Glynn emerged from his hiding-place and made terms with the long-suffering steward to help in repairing the ravages left on his personal appearance; after that, he went in quest of his lady-love. Never again would they two travel by water when there was dry land and a railway train to be had; never again would he write one line about that deceitful sea; better run the chance of any number of irate fathers, than go through the mental and bodily anguish he had endured this night; and now that he was able to think about the matter, Kate had shown herself decidedly callous; she had made no attempt to help him, simply gone away, and done the best she could for herself, and he might have been washed overboard for any interest she evinced since. Miss Kate was pretty; she would be an heiress; but Mr Glynn thoroughly understood his own value, and he could not but feel that she had not conducted herself towards him as she ought to have done. He sat down on the sheltered side of the saloon deck and lighted his cigar, the first since he had set foot on this abominable boat, and decided to leave that young lady to her own reflections for a season.

The *Bluebell* was bent on redeeming her character at the eleventh hour; she glided up to the pier-head as if she had been utterly incapable of either pitching or rolling. There was the usual motley crew gathered on the pier—cabmen, porters, policemen, and general riffraff; but surely there was one strangely familiar figure among them, standing under the open shed behind. Was it possible that that could be Mr Winter himself, after coming by this horrible route on purpose to avoid him?

Poets are but men. Bad as the sea had proved, Mr Glynn would have been quite willing that moment to head about and retrace the whole wretched journey. He retired precipitately behind a convenient ventilator to wait the development of events.

The enemy came on board, elbowing his way up the gangway the moment it shot into position. He was not, either, with him there was a broad-shouldered, determined-looking young fellow who could be none other than the objec-

tionable Petersen. How they came to be there Mr Glynn neither knew nor cared; the plain fact was all he was able to grasp at present.

'Is there a young lady on board?' Mr Winter demanded of the first steward he encountered—a tall girl in a brown uniform.

'With a little old lady? Yes, sir.'

'I don't know anything about the old lady,' said Mr Winter doubtfully. 'You might—Why, Kate, it is you! Child, child! what have you been thinking of?'

Kate had shot out of the saloon like a whirlwind at the first sound of his voice, and was sobbing in his arms. 'Oh papa, papa, I've never wanted you in my life as I've done since I left you! How did you get here?'

'By the train, of course. It didn't take long to find out which way you had gone. A nice chase we have had after you.—Where is that scoundrel?'

'I don't know,' answered Kate, with a careless glance at the corner where she had last seen him. 'I don't want to know anything about him again; he's been sick every bit of the way.'

'The very best thing he could have done,' remarked Mr Petersen; 'there's some good in the fellow, after all.'

Kate was too meek to resent it. Was it not John Petersen's aunt who had been her sole stay through this weary night? She turned round to the little lady, who was standing patiently in the background beside her tall nephew, with quite a burst of gratitude. 'You don't know how good she has been to me, papa; I believe I'd almost have thrown myself overboard if she hadn't been there.'

There was no farewell scene between the young lady and her sometime hero, no parting valediction to the fair future they had planned out together so blithely. Mr Glynn never stirred out of the shelter of that ventilator till he had seen the cab that held his faithless bride and her party safely up the long floating bridge; then he collected his own belongings and departed likewise. Love's young dream was ended.

He wrote a very touching sonnet under that heading a few months later when he read the announcement of John Petersen's marriage in the local paper; and what is more to the point, discovered an editor charitable enough to give him two guineas for it, which exactly covered his share in the expense of that very unsatisfactory elopement.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE authorities of the Kew Observatory have given notice that they are prepared to test photographic lenses for the public at stated charges. The tests come under two heads, A and B—the first comprising a thorough test of the instrument, showing its value as a piece of scientific apparatus, the charge for which is half a guinea. The other test, B, is not of such a thorough nature, and the cost is about one-fourth the previous sum. So many persons are now interested in photographic matters, that they will be

glad to have this opportunity of submitting the lenses which they possess to scientific scrutiny. Each lens so tested and passed as efficient will bear a certain mark, which will be engraved upon it at the Observatory; and we need hardly say that the presence of such a mark will much enhance the value of the instrument. But after all, the resort to these tests will be unnecessary to those who are wise enough to buy their lenses from dealers of repute.

It is said that the Swiss adopt a method of hardening the cast steel of which cutting-tools are made which is different from that practised in most other countries, but which is at the same time more efficient. It is also said that examination of steel so treated shows that the hardening is more uniform and penetrates the metal to a greater degree than if carried out by the usual means. Other advantages are also claimed for the system in the metal being less brittle and the cutting properties more durable and better in every respect. The method consists in making a mixture of four parts of powdered resin, and two parts train oil, stirred together with one part of heated tallow. Into this mixture the metal to be hardened is plunged while it is at a low red-heat, and held therein until it becomes cool. Without being cleaned, the metal is again submitted to heat, and is then tempered in the ordinary manner.

A new process for making artificial marble, granite, &c., has recently been patented in France. The raw material is made up of pieces of glass, silica, &c., which are partly fused in a furnace. After this fusing operation, chips of china, porcelain, enamel, or other similar vitrifiable matter—together with pigments if desired—are added, so that in a measure the process may be said to utilise waste products. Various designs either in relief or intaglio may be impressed upon articles moulded from this compound, or the finished product can be enamelled. Articles of various shapes, and intended for useful or ornamental purposes, such as cornices, statuettes, &c., can be thus produced. Another adaptation of the process is in the manufacture of stained-glass windows, which have the peculiarity of being without the usual leaded joints to hold the glass together. In this case the design is worked out in pieces of glass of the required colours in a flat mould, removable partitions being placed between each. Before the mould is submitted to heat, the partitions are carefully picked out, so that the pieces of glass can fuse together and form a complete picture.

Another invention, also of French origin, is that of M. Calmont of Paris, which utilises the sawdust and shavings of a carpenter's shop, which, by a special process, are converted into a very fine description of vegetable charcoal. This is found to be of great value in removing the unpleasant flavour common to certain French wines, and which renders them unsaleable as wines, although suitable for distillation. The charcoal so made is also valuable for filtering purposes in distilleries, for it is capable of filtering forty times its volume of alcohol, whereas common charcoal will only filter one-fifteenth of that amount. In the manufacture, the sawdust from hard and soft varieties of wood must be

separated as a preliminary, because in the process of carbonisation the one requires a very much greater heat than the other before the operation is complete. Shavings are also treated in the same way, after which they are ground in a mill to reduce them to a very fine powder. Great care must be taken to preserve this charcoal from absorbing moisture; and to obviate this risk, it is enclosed in air-tight receptacles until required for use.

The motion to abolish the opium traffic in India, sacrificing between five and six millions of revenue, which was carried lately by a majority in the House of Commons, has led Sir Lepel Griffin, who knows far more about the opium question than most people, to express a very strong opinion upon the subject, and one which will surprise those who have been taught to believe that opium consumption is synonymous with demoralisation. He declares that the excessive use of the drug is quite unusual, and that its moderate consumption in a tropical climate is beneficial; that the cultivation of the poppy is the chief cause of the prosperity of both Princes and people in the native States; that the tax upon it is no burden on the cultivator, for it is paid by the Chinese consumer; and that this tax is therefore not only unobjectionable, but intrinsically the best that could be devised. He describes Indian opium as a luxury, akin to French champagne imported into England, and says that no expert who has lived among, and studied, opium-smoking or opium-drinking people, as he has done, but will declare that alcohol is a hundred times as pernicious as opium.

'The Ocean Life-saving Ladder' promises to be most useful in cases of collision or shipwreck at sea. It is the invention of Messrs Black and Burnett, both of the steamship *Earnshaw*, and consists of a wooden ladder, furnished with solid cork-floats, and partly covered with canvas. Unlike the ordinary life-buoy, one of these ladders will support several persons in the water, and its shape and construction allows of its easy stowage and ready access in case of emergency on shipboard. It has been reported upon very favourably by the Board of Trade, and has been submitted to severe experiments. It is obvious that such a useful contrivance is not confined to ocean use, and that it would be a valuable addition to the Royal Humane Society's apparatus at all boating and fishing resorts; while its peculiar construction would fit it for employment in the case of accidents through breaking ice.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr A. E. Pratt related his interesting experiences during an expedition to Ta-tsen-lu, on the eastern borders of Tibet. His primary object was to increase his natural-history collections; but he found time to make many observations with regard to the physical geography of the districts through which he passed. He carried out his intention, formed on a previous journey, of ascending Mount Omei, a spot which is regarded by the natives as one of peculiar sanctity. This mountain is no less than eleven thousand feet in height, and upon it there are between sixty and eighty temples, served by two thousand priests. On one side of this mountain there is a precipice nearly one mile and a third high, perhaps the steepest declivity in the world. Many

thousands of pilgrims annually visit Mount Omei, and a large number of them commit suicide by throwing themselves over the edge of the precipice just described. The mountain is covered with forest and undergrowth, and seems to be a veritable garden of rare flowers.

In a paper recently read before the Franklin Institute, Mr W. McDevitt, Inspector of the Philadelphia Board of Fire Underwriters, dwelt upon certain dangers connected with the electric illumination of buildings. Some of these are due to defective fittings, and the most important is that relating to fusible connections. These are made of a great variety of alloys, some having good electrical conductivity and being slow to heat, while others exhibit weakness when heated and are continually breaking, an accident which tempts a workman to patch up the joints with ordinary wire instead of the proper fuses. Another danger is indicated in the want of some effective method of making splices or joints in conductors, it being a common practice to merely solder such joints, when in case of accident the solder may melt, leaving a loose connection. But the most alarming risk is from the possibility of lightning entering a house where the electrical supply is from aerial conductors, especially where the wires are attached to gas-fittings. In this case the electricity in leaping from the charged wires to the gas-pipes will melt the latter, and a steady blaze of gas from the injured pipe will result.

A new form of Smokeless Stove for domestic use has been invented by Mr H. Heim of London, and it so far meets the national feeling in favour of a home-like open fire, in that the process of combustion is visible although partly closed in by a transparent door of mica. The stove comprises a combustion chamber, at the back of which is a hopper containing coal—and coal of second and third rate quality is available—which is automatically fed into the chamber. The process of combustion can be so regulated that the stove shall give its maximum heat, or can be damped down to the lowest degree possible. Cold air, which is warmed in its passage to the combustion chamber, is admitted to the stove through a number of small apertures; and this mixing with the gaseous smoke from the coal brings about its complete combustion. The heat given out is partly due to radiation from the visible fire, and partly to warmed air delivered into the room from a series of pipes which are coiled round the apparatus, but which are hidden in the casing of the stove.

Mr Clement Henton's exhaustive paper recently read before the Society of Arts gave a most interesting review of that very lasting mode of decoration, now seldom seen but on Japanese and Chinese vases, known as *Cloisonné* (enclosed work). The common method of employing this method of ornamentation is, in the case of vases, to work out the required design in copper ribbon of about one-sixteenth of an inch wide, and to solder it to the metal base so that it stands up edgewise. The spaces between are then filled in with various coloured enamels, and the whole surface is then polished down to one level. Mr Henton pointed out how this mode of decoration with various modifications has been practised for many centuries in Egypt, Persia,

India, and other countries, and he advocates its employment for modern decorative purposes.

A wonderful example of patience in the Chinese is afforded by a consular Report dealing with the manufacture of salt in Central China. Holes about six inches in diameter are bored in the rock by means of a primitive form of iron drill, and sometimes a period of forty years elapses before the coveted brine is reached, so that the work is carried on from one generation to another. During this time the boring, as may be imagined, goes down to an immense depth. When brine is found, it is drawn up in bamboo tubes by a rope working over a large drum turned by bullocks. The brine is evaporated in iron caldrons, the heat being supplied by natural gas, which is generally found in the vicinity of the salt wells.

The Prefect of Police, Paris, acting on the advice of the Council of Hygiene, has lately modified the regulations concerning the use of colouring matters in articles of food. Certain pigments of metallic origin are prohibited altogether: these comprise preparations of copper, lead, arsenic, and compounds of mercury of all kinds. Barium, chrome yellow, ultramarine, gamboge, and alkanet are also interdicted. Many of the coal-tar colours, while prohibited for ordinary articles of food, may be tolerated in small quantities for tinting candles, liqueurs, ices, &c. Tinfoil, which is employed for wrapping sweets and other articles of food, must not contain more than one-half per cent. of lead, or more than one part in ten thousand of arsenic. Similar regulations are laid down to ensure the purity of pewter or copper utensils used in the preparation of food.

Mr F. Oldfield, of 70 Gracechurch Street, London, has invented an addition to the printing-press, and one which can be attached to any existing cylinder machine at small expense, and without interfering with its use for ordinary printing, which is reported upon very favourably. It is an arrangement of rollers and inking slab by which a number of different coloured inks can be applied to one 'forme.' (A forme, we may remind our non-technical readers, is a mass of type in one frame or chase, which in the case of a cylinder machine would be transferred by the stereotype process to one cylinder.) The apparatus is intended more especially for printing large bills or posters in varied hues; and the time occupied in preparing the machine for the process is very little in excess of that required for ordinary black printing. Under the old conditions, a different forme was necessary for each colour employed, a fact very often painfully evident in the result, and shown by one colour not registering with another.

At the annual conference of photographers held lately under the auspices of the Camera Club, London, Mr Sutton described a new and simple process for producing a printing block direct from an ordinary gelatine plate—such a plate, indeed, as is used by amateurs all over the world. The process depends upon the fact that a gelatine plate when developed by certain agents and dried by moderate heat will show an image in relief—that is to say, all the blackened or exposed portions of the plate will be raised slightly above the level of the unexposed por-

tions. The plate so treated is dried, and then submitted to the ordinary electrolytic process, by which it is reproduced in copper. The metal is mounted type-high on a block of wood, and is then ready for the press. There are certain technical difficulties which seem at present to militate against the process, one of the chief of which is the circumstance that the amount of relief obtained is hardly sufficient to ensure clean lines in a quick printing-machine.

A new use has been found for the phonograph by certain medical gentlemen who recently brought the subject before one of the learned Societies in London. By means of the instrument, the audience present were able to listen to the reproduction of the curiously-defective speech of two children when they were first placed under medical care. This registered specimen of their elocution was then contrasted with the improved speech which treatment had effected, for the little patients were themselves present, and were able by word of mouth to testify what science had done for them.

The above interesting experience may point the way to another possible and very feasible application of the phonograph. It would certainly be advantageous to some of our public speakers who are notorious for their hesitating manner, and the constant introduction of the familiar 'er, er' between every three or four syllables, if they were to employ a phonograph for home use. They would then be able in the privacy of their rooms to register for themselves specimens of their speech, and to make the instrument reproduce the previously uttered words with every trick and fault faithfully rendered. These faults so convincingly brought before them could then be gradually corrected until they ceased to appear. The phonograph would point out errors with impunity, which if called attention to by a living being would only lead to unpleasantness.

In a paper brought before the Paris Academy, a curious observation relating to long and short sight was recorded. It was stated that an examination of the eyes of wild animals showed that those captured after the age of six or eight months retained the long sight natural to them, but that those made captive before that age and those born in a state of captivity were shortsighted. From this it is argued that shortness of sight is a defect which is incident to civilisation.

Two distinct advances are recorded concerning that tantalising metal aluminium, which chemists tell us is one of the most common of all elements, for it exists in plenty in every clod of clay, but is so difficult of reduction that until lately it has been almost as valuable as silver. Mr H. Greenway claims to have discovered a method of winning it from its original clay by an inexpensive process; and two Waterbury mechanics have, it is said, succeeded in finding a chemical flux which will enable the metal to be soldered. All attempts in this direction have hitherto failed, and this is the principal reason, coupled with other difficulties in working it, which make articles made of aluminium still so expensive, although it can be produced now at a comparatively cheap rate. These lucky mechanics have been offered to name their own price for their

valuable discovery, which is likely to lead to a greatly extended use of the white metal for purposes where its extreme lightness, strength, and freedom from tarnishing will be appreciated.

A correspondent of *Nature*, in referring to the curious manner in which certain insects will revive after being subjected to frost, says that it is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies lying frozen on the snow; and so brittle that they break up unless very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies he has frequently placed on his hat, and found that on descending to a warmer atmosphere the little creatures recover themselves and fly away. Another writer refers to the fact that insects which habitually hibernate, as larvae or pupæ, do not suffer from being frozen even for a lengthened period; but that what is known as an 'open' winter, with its alternations of wet, warmth, and cold, is far more fatal to them. He therefore assumes that the coming season, after the unusually rigorous winter which we have experienced, will be, from an entomological point of view, a very favourable one.

'SENDING-IN DAY.'

'NEVER mind, never mind,' says the Artist, in answer to my apologies for calling to-day instead of on 'Show Saturday,' as invited. 'I'm very glad to see you, as I shall make you useful after you have had a look round. This is sending-in day, and the van will call at half-past six for these things.'

Surely there is no man so engagingly unbusiness-like as an artist! It is five o'clock now; and 'these things,' some six life-size portraits, must be ready in an hour and a half for the van which will take them up to Burlington House. And upon one, my friend is still working with leisurely care.

'Not half satisfied with this floor,' he says critically, taking three long steps backward from his easel. 'It falls down in the corner in a way good floors do not. Do you see?'

I can see that the 'floor' appears to sink down in one place; but how the defect in its portrayal is to be remedied I am at a loss to understand; and as the artist is evidently fidgeting to set to work again upon it, I leave him, and stroll round the great studio to look at his pictures.

There is no workshop so interesting as that of the artist who has reached success. Here, I see my friend's whole artistic career on the walls: his first pencil and chalk sketches, rough and unfinished, but bearing that boldness of outline which stamps them as the work of a cunning hand in its youth; his earliest attempts at portraiture in oils, rough again, but wearing still more markedly that mysterious 'something' which raises them far above the 'finishing' work of an ungifted hand. And so, step by step, I trace his progress through studies of living models, and friends, till I come to his first 'accepted' picture, whence dates his success. Between that and the portraits whose paint is scarcely dry, there are few landmarks; and their paucity speaks eloquently of the painter's skill.

'That will do, I think,' says the artist suddenly. 'How's that floor now?' and he backs across the studio to inspect his handiwork at long-range.

I turn from the 'Portrait of a Lady,' and look. The polished parquet floor, down which the painted piano threatened to slide a few minutes ago, is now level as that on which I stand; but how the thing has been done, or where the brush has been applied, I can't for the life of me discover.

'What!' exclaims the artist. 'You don't see? Why, look here! All I have done is to deepen the shading there at the angle of the wall, and throw up the light just here. Simplest thing in the world!'

No doubt it is, like everything else, when you know how to do it; but I don't, and am still trying to probe the secret of the optical illusion wrought by a few deft brush-strokes, when there is a knock at the door, and 'the photographer' is announced.

'Ah!' says the artist, throwing aside his paint-brush and rubbing his hands. 'I've been waiting for him. We have to do the Duchess before we nail her up, and must get to work at once before the light goes.'

'Her Grace the Duchess of —' is gazing benignly at us from her easel; and while the photographer prepares his apparatus, we arrange the portrait in the best light. It is a dainty operation this of photographing a picture: the canvas offering a plane surface, the camera must be adjusted exactly square with it; let one side of the portrait be more remote than the other from the lens by half an inch, and that side will appear 'drawn out' in the photograph. Therefore, the preliminaries take up some little time.

'Tell us when you are going to expose,' says the artist to the photographer. '— We must remain quite still while the process is going on,' he explains to me. 'This floor is a trifle shaky, and the least vibration would spoil the lines.'

Accordingly, when the photographer declares himself ready, we betake ourselves to the tetracy in the far corner of the room; and have settled down comfortably before he removes the lens-cap. I had imagined that a picture could be photographed in the few seconds required to take a living subject, and am astonished to hear that the 'exposure' must extend over at least half an hour.

'Half an hour when the light is good,' says the artist, pouring out tea; 'but we shall give Her Grace forty minutes this evening, as it's rather dull.'

The time passes quickly enough over tea, cigarettes, and chat. The artist demands my indignation with one of his clients whose behaviour has been most unreasonable from an artistic point of view. 'He gave me sittings for a month last February,' he says; 'and I told him I thought the picture would be finished in time for exhibition last year. Well, as it happened, my hand was out, and it wasn't finished to time; and he was disappointed about that. Then I had a lot to do, and kept it by me for a while, he having gone back to Scotland in the meantime. When I took it up again, I found I wanted a few more sittings, and asked him to come down for a day

or two. I got him down; but he wasn't at all pleased about it. And then, what d'you think? He said I had kept him waiting long enough, and he would be glad if I'd name the day I could send him the picture!'

I try very hard to look surprised at such conduct, but fail utterly. Not being an artist, my secret sympathies will lean towards the client who has been waiting over a year for the completion of his order; for there is the picture staring me in the face, destined for the 'New Gallery,' where it will spend another four months out of the owner's reach.

'People are so unreasonable,' continues the artist plaintively. 'What can it matter waiting a few months? They will get their pictures eventually.'

'What are you photographing the Duchess's portrait for?' I ask, by way of turning the subject; for the artist has worked himself into a quite unnecessary state of irritation.

'Her friends,' he replies shortly. 'People nearly always ask me to have their portraits photographed before they leave the studio; and a precious bother it is when I am pressed for time.'

At length the photographer replaces the lens-cap and wheels his camera aside.

'Come!' says the artist, jumping up; 'to work! We will begin with the Duchess: lend me a hand to lay her flat on her face on the floor and nail her up!'

It does not sound a respectful way of treating a Duchess; but under the artist's directions I spread a sheet on the floor and help him to lay the picture face downward thereon. 'Nailing up' is a very simple process: it consists of removing the wooden buttons which hold the canvas on its stretcher into the frame and substituting nails for them. The wedges at the corners of the stretcher are tapped home till the canvas is almost as tight as a drum-head, and the picture is then ready for its labels.

'Don't you pack them at all?' I inquire, as visions of priceless pictures rattling loose in a van over the London streets rise to my mind's eye.

'Not allowed,' replies the artist. 'They would not be received if sent in a case.'

'Aren't you afraid of accidents?' I ask, again. 'They don't often come to grief; he answers carelessly; 'but I once saw a picture of —' (naming a famous R.A.) 'which had been pricked all over with a nail or ginnet or something. But that wasn't an accident; it was done intentionally, out of spite or mischief; but by whom, no one knows to this day.'

The Duchess is 'nailed up' now; so we restore her to the easel and turn to the 'Portrait of Miss W—.'

'Hold her up a moment whilst I put the sheet straight,' says the artist. 'She is standing on her head; but it doesn't matter.'

With a duster in each hand, to avoid tarnishing the new gilding of the frame, I stand, studying the curious effect of the light as it strikes through the canvas, showing up the flesh tints like a transparency. Suddenly I see something which draws an involuntary 'Oh!' from me.

'What's the matter?' asks the artist.

I feel myself growing pale as I break it to him. 'There is a hole in this picture—a ragged cut, an inch long.' I look round fearfully, half expecting to see the artist sink fainting on the floor.

But he doesn't do anything of the kind. He says calmly: 'Ah! Just wait till I've lighted my pipe, and I'll put it to rights.—Now, where is it?'

I point out the hole, which seems to have been made by a broad knife, close to 'Miss W——'s' shapely nose. It looks very serious; but in two minutes the artist has put with his palette knife a large varnish plaster on the back of the canvas, and only the closest scrutiny can discover the blemish in front. I don't know why it should be so; but the awe with which I regarded the artist's masterpieces is a little toned down by this trifle.

'Van's at the door, sir,' says William, the studio factotum, at this moment.

'Tell the man to wait,' replies the artist dreamily. He is absorbed in contemplation of his 'Portrait of a Lady,' and has no ear for mundane things. 'I must do it,' he says at last aloud to himself. 'There is something the matter with her knees.' He takes up his palette, and is beginning to dabble on it. I take him kindly but firmly by the arm.

'Look here, I say; the van is waiting, and the pictures must be in by eight to-night. We have four more to nail up; and you have the labels to write for the whole lot. Is there time to do any touching up now?'

The artist put his paint-brush in his button-hole and looks at his watch. 'A quarter to seven!' he says in dismay. His palette is discarded, and in two seconds more he is at his desk scribbling 'labels' as fast as his pen will travel.

'Number One,' he says, writing. ('I always number them in the order I want them accepted, you know; if they take One, Two, and Three, they may reject Four if they like. You see?') ('Go on!' I interpellate.) 'Name—Portrait of H. G. the Duchess of —. That's right. One railway luggage label to hang over the front of the picture, and one to stick on the back of the frame. Get the paste-pot, like a good fellow, and stick them on.'

I obey; but as soon as I leave the artist's side, he is out of his chair muttering something about 'that woman's knees.'

William comes in again to say the vanmen are growing impatient.

'You will be late!' I cry, as I see the artist, brush in hand, before the 'Portrait of a Lady.' 'Can't you do what you want on varnishing-day?'

'Varnishing-day' is that on which exhibitors are admitted to the Academy to put any final touches they wish to their pictures. I haven't the least idea what or how much the artist has to do to those 'knees,' but I do see very plainly that if some one does not save him from himself, his whole array of pictures will be shut out as 'too late.'

It is no time to stand on ceremony. I summon William, and with his aid, forcibly remove the lady with the defective knees from her easel and lay her on the floor to nail up. The artist goes

unwillingly back to his desk to finish the labels, and at half-past seven everything is done. The men are called in, and in spite of the artist's 'help,' succeed in stowing the pictures safely in the van.

'I daresay they'll get up to Piccadilly by eight o'clock,' he says cheerfully, as the driver starts off his horse at a gallop. 'But if they don't, they don't.'

'And they'll be shut out?' I inquire.

'I suppose so,' replies the artist light-heartedly. 'Come in and have a pipe before you go. That woman's knees haunt me,' he adds with a sigh.

THEN AND NOW.

In fables of the Golden Age

No more delight our poets seek,
For, now the North has waxed so sage,
The Goth is wiser than the Greek.

Before the might of Learning's powers,
The myths and wisdom of the Past
Have perished like the autumn flowers
Before the icy northern blast.

The scalpel and the microscope
Demand the laurel of the lyre:
Alas! what later bard can hope
To wake for these the ancient fire?

Sweeter it is to shut our eyes
To all that we have lived among,
And seek in dreams the sunny skies
And hills that saw the birth of song;

The time that held the Poet's name
As holy, and his native vale
Heard sweeter notes than ever came
From any thorn-stung nightingale;

When every youth whose soul was moved
To poetry from early years,
Was by the Muse well beloved,
And held in honour of his peers;

And every maid with mind above
The level of the vulgar throng,
Was priestess of the Queen of Love,
Or sibyl of the Lord of Song.

J. T. LEVENS.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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SMALL HOLDINGS.

THE overcrowded condition of our great towns, largely traceable to the migration from the country of the agricultural labourer, and the consequent increased competition for employment in town-life, taken in conjunction with the depopulated state of the rural districts, presents a social and economic problem which for some time past has attracted considerable attention. There appears to be a great and growing interest in the subject of 'Small Holdings,' more especially since it is being dealt with in the British Parliament by the Government of the day. Unsatisfactory features of town population, such as the question of the 'unemployed' and similar evils, are held to have an immediate connection with the state of the land; and it is generally agreed that the existence of a numerous and prosperous peasantry conduces to national safety; while the more general distribution of land in Great Britain would have a most beneficial effect on the contentment of the people.

There is also practical concurrence in the view that an increase of small cultivators would be a distinct national and social gain; but opinions differ in regard to the economic advantages. The balance of evidence appears to be favourable to the greater productiveness of small holdings over large ones, and this is probably due to the industry exhibited by the small cultivator, who, even if only a tenant, has a direct personal interest in the results to be obtained.

There seems to be no doubt that landowners are now generally willing to devote land for the purpose of small holdings, the demand for which is unquestionably active in England and Wales, though less so in Scotland. In the latter country, it is believed that the rural population would more readily accept small tenancies; and even in England and Wales the ambition of small cultivators is apparently a good deal in that direction. This may be due to the fact that ownership entails certain responsibilities, which cannot be thrown up at any moment without perhaps entail-

ing a considerable loss; while a tenancy, on the other hand, gives comparative independence, with no prospect of any serious sacrifice on relinquishment.

It should be noted that this question of Small Holdings is distinct from that of Allotments. An allotment has been defined as a piece of land held and cultivated by a man who gains his living by weekly wages, and who cultivates such land with the primary object of supplying his family with vegetables and similar articles. Small holders—that is, holders of not less than one acre and not more than fifty acres—may be divided into two classes—one getting a living from the land by raising produce for sale; the other partially employed in some other occupation, but devoting spare time and money to cultivating land. The one relies on the land for subsistence; the other uses it as an additional means of subsistence.

Owing to the absence of trustworthy statistics, it is difficult to determine whether there has been of late a reduction in the number of small owners and cultivators of land. The consensus of opinion is, however, that until quite recently there has been a considerable diminution, the process having been checked by the difficulty in letting large farms, and perhaps by public opinion having changed in favour of small holdings. Up to the year 1851, the agricultural population was increasing; but from that year to 1881 it diminished; while the number of farmers, according to the census returns of 1881, is shown at almost exactly the same as in 1851, notwithstanding that three million acres have been added to the farmed area of the country. The number of farmhouses formerly inhabited in connection with small holdings, but now utilised to a large extent by agricultural labourers, confirm the inference that such holdings have been acquired by capitalists, in pursuance of the policy of consolidation which prevailed prior to the recent depression. Changes in methods of cultivation have conduced to a like result. For instance, the conversion of land into pasture entails the provision of build-

ings for wintering stock; and small owners, unequal to the outlay, sold their land to adjoining proprietors who possessed the necessary buildings. Recent experience has greatly modified this practice of consolidation, and many landowners are anxious to revert to smaller farms, but are deterred by the heavy expenditure necessary in providing buildings, which they are unable to afford, and which would not yield a sufficiently remunerative return.

Up to thirty years ago it was the avowed policy of leading statesmen to preserve as far as possible the practice of hereditary succession to landed property. This has been carried out directly by the law of settlement, and indirectly by the different taxation of real and personal property, the law of primogeniture, advances made by State aid for improvements, and the difference between the publicity of bills of sale and the private nature of mortgages. It will be observed that in all these cases the tendency of legislation had been to relieve the landlord from the necessity of finding ready-money, with a consequent disinclination on his part to sell land. The object has been to prevent the dispersion of large estates, and small holdings absorbed from time to time in such estates have remained attached to them; and thereafter, if purchasable at all, only in large quantities.

The enclosure of common and waste lands is another legislative cause for the diminution. Commonable rights, such as pasturage, fuel, and wood for repairs, are manifestly of extreme value to the small cultivator, and such rights necessarily ceased on enclosure. The labouring population, to some extent from ignorance, but mainly owing to poverty and consequent lack of representation, have been practically ignored in the settlement of enclosures. Actual commoners no doubt were recompensed by the possession of a freehold; and the sale of lands to pay enclosure expenses tended to increase the number of small owners, though probably only temporarily. On the other hand, the small owner, unconnected with a manor, and unable to prove a true prescriptive right, who had utilised an adjacent common for pasturage and so forth, lost his benefits on enclosure without receiving any compensation whatever. Between 1780 and 1867 nearly seven and a half million acres were thus enclosed; and although public interests have probably been promoted by the improvements effected, the practice has deprived the agricultural labouring class of facilities for and incentives to small cultivation.

An obstacle in the way of increasing the number of small holdings is found in the legal expenses incidental to land transfer, which are practically prohibitive to the class of persons from whom the would-be purchasers are drawn. Simplification of title with lessened cost would, it is believed, have a beneficial effect on the multiplication of small ownerships.

The existing facilities may be dismissed in a few words. Those afforded by legislation are the

provisions of the Building Society and Industrial and Provident Societies Acts. The terms of the Building Society Acts are general; and although the prevalent impression is that they apply only in towns, there seems to be nothing to prevent their being taken advantage of for the acquisition of small holdings. As a matter of fact the measures have been of very little avail for agricultural purposes.

In considering the further facilities to be afforded there are important objects to be kept in view. The intending occupier must be assisted by loans on reasonable terms if he is eventually to become owner; and the land must not only be available in different districts, but must be eligible for small cultivation and in plots of various sizes, to meet the varied requirements of the class of holders it is desirable to attract. For the State to undertake and administer transactions for the creation of small holdings would be an impossibility without a large staff of officials, involving heavy expense. Centralised management would probably fail to estimate local demand, to select suitable land, and successfully decide between conflicting applicants. These conclusions point to the local authorities as the instrumentality through which the increased facilities should be afforded.

It appears to be unnecessary to give local authorities compulsory powers for the purchase of land, as sufficient can doubtless be obtained by voluntary agreement. As regards the disposal of the land, it is unquestionably to the ratepayers' interest that a system of ownership should be adopted in preference to that of tenancies. For the local authorities to embark on a landlord's responsibilities would mean either losses in bad seasons by remissions of rent, or in not yielding to pressure for reductions they would become unpopular landlords, whose action would contrast unfavourably with that of private owners. Then, again, the system of purchase would obviate to a great extent the difficulty as to providing buildings. An owner will make every effort to supply himself with what is necessary, and gradually secure sufficient accommodation for his purpose. At the same time he will be providing additional security for the advance made to him.

Turning to the financial aspect of the scheme propounded by the Select Committee on Small Holdings, it is that five million pounds of public money should in the first instance be lent to local authorities in Great Britain, out of which they may advance to intending purchasers of land sums not exceeding three-fourths or four-fifths of the purchase-money. The suggested method of repayment has certainly the merit of novelty. It is not proposed that principal and interest should be repaid by fixed annual instalments, but that a principle to some extent analogous to the Scotch feu should be adopted. Repayment is to be effected on a plan which will allow of a periodic reduction of charge until it has reached a small proportion of the original amount, and this unpaid portion will be represented by a quit-rent or feu in perpetuity. By this system the owner will have in view successive reductions in his liabilities; while the local authorities will, by the time the repayment takes the shape of quit-rent, be almost able to pay their debts to the State, with the advantage of

being the perpetual holders of that rent in return for the use of their credit.

The scheme offers unexampled facilities to a section of the community which has fair claims to consideration, and it is recommended as affording a practical and unobjectionable way of meeting the demand for land nationalisation. The novelty of the proposals, however, makes it expedient that legislation should proceed tentatively and with caution. A measure on the foregoing lines has recently been unanimously read a second time in the House of Commons, and, subject to amendment in detail, will doubtless become law.

Another contributor writes to us from England on the practical aspect of small holdings:

So much has been written and argued on this subject, that, from a theoretical point of view, it would seem almost exhausted. But the writer having had practical experience, desires from this point to give some information. Eight years ago he became possessed of a property of about six hundred acres in a ring-fence, and at the end of five years the whole farm was thrown on his hands in a bankruptcy. There were heavy charges on the land in the way of taxes, rates, and mortgages; but it was tithe-free. As no tenant could be found to hire the farm, the landlord let off what he could of it, and succeeded in the first four months of his efforts in getting enough taken to cover all the charges, amounting to about one hundred and seventy pounds.

With one exception, every tenant had started in life as a working-man, and with his savings he entered on the holding. The occupations varied from three to forty acres; and the first set of tenants were four in number. The holdings have gone on increasing till there are now fourteen tenants. Some have done so well that they are taking more land; and each year shows a wider margin of cultivation.

The land is chiefly arable, and the rent for most of this is £1, 6s. 8d. an acre, rates and taxes free, though some portions let for as much as £2, 5s. Only one of the tenants has a house; but the buildings on the farm are reserved for their common use.

The tenants are chiefly labourers with savings, or else petty village tradesmen keeping a horse and cart or pigs. Two of them also are cow-keepers; and to encourage this, special provision is made in the agreements for the growth of sainfoin in the fields, which, though the fact is not generally known, is a wonderful butter-producing forage. Sainfoin will last seven years in the land; and when fed, instead of being constantly mown, will become the basis of an excellent meadow. The tenants all hold by written agreements as yearly tenants, and their rent is made payable quarterly. They are allowed to sell wheat straw and clover hay; but in consideration of this, are bound to bring no charges on leaving, under Part Three of the first schedule of the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1887.

The working of the system so far has covered about half the property, and the gross rent for the holdings will amount for the ensuing year to £420. Three years ago they were only £176; two years ago, £196. It is believed that in three

years more they will reach £500, which was the rent of the property in 1886. It must not be imagined that there have been no drawbacks in this. Four of the tenants threw their holdings up at the end of the first year. Fresh tenants, however, are coming forward for them.

The initiatory work of mapping-out and measuring the land required no common care. Care, too, had to be exercised in the admission of tenants, and caution as to letting them have more land than they could manage. But the experiment has now gone on so far that the writer believes he has the elements of a self-improving village; and that in time to come the young men will look forward to being small farmers under him, and find in their small holdings a useful employment for their savings.

The landlord himself farms one of these holdings, and he finds that by corn-growing alone he can pay the rent and cost of cultivation and get a fair profit also. He has done so even with wheat; and in August last year he estimated that three acres of oats, and one of wheat, the total cost of growing which up to harvest had been ten pounds, would give him a return in grain and straw of over thirty pounds.

It is not generally known that in the present day, when the low price of wheat is put forward as a plea for lowered rents, wheat straw fetches such a high price that it alone will pay the rent and rates of the land which grows it. And it is observable that these small tenants look on their wheat as their special paying crop.

In conclusion, it must be added that the rents are not merely payable, but paid; and the quarterly system of payments is found to work well.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

BY GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MONTAIG COUL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—AND AFTER.

At the garden gate, Haviland Dumaresq met them, with that strange far-away look in his wandering eye which, as Psyche knew—though she knew not the cause—surely and certainly foreboded headache. His glance was dim and his step unsteady. At sight of them, however, he roused himself with an effort; and raising his hat with that stately old-fashioned courtesy of his, which gave something of princeliness to Haviland Dumaresq's demeanour at all times, he invited Mrs Mansel to leave the pony standing at the gate, while she came in herself for a cup of tea in their little drawing-room.

'He won't stand,' Ida said; 'but perhaps I can tie him'; and with Dumaresq's help she proceeded to do so. Psyche could no longer contain her news. 'Papa, Papa,' she cried, 'have you heard what's happened? It's all right! Khartoun's relieved, and—Mr Linnell's safe again.'

It was the first time since the painter's departure that she had so much as mentioned his name to her father. Haviland Dumaresq started with surprise at the unexpected sound and at Psyche's blushes. The news seemed to rouse him and quicken his dulled sense. The far-away look

died out from his eyes, as he answered with a gasp that to Psyche said much: 'I'm glad to hear it; very glad to hear it. That young man's danger has weighed upon my soul not a little of late. I've thought at times perhaps I might have been in some degree answerable for having sent him out on that fool's errand. But all's well that ends well, thank goodness. Military events matter little as a rule to such as me. The silly persons by whose aid kings and statesmen play their deadly game of skill against one another count for not much individually on the stage of history. We reckon them by the head; so many hundreds or so many thousands swept off the board. Well, what's the next move? Check, Kaiser! check, Sultan!—But with this young man, it was a different matter. He had burst into our horizon and crossed our orbits. The comet that swims once distinctly into your ken interests you far more than the crowd of meteors that career unseen through the infinity of heaven.' He rang the bell for the one tidy maid-of-all-work. 'Maria, tea!' he said with a lordly gesture, in the voice in which a sovereign might give commands for an imperial banquet to chamberlains and seneschals.

'The government must be infinitely relieved at this success,' Mrs Mansel remarked, trying to break the current of the subject; for this narrow and somewhat provincial insistence upon the fate of the one young man whom they all happened to know personally vexed her righteous Girtonian soul by its want of expansiveness. Why harp for ever on a single human life, when population tends always to increase in a geometrical ratio beyond the means of subsistence?

'Yes,' Dumaresq echoed, away up among the clouds still, but bringing back the pendulum with a rush to Linnell once more. 'No doubt; no doubt.—And I'm relieved myself. I, too, had sent my own private Gordon to the Soudan mawares; and it's cost me no little in mental expeditions to raise the siege and release him unconditionally. But no matter now, no matter now.—It's all over. He'll come back before long—and then I'll be able to pay him at last for the portrait he thrust upon me, uncommissioned, before leaving England.'

Psyche glanced up at it where it hung on the wall—that portrait of her father that she had so loved and watched through these weary months long—that portrait into which, as she often fancied, Linnell had poured the whole strength and energy of his pent-up nature. Ida Mansel's eyes followed hers to the picture. 'It's a most striking piece of work, certainly,' the Girtou-bred lady remarked with condescending grace. 'Not niggled and over-elaborated, like so many of Mr Linnell's performances. As a rule, our friend seems to me to walk backwards and forwards too much while he's painting a canvas. I often advised him to sit more still. If you watch any of the great masters at work, I always say, you'll see them seated so close at their easels, and so certain of the value of every particular touch, that they never need to look at the total effect they're producing at all. That's art: that's the master's way of working. Corot said there were certain pictures of his which he never really saw in any true sense of the word till they'd been signed and framed and sold and

paid for. How much better that than this perpetual niggling!'

'I think Mr Linnell paints beautifully,' Psyche cried all aglow, her heart beating hard in righteous indignation at the bare idea that any one could venture thus coldly to criticise her divine painter at the very moment when he had just escaped from that deadly peril of his life in Africa. 'And as to niggling,' she went on, emboldened by love into something that dangerously approached art-criticism, 'it seemed to me, when I watched him at work, every touch he added to the pictures, and especially to Papa's, brought them one degree nearer to truth and nature.'

Mrs Mansel looked up with half-contemptuous surprise. This country-bred girl, who had never even seen an Academy or a Salon, far less the Vatican or the Pitti Palace—this village child give her lessons in aesthetics! 'You may niddle and niddle away as long as you like,' she answered coldly, 'but you can never get the thousands of leaves that quiver on an aspen, or the myriads of tiny lines and curves and shadows that go to make up one human face of ours. Not mechanical accuracy and embarrassed detail make the great artist: a judicious parsimony of touch and wealth of suggestion are what go to produce true pictures.'

Psyche gazed up at the portrait reverently—and was silent. In the matter of mere technique she felt herself wholly unfit to pit her own criticism against Ida Mansel's; but as a faithful exposition of all that was best and greatest in Haviland Dumaresq's face and figure—the man himself, and the soul that was in him, not the mere outer body and husk and shell of him—she felt certain in her own heart Linnell's picture was a triumphant success and a veritable masterpiece. And all the world has since justified her. The philosophic depth, the logical clearness, the epigrammatic power, the proud reserve, the stoical heroism, the grand self-restraint and endurance of the man—all these were faithfully mirrored or delicately suggested in the endless lines of that admirable portrait: not a shade but spoke Haviland Dumaresq's character; not a tone of expression but helped to swell the general sense of a forceful and self-sufficing individuality. To look upon it one could almost see those proud lips part, and hear that calm and measured voice say in haughty self-consciousness, as once to Linnell: 'I must go through the world in my own orbit, come what may. I move on my circuit, undeterred and unswerving.'

Ida Mansel, indeed, with her Girtou-bred precision and her cultivated narrowness! She to pretend to sit in judgment upon such a soul as Charles Linnell's! Could she see in original or in portrait either those traits that Psyche admired the most? Could she understand the real granite greatness of Dumaresq's character, or the piercing insight with which Linnell had read it in his face and impressed it in imperishable colours upon his canvas? Did she know what the highest side of art was aiming at, at all? 'The worst of this cut-and-dried modern higher education,' Psyche thought to herself, falling for the nonce into that hereditary trick of unconscious generalisation, 'is that it educates women beyond their natural powers, and tries to raise them into

planes of thought for which nature and descent have never equipped them beforehand.

But what, in her happiness, did she care for such strictures? Her painter was safe, and she could afford to laugh at them.

'It's a very good portrait, though,' her father said, taking up the cudgels half unconsciously for his daughter's lover. 'I don't pretend to understand its technical qualities myself, of course—art, I suppose, can only be adequately judged or understood by those who themselves have essayed and appraised its practical difficulties: but if I know how to read my own character (and I think I do, from an objective stand-point), Linnell, it seems to me, has managed to put it very cleverly on canvas. In considering a portrait!'

But even as he spoke, he was interrupted by Reginald Mansel's sudden incursion, holding in one hand an evening paper, and all agog with ill-suppressed excitement at the strange and unexpected tidings contained in it. Psyche knew in a moment what their neighbour had come for. He had just learned the news of the relief of Khartoum!

'Seen to-night's *Pall Mall*?' he asked with emphasis as he burst in with the eager face of a man who comes as the bearer of important information.

'No,' Dumaresq answered. 'But we've heard the news already, for that. Mr Mansel and Psyche brought it from Melbourne. I'm glad they've succeeded at last in getting there.'

Mansel stared back at him in mute surprise. 'Glad?' he exclaimed, bewildered. 'Glad? Glad of what? I know you're little interested in military affairs, and push your horror of war to an extreme; but, hang it all, Dumaresq, you'll admit yourself this is going a little too far for anything. Glad that the Mahdi's got into Khartoum! Glad that our people have all had their throats cut by those rampant savages!'

Dumaresq clutched the paper with a thrill of astonishment. 'Had their throats cut?' he cried, gasping. 'And by those savages, too?—Why, what do you mean, Mansel? They told us all was well at Khartoum.'

Mansel shook his head as he pointed with his finger to the latest telegrams. 'No, no,' he answered testily. 'That's all wrong, all unfounded. Here's the genuine news from the seat of war. Wilson's steamers have got up to Khartoum, only to find the city taken, and Gordon and every Christian soul in the place massacred in cold blood by the Mahdi's people.'

For a minute or two Dumaresq, Mrs Mansel, and her husband all gazed together at the fatal telegram. Absorbed in the news, they forgot all else. The philosopher wrung his hands in horror. 'Poor Linnell!' he cried, half under his breath. 'I acted for the best! I acted for the best! But I did wrong, perhaps, in dismissing him so abruptly.'

Mrs Mansel turned round to look after her friend. 'Goodness gracious!' she exclaimed, with a little scream of horror, 'just look at Psyche!'

They turned and saw. The shock had unnerved her.

Psyche was sitting bolt upright in her chair.

Her cheeks were pale and white as death. Her bloodless hands lay motionless on her knees. Her eyes were staring wide open in front of her. But she saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, knew nothing. She was cold as if dead. Had the shock killed her?

That self-same evening, in Chancery Lane, at the office of Messrs Burchell and Dobbs, family solicitors, the senior partner in that flourishing firm looked up from his perusal of the *St James's Gazette* and remarked reflectively: 'I say, Dobbs, that poor client of ours, C. A. Linnell—' you remember—must have been one of the fellows murdered in this Khartoum massacre.'

Dobbs glanced aside from his *Echo* and murmured in response: 'By Jove, so he must. He was out there, wasn't he? I'm sorry for him, poor fellow! A first-rate client! He must have been worth us four hundred a year.—And I say, Burchell, consols'll go down to some tune on this news too, won't they?'

'Fallen already,' his partner answered, consulting his tape and pursing his lips up. 'Stock exchange feels these pulses so instantaneously.—Look here,' and he rang the electric bell at his side: 'Brooks, will you bring Mr Linnell's box to me?'

The clerk brought it; and Mr Burchell opened it deliberately and glanced over the will. 'Aha!' he said, laying it down with some obvious unaction. 'Precious lucky young woman, whoever she may be, Miss Psyche Dumaresq! Sounds like an actress: some casual love of his. Jolly glad she'd be this minute if only she knew the good luck in store for her. I thought I remembered it. Miss Psyche Dumaresq! Linnell's left her every blessed penny!'

'No!' Mr Dobbs replied, screwing up his mouth and laying down his *Echo*.

'Yes, every penny, to "Psyche, daughter of Haviland Dumaresq, Esquire, of Petherton!"'

'The family'll dispute it!' Mr Dobbs exclaimed, scenting prey upon the breeze and wetting his appetite.

'They can't!' his partner responded with cheerful certainty. 'There are none of them left. There's nobody to dispute with her. Sir Austen was the only relative Linnell had living; and Sir Austen was out at Khartoum along with him. Both of them had their throats cut at once, no doubt.—Precious lucky young woman, Miss Psyche Dumaresq.'

And all the time, Miss Psyche Dumaresq, unconscious of her luck, and most other circumstances, was sitting white as death in her chair at Petherton, with her open blue eyes staring blankly in front of her, and her dead numb hands hanging down like a corpse's.

'Shall you write and inform her,' Mr Dobbs asked, with his fat face screwed up, 'or wait for details and further confirmation? It's more business-like, of course, to wait for details; but promptitude often secures a new client. And eight thousand a year's not to be sneezed at.'

'No good,' Mr Burchell responded, still scanning the will and shaking his head. 'I have Linnell's own express instructions not to write to her about it till a year's elapsed.—Dumaresq—Dumaresq—let me see—Dumaresq. There's a fellow of the name writes sometimes, I think,

in the *Westminster* or the *Fortnightly*. His daughter, no doubt; perhaps she jilted him. And a precious lucky thing for Miss Psyche Dumaresq.

THE BLUE-COAT SCHOOL.

ABOUT half-past twelve o'clock in the day there is generally a small crowd to be found in front of some railings in Newgate Street, gazing earnestly through at the Blue-coat boys at play. The Blue-coat boys! What dweller in London is not familiar with their odd though scarcely picturesque little figures? Dressed in their long blue coats, with a narrow leathern girdle round the waist, their knee-breeches, yellow stockings, and low shoes, they appear, but for their bare heads, almost exactly to-day as they did in the reign of Edward VI. We are so much accustomed to them, that the thought seldom strikes us how strangely out of keeping they and their school are with this nineteenth century of change and reform. Buried in the heart of the great city, Christ's Hospital has yet survived the destruction which has befallen so many similar institutions, and remains a dignified old-world building, lost in the midst of dingy streets and dingier shops and offices. How long it may still be left in peace is a matter of doubt. Already there are more than whispers that soon the love of reform and the greed of gain will drive the school from its ancient home into the country. Then the Hospital buildings will be swept away, and the funnels of the school enriched with the rents obtained from their site.

Quite recently the building was threatened with destruction by a fire which broke out in one of the dormitories. The boys' brigade did good service in keeping down the flames until the arrival of the engines, and in a short time the fire was extinguished. This seemed like a beginning of the end—a warning of what was to come. So I determined to seize an early opportunity of visiting the quaint old place, before the power to do so was taken away from me for ever.

Standing in the playground and watching the boys careering madly around, I could not help wondering on what plea the destruction of the school could be accomplished. Others of the same kind have been doomed on the ground that their situation was unhealthy. But this excuse will not hold in the case of Christ's Hospital. The quadrangle which forms the playground is large and open, and the boys are as healthy and high-spirited as the heart of a parent could desire.

'It seems a pity,' I thought, 'that a place so interesting should disappear. This was the school of Charles Lamb and of Coleridge, and of many others with names as widely known. Its history is marked from its earliest beginning not only with the names of eminent men who here have learned and played in their boyhood, but also with those of kings, statesmen, writers, architects, who from time to time have given their assistance in adding to its glory.'

A bell ringing sharply recalled me from my historical reminiscences to the present. The bell was rung to summon certain of the boys to lay the cloth in the Hall for the one o'clock dinner. Soon after a second bell rang to warn all the

boys to wash their hands. This necessary operation several of the young scamps performed in an unauthorised manner at the pump in the playground, drying their hands on their pocket-handkerchiefs. Then a bugle-call sounded through the quadrangle, and soon the whole school was assembled under the eye of a drill-sergeant. At the word of command, they formed into little companies, the band struck up a stirring march, and the mimic army paraded round the playground. Each company had a small standard-bearer, who carried a very little flag with a number of the squad upon it. The band was number one, fully equipped down to the big brass one, the musicians being all boys of the school; and very well they played, too, an occasional wheeze notwithstanding. Little boys acted the part of music-stands, and held themselves straight and stiff under the ordeal. But the moment they were released, off they went with a whoop and a slide.

It is well known that caps originally formed part of the Blue-coat boys' costumes. These were discarded about thirty years ago, though for what reason I could never ascertain. Often it had struck me that their bareheaded condition must be extremely dangerous in case of a hot sun; but as I watched them fling past into the Hall, this fear was effectually allayed. Such mats of hair were far too thick for any sun's rays to penetrate. Another peculiarity about the boys, very noticeable in these days of weak-eyed school-children, was the almost total absence of spectacles, and I wondered what could account for this.

Some of the boys wore badges like large white medals on their right or left shoulders. These are the mathematicians, otherwise known as the 'King's boys,' because their side of the school was originally founded by Charles II. 'King's boys' are ally navigation, and are bound to go to sea when they leave school. As is the case in most old grammar schools, the main subject taught in Christ's Hospital is classics, hence the head boys of the school are called 'Grecians.'

When the boys were at last all assembled in the Hall, a handle locked the door. A Grecian mounted the pulpit on the right-hand side of the room and read a fairly long grace. Then the door was unlocked, and babel commenced. The door was built in 1825, and is considered to be the second finest in London, second only to Westminster. At one end of it is an organ gallery, reached by a narrow crooked stair, which is open to visitors after grace has been said. From it a very good view of the curious scene can be obtained. The Hall is long, narrow, and lofty; and when somewhere near eight hundred boys are collected together in it, it will be easily understood that the sound which arises to the undermost is no murmur. In spite of the numerous windows, the light is very dim, which increases the singularity of the scene. There are said to be several fine pictures in the Hall; but their faded colours together with the dim light rendered them almost indistinguishable from the gallery in which I stood.

No fewer than seventeen long trestle-tables were laid for the dinner. At the end of each stood a matron, whose duty it was to carve for and serve the boys around her board. Waiting

at table was done by a number of boys told off for the purpose. Monitors marched up and down between the tables the whole time to maintain some small amount of order, though their efforts were largely in vain. These poor creatures had to get their dinner when they could. Such is the price of honour! 'Laying the cloth' must be here a very simple matter, as all articles not absolutely necessary are dispensed with. The tables are covered with cloths more or less white, but generally less, and bearing marked traces of the kind of handling they receive. Three-pronged steel forks and black-handled knives are the only ones in vogue, and the place of tumblers is taken by white delf articles like mugs without handles. Food there is in plenty, and the waste of it by these thoughtless youngsters very great. Where bread is so plentiful, what does it matter if crusts are left uneaten, and crumb is employed in making neat little pellets with which to sting other boys' ears?

As a rule, the dinner consists of one course, so the meal is soon despatched. Then a scene of indescribable confusion follows. The boys swoop down upon the tables, and in the twinkling of an eye everything is cleared away. Small boys carry off the salt-cellars and water-mugs in baskets almost as large as themselves; the table-cloths are bundled up in a manner which would make an ordinary housemaid lift up her hands in horror; and the important process of clearing away is over. Out rush the boys helter-skelter; no forming into line and no marching this time.

During several Sundays in the year—that is, from Quinquagesima to Easter Sunday inclusive—what are called 'Suppings in public' are held in the Hall. On these occasions tickets of admission are issued to the public by the governors of the school. The supper consists of bread and cheese and beer, the cheese being placed in wooden bowls, and the beer drunk from wooden piggins. Visitors are not confined to the organ gallery, but walk between the tables, watching the boys at their food. This sight may be very interesting, but is it not also degrading for the boys in its close resemblance to the feeding-time in a menagerie?

The wards where the boys sleep are a curious sight with their rows on rows of little beds and almost total absence of any other furniture. I should not think extremely restive youngsters would manage very well with those beds, they seemed so very narrow. The boys make their own, which looked tidy enough, covered and tucked up all round with their blue coverlets. But I didn't inspect appearances below the counterpane. At the foot of the bed is a small box, in which the owner keeps his cakes and all those miscellaneous articles so dear to a boy's heart.

The Grecian of the ward is promoted to the dignity of a study, a little box of a place by no means big enough to swing a cat in. Here he sits enthroned in solitary grandeur, and keeps watch over the smaller fry in the ward, who get into mischief at the slightest opportunity. Each ward has its own linen room, and the sight of the piles of yellow stockings lying there awaiting repair is enough to make one shudder. The matron and her maid are responsible for the

darning and patching of the holes, which somehow manage to come into all boys' garments. Think of doing all the mending for a family of about fifty boys, ranging from eight to fifteen years of age!

But the lavatory crowns all. It consists of a row of taps placed about two feet above the ground, and a trough into which the water runs. This is where the boys perform their morning ablutions, the only method they can adopt being to stoop and place their heads under the tap, letting the water run over them. A very primitive method of washing one's self, and a somewhat uncivilised one! Really, when I considered this thing, and indeed the extremely rough and uncouth method of living altogether, I could not but think that a change, if it brought about a reform in many of the domestic arrangements of the school, would not be entirely a matter of regret. It passed my comprehension how parents could voluntarily send their delicately-nurtured children to such a place.

That may be all very fine, possibly it is urged; but what can you expect in a charity school, where the children are taken almost from the streets? It is not in the least likely that the boys are accustomed to many elegances and luxuries at home, and so they won't miss them at school!

This would be all very true if the Hospital had been kept to the original purpose for which it was instituted; but this is not at all the case. Presentations are in the hands of the governors, and what more natural than that they should misuse their power? Absence crept in almost from the time of the founding of the school, and to-day the rich reap the benefit of the endowment as much as the poor, if not more. It is not right that such things should be.

At the present time the Hospital enjoys an income of about sixty thousand pounds, derived from various sources. Part of this sum is bestowed on boys leaving school in the form of exhibitions and scholarships to the universities and of apprentice fees.

Not the least of the objections, which can be urged against the manner in which the school has been conducted, is the small proportion of its benefits which is enjoyed by girls. Originally, as all old records show, boys and girls stood on an equal footing. Now, there are about one thousand boys on the foundation and only ninety girls. Such a contrast speaks for itself. A scheme, however, is, I believe, on foot whereby girls will be restored to something like their former position.

Apocryphal of the time when the Hospital was really and not nominally a school for boys and girls, a quaint story is told by Samuel Pepys, the well-known worthy of Charles II.'s day. In writing to a Mrs Stewart, Pepys says: 'One thing there is indeed that comes in my way as a governor to hear of, which carries a little mirth with it, and indeed is very odd. Two wealthy citizens are lately dead, and left their estates, one to a Blue-coat boy, and the other to a Blue-coat girl, in Christ's Hospital. The extraordinariness of which has led some of the magistrates to carry it on to a match, which is ended in a public wedding; he in his habit of blue satin, led by two of the girls; and she in

blue, with an apron green, and petticoat yellow, all of sarsnet, led by two of the boys of the house, through Cheapside to Guildhall Chapel, where they were married by the Dean of St Paul's, she given by my Lord Mayor.'

Down in the quadrangle near the entrance is a little place which the boys call their 'tuck-shop.' This is presided over by a man who is privileged to sell sweets, &c. to the boys of the school. His father was a Blue-coat boy years ago.

Over the entrance-gate of the school stands a statue of Edward VI., who is generally accredited with being the founder of the Hospital. To the face of this image, time and weather, together with the original sculptor, have given an expression of smug and sanctimonious self-complacency, very grotesque, and somewhat suggestive of what boys would call a 'sneak.' How much longer will this funny little figure be permitted to preside over the fortunes of the old school? At present even the authorities do not seem to know. Great changes are, however, expected by all in the near future. Let us hope that, whatever they may be, the claims of the poor of both sexes will not be neglected.

MRS HARRINGTON'S DIAMOND NECKLACE.

By DENZIL VANE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MRS HARRINGTON, of Harrington Hall, Grass-shire, should have known better, her friends told each other, than to throw a young, handsome, attractive, but penniless man, into company with a romantic girl of eighteen, who enjoyed the double privilege of being an heiress and a beauty. There was certainly no doubt about Gladys Harrington's claim to the latter title; she was tall, gracefully formed, elegant in all her movements, and she had the most radiant complexion, and the largest and softest brown eyes it is possible to imagine. As to her wealth, that also was beyond dispute. Though the Harrington estates were entailed on her half-brother, a boy of ten years old, the young lady would inherit, on attaining her majority, a fortune of forty thousand pounds; for Squire Harrington had been not only a large landed proprietor, but the owner of extensive collieries in the north of England.

Left a widow soon after the birth of her son, Mrs Harrington had lived a very retired life, devoting herself to the education of her children. Society in Grass-shire had for some years busied itself in discussing the probabilities as to the second marriage of the rich and still young widow. But now popular attention was turned to her step-daughter, Gladys; therefore, when it was noised about in the county that Mrs Harrington had been so imprudent as to engage a tutor under thirty years old to educate the heir of all the Harringtons, instead of selecting some learned graybeard or solemn-faced M.A. on the wrong side of fifty, popular opinion was all against her.

'I should think a woman with any knowledge of the world and of human nature would have foreseen the inevitable consequences of bringing such a man as Mr Ralph Cunningham into daily

association with an impulsive, unsophisticated girl like dear Gladys,' remarked Mrs Lamprey of St Kilda's Grange. She was the happy mother of six marriageable but unmarried daughters. Ill-natured people smiled, and whispered to each other that even a 'detrimental' such as Mr Ralph Cunningham would not have been an unacceptable suitor for the hand of any one of the Miss Lampreys, honest Squire Lamprey being a comparatively poor man, and his daughters neither pretty nor attractive. Besides, eligible young men were scarce in Grass-shire.

'Yes, and dear Gladys is so—so very unconventional,' added Mrs Snalman, the Rector's wife, to whom the remark recorded above was addressed. 'Perhaps it is the result of her singular bringing-up. She has lived too much alone, poor dear child; and her step-mother is not altogether the right sort of woman to have the care of a girl like Gladys. Mrs Harrington is so—so unsympathetic. Do you know, dear Mrs Lamprey, that sometimes I feel quite—quite uncomfortable when she looks at me with those curious bright gray eyes of hers?' finished the Rectoress with an affected little shiver.

And so the busybodies of the neighbourhood talked, while events at Harrington Hall were slowly ripening to the climax which every one declared to be inevitable. Gladys and her little brother's tutor saw a great deal of each other, for the heiress had a taste for English literature, and Ralph Cunningham was always ready to assist her in her studies. Together they read Keats and Shelley, Tennyson and Browning, and selections from Rossetti and Swinburne. Now, when two young people of suitable age and of equal personal attractions discover that their tastes are identical; when a young man of six-and-twenty and a charming girl of eighteen bend day after day over volumes of beautiful poetry; when the aforesaid young man has the delightful task of pointing out favourite passages in his favourite poems to an appreciative and intensely sympathetic listener who has glorious eyes and a divinely responsive smile, it is not difficult to guess that admiration will speedily blossom into love.

Before Mr Ralph Cunningham had been domiciled at Harrington Hall two months, the calamity predicted by the wiseheads of Grass-shire occurred. One day, when Ralph was initiating his charming pupil into the beauties of the 'Epipsychidion,' a glance was exchanged, a word or two was spoken, which changed the lives of both. Ralph, who was an honourable young fellow, had not intended to reveal his passion; but at six-and-twenty, one cannot be always on one's guard, and he had read something in Gladys' eyes which had, so to speak, drawn those daring words from his heart. Gladys, with the enthusiasm and carelessness of the future characteristic of eighteen, had gone at once to her step-mother and declared her intention of marrying Mr Ralph Cunningham.

Mrs Harrington, who, for some reason known only to herself, had taken a violent dislike to the tutor, was, however, wise enough not to make a scene. She did not order Mr Cunningham out of the house, or send Miss Gladys off in disgrace to school. She only darted one glance of contempt at the girl's glowing face, only folded her lips together in an expression that was not exactly

pleasant, and then gravely said: 'My dear Gladys, you are just eighteen, and Mr Ralph Cunningham is the only really agreeable man you have ever met. Do you think you will admire him as much ten years hence as you do now?'

'I shall never, never care for any other man. I will marry him or be an old maid,' cried Miss Gladys.

'Very well, my dear; you cannot marry without my consent for three years. I should fail in my duty if I gave it under the present circumstances. I do not approve of Mr Cunningham as a tutor for your hand. I believe him to be entirely unworthy of your affection. When you are of age, you can please yourself, and bestow yourself and your fortune on any adventurer or fortune-hunter you please.'

'Oh mamma, how dare you imply that Ralph is a fortune-hunter!' Here a sudden burst of passionate weeping followed; and Mrs Harrington, who hated scenes, calmly swept out of the room, leaving Gladys to brood indignantly over her words. There, an hour later, Ralph found her with flushed cheeks and eyes full of tears. He had very little difficulty in drawing from her all that had occurred.

'Gladys,' said Ralph gravely, 'I see but one course open to me. As a man of honour, I cannot remain here unless Mrs Harrington—'

'Oh Ralph, what is to become of me, shut up here alone with mamma! If you go, this house will be like a prison. I shall die of wretchedness.'

'Then, darling, marry me at once, and!—'

'I cannot—at least not yet. When I am twenty-one I shall be my own mistress. Besides,' she added with one of her brightest smiles, 'I should forfeit my fortune if I married you now—and I want to give my money to you.'

The simplicity of her manner was in such strange contrast to the wisdom which seemed almost worldly, that Ralph was fairly dumfounded. Gladys, like most of her sex, was at once impulsive and timid, simple and cunning—a mass of contradictions, and yet was most lovable in spite of them all.

'You dear little wise woman,' cried Ralph, clasping her in his arms, 'I will be guided entirely by you. If you bid me stay here, I will stay. If you command it, I will wear my chain, and go on teaching Freddy his Latin grammar for three mortal years.'

'And bear mamma's frowns too?'

'So long as you smile, dearest, all other women in the world may frown and I shall smile.'

'That sounds almost like a quotation from one of our poets; is it?'

'No; it is all my own,' retorted Ralph with a laugh. 'Then,' he went on in a more serious tone, 'there is to be a sort of armed neutrality between Mrs Harrington and myself—unless she dismisses me,' he finished gloomily.

'She will not do that. Mamma is a very clever woman; she will not take any step which might drive me—to—to—'

'Marriage?' suggested Ralph.

Gladys nodded, and then laughed with such evident enjoyment and glee, that Ralph was once more puzzled by the strange complexity of this mere child's character.

And so matters went on at Harrington Hall

for several weeks. Mrs Harrington behaved with studied courtesy to the tutor, who, on his side, strove to look and act as if those momentous words had never been spoken between Gladys and her step-mother. To all appearance, he was only Freddy's paid instructor, and Miss Harrington's honorary Professor of Literature. The readings from the poets were continued; but master and pupil talked more than they read.

Sometimes, the curiously-still, malicious expression of Mrs Harrington's eyes as they met his across the breakfast or dinner table woke an indefinable dread in Ralph's breast. He had an uncomfortable feeling that Mrs Harrington would stick at nothing in order to sow dissension between him and Gladys. He dreaded he knew not what. It was like living on the slopes of a volcano; any moment a torrent of lava might overwhelm the fair seeming of their lives.

One night, on retiring to his own room, Ralph saw something on the carpet that startled him almost as much as the footprint on the sand did Robinson Crusoe. It was only a tassel of jet and steel beads; but a cold shiver of apprehension stole over Ralph as he picked it up and placed it on the dressing-table. That evening at dinner Mrs Harrington had worn a black satin gown ornamented with precisely similar tassels.

'What could have been her motive in coming to my room?' thought the tutor. 'That she has done me the honour of paying me a domiciliary visit is to my mind, conclusively proved by this small memento.' Here he picked up the bunch of beads and examined it meditatively. 'I distrust she has ransacked my possessions; but the question is—Why? Did she expect to find love-letters from Gladys? If so, I fear she was disappointed.'

For quite half an hour Ralph stood holding the tassel in his hand, ruminating on the extraordinary circumstance that had brought it into his possession; then suddenly bethinking himself that, as it was not yet eleven o'clock, he might get a letter or two written before going to bed, he went to the writing-table where stood his desk and opened it leisurely. 'I may as well put this out of sight,' he thought, smiling as he dropped the 'memento' in the pen-tray inside the desk. 'It would be rather good fun to return it to Mrs Harrington in the morning. I wonder what she would say?'

Having written his letters, he still felt disinclined for bed. Old habits of night-study still survived from his college days. There were half-a-dozen or so of his favourite volumes in his portmanteau; he determined to select one and read until he felt sleepy.

But in turning over the contents of the portmanteau he made a second discovery that startled him a good deal more than the former one—a discovery which brought out cold beads of perspiration on his forehead. His worst forebodings had been realised. Sleep was out of the question for that night, and Ralph spent the long hours until the day dawned in meditation that was neither agreeable nor profitable, for he had found out the motive of the strange domiciliary visit on the part of Gladys' handsome step-mother. But the discovery brought him new food for

thought, for it opened up a prospect that filled him with dismay.

At breakfast the next morning, both Mrs Harrington and Gladys seemed as calm and self-possessed as usual; they greeted the tutor with more than their customary graciousness, and though Ralph watched the elder lady narrowly, he could detect no change in that handsome impassive face of hers. 'What a grand address the woman would have made!' he thought. 'Not the quiver of an eyelash betrays her!'

It needed a strong effort on his part to talk naturally during the progress of the meal, and once or twice he caught Gladys' eyes fixed inquiringly on him. He resolved to take her into his confidence, for he felt that it would be impossible to hide his secret from her; for the intuition of love had enabled her to find out that something troubled the man she loved.

'Woman's wit may find a way to baffle woman's wit,' he thought with a smile as he followed Gladys into the garden after breakfast. 'Wise mother, wiser daughter—to paraphrase the oft-quoted Latin line.'

Gladys' counsel seemed to dispel the cloud of anxiety and depression that had enveloped Ralph during the night. An hour later he passed into the study with a serene brow and devoted himself as usual to his tutorial duties.

The young master of Harrington Hall was a delicate and docile child, and Ralph, who had all a strong man's tenderness for those weaker, mentally or physically, than himself, always treated his gentle little pupil with a kindness that bordered on indulgence. And the boy had attached himself to Ralph with an affection so strong that his mother's jealousy had been aroused, and so fuel was added to the fire that had been lighted by Gladys' avowed preference for the penniless tutor.

'Promise that you will never leave me, Mr Cunningham,' said Freddy, suddenly looking up from his Latin grammar with a wistful look in his big brown eyes. 'I couldn't bear to learn of anybody else; and mamma says I needn't go to school until I grow big and strong like other boys.'

'What put that into your head, my boy?—I have no intention of leaving the Hall at present.'

'Oh, I don't know—only mamma said something that made me anxious,' replied the child, flushing up; 'and—and I had a horrid dream about you last night.'

'Come, my boy; surely you don't believe in dreams, you know the stuff they're made of—to many sweets and too much cake,' answered Ralph, trying to laugh.

But Freddy's little face was still grave, and a frightened expression came into his eyes. 'I dreamt about mamma too,' he whispered, looking round with a scared look, painful to see. 'I don't think mamma likes you, Mr Cunningham,' he added; 'and—sometimes her eyes frighten me—even when—when she kisses me and holds me so tight in her arms.'

'I don't wonder,' thought the tutor as he remembered a certain cold, malicious glitter that sometimes lighted Mrs Harrington's fine eyes. But aloud he bade Freddy attend to his lessons and think no more of such an unimportant thing as a nightmare dream.

Tutor and pupil worked on steadily until nearly mid-day, when both received a most unexpected summons from Mrs Harrington's own maid, a tall, slender, and very quietly but elegantly dressed woman of about thirty-five, who had long been in service at the Hall.

'My mistress wishes to see you in the saloon, sir, and she bade me tell you to bring Master Harrington with you,' she said in her usual low and respectful tones.

'Certainly,' replied the tutor, rising with a smile.—'Come, Freddy.'

'The curtain is about to rise on the second act of the comedy,' he said to himself as he took the child's hand and followed the maid to the saloon, a large and splendid room, that served as an inner hall, and into which most of the rooms on the ground-floor opened. There he found not only Mrs Harrington and Gladys, but every man and woman who lived under the roof-tree of Harrington Hall.

'I see that Madame contemplates a *coup-de-théâtre*,' he thought, rapidly exchanging glances with Gladys, who looked a trifle pale and anxious. 'The scene is well arranged; but I fear the "great situation" she contemplates will not make the effect she aims at.'

LACE AND ITS VARIETIES.

At the present time there is a strong tendency towards the artistic in all things connected with daily life. It is considered, and there is wisdom in the idea, that beauty added to an object does not detract from its usefulness, but rather increases it. Articles in every-day request do not serve their purpose less truly if they please the eye, and by grace of form and beauty of colouring educate the nature to find something of the artist's pleasure in the ordinary things which make the setting and framework of daily life. This strong artistic impulse has shown itself in some directions in a reaction in favour of mediæval types in articles both decorative and useful. Old china, ancient jewellery, antique furniture, are eagerly sought after; and old Lace, after having been consigned almost to complete oblivion, has once more reappeared out of the buried past, to delight an age which dotes on antiquity with its fragile filmy tissues.

The airy network of the spider's web may have first suggested to Barbara Utman, the wife of a German burgher, the idea of Pillow-lace, which was invented by her about the middle of the sixteenth century at St Annaberg, in Saxony, where she lived. It was at first called Bone-lace, from the bone-pins which were used to twist the thread round in forming the pattern; and becoming exceedingly popular, it soon spread into the Netherlands, and thence to France.

Long, however, before the date of Barbara Utman's discovery, the Flemish nuns in their convents near Ghent had discovered Point-lace; and in the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries, much of this beautiful and truly artistic lace was produced. This triumph of mediæval needlework was, however, scarcely so much an invention as a development of a separate inferior art called 'Lacis.' This was a variety of cut or drawn work, in which

a pattern was formed by drawing out* threads from a loose coarse fabric, and then fastening the loosened threads together with a needle. Many books of patterns for laces and needle-point are still in existence, spreading over the whole of the sixteenth century. Of these the most ancient is the German Model-Buch, which bears the date of 1521. Vincello, a Venetian, also published a book upon lace in 1593, in which the transition from laces to needle-point is very clearly shown. His patterns are exceedingly complex and beautiful; and Venice, his native city, soon became famous for a peculiar variety of point-lace called Point de Venice, a rose or raised point which supplied a favourite material for the large ruffs then in fashion. Point de Venice continued to be the favourite wear of the fops and dandies of the period until Colbert introduced the manufacture of point-lace into France in the reign of Louis XIV., when Point d'Alençon very soon equalled, and then surpassed its far-famed Italian rival.

Lace having been once introduced into France, became extremely popular there, and was profusely worn at the magnificent court of Louis XIV. Even at the duels which were then so frequent, it was considered in the best taste to appear upon the field of combat in a shirt elaborately trimmed with rose-point, or Point d'Alençon. Vast collections of this beautiful and costly material were to be found not only in the convents, but also in the families of the nobility. The Marquis of Cinquars, one of the most worthless of the favourites of Louis XIV., left behind him not only an unrivalled selection of lace ruffs, collars, and cuffs, but also three hundred pairs of long boots trimmed round the top with ruffles of rose-point.

The reign of the Grand Monarque was emphatically the golden age of lace in France. In 1679 the king gave a fête at Marly, and in order to encourage the new manufacture, gave orders that each lady of the court on retiring to her room to change her dress should find placed ready for her use a costly toilet of lace. The portraits of the fine ladies of the period appear covered with it; it shades the worn pensive features of the neglected wife of Louis's youth, and softens the stately severe beauty of the uncrowned wife of his age. Madame Maintenon was partial to it, and the needles of the little maidens at St Cyr were kept busy upon its beautiful filmy webs.

Nor was the taste for lace confined to women only; men in that lace-loving age were quite as much its votaries as the softer sex; and one famous cravat, the Steinkirk, which was profusely trimmed with lace, owed its name to the famous battle in which Marshal Luxembourg defeated William of Orange.

The patroness of the Scotsman Law, brusque, honest Madame Palatine, the mother of the Regent Orleans, was a great lover of lace, and when in a more than usually good humour, often made a present of a set of Point d'Alençon or Venetian Point to one or other of her ladies of honour. Lace was so much the universal rage in those days that even clergymen decked themselves out in it. Fénelon, the pious Archbishop of Cambrai, had four dozen pairs of costly ruffles; and even the public executioner—Monsieur de

Paris, as he was called—when he ascended the scaffold in pursuance of his vocation had a point-lace breast frill, and ruffles falling over his velvet suit.

Coverlets for beds were made in Venice Point, all in one piece, and sometimes cost with the trimmings of the sheets as much as four or five thousand crowns. So great was the rage for linen trimmed with lace, that the trousseau of a daughter of one of the *ancienne noblesse* sometimes cost as much as one hundred thousand crowns; and five thousand crowns worth of lace and linen was quite an ordinary outfit.

With the reign of Louis XIV. this profuse extravagance in lace came to an end in France, although it still held its ground to a certain extent during the two subsequent reigns. Marie Antoinette cared little about lace; she preferred India muslin; but her husband, Louis XVI., was fond of it; and the year before he perished on the guillotine, owned fifty-nine pairs of ruffles of Point and Valenciennes lace.

The Revolution suspended for a time the manufacture of all kinds of lace in France, and extinguished for ever the production of Point d'Argentin. Point d'Alençon was more fortunate, and revived under the fostering care of Napoleon. Josephine was fond of it; and the Duchesse d'Abrantes in her Memoirs gives in amusing detail an account of her trousseau, in which she revels in glowing descriptions of the finest lace.

Louis Napoleon, following the example of his uncle, bestowed much attention on the lace-manufacture of Alençon, which had found a dangerous rival in Brussels Point. Point d'Alençon is one of the most beautiful point laces of modern times; it is made solely by the hand with a fine needle upon parchment patterns, which are coloured green as being a good tint for the eyes. It is worked in pieces ten inches long, which are afterwards united by a skilful worker.

Bobbins or pillow lace, Barbara Uttman's invention very much improved, was made on a revolving cylinder with a cushion, on which the pattern was pricked out with pins round which the worker twisted the thread. This lace was early carried to great perfection in Flanders and Brabant. Nothing could be more beautiful than those old pillow Flemish laces, and they were very popular in France, where they were known as Point d'Angleterre, coming by this English name, to which they had no title, because they were first smuggled from Flanders to England and then resmuggled into France.

The best Brussels lace is made in the city of that name; and of late years the manufacturers there have set themselves very successfully to imitate Point d'Alençon. The lace they make is at a little distance exactly like its French rival, and costs a very great deal less. The best Brussels Point made by the hand costs about six pounds per yard, while a yard of Point d'Alençon of the same width costs about fifteen. On a close inspection, it must be confessed that the French lace has the advantage of greater fineness and a more careful finish; but in elegance of design and in the wonderful perfection of the raised flowers and figures, the Belgian lace is equal if not superior to its far-famed rival.

Little Flemish girls begin at the age of seven

to learn the art of lace-making; and a great deal of very fine lace is still made by the nuns in the Belgian convents. The lace is made in small pieces, which are distributed among many workers, and these when finished are joined together by skilful hands. Other Brussels laces are partly point and partly pillow laces, such as the Point de Medici, the Point de Flandre, the Point Duchesse, and the Point de Paris.

The flax from which the exquisitely fine thread is spun which is used in the manufacture of lace is largely grown in Brabant, St Nicholas, Tournay, and Cambrai. It is almost all steeped at Courtrai, on account of the superior clearness of the waters of the Lys; and the thread of the finest quality is spun underground in partially darkened rooms, or rather cellars, because the dry air above is apt to cause it to snap. It is so extremely fine that it is felt rather than seen, and the spinner as she works in the semi-gloom closely examines the thread from time to time, and stops her wheel if she perceives the slightest inequality in it. Drearier, more unwholesome work it is difficult to imagine. The damp dark cellars are so arranged that only a single powerful ray of light shall fall upon the wheels. Health and eyesight speedily fail; the hands, perpetually numbed with cold, are soon crippled with rheumatism; and premature old age attacks the worker before youth itself is past. But the wages are high, and the ranks of these Flemish thread-spinners are always full.

The ground of Flemish lace was formerly made either by hand or on the pillow. The hand-made ground was very much more expensive than the other; but it was much stronger and more durable, and could easily be repaired without showing the join. Now the ground of Brussels lace is very generally machine-made; and it is only on special occasions, such as the preparation of a royal trousseau, that the hand-made ground is resorted to.

The city of Malines or Mechlin is, or rather was, at one time as famous almost as Brussels for a lace of its own, less rich and heavy, but wonderfully effective and elegant. In the reigns of Mary and Anne this lace was very fashionable in England; and it continued in favour during the reign of George I., who was fond of wearing a Mechlin cravat.

Somewhat similar to Mechlin was the beautiful and durable pillow lace known as Valenciennes. In the early part of the last century this was peculiarly a French manufacture, and many thousands of people were employed in the lace-trade of Valenciennes; but it was extinguished by the Revolution, or rather it was transferred from France to Belgium, where it still flourishes. Valenciennes is a very durable lace, and owing to this quality, immense quantities of it are often handed down as heirlooms in great families. It was, in the days of its glory, a very costly lace, the quantity necessary for a lady's head-dress often costing, according to breadth and quality, from a hundred to a thousand guineas. It required a very long time to make; to produce a pair of ruffles took a woman who was a good worker ten months, working fifteen hours a day; and it was, besides, so prejudicial to the eyesight, that no lace-maker could work at it beyond the age of thirty. The laces of Lille,

Arras, and Bailloul were similar to Valenciennes, but were neither so fine nor so elaborate, and cost much less.

In England, lace has long been made in the counties of Bedford, Buckingham, and Northampton. In Bedfordshire there is a tradition that the manufacture of lace was introduced into the county by Catharine of Aragon, who brought the art from Spain. In the reign of Charles II. Flemish lace-makers came over and settled in England; but they could not obtain flax of the requisite quality from which to spin the exquisitely fine thread required, and the lace they produced was very much inferior to the Flanders lace. Devonshire also became famous as a lace-making county, and its Honiton lace is unquestionably the best that has ever been made in England, although it is only equal to a second or third rate Brussels lace. The old Honiton ground, which was made on the pillow, went out of fashion when bobbin-net was invented, and is now superseded by modern guipure, on which the Honiton sprigs are sewed.

The Devonshire lace-workers were, unfortunately for themselves, old-fashioned and prejudiced. For a long time they clung obstinately to heavy clumsy patterns, which had been in date from the infancy of the art; but now a spirit of progress has taken possession of them, and they have obtained from the authorities of South Kensington a number of beautiful designs. The discovery of bobbin-net, which annually consumes a large quantity of Scotch cotton thread, produced a great change in the history of lace; and shortly afterwards a still greater revolution was caused by the adaptation of the Jacquard loom to lace-making, a manufacture which was speedily introduced into Nottingham on a large scale. Some of these machine-made laces imitate most faithfully the costliest needle-point and pillow-lace, and the better classes of them have portions of the work executed by the hand.

Lace head-dresses, or what were called heads of lace, were very fashionable in England in the reigns of Mary and Anne, and the ladies of the court sometimes paid very large sums for a fine head of French or Flemish lace; but the extravagance in this fragile article of luxury was never carried to the same ruinous extent as in France. It was, however, profusely worn during what may be called the lace epoch, and was even coveted as an article of adornment after death. Mrs Oldfield, the celebrated actress, left instructions that she should be laid in her coffin arrayed in a very fine head-dress of Brussels lace, in a shroud of Holland linen with lace tucker and ruffles, and a pair of kid gloves. Yards of the costliest Point d'Angleterre and Mechlin laces were wrapped around the corpse of the beautiful Aurora von Konigsmarck before she was laid in her grave at Quedlinburg; and many of the mummies found in the catacombs of the Capucelin convent at Palermo are swathed in the same costly funeral robes.

Dr Johnson disliked lace; and shortly after his epoch, although owing to no influence of his, but rather to the tyranny of Fashion, lace almost ceased to be worn or valued in England; till in course of time laces of great value were so slightly esteemed that they were considered little better than so much valueless rubbish. Mrs

Bury Palliser tells a story of a lady who had some very fine old lace which she bequeathed to some young-lady friends; but on the legatees going to take possession of the bequest, they found only new lace, and asked the maid of the deceased, an old Scotchwoman, where the old lace was. 'I'be warrant it's a' there,' was the reply of this sagacious abigail, 'barring a wheen auld black ragged duds that I flung on the fire.'

Another lady's-maid, a painstaking and cleanly soul, ashamed to present to its new possessor a coffee-coloured but priceless legacy of rare old lace, sewed it together and put it into a strong soap-lye to simmer all night on the fire. In the morning she was surprised and dismayed to find that it was reduced to a jelly.

So low did lace fall, that many old ladies still alive remember dressing out their dolls in fragments of costly Point d'Alençon and other equally rare laces; while many specimens of old point were preserved from destruction only by being locked up in the cabinets of those to whom all relics of antiquity were dear. Lady Blessington was a famous collector of this sort, and left at her death a very large accumulation of valuable old lace. Lady Morgan and Lady Stepmey were also noted lace-collectors, and often quarrelled over the merits of their respective hoards. Nowadays, the subject of lace-collecting is better understood: the laces are arranged in careful order; and magnificent collections of the best examples of every kind of lace have been formed. And what is of more interest to the manufacturers of the article is, that Fashion, so fathomless and irresponsible in its caprices, has again smiled upon lace; although lace of the rich heavy quality which Van Dyck delighted to paint and the Venetian beauties loved to wear, has not yet reappeared, and perhaps never will.

HABITS OF AND LEGENDS ABOUT STORKS.

ONE of the things that we looked forward to with the greatest eagerness on our first visit to Holland was seeing a stork's nest. Our disappointment on finding that there was not one on any of the houses at the Hague was bitter. The love of tidiness has at last conquered the universal affection that the Dutch, in common with so many other nations have for these birds, and the nests in the towns have become rare. Still, the birds are carefully protected, and many breed every year in the country districts. A pair come every spring to the little Zoo at the Hague and nest in a small tree overhanging one of the ponds. We did not discover where the two that generally frequented the fish-market nested. These were the tamest birds we ever saw. The market was small and crowded; but the birds stalked gravely about among the fisherwomen from Scheveningen in a quiet dignified way. They never tried to steal any of the fish, but contented themselves with the numerous scraps which the fisherwomen threw them.

No bird has been so widely respected as the stork in the past; and to none in the present is such careful protection afforded. From Algeria to Denmark, from Spain to Russia, storks are

honoured and loved. In France alone, of all countries in which they breed, have they been persecuted. The provinces of Alsace and Lorraine formed an exception: the German population here were always true to the national feeling for the birds.

The ancient Egyptians extended to storks the reverence with which they regarded so many creatures. This has been attributed to the great use of the birds in destroying snakes; but we think it is very doubtful whether this had any real weight. Men sometimes, though not often in England, have legislated for the protection of wild creatures whose part in the scheme of Nature they saw was beneficial to themselves; but it requires something more to inspire that feeling of reverence and love which has from the earliest times been felt for the stork.

Even if utilitarian motives influenced the Egyptians, the Teutonic races must have had other reasons; for poisonous snakes have never been common in Central Europe. Storks have represented to them that permanent family life which has been the basis of all their early social polity and morality.

Affection and respect due from man to wife, industry and self-devotion from parents to children, and intense attachment to their home, have in all ages characterised the German race. All this they saw exemplified in the stork. True, had they searched for them in other creatures, they would have found many other such instances; but the 'piety'—to use the word in its Latin sense—of the storks was before their eyes. The birds, by nature bold and confiding, preferred building their huge nests in the neighbourhood of dwellings, and their confidence was rarely misplaced.

Perhaps the fact that the stork was one of the first harbingers of spring led to the earliest liking for them. Messrs Erekmann-Chatrin, in their 'Contes des Bords du Rhin,' give a striking picture of the excitement in the village when the storks appear. The old man who comes in hurriedly to announce their arrival—the crowd under the church tower on the top of which the bird has settled—the old woman thinking 'le bon Dieu' that He has allowed them again to see the return of spring, are vividly described.

In Holland, Denmark, and Germany, numerous legends and superstitions have gradually arisen concerning the storks. The best known is that it is they that bring the babies—probably a story told so often to children, that at last it was believed by their elders to be part of the good luck that a stork's nest near a house will bring. Grimm's and Hans Andersen's fairy tales include many in which the bird plays a part. 'They are good tenants,' say the Schleswick farmers, 'and pay their rent every year; sometimes an egg, sometimes a young bird.' This refers to the way in which not unfrequently an egg or young one falls from the nest—probably from pure accident, for the birds are devoted parents; but the country-people have considered it as an acknowledgment of their being but yearly tenants.

They arrive in Holland about the 1st of March, and in Denmark almost as soon. In Poland, where they are common, the first come about the 20th of March, the male birds preceding their mates by a few days. The same nests are used

for an immense number of years; and each season the birds add to the pile, until the owner of the house, if they build on one, is obliged to remove a considerable part of it, for fear of the roof giving way. The birds either live for a great age, or else have something approaching to a law of succession, for the same nest is often tenanted every year for a great length of time. We heard of one in North Holland which had never, in the memory of any one on the estate, been without a tenant, yet only that one pair nested in the village. As the male bird comes first and takes possession of the nest, it seems as if the same bird must have returned for at least sixty years; yet could any bird of passage live to such an age?

Sparrows and wrens not unfrequently build in the stork's huge pile of sticks, a nest within a nest, which we rarely see in England. In Holland and Denmark a common mode of inducing storks to take up their abode is to fasten a cart-wheel on the top of a tall pole erected in some field. At the village of Luitsedan, near the Hague, there is one of these, which is regularly tenanted. Closer to the town, in the plantations round the house of one of the gentry, there is an enormous nest. It is placed at the top of a large silver fir, the leading shoot of which has been broken by the wind. At Wassenaar, a village some miles off, where immense quantities of bulbs are grown, a pair yearly rear their young ones on the church tower.

The story of the bird that perished in the great fire at Delft rather than desert her unfledged young, is well known. The storks that continued to feed their nestlings through the fearful bombardment of Strassburg in the late Franco-German War also deserve a place in history. There are two pictures, photographs from which we saw when at Strassburg, of the nest before and after the Prussian shells had poured into the town. It was placed on a large chimney-stack on one of the highest houses. The first picture shows the four young ones comfortably seated in it, one old bird standing close by while her mate is flying down with his crop heavy with the results of his fishing. In the second picture the roof of the house has been pierced by shells; an entire house close by has been burnt out, half the chimney-stack destroyed, and the nest is hanging down in a perilous manner. One of the young birds has perished; but the shells have spared the remaining three, and the parent birds are still at their post.

The birds often assemble in large flocks at the end of August, before commencing their southward migration. On the 20th of August 1880 we saw one of these flocks in the great meadows by the Elbe near Wittenberg. Sometimes they hold at these assemblies what the Germans call a 'Storchgericht,' a trial and execution of one of their body. Mr. Dresser, who had the good fortune to see one of these curious meetings in Holstein, is of opinion that the unfortunate bird then killed was a weak or injured one which could not accompany the main body in their migration, and was therefore 'extinguished.'

Dutch, Germans, and Danes all ascribe these executions to some offence given to her mate by the female stork. Numerous stories are told of the offended husband collecting his friends and killing, with their help, the guilty wife. On one occasion when a goose's eggs had been sub-

stituted for the stork's, the female and young goslings were, it is said, killed by a flock of storks that the male bird had summoned. Probably the whole story is pure invention, for a pair have been known to hatch and rear the young of the black stork, whose eggs had been substituted for their own.

It must have been the Dutch who first asserted that storks would never nest except in republics and free countries. 'But this,' says Willughby, writing in 1676, 'we found by experience to be false, having observed them in the territories of some Princes in Germany.' Great numbers breed in the Dobrukscha and Turkey, where Turks, Bulgars, and Greeks unite in protecting them. In Thessaly they have been venerated from the earliest times, for Pliny says that to kill one there was a capital offence; the life of a stork was worth as much as that of a man. He adds that this was due to their use in killing snakes; but Pliny's facts are far more trustworthy than his theories, though even the facts are not always to be relied on.

Storks never seem to have been common in Italy. Apparently the two great routes of migration are by Spain and North Africa; or Turkey, Asia Minor, and Palestine, and though a few travel over Italy, none stay there to nest.

There are very few allusions to them in Latin authors; but one of these is interesting. The birds have a curious custom of snapping their bills, making quite a sharp noise. Young and old birds, both during and after the breeding season, constantly do this. In the writings of Persius there is a reference to this habit. 'There are,' he says, 'three favourite ways of deriding a man—by putting the hands beside the head like asses ears; by putting out the tongue like a dog; and snapping the fingers against the palm of the hand like a stork's bill.' The first two methods of mockery are plain; but what was the cause of the last?

The regularity of their migrations furnished Jeremiah with a rebuke against the Jews: 'The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time,' &c. Canon Tristram, when in Palestine, saw thousands moving slowly northward. 'They were scattered,' he says, 'over hill and valley, moving a few miles a day—not in flocks, but singly or in small groups.' Few stay there for the breeding season, and these are never molested. Its Hebrew name, Chasedah, signifies pity or mercy, and is probably derived from the affection which the stork has for its young.

The eggs are from three to five in number, and both birds share in incubation, though the female is the usual occupant of the nest.

England is beyond the ordinary range of the stork, though hardly a year passes without one or two being seen on the east coast, and generally, alas! shot. Unlike the bittern and ruff, it was no more common before the fens and swamps of Cambridge and Lincolnshire were drained than it is at the present day. 'Mine honoured friend, Sir Thomas Brown of Norwich,' wrote Willughby, two hundred years ago, 'says that it is but rarely seen on our coasts.' There is, we believe, no record of its nesting in England; and the impossibility of protecting a migratory bird precludes the hope of its being introduced into the country.

But while there is no known record of storks having ever nested in England, it is not improbable that they occasionally did so, from the fact that they at one time nested as far north as the capital of Scotland. Bower, an ancient Scottish chronicler who resided near Edinburgh, states that in the year 1416, storks came and nested on the roof of St Giles Church, in the High Street of that city. They remained a year, he says, and departed to return no more; and 'whither they flew no man knoweth.'

Apart from the interest attaching to the stork, it is a remarkably picturesque bird; its snowy body contrasting with the bright red beak and legs and black quill feathers of the wings, make it a striking object. The flight is magnificent, bolder and more buoyant than that of a heron. Like most large birds, its powers of flight show best when it is at a great height. When we were on the Bastel rock, in Saxon Switzerland, a pair passed overhead, flying southward. Though high above us, we could clearly see the black pinion feathers; and as we watched the powerful beat of the wide-spreading wings, we thought of the angels in Zechariah's vision who had 'wings like the stork.'

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

SOCIETY Verses are for the main part minikin and dainty little poems, lightly dwelling on the whims, affectations, and caprices of the passing hour. Love forms the theme of many of these little poems; but love is in the background, and propriety and courtesy are always to the fore. The writer of Vers de Société is delicately ironical; his scorn is but the petulance of a graceful humming-bird. His playfulness is oftentimes tender, and its subtlety gives the greater effect to his light and airy satire. The world he lives in is a world composed of fragile china shepherds and shepherdesses; he must needs be delicate in his treatment of them, or, by one false step, he will demolish a whole group of his pretty models. Above all, the writer of society verse must let no sorrow or sadness creep into his verses. His first object should be to please and to divert; he will hide a tear as he rattles his cap and bells; or, by an artfully wrought conceit, disguise, and possibly conceal from the view altogether, the more grave and serious side of things. The side he shows us of the medal is the bright side; he may himself see the reverse, but it is his business to present the best face.

It must not be at all supposed that because this kind of verse is fanciful and *legère* that it is by any means the easiest of construction. There is certainly no great thought or mighty image to be found in these verselets; they differ from sonnets in this respect. A sonnet has been described as 'an epic in fourteen lines'; and it is an indication of the feeling of the times that sonnet-writing is giving place to society verse. Sonnets are governed by hard and fast rules, and the muse is fettered in shackles of iron; but in society verse this is perhaps even more so, and the verses are polished and repolished till they become dainty and fastidious. They must sparkle with a well-restrained wit, and must never

approach in the slightest way hearty mirth and rollicking fun. To raise the loud boisterous laugh by his buffoonery—that is the business of the parodist; but the writer of society verse must not be clad as a harlequin at a pantomime; he must be elegantly attired in court dress, with silken hose and prettily-pointed shoes; and his delicate white hands, with their slender fingers and rosy nails, must taper like those of a courtly lady.

The humour of vers de société must be quaint in its conceit. The author of pretty roudoux and ringing villanelles may perhaps see gross abuses in the very heart of society; he may see rank weeds and poisonous flowers growing here and there in the very midst of the Eden of the fashionable world; but he will only give his readers glimpses for one instant of these evils, and his satire must be elegant, graceful, and delicate. He can only administer his criticisms in homeopathic doses; his productions must not be reflective, but crisp and sparkling. Vers de société, according to the definition of Mr Frederick Locker, no mean authority, should be 'short, elegant, refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful. The tone should not be pitched high; it should be idiomatic, and rather in the conversational key; the rhythm should be bright and sparkling, and the rhyme frequent and never forced; while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness.'

Although vers de société is in its purest forms only an adaptation from the French, who have since the troubadours and the days of Villon excelled in the light and fantastic style of versification, Herrick and Waller and Sir John Suckling have left us many specimens of fanciful English society verse; but we must come down to writers only recently dead to find modern specimens of this school, such as Præd and Tom Hood and Thackeray, though these are not strict in their adherence to the French forms. Living writers afford the best specimens of this new English school of verse, and among the foremost ranks are such names as Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, and Dr Macdonald. As a specimen of the vers de société spirit, the following, from the facile pen of Mr Henry S. Leigh, is worthy of quotation:

THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet dimes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age
And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.
In the nineteenth century, lambs at play
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old,
So they couple the *crook* of the Golden Age
With a *hook* in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.

They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical art, we're told ;
And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age
Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in lute and in marble halls—
From shepherdless up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets and less for shawls,
And nothing for ermine-line.
But now simplicity's not the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons, and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old *résumé*.
And, spite of Leuprière's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold.

Some of the best examples of this æsthetic school of verse may be found in Austin Dobson's *Vignettes in Rhyme*, and Andrew Lang's *Rhymes à la Mode* and *Ballades in Blue China*. We cannot forbear from quoting a charming one from this latter book :

There's a joy without canker or eark,
There's a pleasure eternally new—
'Tis to gaze on the glaze and the mark
Of china that's old, and that's blue ;
Who'd have thought they would come to us, who
That o'er loot of an empire would hang
A veil of Morrisonian line,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang ?

These dragons—their tails you remark,
Into bunches of lotus flowers grow—
When Noah came out of the Ark,
Did these lie in wait for his crew ?
They snorted, they snapped, and they slew,
They were mighty of fin and of fang,
And their portraits Celestials drew,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here's a pot with a house in a park,
In a park where the peach-blossoms blow,
Where the lovers cloped in the dark,
Lived, died, and were turned into two
Bright birds that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the May, as they sang ;
'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

ENVOY.

Come, snarl at my ecstasies, do,
Kind critic, your tongue has a tang,
But a sage never heeded a shrow
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

The following elegant and charming *morceau de poésie* is from the pen of Austin Dobson :

Oh ! Love's but a dance,
Where Time plays the fiddle !
See the couples advance—
Oh ! Love's but a dance !
A whisper, a glance—
'Shall we twirl down the middle ?'
Oh ! Love's but a dance,
Where Time plays the fiddle !

Though only eight lines in its entirety, and one of those lines occurring three times, and another one twice, yet in spite of its artificiality, in spite of its limited space it manages to convey to the mind a flash of a pretty picture even if only for an instant. It will be noticed with what grace

and subtleness the conversational is introduced in the sixth line.

A most finished poem, and rising to a very high level above the average standard of these pretty lilting rhymes, is that entitled *Expectation*, by Edmund Gosse :

When flower-time comes and all the woods are gay,
When linnets chirrup and the soft winds blow,
Adown the winding river I will row,
And watch the merry maidens tossing hay,
And troops of children shouting in their play,
And with thin oars float the fallen snow
Of heavy hawthorn blossoms as I go :
And shall I see my love at fall of day
When flower-time comes ?

Ah, yes ! for by the border of the stream
She binds red roses to a trim above,
And I shall fade into her summer dream
Of musing upon love—nay, even seem
To be myself the very god of love,
When flower-time comes !

Is not this a complete summer dream in verse ? We can fancy as the lines run on that we are listening to the soft plashing of the river stream against its tufted banks ; we can see the poppies in rich patches amidst the waving corn ; and we can smell the delicious fragrance of the new-mown hay as it is wafted on the gentle breeze that bears to us in fitful lullabies the song of the light-hearted mowers.

Vers de société, although it has much in it to commend it, lacks earnestness, and it is this lack of earnestness, this mere conforming to conventional forms, and dealing only with fleeting topics, that will give to it no great duration. Its superficiality is a sure sign of its short-livedness. Alas ! the pretty poems that have served to divert us during the long winter days of this life will be put on the shelf when we have passed into the great land of sunshine, and our great-grandchildren will regard them much as we regard the curious old-fashioned china shepherds and shepherdesses ; and new songs will be sung then, the old old tale of love will still be told, but new eyes will brighten to hear it, and the telling will be ever fresh.

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE.

In the autumnal gloaming sad and chill
The moorland mere in silent slumber lay,
Unruffled were its waters, darkly gray,
And all its sentinel reeds stood stiff and still ;
The peewit's last good-night fell clear and shrill,
The west was dusky-brown with dying day,
When came across the heather, far away,
The gleam of moonrise o'er the distant hill.

Like flame that flashes through the cannon-smoke
A full moon climbed above the swaying firs—
The rushes felt that herald-breeze of hers ;
They whispered to the water that awoke,
Athwart its face a golden ripple broke,
And the Queen kissed her nightly worshippers.

J. G. F. NICHOLSON.

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THE EXPLOSION AT ROME.

By ADA M. TROTTER.

We were roused at a few minutes past seven on the morning of April 23d by a sensation akin to earthquake. The house rocked and shook from the foundations; windows and doors were burst open; and a few moments later, a terrific explosion took place, which drew us all to the window, for the sound of glass falling and smashing in every direction led us to imagine a bomb had exploded at our very doors. But our first glance showed us that the scene of disaster was at some distance from us, for over the Quirinal Palace a dense column of smoke arose, assuming the form of a gigantic pine-tree, afterwards wind-driven to St Peter's, where it obscured the mighty dome from our view. As the crowd saw the position of the cloud, one thought seems to have dominated all hearts—fear for the safety of the King. That the explosion could have taken place at a distance did not occur to any one who had just experienced the severe shock with its accompanying roar.

When we had ascertained that no bomb endangered our lives at our doors, we had time to notice the scene around us with no little appreciation of its unique quality. People in all stages of toilet leaned from the open windows; while others, dressed or only half-clothed, rushed about the streets, gesticulating, calling, shrieking, and gabbling wildly. No one knew more than his neighbours; but then the sensations felt by all at this live moment were so extraordinary, that none could be silent; so every one talked, and naturally no one listened. The servants in our house ran about the corridors, almost in convulsions with terror, praying, imploring protection from the Madonnas which they clasped to their breasts. For the moment it was bedlam within doors and out. The papers afterwards gave graphic accounts of the heart of Rome at this moment. Streets were black with a mass of people, men, women, and children, in every stage

of deshabille, directing their steps towards the Quirinal, fearing to find the palace a ruin.

Meantime, the King, who was dressing when the shock came, rushed out in his shirt sleeves, got a cab (report says), and dashed off towards the Porta Portese, divining at once what had happened. He was there by half-past seven, so it will be seen that he must have gone at full speed—in fact, he was one of the first to arrive upon the spot.

The crowd finding at last the true cause of the shock, now struggled to make a way to the gate, a 'motley crowd'—civilians, soldiers, firemen, monks, Sisters of Charity, beggars, workmen, and ladies and gentlemen of all nationalities. It was a sight, perhaps, to be seen only once in a lifetime, this human mass, pouring out of Rome towards the scene of disaster. Arrived there, we find the King the central figure, encouraging the wounded, organising workmen, and when a woman's form was seen beneath the ruins, even tearing away the débris with his own hands in the excitement of the moment. He drew near to the heart of his people this bright April morning, utterly forgetful of self, unconscious of fatigue, moved to tears by the suffering of the brave soldiers, King only by virtue of his power to lead on this terrible field of battle.

The Powder Magazine—which contained two hundred and sixty-five tons of powder, without counting an enormous amount of shells, bombs, cartridges, and other explosives—was situated about a mile and a half beyond the Porta Portese. Now that the accident has happened, the question arises naturally enough, 'Why was such a large quantity of combustible material permitted so near to the city?' To most this question now is to 'shut the door when the steel is stolen,' says an Italian paper.

The inquiry into the cause of the disaster is not yet made at the time I write. The impression given by the leading papers seems to be that it was an accident, not as some thought at first, deliberate design of anarchists. The most credible account—from the *Roman Times*—runs,

that the magazine had been opened the previous day in order to air the contents—that the action of the air combined with the rays of the sun had inflamed the powder into combustion, with disastrous result. It relates that a short time before the catastrophe the captain in charge heard a noise as of sacks of walnuts being moved. He guessed the cause, called all his soldiers out, and ordered them to leave the fort; whilst he, thoroughly aware of the danger, coolly remained until assured that his men were in safety. A few moments later the explosion ensued, and the Powder Magazine was blown to the winds, leaving nothing but a heap of charred ruins to mark the spot where it once stood. And alas for Captain Specemela!—his men got safely away; but he was caught, thrown down, and so battered, ont, and torn, that no hope is entertained of his recovery. [He has since died.] Among the wounded soldiers, too, there is a corporal whose courage and calmness are the talk of the hour. He was one of the last to leave the fatal spot, and was badly injured. It was found necessary to amputate one leg, which was torn to pieces. He refused to take chloroform, and bore the agony of the operation without uttering a word of complaint. When told that if he did not take chloroform he would suffer terribly, he quietly remarked: 'A soldier should not fear pain.' That was a Roman's reply!

And now for an instance of courage which almost rivals the fable of the sentinel found at his post at Pompeii. When the sentry who guarded the Magazine was ordered to leave the spot, he hurried out with gun and baggage. He threw himself flat on the ground when the explosion took place; and when it was all over, though horribly injured, took up his gun and walked back to his post, where he was found by the first rescue party. The King, who, as already said, was one of the first on the field, found the brave soldier, dusty, black in the face, with the clothes almost torn from his body, but with his gun, presenting arms. It is said the hero is to be presented with a gold medal for valour, by request of the King.

All the buildings for a mile round the spot have been destroyed wholly or partially. Of course any in the immediate vicinity of the Magazine are razed to the ground or blown completely out of sight. Of the Magazine itself nothing is left but a heap of charred ruins. The latest information as to the number of people who suffered by the explosion gives eleven dead and two hundred and fifty wounded.

A monk was noted amongst the rescue party conspicuous for his courage and indefatigable efforts. His fine tact and administrative powers soon placed him at the head of the willing workers; he was, in fact, the brains of the impetuous crowd. Yet he was unknown and a stranger. It would be interesting to learn something more of this heroic nature; but it is buried, I suppose, in the heart of the church. How his pulses must have thrilled to be working thus once more heart to heart with the people! Nor was it an ordinary gang of workmen that was to be seen there blackened by the terrific clouds of dust and smoke. Monks, Sisters of Charity, soldiers, firemen, and civilians worked side by side with breathless anxiety, cheered on by the

King, who, as he sprang into the ruins and tore away the stones with his hands, received round after round of acclamation from the ordinary workpeople of the crowd. Not until all the wounded were carried away did King Humbert leave the spot, and then it was for the Hospital, where he presented himself. To quote an Italian paper, the *Tribune*: 'No one would know that it was a sovereign who entered the ward. His blue suit was covered with a stratum of powder, his face was black and agitated with emotion, as he went from bed to litter with words of comfort and consolation for each sufferer. His boots were soiled, his hat crushed in, &c. As he left the Hospital he was received with loud vivats by the people crowding behind the cordon.'

The damage done to Rome has not yet been correctly estimated. In the eye of the artist and tourist it is apparently incalculable. We hear that the rare vases of the Etruscan collection in the Vatican gallery have shared the fate of the windows of Rome. Nearly all the galleries, palaces, and churches are closed for repairs. Some have suffered more damage than others; and it seems as though the most valuable of the stained-glass windows are most hopelessly wrecked. The streets glitter with crystals; so do the aisles of such churches as one can still enter.

Only a week ago we were luxuriating in the beauty of St Paul's *fuori i mura*. We could not tear ourselves away from that superb nave with its five pillared aisles, radiant in the gorgeous flames of light shed from the coloured windows beyond. Raising our eyes we confronted the gaze of these stately Apostles in their robes of purple, crimson, and gold, their grand heads looking with ineffable peace, ineffable dignity across the shadowy aisles. And now! all are a memory, for of St Paul's not one window remains to tell posterity of the beautiful works of art our eyes that day had seen. And Moroni, the artist who created these stately figures, whose cunning hands designed these treasures of St Paul's—alas! he is now but dust, and has carried his secrets with him to the grave.

So it may readily be seen that an Eldorado of gold could not repair the damage done to Rome by this terrific explosion.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXVI.—DESPAIR.

THEY carried Psyche up to her own room, and laid her on the bed, and tended her carefully. 'She's been affected like this more than once before,' Haviland Dumaresq said with a pang of remorse, trying to minimise the matter to his own conscience, 'though never quite so seriously, perhaps, as to-day. Poor child, poor child! It's strange how sensitive natures respond to a stimulus. She's been watching this campaign with such singular interest; and the suddenness of the shock, after such hopes aroused, shows how much she's been over-exciting herself all along about it.'

As for Ida Mansel, she held her peace, and guessed the truth, for even Girtton had not wholly extinguished her feminine instincts.

They poured a little brandy down Psyche's throat to revive her, and gradually and slowly she came to herself again. She never once uttered Linnell's name, and nobody about her alluded to him in any way. 'Tell me what was in the paper' she said, with the calm of despair; and they read it aloud to her—every word of it ungarbled. She listened with her face buried deep in the pillow. 'Is that all?' she asked, as Ida Mansel ended. And her father answered in a choking voice: 'That's all, my darling.' After which she lay a long time silent.

At last she turned round and with a terrible calmness looked up in their faces. Her eyes, though open, were singularly vacant. 'Why don't you light the candles?' she cried like a peevish child. 'It's so very dark. All dark, everywhere!' And she flung her hands about her with a curious impatience.

Haviland Dumaresq stood up in his horror. The candles were burning on Psyche's dressing-table, and the little white room was as bright as daylight. With an agonised face he looked down at his daughter. 'Don't you see me, Psyche?' he cried, all aghast. 'Look up at me, darling. Try hard. Don't you see me?'

Psyche groped out at him with extended arms. 'Where are you, Papa?' she asked quite innocently. Then she fell back in her place and burst at once into a flood of tears. She was glad she had that cloak to cover her sorrow with. Too proud to acknowledge the meaning of her grief, she could at least let it loose under false pretences. She could cry as much as she liked for Linnell now. They would think she was only crying for her own blindness.

That same evening a telegram went up to London, addressed to the greatest oculist of the day, begging him in terms of urgent entreaty to come down at once to a new patient at Petitionton.

And Haviland Dumaresq had reason to bless the blindness too, in his own way, for it took him off for a while from his remorseful conscience, and concentrated his thoughts upon Psyche's condition.

All the next day, Psyche saw nothing. And the day after that, and the day after that again.

But the eminent oculist who had come down post haste from town to see her, and who came down each evening again by the last train to watch the case—so profound was his admiration of the Encyclopædic Philosophy—held out to them the happiest hopes for her recovery, after a short interval. It was a purely nervous affection, he said with confidence: functional, functional: no cataract, no disintegration, no structural disease: the nearest passing failure of the optic centres. It was all in the brain, he assured them with great assurance many times over. They had every hope. There was nothing to despair about.

Every hope! No hope for Psyche. Nothing to despair about! While blank despair hedged her in and environed her! How little they know about hearts, these doctors!

At first she fancied there might yet be a chance. Not for her, of course: that was nothing; but for her painter. Youth was so vague and uncertain at Khartoum. Youth is loth indeed to give up all for lost. So young a love, so soon crushed out: impossible! impossible! And even the papers, the London papers, those wise, sagacious, omniscient papers, held out doubts at first as to Gordon's death. Well then, if as to Gordon's, why not also as to Linnell's just equally? She could not believe he was dead, with that day unexplained. She could not think an explanation would never come. She hoped on against hope, till all hope was impossible.

Slowly and surely her faith gave way, however. Each fresh day's telegrams brought fresh grounds for doubting that any living soul had escaped the massacre. Deserters brought in news of the two or three Europeans still held in horrible slavery in Khartoum; and Linnell's name was not among them. Day by day, the terrible certainty grew clearer and ever more clear to Psyche that her lover lay dead in the heart of Africa.

And yet, strange to say, the specialist was right. Psyche's blindness was only temporary. Hour after hour, as hope gradually sank and died out within her, her eyesight was slowly but surely restored to her. In three or four weeks, she was as well as ever—to all outer view—as Ida Mansel observed her. But her heart—her heart was crushed within her.

Weeks rolled on, and months passed by, and the fate of all who had fought at Khartoum grew from time to time more fixed and certain. Spring returned, and with it Geraldine Maitland. For that congenial companionship Psyche was glad, as far as she could be glad for anything now; for Geraldine was the only living soul with whom she could talk—not freely, but at all—about her lost painter. To her father, she never even mentioned his name: the subject was a sealed book between them. It was too awful a shadow to recognise in speech. There are ghosts one can only pretend to avoid by strenuously ignoring them in the bosom of the family. Haviland Dumaresq knew in his own soul he had sent Linnell away to his grave; but he had done it for the best; he had done it for the best. No man is responsible for the unseen and unexpected contingencies of his actions. We must be judged by our intentions, not by results. How could he know the young fellow would run away with the precipitancy of youth into danger's mouth? All he wanted was to protect Psyche. His sole object in life, now, was his daughter's happiness.

His daughter's happiness! Oh futile old philosopher. If only men and women would just be content to let each of us live his own life, undisturbed, and not scheme and plan and contrive so much for the happiness of others—how very much happier we should all be for it!

Haviland Dumaresq had meant to take Psyche up to London for the season that coming spring, and introduce her to those powerful friends of his—for he had friends, not a few, in virtue of his apostolate—by whose aid she was to make that brilliant marriage which he still wildly dreamed for her in his opium ecstasies. He had even, by superhuman efforts, provided beforehand the needful money for going into lodgings, good fashionable lodgings, for some months in town, where he might launch his Psyche upon the great world of London; and Ida Mansel, most practical of heads, had promised to find an eligible tenant meanwhile for the Wren's Nest, at the usual rate of furnished houses at the seaside in early summer. But when May came round—that smileless May—poor Psyche's heart was still so sore that Haviland Dumaresq shrank himself from putting his own plan into execution. It would only spoil her chances in the end to bring her out while this mood was upon her. After all, he thought, there was plenty of time yet. His rosebud was still so young and fresh: no need to hurry. Let her get over this girlish fancy first about a blighted heart: girls are so plastic; and then, when she'd forgotten her supposed romance—young people take a hysterical delight in imagining themselves unhappy—he could fulfil his plan of taking her up to town, and give her a fairer chance in the matrimonial lottery with the gilded youth of our beeming London.

For at Petherton, Haviland Dumaresq was a very small person; but in London, he knew, more than one rich man's son would be proud to marry Haviland Dumaresq's daughter. In that mighty mart, where everything finds its level so soon, even true greatness is more justly and generously appraised than elsewhere. The provincial celebrity sinks at once to his proper place; but then, *en revanche*, the truly great man who ranks in his shire but as a third-rate personage finds himself in London duly estimated at his right worth by a more critical audience.

So the spring and summer passed slowly away; and autumn came again, and with it the anniversary of Linnell's departure.

All through the summer, Psyche's eyes had troubled her again from time to time; but she thought very little about her eyes now: of what use to her were they? The only thing on earth she cared to see was gone for ever. They would never help her to see her painter again. For despair itself becomes at last a sort of sacred cult, a mysterious pleasure.

Still, in a certain vague indefinite way, without herself attaching much importance to the subject, Psyche dimly noticed a change in the character of the disease. Though she saw very well for most of her time, she observed that the periods of dimness were much more frequent now than of old, and the periods of total loss of vision, when they came, remained far longer and were altogether more persistent in every way than in the early stages. She recognised to herself, with a strange uncomplaining Dumaresquian acquiescence, a fatalistic acceptance of the order of the Cosmos, that she was slowly going blind, for no particular reason, but merely because the will to see was failing her.

She concealed it as far as she could, of course, from her father. She couldn't bear to vex the old philosopher's soul, to pile on that pathetic unsuccessful life one more great failure. He loved her so dearly and was so proud and fond of her. To be sure, it was only putting off the evil day. But Psyche put it off with all her might for all that. Papa was old and far from strong. Psyche knew in her heart he couldn't live many years longer. Why vex his last days needlessly with this final burden? Was it not enough and more than enough that that great soul should find itself in old age poor and broken and weighed down with sorrow without adding that last straw to complete the disaster? The pathos of Haviland Dumaresq's nobly wasted life sufficed as it stood: Psyche at least would do her best to conceal from him whatever might add to his misery.

So she strove hard to hide from him her growing blindness. If the dim fit seized her as she sat and read, she would lay down her book and remain sitting and talking without showing it in any way till her eyes began slowly to resume their function. If it came upon her when she was out walking on the downs with her father, instead of going on and groping her way, which would have betrayed her case, she would pause and pretend to be scanning the landscape, or would sit down on the turf and pull grasses by her side, while her father looked on and never suspected the reason for her wayward conduct. Now and then, to be sure, circumstances arose where it was impossible wholly to conceal the facts. She might be reading the paper aloud to her father, and be compelled by that sudden mistiness of the words to break off all at once in the middle of a sentence: or she might be walking down the quiet main street of Petherton, and find the visible world in one moment of time transformed into a vast blank of darkness before her. But even so, she noticed one curious fact. These blind fits overcame her least often in her father's presence; and by a violent effort of will, when he was by, she seemed able actually to command her eyesight. The strong stimulus of a vivid desire to save him needless pain conquered the weakness and feebleness of nerve which alone made the solid earth thus fade into nothingness before her eyes at a moment's notice.

Nay, in her father's presence, Psyche even pretended not to feel sad: she tried hard to bury her grief from his eyes: for his sake, she would still appear to be young and joyous. Though her heart ached, she would still play lawn-tennis on the Maitlands' court and still talk nonsense, hateful, light-tongued nonsense, with the mild-eyed young curate. She was her father's daughter, and could she not walk in her father's way? Had she not inherited his iron nature? Her heart might break, indeed, but no daw should peck at it. She kept her sacred sorrow locked up securely in her silent breast. And there, it succeeded in eating her life out.

With Geraldine Maitland, however, she was less careful of concealment, at least as regarded her fits of blindness. The two girls walked and talked on the downs much together; and it often happened that in the midst of their conversation

Psyche's feet and tongue would falter unawares, and she would put out her hands to grope her way before her through the thick darkness that all at once enveloped her steps. As the summer wore on—so Geraldine noticed—these sudden failures grew more and more common. On one such occasion, indeed, when they were strolling along the face of the east cliff, near the tumbling sea, the world became a sudden blank to Psyche, and she sat down despairingly on the short smooth grass, with her sightless eyes turned toward the waves and the warm sun of summer.

'What's the matter, dearest?' Geraldine Maitland asked in her sympathetic way, for Geraldine when she wished could be very womanly.

'It's all gone again,' Psyche answered with a sigh. 'Oh, Geraldine, it all goes so often now. I don't feel as if I'd strength to fight against it, even for Papa's sake, any longer.'

Geraldine's face was very grave. 'What does your father say about it, Psyche?' she asked seriously. 'He ought surely to take you up to town to a doctor.'

'Oh, no; not that!' Psyche cried, shrinking back with infinite horror. 'I don't want doctors to go cross-questioning me and torturing me any more. I can bear it all, if I'm only left alone; but I can't bear being worried and cross-examined and bothered by dreadful men about it.'

'But what does your father think?' Geraldine persisted still. 'I'm sure he ought to do something to set it right again.'

'He doesn't know—or he hardly knows at all,' Psyche answered quickly. 'I've kept it from him as much as I can. I don't want to cause him any needless trouble.'

Geraldine held her peace and answered nothing. But in her own mind she had decided at once what was the proper thing for her to do. She would tell Haviland Dumaresq that very day how Psyche fared, and would urge him to take some competent medical opinion.

That evening, Psyche took tea at the Maitlands'. She noticed the General, always bland and polite, was even blander and politer than usual in his demeanour towards her. His courtesy had in it a touch of that tender and chivalrous gentleness which old soldiers, more perhaps than any other men, know how to display on occasion to a woman in distress. Even Mrs Maitland, as a rule so painfully cold and distant, imbued a little that day to the motherless girl. She called her 'My dear' more than once, and it was not the 'My dear' of conventional politeness with which women hold one another off far more effectually than with the coldest courtesies: it was the 'My dear' of genuine feminine interest. After tea, too, Psyche observed that Geraldine slipped away for a quarter of an hour on some vague excuse, though she didn't attach much importance at the time to her sudden departure. When Geraldine returned, her eyes seemed somewhat red from crying, and she gave no explanation of where she had been, further than to say with an evasive smile that she had run out for a bit on a little private errand.

At seven o'clock, Psyche returned to the

Wren's Nest. She opened the door with a noiseless hand, and walked unexpectedly into the little drawing-room. For a moment the haze gathered over her eyes; as it cleared away she saw to her surprise her father, that strong man, sitting bowed and bent with sorrow in his easy-chair, his hands clasped hard between his open knees in front of him. Tears were trickling slowly down his bronzed cheek; his attitude was eloquent of utter despondency. On the table by his side stood a little glass bottle—quite empty. Psyche, in her sudden speechless terror, remembered to have seen it on the mantel-shelf that morning, full of those little silver-coated pellets which she somehow associated in her own mind—though she couldn't say why—with her father's frequent and distracting headaches.

'Why, father dear,' she cried, flinging one arm round his neck in an access of sudden energetic sympathy, 'what on earth does this mean? What's the matter with you, darling? And why—is the bottle—on the table—empty?'

Her father looked up at her and nodded his head slowly and despondently. 'It's lost its effect,' he answered in a very hollow voice. 'It's lost its effect altogether, I'm afraid. One after another, I've taken them in turn, and found no relief from this tremor of my nerves.—I never took so many in my life before.—I was frightened myself when I wanted another and found I'd taken the whole bottleful.—They do me no good; they do me no good now. What can I turn to, to relieve me from this misery?'

'Father!' Psyche cried, with a sudden burst of horrible intuition, 'it isn't opium? Oh, for Heaven's sake, tell me, it isn't opium?'

The old man drew her down to him in a wild spasm of remorse and affection. 'My darling,' he cried in the fervour of his regret, 'don't ask me its name! don't put any name to it! Forget it, forget it: I never meant you should know. But whatever it was, Psyche, from this day forth, for your sake, my child, I solemnly promise you, I have done with it for ever!'

There was a moment's pause. Then Psyche said again: 'Was it that that was troubling you when I came in, Papa?'

Haviland Dumaresq looked back into her deep blue eyes with those truthful eyes of his. He was too organically moral to mince a lie with her. 'No,' he answered shortly, though with a terrible wrench. 'It was not, Psyche.'

Again there was a pause. Then Psyche whispered very low once more: 'Has Geraldine Maitland been here this evening?'

Haviland Dumaresq groaned, but he answered, without one moment's hesitation: 'Yes, Psyche.'

Psyche drew over a chair from the wall and seated herself beside him. She held her father's hand in her own, tenderly. For three minutes those two who loved one another so strangely sat there in silence. At last Psyche looked up and said in a very low voice: 'Well, Papa?'

Dumaresq put one hand to his forehead and sighed. 'To-morrow, Psyche,' he said in a dreamy way, 'we go up to London. I want to take medical advice about myself—and I shall seize the opportunity at the same time of asking Godiehar's opinion about your eyesight.'

Psyche dropped his hand resignedly. 'As you will, Papa,' she said in a very soft whisper. 'But

I never wanted to trouble you, myself, about so small a matter.'

And all that night she lay awake and cried—cried in her silent, tearless fashion.

THE ORNAMENTAL USES OF NUTS AND SEEDS.

MANY kinds of seeds, fruit-stones, nuts, and beans are employed for making necklaces, bracelets, and for other ornamental purposes in various countries. The vegetable-ivory nut, the cocoa-nut shell, and many other hard species, are carved into pipe-bowls and various fancy articles, and are susceptible of a high polish. The woody rinds of the calabash fruit and of some gourds form indispensable articles of domestic use among aboriginal races in a semi-civilised state, serving all the purposes of glass and earthenware for holding water, food, and oil; drinking-cups, spoons, and snuff-boxes are also made of them; and many are painted and ornamented. Out of the small rind of the bottle-gourd are formed the drinking-cups for the Paraguay tea, and the water-vessels of India.

Some of the economic uses, chiefly decorative, of many of these, gleaned from different sources, combined under one heading, may not be without interest, as showing how widespread is the ornamental application of nuts and seeds.

The large seeds of the Necklace Tree of the West Indies, of a brilliant red hue, with a black spot at one end, have been often used for sleeve links and shirt studs. The red seeds of the coral flower are also used for ornamental purposes. The fragrant kernels of *Prunus Mahaleb* strung as necklaces are much valued by the women of Sind and other parts of India. Snuff-boxes are made in Natal and Gaboon by the natives of the seed of *Oncoba spinosa*. In the Portuguese settlement of Ambriz, Africa, the seeds of the Custard Apple are strung upon thread for necklaces; and in the Kew Museum are rosaries made of olive seeds and other fruit-stones. The dry seeds of the Sacred Lotus (*Nelumbium speciosum*), also known as the Pythagorean bean, are often strung as beads. The black nuts of *Putranjiva Roxburghii* are made into necklaces and rosaries, and are worn by the Brahmans, and also put round the necks of children to keep them in health and to ward off disease caused by evil spirits.

The seeds known as Nicker beans and Bonduc nuts, species of *Guilandina*, are often used for bracelets, necklets, and rosaries, and are very ornamental when capped and set. Baskets and other fancy articles made of them are very common in most museums. There are two species, *G. Bonduella*, the seeds of which are of a gray leaden colour or a slaty olive green; and *G. Bonduc*, which are pale yellow or orange coloured. In the Malay Archipelago these seeds are used as counters and playthings by children in place of marbles; and on the Gambia in playing a game called warree-warree. In Bombay, strung upon red silk, they are worn by women as a charm; and also in Egypt by women and children as amulets against witchcraft and sorcery. They are sometimes known as the fever-

nut, being a powerful tonic. The small round black seeds of *Canna indica* are used by the Burmese for sacred beads and by Hindus for necklaces. They are called in Guiana, buckshot, for the natives use them as shot in their blow-pipes.

The hard bony seeds of the Bladder-nut are in some parts of Europe threaded for pater-nosters and made into necklaces and chaplets. The small black soap-nuts, or kernels of *Sapindus saponaria*, take a fine polish, and are threaded as necklaces, rosaries, bracelets, and other ornaments. The Quandong nuts of Australia are frequently strung as necklaces and bracelets and also mounted as scarf-pins.

Several kinds of hard brown beans have been utilised for making bracelets and other ornaments. Their plainness and monotony are varied by gilt or steel studs and settings, and small beads intermingled with ornamental pendants. The horse-eye bean, the seed of *Mucuna urens*, is really ornamental and curious when mounted for bracelets. The large brown sword-beans of species of *Entada* have been made into spoons, snuff-boxes, small coin-cases, scent-bottles, &c. The small brown seeds, something like apple pips, so commonly used, when strung thickly together, for bracelets, work-bags, nets for the hair, and other ornamental work, are the produce of *Desmanthus virgatus*. They are frequently dyed black for effect. The bright scarlet seeds of *Adenanthura pavonina* are used as jewellers' weights in India, each being about four grains. They are also strung and made into necklaces. In the West Indies they are known as Circassian seeds.

The small shining red seeds of *Abrus precatorius* are largely used by the Indian goldsmiths as weights, each weighing about 1.75 grains. It is stated that the famous Koh-i-nur diamond was first weighed by the *nut*, a word which by some authors is supposed to have given origin to the jewellers' carat, from the Arabic *kharat*. The carat is the twenty-fourth part of an ounce, or three and one-sixth troy grains; this approximatively would be equal to two of these seeds. They are sometimes called crab's eyes, from a fancied resemblance to those objects; and in the West Indies are known as jequirity seeds, being extensively used for necklaces, ornaments for the ears, and to decorate small boxes, baskets, &c. Strung as necklaces, they are considered teething remedies for young children. The fact of their being used as rosaries doubtless suggested the specific name of 'precatorius.'

The stone from the succulent fruit of the common bead-tree or Persian lilac is used all over India as a bead. They are perforated and strung into necklaces and rosaries. During the prevalence of epidemics of smallpox, &c., they are suspended as a charm over doors and verandas to keep off infection. The nuts of *Euonymus grandiflorus* are made into necklaces; and the red seeds of another species are strung into ornaments for the head in India; the seeds of *Gyrocarpus Jacquinii* are also made into rosaries and necklaces.

The stones of certain kinds of dates, like those of Rosetta and Burlos, being rather large, are carved and pierced to make beads for rosaries. The stones of a species of *Cunarium* (often called

peach-stones) are beautifully and elaborately carved by the Chinese; and when set in gold, or separated by gold filigree beads, form exceedingly handsome brooches and bracelets. Amoy is renowned for this kind of work; and some of these beads cost a dollar each, a very large sum when the slight remuneration in China for skilled labour and the cost of native living are borne in mind.

The furrowed sculptured bony fruit of the *Elaeagnus* being freed from the pulp form handsome necklaces, which are not uncommonly set in gold or silver and sold in the shops. The hard endocarp of *Elaeagnus serratus*, and the beads of another species, are largely exported from the Eastern Archipelago to Arabia, Persia, and India, for ornaments of all kinds, necklaces, bracelets, and rosaries or chaplets. The five-grooved and elegantly-tubercled nuts of *E. Ganitrus* are worn as a necklace by the followers of Siva in order to gain his graces and a passport to heaven. They are also supposed to preserve the health. Considerable importance is attached to the number of facets on the seeds. They are commonly known as Brahmin's beads. Those of *Monocera tuberculata* are used for a like purpose in Travancore.

Necklaces and bracelets are made of *Mimosa* seeds. At the Colonial Exhibition held in London in 1886, in the West Indian Court there was a very large display of ornamental articles made of nuts and seeds. The very hard seeds of *Symplocos spicata*, about the size of a pea, and resembling minute pitchers, when perforated, are strung like beads by the natives of India and put round the necks of children to prevent evil. The green seeds of *Dalbergia Sissoo* are worn by Sautal girls as pendants from the ear. In Tahiti the natives make crowns and necklaces with the red seeds of *Pandanus odoratissimus*.

A seed much used for ornament is that which bears the popular name of Job's Tears. The old botanist Gerard thus describes it: 'Every grain resembles the drop or tear that falleth from the eye.' There are, however, now three or four well-marked forms of this seed nut with in India, which differ from each other in shape, colour, and degree of hardness, and in the presence or absence of grooves or furrows along the length of the hardened involucre. Dr Watt of Calcutta thus enumerates them: There are three types of shape—a long cylindrical or tubular, a normal pear-shaped condition, and a flattened spheroidal form. The cylindrical grain is always of a white colour, smooth, polished, not furrowed, but constricted towards both extremities. This is collected for ornamental purposes only, and not as an article for food. The pear-shaped form varies in size and colour, pale and bluish white, gray, yellow, or brown black. The flattened spheroidal kind are often yellow, or even pink. The two principal forms are—one almost round and either white or black. This form is sometimes, though less frequently, used for rosaries and ornamental purposes, but chiefly for food among the hill tribes of India. The second form is tubular, about half an inch long. This is extensively employed for decorative purposes, the dresses worn by the Karen women being often completely covered with embroidered designs of this grain.

It is also used in Siam, and by the Naga and other Assam tribes, in the construction of earrings and other simple and elegant articles of personal adornment. Necklaces of these seeds are frequently worn; and baskets and other ornamental articles are occasionally decorated with them, especially those made in Nepal. The Angame Nagas construct elegant earrings in which a rosette of these seeds surrounds a greenish beetle wing. These grains seem to stand a good chance of coming into more general use in Europe in the construction of artificial flowers, laces, bangle-trimmings, and other such purposes, for which glass beads are now used; and possibly also in Catholic countries for the manufacture of rosaries.

The seed-vessel of the Sandbox Tree is known as Jack-in-the-box, Monkey's Dinner Bell, &c. It is from the noise caused by the bursting of the fruit that the plant gets its curious names. It is used both as a pound-box and a lotter-weight. Large walnut shells are frequently mounted with hinges and used as ornamental cases for Limerick gloves, rings, jewels, and miniature articles for presents. The nut of *Balanites Roxburghii* is employed in fireworks in India as crackers. A small hole is drilled in it, from which the kernel is extracted, and being filled with powder and fired, bursts with a loud report, so exceedingly hard is the shell. The hazel nut has lately been mounted in silver as an appendage to a brooch or bracelet for ladies.

The vegetable-ivory nut of commerce is the albuminous seed found in the drupes of a dwarf palm. From these nuts European turners fashion the reels of spindles, small boxes, and many other little fancy articles, which can be coloured with sulphuric acid.

Passing to other seeds of palms, we find several utilised for decorative purposes. Betel nuts, the produce of the *Areca* palm, are chiefly used as a masticatory by the natives of the East. They are too small to be applied to many ornamental uses; but are occasionally employed by the turner and wrought into different kinds of fancy-shaped beads for bracelets, small rosary cases, and other little fancy articles. In the Museum of Economic Botany at Kew there is a walking-stick made of these nuts, sliced, mounted or supported on an iron centre. The cocoa-nut shell after being dried and scraped forms the Indian hookah, which is used by all classes for smoking tobacco. In Malaysia, the shell, under the name of *Parut*, is used for children's games. It is taken between the two feet and sent as far backwards as possible by a twist of the foot. The cocoa-nut shell also furnishes drinking goblets, which, carved exteriorly and mounted in silver, are a great ornament. Small articles, as baskets, ladles, spoons, and other such domestic articles, are made of it. Beads for rosaries are also turned from the shell.

The hard mottled nuts called 'coquillas,' the produce of a South American palm, used to be imported to the extent of several hundred thousand a year, but are now scarce. They take a fine polish, and were shaped by the turner into various small ornamental and useful articles, such as knob-handles for cabinet drawers, for walking-sticks, parasols, bell-pulls,

small fancy-boxes, &c. The hard stony seeds of the Tacuma Palm and of the Macan Palm are susceptible of a high polish, and are sometimes fancifully carved into rings, 'birios' or knitting-pins, &c.

The fruit of the Talipot Palm is hard like ivory, and is extensively employed in the manufacture of beads for Hindu devotees, which are known in trade as Bazarbatie nuts. A considerable trade is done in these nuts from Bombay, the supply coming apparently from North Kanara and Ceylon. They are sometimes coloured red and sold as coral, or are made into small draughtsmen, little bowls, and other ornaments. In Europe they are now largely employed in the manufacture of buttons.

The kernel of the fruit of the Doum Palm is turned into beads for rosaries; and is also made into little oval-shaped boxes for holding snuff. These have a small opening at one end, stopped by a wooden peg. The speckled albuminous seeds of an African *Sagus* are carved into little figures by the negroes. The hard nut of the Dwarf Palm is in Algeria turned into chaplets, bracelets, and necklaces, which are esteemed for their pretty veinings of various colours.

From this enumeration it will be seen that, by skill and ingenuity, many nuts and seeds which have little or no commercial value are, however, utilised for ornamental purposes.

MRS HARRINGTON'S DIAMOND NECKLACE.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

MRS HARRINGTON'S fine eyes had never looked more brilliant and more malicious than when they rested on the pale but composed countenance of the tutor as he quietly entered the saloon leading Freddy by the hand.

'Excuse my somewhat abrupt summons, Mr Cunningham,' she said, speaking very courteously, though there was a ring of covert triumph in her clear tones that warned Ralph that she meant mischief. 'But a circumstance has occurred which renders it imperative that I should speak collectively to every member of this household.'

Ralph bowed, but made no reply, though he could not repress the slightly sarcastic smile which played upon his lips as he noted the judicial formality of her manner.

'This morning—indeed, not more than an hour ago, I found that, probably during the night, I have been robbed of a very valuable diamond necklace. My maid, Morris, and I at once made a careful examination of the room where, as most of you know, I am in the habit of keeping my jewels. We found, much to our surprise, that the room had not been entered from the outside: the window was securely bolted, and there were no signs whatever of any evil-minded person having effected an entrance in that way. I am therefore forced to accept the other explanation of this extraordinary affair—namely, that my room was visited by some one from inside. Of course, it is just possible that the thief may have gained admittance to the house from some other

part of the premises, and found his or her way to my apartments; you, Walters, will be better able to speak with authority on this point than I can. Will you tell us if you found any door or window open this morning?'

The old butler, who had served his mistress faithfully ever since her arrival at the Hall as a bride, twelve years ago, at once declared that he could solemnly swear that no signs of burglary had been visible when he went his rounds early that morning. A look of genuine concern was on his honest countenance as he met Mrs Harrington's eye, and certainly the most suspicious woman on earth would have instantly acquitted him of having had anything to do with the disappearance of the necklace.

'Has anything else been missed? Is all the plate intact?' queried Mrs Harrington.

'There is nothing missing, ma'am. If you will examine the strong-room'—

'I am quite ready to take your word,' interrupted his mistress with a smile that strove to be kindly.

'My daughter tells me that she also has lost nothing,' she continued.

'Mr Cunningham, can you say the same?' Her cold bright gray eyes were suddenly flashed on the tutor.

'I have lost nothing,' he answered quietly.

'Then it seems that the thief was contented with my necklace for spoil.'

Here the servants looked at each other with dismay; it was clear to the meanest understanding that Mrs Harrington suspected that some inmate of the Hall was the thief. There was a low buzz of whispers as their mistress ceased speaking; the cook and butler exchanged a few words, and then the latter spoke out.

'We are all agreed, ma'am, that the fairest thing to everybody would be that our boxes should be examined. No one has left the house this morning. If, as I fear you think, ma'am, the thief is here present'—

'I think nothing of the sort, Walters; I have only mentioned the facts of the case, which I certainly think go to prove that the thief gained admittance to my apartment by the door, and not by the window. At anyrate, I intend to place the affair in the hands of a person more competent to decide on the matter than myself. Directly I made the discovery that I had been robbed, I despatched my maid to the station to telegraph to Leatherhampton for the inspector of police, who, I expect, will arrive in less than half an hour. In the meantime I desire that you will all remain in the saloon.'

The servants again exchanged glances of consternation. Such an unprecedented occurrence as this would furnish food for gossip in the servants' hall for many a year to come. Even the presence of their mistress and the uncomfortable chill that had suddenly fallen on the assemblage did not silence the hum of whispered talk among the men-servants and the maid-servants, who waited with what patience they could command for the next act in this tragedy-comedy of the mysterious burglary.

The half-hour expired at last. Mr Cunningham had throughout maintained an attitude of polite indifference; Gladys had been studiously silent; and little Freddy, who had only half understood

the scene, still clung to the tutor's hand with an expression of mingled wonder and terror in his big brown eyes. Mrs Harrington had seated herself in one of the deep easy-chairs scattered about the saloon, and made a pretence of glancing down the columns of a newspaper. Her face was pale and her lips firmly set; but the hand which held the newspaper shook slightly, thus betraying the emotion she strove so hard to hide.

The arrival of the inspector of police was a relief to every one. Mrs Harrington briefly explained to him what had occurred, and her reasons for supposing that the theft of the necklace had been accomplished by an inmate of the Hall.

'Such a suspicion is of course very painful to me,' she finished; 'but under the circumstances, Mr Inspector, though I deeply regret the necessity, I think it better for the satisfaction of all concerned, that I should accept the offer made by my servants, and request you to search their boxes.—You, Mr Cunningham,' she added suddenly, addressing herself to Ralph, 'will, just for form's sake, undergo the same unpleasant ordeal.'

For an instant the tutor's self-possession was disturbed; the colour rushed to his face, and he was about to make some protest against the indignity, when a warning glance from Gladys checked him. 'Most certainly,' he said, 'when Mr Inspector has searched the servants' rooms he is quite at liberty to ransack mine. I will remain here with Miss Harrington and the servants while the examination is in progress,' he added.

Mrs Harrington and the inspector left the saloon, and again the hum of whispered conversation was audible. Gladys, with a queer smile on her beautiful lips, sunk into the chair her step-mother had quitted, and turned her attention to the newspaper which had served that lady as a pretext for silence during the purgatorial half-hour that had followed on her strange exordium.

Ralph seated himself at some distance from Gladys, and Fredy nestled at his side with a look of puzzled anxiety on his childish face. Once Gladys looked across to the tutor; the look said plainly 'This ordeal must be borne for my sake. I love you, and trust you; cannot you trust me?'

Ralph assented an affirmative, and let his thoughts drift into a pleasant channel than that of Mrs Harrington's emity, her plot to ruin him, and the strange upshot thereof.

An hour passed; the whispers of the servants were hushed; their curiosity was on tiptoe, for in the silence that had suddenly fallen on the saloon they caught the distant sound of the inspector's deep bass voice, and the rustle of Mrs Harrington's silk dress descending the stairs. The search was over; what had been the result?

In another moment the lady and the inspector advanced to the table in the centre of the saloon. Mrs Harrington's eyes flashed full on Ralph's face, and for the moment the mask of courtesy she had hitherto worn in his presence was lifted; and hatred, rage, and baffled malice looked out at him from under her level brows.

'Have you found your necklace, Madam?' said the tutor.

'I have not; the thief has probably hidden it too well,' was her biting reply.

'On his or her person, perhaps,' suggested Ralph ironically. 'Allow me to set an example, which no doubt others will be glad to follow.—If you, Mr Inspector, will come up to my room, I will gladly submit to a personal search.'

Mrs Harrington was shamed at last. There was no mistaking the significance of the tutor's words. He had found out the abominable plot she had concocted, and he meant her to know that he had done so.

'I cannot allow such an indignity to be put upon my son's tutor,' she said, dropping her eyes.

'Mr Inspector, you are witness that I have offered to submit to a personal search; I Mrs Harrington declines to avail herself of my offer.'

The inspector, understanding that there was more in the affair than met the eye, bowed respectfully to the tutor, and then asked Mrs Harrington if she desired him to prosecute any further inquiries.

'Certainly,' she answered defiantly. 'I have had a valuable article of jewellery stolen from me under most extraordinary circumstances. I wish no pains or expense spared; and I offer reward of one hundred pounds for any information that shall lead to the discovery and apprehension of the thief.'

The inspector pulled out his pocket-book and instantly made a note of this; then turning to Mrs Harrington, asked whether he had her permission to interrogate each member of the household in private.

'Most certainly; I give you *carte blanche* in the matter,' the lady replied. 'But as the unfortunate affair has somewhat upset my nerves, I shall now retire to my own room. I leave the further conduct of the case to you with the greatest confidence.'

With this gracious speech Mrs Harrington left the saloon and remained invisible until dinner-time. The intervening hours were spent by the inspector in cross-examining the servants, in a minute investigation of the premises, and in making copious notes in regard to every item of evidence he elicited. About six o'clock the worthy official took his departure; and every man, woman, and child at Harrington Hall breathed more freely when relieved from the overwhelming majesty of the Law, individualised in that awe-inspiring personage.

When Mrs Harrington rang her bell to summon the faithful Morris to assist at her evening toilet, that valued factotum appeared in tears and with an open telegram in her hand. She had just received the distressing intelligence that her father, a respectable publican, residing at Holloway, lay dangerously ill. Would her kind mistress allow her to go up to London by the last train? She, Morris, would break her heart if 'anything happened' to her dear old father, and she, his only daughter, was not there to receive his dying blessing.

'Of course you may go. I am very sorry to hear of this trouble.—When is the next train?' said Mrs Harrington sympathetically.

'There is one at seven, ma'am.'

'Then go by that; you have half an hour to get to the station.'

'But who is to dress you for dinner, ma'am?'

'Send Jane to me; she will be able to do all I want.'

With profuse thanks and tears, Morris left her mistress, packed a small bag of necessities, and was driven off to the station by a sympathising groom, who had long cherished an admiring regard for the comely abigail, and was believed to entertain matrimonial intentions on her behalf.

Dinner that night was a disagreeable ordeal alike to Mrs Harrington, Gladys, and Ralph. The first was slightly sulky and ashamed; the second, covertly indignant; and the third, though outwardly self-possessed, was bitterly aggrieved at the humiliating position in which Mrs Harrington's treachery had placed him.

When dinner was over, Gladys pleaded a headache as an excuse for going straight to her own room; and Ralph strolled out into the garden to smoke a cigar, a sedative which he sorely needed. But he was not fated to enjoy his 'weed' in peace, for he had scarcely established himself in his favourite nook in the shrubbery when he caught sight of a white gown through the trees, and in another moment Gladys, looking pale, scared, and agitated, seated herself at his side.

'What has alarmed you, darling?' he said, flinging away his unfinished cigar and encircling her with his arm. The poor girl was breathless and palpitating, and her eyes were dilated with alarm.

'Oh Ralph!' she panted, 'that horrid necklace!'

'Has it been found?' queried Ralph sharply.

'No; it is gone—really and truly gone, this time. When you brought it to me this morning and explained my step-mother's wicked plot to disgrace you, I was tempted to fling the miserable thing into the lake there. But I remembered how she valued it: it was one of my father's wedding presents to her, and is worth two or three thousand pounds, I believe; so I hid it away in my dressing-case, as I told you I would. But just now, when I went to look if it was safe, I found that it was gone.'

'You locked your dressing-case, of course. Has the lock been tampered with?'

'I think not; but you know how careless I am about keys and things. When I changed my frock at luncheon-time, I probably left the keys in the pocket. At any rate the necklace has been taken from my dressing-case by some one. Oh Ralph, it seems as if my step-mother is to be punished for her cruelty to you! Just think what a wicked thing—to go to your room and hide her miserable diamonds in your portmanteau, and then to get up that wretched comedy in the saloon, hoping to disgrace you before the servants and every one, because she was determined to—to part us.'

'But, dearest, this is not a time to ponder Mrs Harrington's misdeeds. The question is, who has taken the diamonds, and how are we to recover them?'

'Perhaps mamma has taken them herself. She would be quite capable of purloining my keys and'—

'Hush, hush, Gladys; don't be hard on her.'

'You may forgive her, but I never can,' cried the girl passionately. 'Just think what your position would have been had you not found that tassel of beads!'

'You would have believed me innocent, Gladys?'

'I? Oh Ralph, darling, of course I would! I would stake my life on your honour and truth. But think of the cold, stealthy treachery of a woman who could creep into your room and deliberately plan a thing so wicked and so mean!'

'My dear girl, do try to be calm. That necklace must be found. Do you think any one could have overheard our conversation this morning?'

'It is just possible; we were sitting on this very bench,' said Gladys, looking round at the shrubs, growing thickly on three sides of the seat, which was placed in a sort of alcove of closely-cut laurels and yews. 'A path leading to the stables runs just at the back. Could any of the servants—— But no; I don't believe any of them is capable of theft.'

'I think we shall be forced to assume such a possibility,' said Ralph gravely. 'The first thing to find out is if any one has left the Hall during the afternoon or evening. I scarcely think that a thief would attempt to hide the jewels in the house after this morning's affair.'

'No one has left, I am sure, except Morris, mamma's maid.'

'Hm! Do you know why she left?'

'She had a telegram from home summoning her to her father's sick-bed.'

'Do you know anything of Morris's antecedents?'

'Oh Ralph, surely—surely you don't suspect her! Why, she has been years at the Hall, and my step-mother has the greatest confidence in her.'

'Didn't Mrs Harrington say this morning that Morris was the messenger she despatched to the station to telegraph to Leatherhampton for the inspector?'

'Yes; but'—

'Then, my dear Gladys, I think we have a clue; but for the present we must keep our suspicions to ourselves, and wait the course of events. Meanwhile, I shall do a little detective-work on my own account.'

During the next two or three days Mr Inspector paid frequent visits to Harrington Hall; but no further evidence was elicited, and the diamond necklace robbery still remained enveloped in mystery. Ralph's amateur detective work had, however, not been equally barren of result. On the morning following Gladys' discovery of the real theft, he paid a visit to the station, and learned from the telegraph clerk that Mrs Harrington's maid had despatched two telegrams on the previous morning, one to London, the other to Leatherhampton. Ralph tried hard to get a sight of the telegraph forms; but the man declared that to allow such a breach of official discipline would be as much as his place was worth.

On his return from the station Ralph confided to Gladys the result of his inquiries; and the two conspirators decided to follow up the

clue thus obtained, and to place the affair in the hands of Mr Jonas Lynx, a noted private detective in London. While the country police were leisurely deliberating on what steps to take in regard to the Harrington Hall burglary, the experienced Mr Lynx had discovered the whereabouts of Miss Julia Morris, had satisfied himself that the respectable Mr Morris of Holloway was a purely mythical personage, and that the place where Miss Morris was living was the temporary headquarters of a gang of light-fingered gentry with whom she was closely connected—her brother being a distinguished member of the Fraternity of the Skeleton Keys and Crowbar. He also identified that clever young woman as one Sarah Brown, who, fifteen years before, had picked oakum in one of Her Majesty's jails for a term of twelve months. Three days later Ralph was informed that Miss Brown, alias Morris, had been arrested at Liverpool when about to go on board the screw steamer *Hawk*. The diamonds, however, were not in her possession, the stones having probably been unset within a few hours of their appropriation, and sent over to Amsterdam, where they were placed in the right hands for sale. At anyrate, Mrs Harrington's diamond necklace ceased to exist, and that amiable lady thus paid dearly enough for her treachery.

But the consequences of her malicious deed did not end with the loss of the jewels. Not only was she compelled to appear in court and give evidence against her former maid, but she suffered untold agonies of mind lest Morris should divulge the fact that the diamonds had been stolen not from Mrs but from Miss Harrington's dressing-case, and that further revelations might be made. Morris, however, perhaps in the hope of using her knowledge for the purpose of extorting blackmail from her late mistress when her term of penal servitude was over, discreetly held her tongue; and therefore only Mr Lynx, Gladys, and Ralph knew the whole story of the Harrington Hall burglary. Many of the details could only be surmised, but it seemed probable that Morris, in passing through the shrubbery on her way to the stables, had overheard the conversation between the lovers, and perceiving that even if she were found out, how unlikely it was her mistress would venture to prosecute her for the theft, had conceived the daring idea of abstracting the necklace from Miss Harrington's dressing-case.

Yet another retribution was in store for the unhappy Mrs Harrington. Gladys suddenly assumed a violently bellicose attitude towards her step-mother, and threatened to tell the true story of the robbery to her guardian, Lord Roseford—a gentleman who was universally respected in the county for his almost fastidious ideas of honour.

'You have shown no mercy to me; I will show none to you. Give your formal consent to my marriage with Ralph, and I promise to keep your wicked secret. If you refuse, I will go straight to Lord Roseford and beg him to find some other home for me than Harrington Hall.'

'You unfeeling child, how dare you speak to me so!' moaned Mrs Harrington, quailing before the flashing eyes of her step-daughter.

'It is your own fault. If you had not tried to ruin the man I love, I would have waited

three years for him. Now, I mean to marry him in three weeks.'

What could the unhappy woman do? Gladys was thoroughly roused; she was quite capable of making an *exclamation* that would be the talk of Grass-shire for years.

In the end Mrs Harrington did what most women in her position would have done—gave in; and Gladys kept her word. Three weeks later the following advertisement appeared in the first column of the *Times*: 'On the 17th July, at Harrington, RALPH CUNNINGHAM, M.A., late Fellow of St John's College, Oxon., to GLADYS, only daughter of the late Giles Harrington of Harrington Hall, Grass-shire.'

And Mrs Lamprey said to Mrs Smalman: 'What a dreadful *mésalliance*; but I always knew what would be the result of Mrs Harrington's imprudence in throwing that Mr Cunningham with poor, dear headstrong Gladys!'

SOME OLD TAVERN WAYS.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

THE spread of luxury and comfort, so strikingly apparent nowadays, is nowhere more so than in those establishments which take the place of the inns and hosteleries wherein our forefathers tossed off their sack and canary, swore roystering oaths, and exchanged many a broken head. The modern 'restaurant' or 'wine-bar,' or even plain 'public' with its garish mahogany, stained-glass and gilding, its plenitude of tankards and glasses, its imposing array of gas-lamps, or it may be electric light, and last, but by no means least, its bevy of sirens skilled in the arts which captivate the lounge, are strikingly different from the old-world tavern with its gable roof, imnumerable apartments, paucity of furniture, and busy lads in white aprons. Our ancestors were evidently made of sterner stuff. They went to a tavern to drink, and cared little for surroundings provided the wine were good and the service ready. Take for example, the inventory of the 'stock in trade and furniture of a tavern in Bishopsgate' in 1612, a house boasting the appropriate sign of 'The Mouth,' and a very thirsty mouth too, no doubt. First come the drinkables: '7 hids. of Orlande wine, £17, 10s.; 1 butte of Malligo, £17; 1 runlett of sherry sacke containing 16 gallonde, 32s.; 1 hid. of old claret, 16s.; 2 dussan and 8 bottles of ale, 5s. 8d.; and so forth. Next the contents of the various rooms: 'The Percellis: 1 long table with a florne, one oyster table, one little cubbord table and one court cubbord, one old wyne stoole, and a parge of playing-tables, 24s. 8d. 'The Pongnanett: 1 olde table with a florne, 3s. 4d. 'The Three Tuns: 1 little standynge carpenters table with 2 stooles, 2s.; and so on, with little variation through the 'Crosse Keys,' 'The Wyne,' 'The Kings Head,' and other chambers. The 'boarded partition' belonging to these apartments are valued at 20s.; but in strange contrast to these beggarly appointments we read of '15 small drinkeynge bowles of silver, one brode bowle and 2 beakers, one grate saulte, a trencher saulte and 2 silver spoones weighing 154 ozs. at 3s. 10d., £37, 4s. 4d.'

To sit on a hard bench in a room whose sole

remaining furniture was an equally bare and unsightly table, and drink out of silver goblets, strikes one to-day as a strange anomaly. In 'The Barre' are found the measures of the hostelry: '2 gallon pottes, 5 pottle pottes, nyne quarte pottes, 8 pynte pottes, one half-pint pottle and a gylle pottle.' Only one solitary half-pint measure to nine of a quart capacity! Truly, an indication that 'short drinks' were not much in favour with the gallants who frequented the 'Mouthie,' swaggering in with a clatter and noise much at variance with the semi-maudlin state in which, if contemporary chroniclers are to be trusted, they staggered out again after their repeated potations.

The custom of naming the different rooms is familiar to all who have read our Elizabethan writers. Who does not at once recall those immortal scenes at the 'Boar's Head' in which that magnificent old scoundrel Jack Falstaff played so prominent a part! How the madcap Prince and his companion Poinso so sadly perplexed the unfortunate Francis with his everlasting 'Anon, anon, sir,' and his interjected orders to 'Look down into the Pomegranate.' It was customary, it seems, to have small windows or loopholes between the various apartments, for what reason it were perhaps hard to say, unless to facilitate that interchange of compliments customary between parties who were using different chambers in the same tavern. These courtesies usually took the form of the present of a piece of sugar wrapped up in white paper which the waiters kept ready to hand. Our forefathers were fond of correcting the acidity of their wine by this addition, and it was quite the correct thing to send by the drawer one of these packets to the neighbouring apartment if any friends or acquaintances were there.

There is a story anent 'Rare Ben Jonson' worth giving here. He was at a tavern when Bishop Corbet came into the next room. Ben called for a quart of *raw* wine, and gave it to the tapster: 'Sirrah,' says he, 'carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did so. 'Friend,' says Corbet, 'I thank him for his love; but prithee tell him from me that he is mistaken, for sacrifices are always burnt'—an allusion, of course, to the practice of heating wine, so frequently met with at this time. The spectacle of the bishop and the playwright exchanging compliments and bandying jokes in a tavern shows that the union of 'Church and Stage' was not such a far-off dream even in those early days. Manners differ, however; and it is scarcely likely that we shall hear of the Bishop of London and Mr Irving discussing the question over a bottle of wine at a Strand bar.

It seems to have been expedient, if not necessary, to cultivate a certain acquaintance, not to say familiarity, with the 'drawers'—attendants whose duty, as is obvious from their title, was originally to draw the wine from the casks, but who were probably after a time merely waiters, fetching and carrying to and from the cellar. Dekker, in his *Oull's Hornbook*, says: 'Your first compliment shall be to grow inwardly acquainted with the drawers to learn their names and dive into their inclinations. The use which you shall make of this familiarity is, that if you want

money five or six days together, you may still pay the reckoning with the most gentlemanlike language: "Boy, fetch me money from the bar." Does not Prince Hal declare: "Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet. But sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker." Bishop Earle in that curious little collection of satires which he calls *Micro-cosmographie*, has a satirical word to say of the tavern and its attributes. 'The drawers are the civillest people in it, men of good bringing up, and howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their *high calling*.' He is very severe, though not unduly so, judging from many other accounts we have of the habits of Jacobean times. 'The tavern is a degree above an alchouse, where men are drunke with more credit and apologie. It is a broacher of more newes than hoggs-heads, and more jests than newes, which are sukt up here by some spungie braine. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noise. A melancholy man would finde here matter to worke upon to see heads as brittle as glasses, and often broken. A house of sinne you may call it, but not a house of darknesse, for the candles are never out.'

What was chiefly drunk in these bare and comfortable rooms, with more mirth and laughter perchance than accompany our more decorous meetings? Sack—that favourite beverage, whose identity has puzzled almost every commentator on the period—of course comes first. The word at once brings before us the 'fat knight,' that mountain of ribaldry and wit, who towers above all his compeers on a footing not to be easily shaken; dissolute, dishonest, tinctuous, plausible, yet withal jolly and lovable Jack Falstaff. He seems to have been everlastingly imbibing sack. Was he not tauntingly called 'Sir John Sack-and-Sugar?' (An epithet, by the way, bestowed in certain parts of the country on an evil spirit in the times when witchcraft and devilry were believed in.) Did not the tavern bill surreptitiously abstracted from his pocket contain nearly eight shillings debited to the account of his favourite beverage, while bread was ignominiously dismissed for a solitary halfpenny! 'Oh, monstrous,' indeed.

What, then, was this 'sack?' From the constant mention of sugar in connection therewith, one may not unnaturnally conclude it to have been an acid wine; but beyond this, there is little to go by. Its price some two years after Shakespeare's death was, according to Peacham, two shillings a quart; but its precise character seems veiled in obscurity as thick as the fumes to which it doubtless often gave rise in the craniums of too ardent devotees. We know that the Bard has committed an anachronism in allowing Falstaff sack at all, since, until the time of Henry VIII., the vintners sold no wines but 'white and claret,' all others being dispensed by the apothecary for medicine. This, however, is but a trifle compared with the gain we have in those glorious scenes from which we have quoted. It has been supposed to be a corruption of *vin sac*; or so called from being carried in a sack, 'as the Spaniards do'; or, according to Ritson, 'a liquor

compounded of sherry, cider, and sugar.' But whatever it may have been—and space precludes such discussion here—certain it is that it held high favour for generations, and quenched the thirst of many a noble gentleman and many a ruffling blade from Tudor to Stuart. Claret, Alicante, Brown, Bastard, were all favourite drinks of the time, the first-named apparently little esteemed, judging from the low price.

The use of sugar and spices with wine was not confined to sack. Our worthy ancestors were very sweet-toothed old fellows, and loved to modify the taste of the grape by infusing all manner of appetising accessories. Here are a couple of receipts for compounding tasty beverages, both taken from an unpublished manuscript of 1611: 'Raw wine prepared with honey and spices, called Claret, is made often of ten parts of white wine, one part of honey with a sufficient quantity of cinnamon and ginger.'—'Raw wine prepared with sugar and spices, called *Vinum Hippocraticum*, commonly Hippocras, is usually made of ten parts black wyne, five of white, one of sugar, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and a little musk(!). This kynde of artificall wyne is a very pleasant drink, and is to be drunk after meat.' What digestions they must have had!

But such devices were legitimate, and indeed looked for. The tavern customer of the seventeenth century liked to have his palate tickled by these mysterious concoctions; what he did not bargain for were some of the nefarious and artful manœuvres resorted to by the unscrupulous vintner, of which we will briefly notice a few. Does not our old friend the hero of Gadshill exclaim with indignant emphasis: 'Here's lime in this sack too! There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man.' Putting lime into the vino seems to have been a pretty constant practice, as one finds it frequently referred to by the old authors. Sir Richard Hawkins notices the fact that 'since Spanish wyne came into vogue, they are for conservation mixed with lime,' which caused droopy and other dire disorders, not forgetting our old enemy 'the gouttes.' It seems also to have been used with ale, judging from Robert Greene's remark that 'a Christian exhortation to Mother Bunch would not have been amiss, that she should not mixe lime with her ale to make it mightie.' When Bardolph desired an engagement as tapster from Dame Quickly, do we not remember that he quoted in his own favour his ability in 'frothing and lyming?' the former process consisting in surreptitiously introducing a modicum of *scep* into the glass or tankard, in order to produce a goodly 'head' on the liquor.

But these are by no means all the dodges practised on unwary tipplers. There is extant a curious little tract of great rarity, called: 'In Vino Veritas, or a Conference betwixt Chip the Cooper and Dash the Drawer, discovering some Secrets in the Wine-brewing Trade,' which, though somewhat later in date (1698) than the period we have been glancing at, may serve as a fairly accurate picture of the state of affairs for some time previous to its publication. Under the influence of the contents of their master's cellar, these two gentlemen give some very instructive and curious hints as to the mysteries of their craft. We learn how good

wine was 'lowered' and eked out with 'Freeze, a sorry cider;' how raw beef was thrown into 'fretting wines' for them to feed upon; how a 'Brother of ours that lives not far from Ludgate Church, boasted that he had drawn Champagne, Burgundy, Chablais, and other curious and costly wines out of the very same cask?'—a feat reminding us of the conjuring entertainments of our boyhood, when that wonderful gentleman in evening dress poured all sorts of liquors from a single bottle.

Then, too, it seems to have been the custom to 'tip' the drawer a few pence to procure better wine, 'whereas, alas! we must draw such as our master orders;' so the too generous drinker might have kept his money for some better purpose; and no wonder the speaker confesses that 'a brazen face is essentially necessary to our profession,' and that 'we drawers laugh loud and long at those poor animals that resort to our houses.'

To give the vintner his due, however, we must take it that his customers also had their faults, and that the trade was not without its drawbacks. Dekker's advice, that 'no man counterfeit himself drunk to free his purse from the danger of the shot,' points to a rather shabby custom of trying to obtain refreshment at the very low price of nothing, a custom prevalent, he says, 'amongst gentlemen.' It is to be feared he was rather a bad judge of the article. He gives two other admonitions—namely, 'Not to look at the bill, look only at the total;' and 'At your departure, to kiss mine hostess or to accept the courtesy of the cellar' (that is, a complimentary glass); with which recollection of social amenities as practised in the days of King James, we take our leave of the subject and close these notes.

THE OLD STUDIO.

By THOMAS ST E. HAKE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I. THE MASTER.

A CERTAIN house, standing on the Thames' bank above Battersea Reach, was a noted landmark for many years. From its pointed gables and stacks of crooked chimneys, down to its terrace by the river-side, it showed signs of antiquity, and with it neglect. There were deep cracks and wrinkles in the brick walls; and the terrace balustrade was crumbling, like a row of old teeth, and fast falling to decay. A green mossy coating covered the stonework; and in the crevices there were weeds and coarse blades of grass. At the corner of the terrace was a notice-board leaning over the water as on crutches; and upon this board was written, in washed-out letters, 'To be Let on Lease.' With the light of the sunset upon it, exposing all these weak points to view, the house would scarcely seem to have a long lease to run. Its windows were thickly coated with dust, except the two large terrace windows. These were as scrupulously clean as the spectacles on the face of an old person.

When the sun had set and the remaining light upon the river was fast ebbing like the tide, these terrace windows were thrown open. The interior, as it now appeared, was a large and lofty studio—a studio crowded with pictures—some in their frames and some without; some turned towards

the walls; and others partly hidden by pieces of antique furniture and statuettes. Standing in the midst of this *debris* was a tall handsome man of forty or forty-five. His sensitive face—indeed, his whole attitude—showed him to be deeply absorbed in giving the last touches, with hand and soul, to the life-size picture of a young girl. His look was fervent: it expressed something more than artistic ardour for the work almost achieved. He seemed to worship the picture as much as though there were actual life in the eyes, half shadowed by their own dark lashes; in the half-parted lips that seemed on the point of speaking. The pretty head in this painting was thrown back, and rested on the high arm of an old chair into which the girl had sunk. The hands were clasped behind the head, and the white arms were half hidden by the masses of auburn hair. This figure was so delicately draped, so masterfully conceived in every detail of light and shadow, that it seemed to symbolise the twilight that still lay in the western sky.

The last touch had been given; the brush had been thrown aside. A troubled look now came over the artist's face. He turned his eyes towards a corner of the room where a quantity of drapery was arranged, where a quaint oaken chair stood in the foreground with tigers' skins lying about. It was the look of one who saw something beyond the old chair and the drapery around it: it was the look of the poet who in his fancy had placed the figure there, just as it reposed in the painting before him. He stood with his head bent and with a look of tears in his eyes before this empty chair, as though something that he loved was gone out of his life and yet was in some way present. A knock at the hall door startled him. It was now dark, and he hastened to light the chandelier and to draw the heavy curtains across the windows. This done—though not before the knock had been repeated—he went out to open the door. A young fellow came quickly in, and received a warm welcome from the artist. As they crossed the hall—a dark echoing place, with a great winding staircase—the artist placed an arresting hand playfully on his friend's shoulder and said: 'Stay, Fenwick; not so fast. You are always so impatient!'

'Of course I am, Millward,' was the reply. 'I have come on purpose to'—Fenwick stopped abruptly; they had entered the studio while speaking, and the picture had caught his eye.

'Who is she?' Fenwick said at last, and in a tone almost of supplication, as he glanced at the artist and then round the room.

A slight shade came over Millward's face, but he made no answer.

'I recognise her,' Fenwick went on, his eyes resting once more upon Millward's painting, 'in nearly all your pictures; and I have often asked you who she is.—Ah!' he added, laughingly, 'she's some lady of title, I suspect—some lovely princess, whose incognita you have sworn to preserve; for you seldom show any one except me any work that has this face in it!—Have I made a shrewd guess this time?'

Millward shook his head and drew a deep sigh, which he made no effort to conceal.

'Then why not introduce me to your beautiful model? Why, she must have been here a thousand times! How is it I've never seen her?'

Millward laughed in rather an odd way, as Fenwick thought, and raising the window-curtain, looked out eagerly upon the river, but only for a moment. Sinking back into a seat, he replied: 'My dear Fenwick, what motive could I have for keeping you and any model of mine apart?'

Fenwick was on the point of answering, when the sound of oars on the river, close under the window, reached his ear. Millward had risen and again drawing a fold of the curtain aside, glanced out, and then turned to his friend. 'Excuse my leaving you,' said he, hurriedly. 'It's old Gunning come to take me on the river.'

'You won't be long?'

'No.'

'Then I'll amuse myself while you're away,' said Fenwick, 'by studying your picture.' He threw himself as he spoke into a chair in front of Millward's painting and lit a cigarette. 'By the bye,' he added in his laughing way, 'why not bring back the model with you?'

He regretted his words the moment they were uttered, they appeared to produce such a painful effect upon Millward. His face grew deeply troubled; he looked round the studio distractedly, tried to speak, then turning away, went quickly out.

Fenwick watched him cross the terrace. It was now bright moonlight on the river. A boat had dropped alongside, and a man who looked like an old sailor was securing the boat against the strong ebb-tide. Millward took his place in the stern, and the boatman began to pull up stream. Fenwick noticed that his friend looked eagerly about him as the skiff made gradual way against the current. Re-entering the studio and again seating himself before the picture, Fenwick looked at it long and earnestly.

For some years past John Fenwick had been Millward's pupil; and ever since the day he had come to him, and had caught glimpses of this lovely face peeping out among the many pictures that had always crowded the studio, he had felt great curiosity about the original. But the pupil could never persuade the master by any device to even speak of this model; and Fenwick would long ago have been convinced that the model had no existence—none outside the artist's brain—had not some new picture periodically filled him with wonder and unutterable delight. For Millward constantly reproduced her, not only with all the maturing beauty of face and form—just as a young girl would mature as days went by—but he seemed to gain greater mastery over his art. The girl that Fenwick now looked upon in this picture was a maiden of twenty or twenty-one, in all the perfection of her womanly beauty. But a strange surmise—a very strange one on Fenwick's part—had suddenly come to him. He had often watched the master, when he knew him to be too deeply abstracted to be conscious of being observed, giving some life-touch to a painting of this mystic girl; and then it was that the thought flashed upon him, as Millward's far-off look would return to the canvas, that the spirit of this beautiful model was in the studio, visible only to the master.

Fenwick sat there, before the painting, pondering these things. If he could but conjure up such a vision—if such a beautiful shadow-form

would only but once appear to him! This picture of Millward's, this marvellous work, had awakened in him a deeper and more passionate love of art. This was his ideal—the model he sought for everywhere. With such a model to paint from, he might even aspire, some day, to produce a masterpiece, as Millward had done.

He took up a pencil and opened a sketch-book, seized with a sudden and irresistible impulse to make some beginning; and he soon became so absorbed in his work, so impressed with the idea of a spirit-model wandering about in this old studio, that he never heeded when the sound of cars came faintly in from the river. A momentary thought occurred to him that Millward was coming back; but as the sound gradually ceased, the recollection of it also ceased, and this pencil-sketch held possession of his fancy. It was soon finished—an excellent conception, one that might develop on canvas into a work of art in which the master would discover something, perhaps, more than mere promise of future greatness. But how could it ever come to that—ever come within sight of his ambitious design, unless a model comparable with Millward's could be found!

Impossible! He threw down his pencil and sketch-book in despair. He had half risen from his seat with the intention of lighting another cigarette, when a slight movement of the window-curtain caught his eye. In another moment a young and shapely hand, with long expressive fingers, grasped the folds and held them back. And scarcely had Fenwick decided to conceal himself behind one of the numerous objects of art that encumbered the studio, when the curtain was lifted still higher, and the figure of a girl with a face like the one in Millward's picture came timidly in with the moonlight.

AT A NORTH-COUNTRY HORSE-FAIR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the inroads of modern monthly auctions and the facilities of carriage to city markets, the ancient institution of local fairs for the sale of farm-stock of all kinds still survives and flourishes in certain districts of Scotland. Regularly yet, as the accustomed day returns, farmers and dealers from far and near gather at their immemorial place of meeting to do business or to see what is going on. One may wonder how the date is remembered. No advertisement of the approaching function appears to be made; nevertheless, as if by intuition, early on the morning of the wonted day the roads of the neighbourhood begin to be alive with wayfarers of all sorts making for the wonted spot, and the fair never fails. It can be understood how the recurrence of a great gathering like Falkirk Tryst on Stenhouse-anuir should be memorable enough; some of the stock which appears there for sale has to be on the road for weeks beforehand. But lesser gatherings are attended with as much regularity, and the fact would seem to illustrate how far habit in a quiet existence may become a second nature.

There are sheep-fairs and cattle-fairs and feeding-fairs, the last being a half-yearly market for the engaging of servants. But a character all its own belongs to the horse-fair. Its tone is rather than that of the others, horse-dealing being pro-

verbially a business requiring peculiar shrewdness, and affording plentiful opportunity for sharp practice. Half an hour at a gathering like that of the Moss o' Balloch gives one a glimpse of some curious customs and some odd types of character, with a breath of an atmosphere quite of its own sort.

A noisy scene it is, between the shouting of rustic jockeys, the neighing and trampling of beasts, and the vociferations of the motley crew of camp-followers who manage to make a livelihood at such gatherings in a hundred nondescript ways. One has to keep his eyes about him, or in an unsuspecting moment he may be knocked over and trodden into the turf by some wildly-galloping cart-horse exhibiting its action. Since early morning the constituent parts of the fair have been coming in. First of all, the refreshment vendors—decent innkeepers of the neighbourhood who have obtained a field-license for the day—busied themselves with erecting their cantens of rough boards. Then the amusement providers, some of whom had encamped on the ground all night, began to set up their rough booths and stands of all sorts. Presently the beasts began to arrive, rough-coated nags mostly, in strings of a dozen or twenty, each string led by a wild cateran of a groom, mounted without saddle on one of the steeds. Last and most important, the sellers and possible buyers themselves put in an appearance—old farmers joggling along comfortably behind easy ponies, and young fellows, vain of their turn-out, who endeavoured to come upon the ground with some show and dash—and by eleven o'clock the business of the day is in full swing.

Foremost in the field are the dealers, a race of quick, sly wit, shrewd and voluble, leading a somewhat rough and haphazard life. Worth more, as a rule, than they seem to be, some of these loud-voiced, broad-shouldered men tramping about heavy-shod and whip in hand among their beasts, may be tenants each of half-a-dozen farms, and be able to put upon the market six or seven score horses of all sorts. Each man's turn-out is ranged by itself, generally a motley army. Every other minute some one of the steeds will be picked out from the row and sent trotting, galloping, and capering about the field, to show its paces before a possible customer, a good deal sometimes on a lucky day being made by the rigged hangers-on who act as grooms and jehns. Horses for sale are known by the fact of their wearing rope halters; while a wisp of straw plaited into the tail intimates that an animal has changed owners.

It is somewhat amusing to watch a couple of dealers or a dealer and some bluff old farmer on the point of completing a bargain. The intending purchaser has cautiously gone over the points of the horse—lifting its feet one after another to inspect the hoofs, examining its teeth to make sure of its age, and finally watching it trot and gallop down the field. As the animal is being led back at a walking pace the farmer turns slowly round. The dealer's hand goes up in the air: 'Twenty-five pound! Say the word.' 'Twenty-four,' says the farmer doggedly. 'Split the difference—twenty-four ten and she's yours.' 'Done, then!'

The dealer spits in his palm, and the two men's hands come smack together, the bargain being

completed by that occult proceeding. Forthwith the money is paid, the expectant groom receives his 'consideration,' and the steed is led away by its new owner.

All bargains of course are not quite so promptly concluded. Occasionally the two men will be seen standing for several minutes, each with hand in air ready to seal the transaction, but haggling over the difference of a few shillings, and perhaps doing no business after all. Sometimes, though not so often as might be supposed, an adjournment to one of the neighbouring cantens assists or celebrates the changing hands of stock.

As might be expected, the gentler sex is conspicuous by its absence from the field. Exceptions to the rule, however, there are. A good woman here and there, a widow perhaps, carrying on her husband's farm, may have come to purchase a dairy pony. With skirts tucked well up out of the mud, these managing women, pretty certain as to what they want, may be seen stepping energetically out and in among the animals, taking no advice unless themselves assured of its reason, and by no means getting the worst of a bargain when it comes to actual business.

A few gentlemen's coachmen may be observed making purchases for their masters' stables; and, investors of a very different class, hucksters of the countryside and small 'merchants,' here and there hang about to pick up anything cheap enough for their purpose. One of these, a coal-merchant, one year bought a steed for a pound; but afterwards considered himself badly aggrieved, as he purchased one at next fair for seven-and-sixpence.

But besides the actual sellers and buyers in such a scene, there is always a motley crowd of hangers-on, the peculiar race who make it their business to attend fair after fair in continual succession throughout the country, practising devices of familiar antiquity, and getting a living by their wits anyhow. There is the 'cheap-jack,' whose voice can be heard all day from his cart hectoring his crowd of rustic customers with a strident 'Sold again! 'Alf a crown for the next lot!' who sells or 'gives away' more watches in an afternoon than many jewellers do in six months, and whose rapid transference of hard-earned money from other pockets to his own in exchange for utterly worthless trifles affords a striking illustration of the advantage possessed by brains over mere muscle.

There are shooting-galleries, presided over by young ladies of fascinating aspect, insinuating address, and picturesque if somewhat faded attire—young ladies who, amid all their rude surroundings, are perfectly well able to take care of themselves. 'Aunt Sally' is in evidence in all her glory, ready to undergo any amount of ill-treatment for a modest consideration, even rewarding, woman-like, her most skillful attackers with gifts of brown-paper cigars and other valuables. There is the invariable cocoa-nut man, ever ready to demonstrate the ease with which a nut may be thrown through the hole in his board, and equally ready with a consolatory and encouraging word to his customers when they miss. And wandering minstrels of all sorts—tatterdemalion pipers, fiddlers, and penny-whistle players—seeking to inspire at once the patriotism and

the generosity of the crowd, are to be both seen and heard about the field.

Naturally at a horse-fair there is not so great a gathering of the showman element as at a fœing-fair, the great patrons of the shows, the farm-servants, being present in fewer numbers, the inspiring influence of their sweethearts being lacking, and the occasion altogether being a less jovial one. Nevertheless, somehow, a sprinkling of the minor caterers of amusement always appears, and without the presence of these the function would want one of its characteristic features.

A strange rude life they lead, these Bohemians of the hedgeside and the country byways; and the peep behind the scenes which is here and there afforded by their rough-and-ready camping arrangements suggests curious speculation upon the advantages of a contented spirit. Something of romance still lingers about these people and their ways. Among them yet, mingling with the various flotsam and jetsam of civilisation, is to be found a remnant of the Ishmael Romany, that dreamy-blooded, passion-haunted race, doomed to wander the earth with a destiny unfulfilled and to disappear. And under the primitive rag tent and within the curious houses on wheels lingers yet in actual fact the material of many a strange story.

People travel far to east and west every year to study types and manners; but in many a corner like this near home, if time were given to the study of it, it would still be possible to discover things sufficiently quaint, interesting, and suggestive.

A SUMMER SOLITUDE.

BROAD slopes, robed regally in purple ling,
Where green moist moss and scented thyme lie hid;
And harebells hang the wind-stirred grass amid;
And ferns and foxgloves fringe the peat-stained spring.

Here flames a yellow tuft of furze, and there,
A narrow patch of vivid colour shows
The ant-built hillocks where the cistus grows;
And ruddy bracken starts up everywhere.

The scattered sheep stray singly o'er the waste;
Above, the plover sounds his plaintive pipe;
Out yonder rise a pair of startled snipe,
And seek fresh shelter with a timid haste.

And far out west there gleams the wide gray main—
A silver glory where the sun-sprite spills
His subtle charm—and 'neath the northern hills
Faint smoke goes up of cities of the plain.

A silent solemn place and holy ground,
Where God speaks in a still small voice, which they
Hear not who hurry by; but those who stay,
And hearken, catch the tender whispered sound,

And hearing, gain a strange, strong peace of heart;
A new sweet patience for the pains of life;
A calmer courage for its stern fierce strife;
A conscious power to do a nobler part.

G. DUNCAN GREY.

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LESSONS, MY DEARS!

By MRS WATFORD.

A FAMILIAR figure of the present day is the pale-faced, lanky, all-shoulder-and-elbow school-girl just entering her teens. Her frocks are in a chronic state of requiring new 'false hems'—the modern substitute for the tucks to be let down, which were the bane of the last generation—and between her faintly-discernible waist and obtrusive waistband there exists a vast and hopeless gulf. She is tolerably sure to have cold feet and hands. She almost invariably runs to a pink nose, if not to pink eyelids. Usually, she is rather silent. If not haunted by the ghosts of Lessons past, she is brooding over the looming shadows of Lessons to come; if not chewing the cud of good or bad marks already received, she ponders deeply over what of these the future may have in store. Away from the desk or the piano she has no real existence.

Moreover, as her mind seldom wanders outside the narrow precincts which bound her own little world, she is—unless possessed of an exceptionally forlorn character—still less of a listener than a talker.

See her at the luncheon table, for instance. At luncheon she appears; it is her dinner, and too often her one solid meal in the day—but it is not honest hunger—would it were!—which prevents her finding anything worthy of her attention in the conversation held by her elders. We will suppose—it is rather a wild supposition, but still it does sometimes happen that the luncheon table is the centre of really interesting talk on notable topics—we will suppose that it has chanced to become so on an occasion; does our solemn-visaged little wisacre pay any heed to what is being said? Not a bit of her. It is not her business. She has not been given that conversation to learn; and she is stolidly averse towards acquiring knowledge in any other form than through the legitimate channel of

her daily tasks. Those she has got to worry through, and that is enough for her.

Enough? It is a vast deal too much, and that is the simple truth about the matter. The poor little head and brain are already fully charged to the brim—the intelligence as it were met and provided for. The girl is being 'taught' everything, and nothing is left for her to learn of herself. Is it likely that she can manifest the slightest desire to put forth hand or foot in devising paths on her own account, when she is being made to march in the regulation step from morn to night along the hard highway?

She is 'being educated'—that is to say, she has been put into a mortar and is being pestled into shape. From that shape every original bias has to be eliminated. It is like the gristle which the careful cook picks out and throws away when mincing her beef; your true-born *chef* wants none of it, neither does the parent nor guardian want any girl-gristle; they want a nicely minced-up young lady, moulded to pattern. All extraneous interests, all curiosity regarding the great world or its ways, all unorthodox sympathies, all special yearnings and aspirations, come under the head of 'gristle' in the process now being gone through—in the drone, drone, drone of 'Lessons' from one hour to another.

'Lessons, my dears,' is read in the eye of the governess, as morning by morning she sails out of the dining-room at the conclusion of family prayers; and 'Lessons, my dears,' the same eye announces again in the first pause at the close of the luncheon-dinner. Meekly the poor preceptress departs, and meekly follow the little flock. *They* have no digestions to be considered; no pause for health's or pleasure's sake need be thought of for them.

Oh yes; they have their daily walk—an hour in the morning, an hour in the afternoon; perhaps in the summer-time they may even stroll outside again in the cool of the evening. But Lessons must be *first*, of course. So says mamma,

with calm unconscious air. Your British matron is so very unconscious, so absolutely innocent of committing the very slightest offence against her own flesh and blood, nay, she is so entirely convinced that she is doing the very best she can for them in every possible way, by thus ordaining and inculcating the doctrine that 'Lessons must be first, of course,' that it is almost a hopeless task to endeavour to undeceive her.

Lessons must be first—before everything. Well, perhaps not before religion; but certainly before food, exercise, fresh air, sleep. The drowsy head must be shaken up from the pillow at an early hour—long before papa, or mamma, or any elder folks in the house are astir; and the fretful, shivering, starved, and only half-roused school-girl set to practise in a room in which, if it be mid-winter, a fire has just been lighted, or at other seasons has not been lit at all! In some exceptionally careful households there may be accorded before this ordeal a glass of milk—cold and heavy on the stomach at that hour; but the good, warm, nourishing breakfast which should always precede brain-work in the case of every growing girl, is either delayed until she has accomplished her hour's study, or not given at all. The mind is gorged—the body is starved.

And so on throughout the day. The parent who considers that during the brief hours of winter sunshine it is as well to curtail the morning tasks to a single hour or so, and postpone the principal tuition to the afternoon, by which time the sky is apt to cloud over and raw mists to steal over the face of the land, has, in the eyes of her acquaintances who are *educationists* proper, a very poor idea of developing mental culture. They 'wonder at her'—behind backs. They consider she 'does not do her daughters justice.' And one speaker will narrate how many hours a day her dear girls are closeted with their 'Fräulein'; and another will cap the recital with the extra dose administered by her 'Mademoiselle,' while the pale drawn faces and the round stooping backs of the unfortunate objects of their tenderness, count for nothing as compared with Adela's proficiency in music, or Ethel's fluency in French.

The doctor, he knows. He knows the meaning of those listless movements and lack-lustre eyes. But of what avail is his knowledge? He may gently hint at the necessity of the chest expanding and the muscles developing; but he will be met by the cold rejoinder, 'My daughters have abundance of exercise; they have a backboard in the schoolroom: they are not great eaters by nature!'

It is hard in the teeth of 'Lessons, my dears,' which is written on every line of the matron's visage, to insist on it that the slow, formal walk is not exercise, that the backboard is not rest, that healthy hunger has to be inaugurated—sown, as it were—and is not a genuine product of poor enfeebled soil.

Now, that the girl in her teens has much to learn, and that she has arrived at the age for receiving instruction, no one will think of denying. She ought undoubtedly to get rid of a certain amount of ignorance through the direct medium of schoolroom routine; but may a word be here put forth to suggest that it is but a very

small portion of knowledge which can be deliberately, as it were, injected into the young, and that the real, the useful, the principal lessons they need, and by which their future lives will be guided, are not to be found under the head of 'Lessons, my dears?'

A girl ought to be taught to think, to observe, to reflect; but if she is given no time wherein to exercise these powers, if every day and every hour is so filled up, so portioned out, and so settled for her by authority, how is she ever, in homely phrase, to 'feel her feet'? Her powers both of mind and of body are undermined by the constant wear and tear of endless tasks. She is enfeebled and incapacitated. Her faculties are warped. Intelligence itself, when driven between the shafts unceasingly along one beaten track, will cease to gaze with any interest elsewhere. Turned loose upon a common fall of flowers and grasses, the same becomes straightway no better than a wilderness.

Holidays bring but a partial benefit in the above cases. The body may recuperate itself, but the mind cannot. 'What is the little maid to do? How shall she pass the time? She cannot be always at play; she wearies of doing nothing; yet she has no energy for doing anything. To read would be purest drudgery: to draw, to sing, to cultivate a single accomplishment would all savour of the luted 'Lesson' hours. She can fancy nothing—settle to nothing.

Hard-worked and hard-driven as she has been throughout her young career, she has never been taught one thing, and that is to *employ herself*; with her it has ever been either 'Lessons, my dears,' or else—idleness.

Is there anything to be done? There is this. Curtail the hours during which schoolroom rule is all in all. Permit some intervals of real leisure—not enforcing *anything* to be done in these. Leave them to be dealt with by their owner herself. Surely she has a right to own some little bits of her own life here and there. When not worn out by ceaseless tasks, she will fill them sensibly enough, if she is a sensible child; and if not, she will at least fill them as well as you, her guardian, could do in such a case. Don't take all the 'go' out of her with endless supervision. She wants to go her own way and follow her own bent, at times. Consider that the time will come when she will *have* to do this, and why not prepare and train for such a time? You will not always be at her elbow; draw away from it once in a while, now.

And as for that eternal 'practising,' can anything be said to check or moderate this pest? In how few cases is there any real result; how few are musicians by nature.

It may of course be replied to this that even a little musical ability may be useful in after-life, may cultivate the ear, and teach appreciation, if nothing else. Granted, but that is not the point. Enough musical tuition to acquire these can be surely gained without hours and hours spent in drumming scales, and rendering and re-rendering difficult passages of 'pieces' never destined to delight any mortal ear. It makes one's heart ache to see the victim to these going through her daily drudgery, and to know how valueless it is.

As for the hideous folly of enacting that it

shall be gone through fasting, and at an hour of the day when Nature is at her lowest ebb, requiring a fillip instead of a drain, this is a matter which requires stronger language and more eloquent denunciation than the present writer dares to give.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXVII.—MEDICAL OPINION.

THE great London doctor to whom Haviland Dumaresq submitted his case in due form next day, shook his head gravely when the famous thinker detailed his symptoms to him with some very small mental reservations. For we none of us tell the whole truth to doctors. Even a philosopher can hardly be trusted to make a clean breast of it to his medical adviser; and Dumaresq, though he admitted in part the opium, gilded gently and gracefully over that painful part of the subject. But Sir Anthony Wraxall (for it was no less a man than that celebrated physician) didn't need to be told to what extent his patient had persevered in the baneful practice. 'Even you, Mr Dumaresq,' he said with a smile, 'who know so well how to regulate the lives of all the rest of us, can't be trusted at a pinch to regulate your own! Why, I quote you every day to my lady patients as the great authority on these questions of nerve; yet your own nerves have gone to pieces bodily. "Physician, heal thyself," is a very old cry. I feel its sting myself.—Well, well, we must see what we can manage to do for you.'

'Not much,' Haviland Dumaresq answered gloomily.

Sir Anthony gazed hard at him from those keen small eyes of his—eyes like a ferret's, overarching with the heavy black beetling eyebrows,—eyes that seemed to peer through you outright into the profoundest depths and recesses of your being. 'You're right,' he answered. 'Quite true, Mr Dumaresq. With you I may drop professional reserve. No use in prophesying smooth things to the thinker who worked out the scheme of the Encyclopædic Philosophy. I won't pretend to give you the little prescription which in rather less than no time will make another man of you. You're very well aware that broken-down machines can't be restored by pouring a few drops of oil on their bearings. You're one of us in all essentials, and you know far more about your own case, no doubt, than all the rest of us put together. I can only aid you by my diagnosis. And I'm afraid I can tell you very little in that respect that's likely to please you.'

Haviland Dumaresq's lip trembled. It was curious to him to note, however, even in this moment of deep despondency, how much more everybody thought of himself and his work in proportion as they approached nearer to his own high level. A country doctor would have treated him at best (if indeed he knew the eminent philosopher's name at all) as a mere dabbler with some superficial knowledge of animal physiology; Sir Anthony Wraxall, the greatest London consultant of his day, treated him at least with the deepest respect as a high collateral authority on

his own subject. Dumaresq smiled a grim smile of satisfied appreciation. Recognition is dear to the very greatest of men. 'I thought as much,' he answered, in his calm impassive way. 'I felt, myself, things couldn't go on like this much longer. The machine's worn out, you say. Then you don't hold out much hope for my life? The mechanism can't work at such low pressure for any time worth speaking of without stopping altogether.'

Sir Anthony Wraxall shook his head ominously. 'Not for three months certainly,' he said, 'if you still continue to ply it with opium.'

'But I've left off opium,' Dumaresq answered with perfect confidence.

'Since when?' Sir Anthony asked, peering deeply once more into his patient's widely dilated pupils, which still bore evidence of a recent overdose.

'Since yesterday,' Dumaresq replied in his coldest tone and with consummate gravity.

If any other man had said such a thing to him, Sir Anthony Wraxall would have laughed outright, and been amply justified in so laughing. But the voice in which Dumaresq uttered those simple words, with all the earnestness of his stoical nature, meant a great deal; and Sir Anthony understood it. 'I see,' the great consultant answered with a very grave face. 'You have promised, no doubt?'

And Dumaresq, nodding his gray head solemnly, made answer with infinite weight: 'I have promised.'

'In that case,' Sir Anthony said more cheerfully, taking it for granted at once from the man's mere look that the resolve was enough, and that Dumaresq would do exactly as he intended, 'I think I can guarantee you, with moderate care and a change of climate, from eighteen months' to three years' respite.'

Dumaresq's face was statuesque in its repose; he never changed colour or moved a muscle. If sentence of death had been pronounced for that day, he would never have betrayed it in his facial expression. But his heart was very sore for poor Psyche, for all that. If he must die so soon—and leave Psyche unmarried—he would feel he had indeed thrown his life away for nothing. But still, three years is a very long time. Much may be done, with energy, in three years. Psyche had still the world to choose from. How many men would be pleased and proud to wed Haviland Dumaresq's daughter, and his guileless Psyche!

'What climate?' he asked with Spartan brevity, sparing his emotions, to economise the great doctor's rigid quarter-hour.

Sir Anthony rubbed his hands together reflectively, as if grinding out wisdom from his palms between them. 'What you want,' he said with oracular calm, 'is rest, change, variety, an open-air life, sun, sea, and freedom. "The palms and temples of the South," you know, and all that sort of thing; you languish for the purple seas, as our *other* great man has somewhere phrased it. The Riviera's not exactly the place for you; overdone, overdone; too much noise and bustle and vulgarity. What you want, with your highly-strung nervous temperament, and your wide delight in natural contemplation, is Egypt or Algiers; quiet, solitude, novelty. The Oriental

world will perhaps be new to you—though you seem to have exhausted universal nature.'

'I have never been in the East in my life,' Dumaresq answered gloomily; for how he was to raise the money to go, without trenching on his tiny reserve for Psyche, he hadn't at that moment the remotest notion.

Sir Anthony's face brightened up. 'That's well,' he said, with professional cheeriness. Your great doctor makes a point of putting the best face on everything. 'The newer the scene, the more likely to suit you. Novelty and stir of Oriental life—camels and Arabs and sands and date-palms—pyramids and temples and sphinxes and Memnons—the bustle of the bazaars, the calm of the desert—that's the kind of thing to rouse and stimulate you. Hire a dahabeeah and go up the Nile; or rent a villa at Mustapha Supérieur. Don't work, don't think, don't write, don't philosophise. Let that teeming brain of yours lie fallow for a while. Ride, drive, play whist, talk gossip, drink tea, skim the *Saturday Review*, or the last new novel—I can recommend *Ouida*—and don't bother yourself in any way about anything or anybody. A good French cook, generous diet, sound champagne, and a comfortable carriage, will give the machine a new lease of life for an extra twelve months or two years at any rate.—You've been living too sparingly of late, I feel sure. Pulse is low and circulation feeble. Change all that; make yourself comfortable wherever you go, and treat yourself to every luxury you've a mind to.' He snapped his mouth to and looked very wise. 'This a professional way of announcing to your patient in polite pantomime that (with a little formality of cash transfer) this interview may now terminate.

As for poor Haviland Dumaresq, in his Spartan poverty, he fingered in his pocket those hardened guineas he was to pay so soon for this sapient advice, and wondered to himself where Sir Anthony thought the money was to come from for the dahabeeah and the villa and the comfortable carriage, the champagne and the cook and the generous diet. Did he really believe the *Encyclopædic Philosophy* was a modern Golconda, or was it a part of his stereotyped professional humbug to treat every patient as a potential Midas? Dumaresq and Psyche had come up to town that morning by third class from Petherton; and by third class they would go down again to their home to-morrow. A dahabeeah was to them as practically unattainable as a royal yacht; a villa at Algiers was as far beyond their means as Windsor Castle or the Winter Palace.

Sir Anthony glanced at him once more with inquiring eyes as he stood there doubtful. 'But mind, no opium!' he added sharply in a sudden afterthought.

The old stoic stared back at him with profound majesty. 'I have spoken,' he said, and made no further answer. Sir Anthony saw his mistake at once, and with practised tact bowed a hasty apology.

Dumaresq laid down the guineas on the table, and went out again to Psyche in the bare little anteroom with his heart very sad and his spirits sinking. He knew, of course, it couldn't possibly be Egypt; but somehow or other he must manage

Algiers. He had only three years left to settle Psyche in! That one thought alone monopolised his soul. No time to waste upon foolish flirtations with penniless painters now! He must find some rich man to make his darling happy!

'What did he recommend, Papa?' Psyche asked, all tremulous, as they went sadly down the steps together.

'Ten thousand a year and a brand-new constitution,' her father answered, with an unwonted touch of cynical bitterness. 'These great doctors are all alike, Psyche. They could cure us at once, if only we'd be millionaires of twenty-five to please them.' And in deference to his medical attendant's advice, he hailed a hansom—an unheard-of luxury—and drove off at once to the famous oculist's.

The famous oculist, in his turn, after examining Psyche's eyes from every possible point of view, dismissed the poor girl herself to the waiting-room, and held back her father with a courteous waive for a moment's consultation. 'Mr Dumaresq,' he said in a very respectful tone, 'of course you know as well as I myself do what's the matter with this poor young lady. It isn't her eyes themselves, properly speaking, that are at fault at all. It's mere functional disuse of the optic centres. The retina and lenses are as right as ninepence. All she needs is to rouse herself—to rouse herself. Internal causes—I call it that. With an effort of will, she could see as well as ever she saw in her life again, I assure you.'

'So I thought,' Haviland Dumaresq answered, still unmoved, but trembling inwardly in every nerve. 'As this is professional, I won't hesitate to mention to you, in strict confidence, that my daughter's affections have been very severely strained of late.'

'I guessed as much,' Dr Godichau replied, letting his *pinces-naz* drop with a sudden movement from his eyes gracefully. 'Well, we all know the two best prescriptions medical science can propose for that. First, change of air. Next, change of affections. A new scene, in fact,—and a new lover.'

Haviland Dumaresq drew himself up stiffly. He approved the advice, but not the expression. 'I propose to take my daughter abroad,' he answered somewhat curtly, with his grand air. 'I wish to give her change of scene and fresh ideas. I shall take her out into an unaccustomed society, where she may have opportunities of forgetting her unfortunate fancies, whatever they may have been, and of forming perhaps new friends and new attachments.'

'One nail knocks out another,' Dr Godichau answered with French sententiousness.

Haviland Dumaresq wondered in his own soul why all oculists have invariably a distinct want of sensitiveness. Could it be, he asked himself, because they have so often to operate painfully on the eye, and the eye is the most delicate of human organs? 'Well, I'll try to throw her into fresh surroundings,' he went on coldly, unheeding the specialist's ill-timed remark. 'Sir Anthony Wraxall, whom I've just been consulting on my own account, advises me to spend the winter in Algiers. Would Algiers, do you think, suit my daughter?'

'The very thing!' Dr Godichau exclaimed

with the common medical air of profound conviction. 'What the young lady wants is rousing—taking out of herself: engaging in the concerns of humanity generally. If once you can persuade her to use her eyes—to look about her and feel an interest in things—it'll be all right. Her sight'll come back again. Nothing's more likely to have that result than a totally new Oriental society. At Algiers, she'll be compelled, against her will almost, to look at the Arabs and the mosques and the fresh forms of life that unfold themselves like a panorama before her. The young lady's never been out of Europe, perhaps?—No; I thought not. Then nothing could be so good. I was going to advise a trip to Italy or Spain; but Africa's better, Africa's better. Take her there by all means. And if you can find a new nail to knock out the other, so much the luckier of course: so much the luckier.'

Haviland Duimaresq went back to his shabby little hotel in the Strand that day fully determined in his own mind upon two things: to go to Algiers, though the trip should cost him the savings of a lifetime; and to find that rich husband for Psyche within the next eighteen months, before he himself should be finally incapacitated for providing for her future.

And all this time, the senior partner in the firm of Burchell and Dobbs, family solicitors, was going about London chuckling silently to himself at the untold wealth already potentially possessed, under the will of the late C. A. Linnell, deceased, by that lucky young woman, Miss Psyche Duimaresq.

But as for Psyche herself, she felt almost happy when her father told her they were to go to Algiers, for then she wouldn't be separated for the winter from Geraldine; and Geraldine was now her only confidential and sympathetic friend in her great sorrow.

LAMP OILS.

THE introduction by the Home Secretary of a Bill entitled 'The Inflammable Liquids Bill,' dealing with the storage, transit, and sale of Lamp Oils, has brought into prominence the extraordinary development of the trade in petroleum, paraffin, naphtha, and other hydrocarbons. When Mr Gladstone, in the course of his last visit to Middleton, inspected the works of the Pnnpherson Oil Company, near Uphall, and was shown the method of extracting pure white oil from flinty rock, and of utilising by-products formerly considered waste and unprofitable, he said that in the political world it was common to speak of revolutionary movements, but that when he learned what was being done in industrial centres, he felt the phrase would be much more apposite if applied to the changes continually going on in trade and commerce. The remark is a true one. The growth of national movements, which sometimes culminate in revolutions and the fall of dynasties, undoubtedly attracts more attention than the discovery of a natural law, or the application to the service of humanity of substances of which the great round world is composed;

but in the long run, it is by those who 'savour delights, and live laborious days' that the most lasting benefits are achieved. It is not necessary to depreciate the labours of others when we claim the laurel wreath for those who in solitary places, or amid the din of industrial life, have worked out great problems, or devised means for increasing the commonwealth, and hail them as heroes and benefactors. Caxton, Stevenson, Arkwright, and others are the real revolutionaries; and the works they planned have done more to affect the lives of the people than all the acts of statesmen from Magna Charta to the present day.

We speak of mineral oil as if it were a new discovery. This is only partially accurate. It is certain that its properties were known in the days of the Miladians (400 B.C.); and it is conjectured that it was largely used in times much more remote. In Persia it was employed in the temples of the fire-worshippers and the palaces of the wealthy. Large quantities were sent to distant countries, and an export tax imposed, from which the Government derived a considerable revenue. The legend of the fire which came down from heaven and lit the altars of the Zoroastrians probably had its origin in the discovery of a naphtha spring.

But it is only during the last forty years that the development of the trade in petroleum or rock-oil has taken place. In 1847 the late Dr Young ('Paraffin Young' he was familiarly called) had his attention drawn to a curious liquid exuding from the ground at Alfreton, Derbyshire. He distilled a portion, and obtained an oil suitable for burning in lamps. The supply was soon exhausted; but the experiment he had made led him to believe that a similar product could be obtained from the distillation of coal. A few years later he experimented with a rich gas-coal found near Bathgate. He was successful. It was afterwards proved that other chemists had preceded him; but he was undoubtedly the first to construct apparatus for the manufacture of oil on a commercial scale. In course of time, shale, which had been often met with, but was looked upon as a mineral of no value, was used in place of coal. Since then, the industry has increased by leaps and bounds, and has now become one of the most important in the country.

In 1859 petroleum was discovered in America and Canada. It was obtained in liquid form by boring. Some of the wells were extraordinarily prolific, the oil rushing into the air in a stream so powerful as to defy the control of those engaged in searching for it. One illustration may be given. While drillers were at work, an unexpectedly strong rush of oil occurred. In vain they endeavoured to stem the torrent, which shot into the air in a solid column forty feet high. Every light was promptly extinguished save one, four hundred feet distant, from which no danger was apprehended; but the spirit or benzine, which is always present in crude petroleum, was ignited, and immediately converted the column into a roaring pillar of fire. An appalling catastrophe was the result. Every one within a certain radius was literally burned up. The owner of the well was by the explosion thrown a distance of twenty feet. He was with difficulty rescued, but only lived a few hours.

The experience of thirty years in the oil dis-

tricts has taught drillers how to deal with gushing wells; and accidents which were frequent in the early days of the trade are now scarcely known. In the process of refining, the light inflammable spirit is removed and Lamp Oil thereby rendered comparatively safe. By Act of Parliament all imported petroleum must not flash—that is, give off inflammable vapour—under seventy-three degrees Fahrenheit close test, which is equivalent to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit open test. As the temperature of oil in this country could not under normal conditions reach one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, the risk of explosion is not great. There is, however, danger to be apprehended from the storage of large quantities in populous centres, such as the banks of the Thames and the Mersey. In the event of fire breaking out in one of the warehouses adjoining a petroleum dépôt, the consequences might be terrible, particularly as the ordinary means of extinguishing flames are useless when burning oil has to be dealt with.

Thirty-two years ago oil was 'struck' in Pennsylvania. The output was two thousand barrels. In the following year the quantity had increased to five hundred thousand barrels; and a year later to over two million barrels. In 1862 Canada became a producing country with a contribution of nearly twelve thousand barrels. Until about 1870, drilling operations in the States were confined to New York and Pennsylvania, and the output from the wells was five and a quarter million barrels. West Virginia, Ohio, and California then entered the lists; but there is not any reliable information as to output. The combined production from these sources was probably from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand barrels yearly. Down to 1882 there was a steady increase in the supply of oil. That year the output from the Pennsylvania and New York wells reached the gigantic total of thirty million barrels, or a daily average of 82,303. It was the culminating point in the history of the trade. The decline was rapid; and in 1888 production had fallen to seventeen million barrels. To many it seemed that the days of American supremacy as an oil-producing country were at an end. Meanwhile, mineral oil had found its way into every European country, and by its superior illuminating power had driven off the field the more costly animal and vegetable oils which, outside large towns, had been in universal use. It had even become a formidable rival to gas, which owes its survival to the ease with which it can be lit. The trouble connected with the filling of lamps and the trimming of wicks is the only reason which has prevented mineral oil from supplanting gas everywhere.

In order to meet the increasing demand of the world for lamp oil, large quantities of petroleum had to be taken from the accumulated stocks held by the pipe-lines. In January 1883 these amounted to thirty-five million barrels. At the close of 1889 they were eleven and a half million barrels, or less than one-third. In 1890 there was a change in the position. The drilling area was enlarged and important additions made to output. The average daily production, which in 1888 had declined to 46,700 barrels, rapidly increased until it touched eighty thousand barrels.

This largely arrested the continuous drain upon stocks, although down to the close of last year the daily supply was never quite equal to the demand.

The immediate effect of the discovery of petroleum was to check the progress of the paraffin-oil trade in Scotland. To drill a well for petroleum was much easier than to sink a pit for shale. The American producer had also the advantage of obtaining his oil distilled; while his Scottish rival required to erect costly retorts and do in an imperfect manner what nature in America had already done in her secret laboratories. In the early days of the trade, high prices were obtained for lamp oil. In 1865 crude petroleum realised eight dollars per barrel. In December 1886 the market value had fallen to a little over two dollars; and in 1879 it was under one dollar. Since that time it has fluctuated between sixty cents and one dollar. As American quotations controlled the price all over the world, Scottish manufacturers found it necessary to reduce the cost of production or retire from the contest. It has been a long and sometimes apparently hopeless struggle against overwhelming odds. In parts of Midlothian and Linlithgowshire the land is covered with mounds of rubbish on which scant patches of grass and weeds are trying to find a home. They are the ruins of what were once brilliant hopes and the mementoes of wasted effort. But still the trade survives; and while the conflict is not yet over, the future is fuller of hope than at any time since 1885.

Second only in importance to the American oil wells are those of Russia. Long before the rich deposits of Pennsylvania were discovered, the naphtha springs of Baku were known and worked. Marco Polo, who visited Armenia about the end of the thirteenth century, tells of a fountain 'whence rises oil in such abundance that a hundred ships might be at once loaded with it. It is not good for eating, but very fit for fuel, for anointing the camels in maladies of the skin, and for other purposes; for which reason people come from a great distance for it, and nothing else is burned in all this country.' At first the oil was put in goatskins and carried on the backs of camels to the villages in the interior. At a later date barrels were used, and in them the oil was shipped from the port of Baku to the towns on the shores of the Caspian Sea. The exploitation of the American oil-fields had the effect of infusing some life into the primitive workers on the peninsula of Apsheron, and of mildly agitating the phlegmatic rulers of Russia. It was not till 1878 that, mainly through the efforts of Mr Nobel, energetic measures were taken to utilise the enormous deposits known to exist in the country. In 1880 the output was three and a quarter million barrels; and two years later it was five million barrels. From that time progress has been great, and during recent years production has nearly equalled that of America. Some of the wells have yielded supplies far in excess of the richest 'gushers' ever drilled in Pennsylvania. From one of them it is estimated the flow was fifty thousand barrels in twenty-four hours. But this was not long maintained, and ultimately it ceased altogether. From Baku to Batoum, on the Black Sea, a railway

has been constructed across the Caucasus—a distance of about six hundred miles—and by means of it the refined oil is conveyed for shipment to Europe on the one hand and to the distant East on the other. A pipe-line has been recently laid a portion of the way, and on its completion the cost of transit will be much reduced.

The greater part of the petroleum exported from America and Russia is carried in tank-steamers. This method was only adopted a few years ago, and is found to be much easier and cheaper than the barrel system. The ocean steamers exclusively engaged in the trade number over seventy; and one hundred and fifty additional are employed in the Caspian Sea. The larger vessels carry from three to five thousand tons. When a steamer arrives in port, the oil is pumped into tanks on shore. The tanks are usually underground, and when properly constructed, reduce the danger from fire to a minimum. Still, the absence of regulations as to their situation and construction is considered unsatisfactory by those responsible for the public safety, and the London County Council and other public bodies have petitioned Government to frame suitable provisions for dealing with the industry. The response of the Home Secretary is the Inflammable Liquids Bill, and he is desirous of having it referred to a Select Committee, who would be empowered to take evidence, and to remove provisions which were shown to be unnecessary, or which would press with undue severity on any section of the trade.

As illustrating the extent of the business in lamp oils, the following figures, which deal exclusively with the United Kingdom, may be interesting. The importations of petroleum and petroleum spirit or naphtha during the years 1888, 1889, and 1890 were—

	Petroleum Oil in Barrels.		
	1888.	1889.	1890.
London.....	892,376	927,365	948,420
Liverpool.....	449,284	501,103	563,972
Bristol.....	163,704	142,683	167,161
Hull.....	102,633
Glyde and Leith...	104,222	118,962	6,088
Dublin.....	88,979
Southampton.....	2,104
Totals.....	1,609,586	1,690,103	1,826,297

	Petroleum Spirit in Barrels.		
	1888.	1889.	1890.
London.....	37,302	45,293	43,692
Liverpool.....	23,234	25,316	30,646
Bristol.....	17,416
Hull.....
Glyde and Leith...	9,870	21,221	8,045
Dublin.....
Southampton.....
Totals.....	70,456	91,930	99,798

While most of the oil was imported in bulk, the figures given above show the equivalent in barrels. The production of Scotland may be taken at five hundred thousand barrels of oil and spirit combined; and as comparatively little is exported, the gross consumption last year from all sources was nearly two and a half million barrels, or one hundred million gallons. There

are few industries which in the space of forty years can show a progress so marvellous, or have added more to the material well-being of the nation.

THE OLD STUDIO.

CHAPTER II.—THE MODEL.

FENWICK could have scarcely felt more surprise at this lovely apparition, if the girl now before Millward's picture had actually stepped out of the canvas. It was the same face, the figure too, only needing more repose, and a few expressive folds of drapery to perfect the resemblance. Standing before what seemed her own portraiture, and staring at it with a half-indignant recognition of its merits, the girl's eyes were wide open, the lashes curving upwards, the eyebrows slightly elevated, and the lips laughingly apart. After a while, she began to look round the studio with intense interest and wonder. Every painting, statuette, or piece of furniture, of which she could get a glimpse from where she stood, seemed to awaken the liveliest curiosity. Her expression reminded Fenwick of a child in a toymshop greatly puzzled which 'work of art' to play with first. Her eyes rested at last upon some transparent drapery thrown carelessly over the back of the great oak-chair. She took it delicately in both hands, looked at it with a regal smile and then at the painting. Then laying her hat aside, she flung the gauzy scarf over her shoulders and sank back into the chair, selecting the attitude Millward had chosen for his picture.

Until now, Fenwick had watched her with a dread lest even the sound of his breathing should reach her ear from where he was hidden—where he was studying her pretty features with something more than artistic appreciation in his gaze. Her great beauty—a beauty which surpassed the ideal which had taken shape in his mind from a study of Millward's many paintings—had roused in him unbounded admiration. And if it were possible to fall in love with a face, one that had grown familiar to him on canvas, Fenwick had fallen in love with hers; the face which he had persuaded himself existed only in his friend's brain. And now this picture still more, as it seemed to him, represented merely a beautiful vision; for now that the living model was seated there—the superb reality—the master's great work seemed to want life; and the quaint thought recurred once more to Fenwick that only the disembodied spirit, not the girl herself, could have hitherto inspired Millward in his paintings. This picture, which critics had pronounced to be his master-piece, was only the foreshadowing of a great work: the master-piece had not yet seen the light.

Fenwick could no longer resist the impulse to speak, to express his sense of pleasure. An exclamation escaped him. The spell was now broken: the girl sprang up out of the chair, the drapery uncoiled and fell on the tiger's skin at her feet, and next moment her hand was upon the window-curtain where she had entered not many minutes ago.

'Stay! I am Millward's friend.—Did I frighten you?'

She looked more attentively into his face. The expression of alarm gradually left her: it seemed to change into one of lively recognition. Could she possibly have seen him before?

He wheeled a chair invitingly towards her. 'Mr Millward,' said he, 'will be back soon.'

A shade of uneasiness crossed her face. 'He is still on the river?' She put the question with an eager look for confirmation.

'Yes; with old Gunning.—You know who he is?'

The girl gave him two or three quick nods.

'They must have gone, I think'—but Fenwick's manner was doubtful—'to look for you.'

'How can that be?'

Fenwick reflected for a moment; then he said: 'He will not rest until he has found his model.'

'You cannot mean me?' said she, with a quick shy glance at Millward's picture.

'Yes; I mean you. You are his model; are you not?'

'I am nobody's model. I was never inside a studio'—

'Not even in the spirit?' Fenwick laughingly interposed.

Her look wandered round the room. 'I've been here in the spirit—if you choose to call it so—hundreds of times.'

'Lately?'

'Yes; quite lately.'

'Then you must have seen me?'

She gave him a smile. 'Yes; you are Mr Fenwick.'

He looked at her in blank surprise.

'I've seen you on the terrace; the girl went on, 'smoking cigarettes.'

'With Millward?'

'Yes; and often trying,' said she, 'to make him laugh. He never laughs,' she added; 'does he?'

'I think not.—But tell me,' said Fenwick with growing interest, 'what are you called?'

'Niobe.'

'Ah! who gave you that pretty name?'

'I don't know.'

'Your fairy godmother, perhaps?' Fenwick suggested.

'I don't know. It was given me, you see, before grandfather found me on the river-bank.'

'A naiad? You were born, then, among the lilies?'

Niobe looked up and laughed. 'Ask grandfather. I can't remember.'

'Grandfather? Who's he?'

'Don't you know? Why, old Gunning, as you call him.'

'Old Gunning?' cried Fenwick. 'Then you are my friend's model, after all?'

'No,' she persisted.

'Then who and what are you?'

Niobe sat down, and leaning forward with her small hands expressively clasped, she answered: 'When out in the boat—grandfather and I—we have many a time passed this house; and many a time I have asked him to tell me something about it. For it has always seemed to me—ever since I can remember—such a queer-looking place. He told me at last that it was Mr Millward's house—that this room, with the only clean windows, was the studio; and that you'—

'What of me?'

'That the gentleman who smoked cigarettes, and never did any work,' said she, with shy twinkling eyes, 'was Mr Millward's pupil.'

Fenwick laughed. Then suddenly growing serious, he said: 'What else do you know of Millward?'

'Nothing.'

'You have never spoken to him?'

'No; he has never seen me in his life.'

'Never seen you?'

'Never, that I know of,' said the girl. 'Indeed, grandfather always kept in mid-stream, afraid that he or you might speak to me when we passed by on the river.'

Fenwick expressed surprise. 'Why shouldn't we speak?'

'I will tell you.' She paused for a moment with a thoughtful look.—'When I mentioned being here in the spirit,' the girl then explained, 'I meant that I had frequently pictured this studio to myself. I longed to come here and see what it was like.—At last,' she added, 'I made up my mind.'

'Well?' said Fenwick, lighting a fresh cigarette.

'I made up my mind that unless grandfather brought me, and very soon too, I should come alone. He was always putting me off,' she said with an impatient stamp of her pretty foot—'always ready with some excuse. He owned to me at last that Mr Millward had refused to admit any one into the studio except a few intimate friends. If he hinted at bringing me here to look at the pictures, Mr Millward might be seriously offended. And grandfather cannot afford,' she added, 'to run the risk of giving offence to so good a customer.'

'Did you resolved to come alone?'

'Yes.—Do you think Mr Millward will be very angry?'

Her naive question amused him. He looked with increasing concern at the girl. 'What pleasure could you possibly find,' said he, 'in paying this visit to a dusty old studio?'

'I would go any distance,' she answered with a brightening look, 'to see a picture! I've been crazed on the subject of pictures ever since I was quite little.' Then turning with a still more earnest look towards Millward's picture, she asked: 'Is it difficult to paint?'

'No. The great difficulty is to be a master,' said Fenwick. 'In order to be that,' he added, answering her inquiring glance, 'you must be a true lover of nature: you must understand light and shade—have colour, drapery, and metaphor at your fingers' ends. A poetic imagination is likewise indispensable, and a dozen other qualifications.'

'Is smoking cigarettes one of them?' said she with a sly look.

Fenwick blew a cloud of tobacco into the face of a Cupid that stood on a pedestal at his side, by way of answer.

There was a moment's pause.

'You are not a master,' the girl then timidly inquired—'are you?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'I have no model,' said he. 'I need some one like yourself to inspire me.'

Niobe made no reply. She regarded Mill-

ward's picture for a while in silence; then she said: 'Your friend can paint without a model. Why can't you do the same?'

'I should fail, as he has done.'

'Do you call this a failure?' said she, still looking at the master's work.

'No. But Millward will call it so, when he comes to see you.'

The girl laughed shyly, and said: 'You are given to blattery.'

'No, indeed! I was never more in earnest,' was the answer. 'Millward must have caught a glimpse of you somewhere—it must have been you! And by some magic power of the imagination, which I confess is beyond me, he has reproduced you in his pictures; just as though you had each time wandered into the studio, as you have done to-night, and sat for him as you were seated when I started you out of the arm-chair a moment ago.'

Still looking at the picture with a thoughtful face, the girl remarked: 'It does seem strange.'

'More than strange.—And just fancy,' Fenwick went on, 'how troubled his thoughts must be! He is conscious of his ability to produce a great picture—the shadow of it haunts him night and day—but he needs another glimpse of the model in order to give that one touch which means perfection.'

In the moment of silence that now followed, for the girl stood pondering Fenwick's words, the sound of oars reached their ears. She now looked up quickly into the artist's face. 'They are coming back,' she whispered.

'Yes,' said Fenwick with laughter in his eyes, 'so you cannot go to your boat. You would be caught.'

'But there is the front door,' said the girl, moving from the window. 'Won't you let me out?'

'No,' said Fenwick playfully. 'You have come to pay Millward a visit. You cannot object to see him now.'

'To-night? Pray, don't detain me,' said she distressfully; 'grandfather would be vexed beyond measure.'

'Have no fear,' replied Fenwick reassuringly, as he gave her a hand-lamp and opened the studio door. 'Take this light and amuse yourself about the house. You will find pictures in nearly every room, on the staircase, and along the corridor overhead. Leave me to put matters right with grandfather.—Come; won't you trust me?'

She looked up smilingly into his face, took the lamp from him, and went out.

Fenwick now began to pace the studio in an ecstasy of delight. He had found the model for whom he had fruitlessly sought ever since he had been Millward's pupil. He had met her to-night: he had met the woman whose first look had kindled the love that he knew would come the moment that the ideal in Millward's pictures crossed his path. He had not only seen her; he had spoken with her; he had learned that her uncultured love of art had brought her to the studio. And she had seen him, many a time, as she had confessed; and in her glances he had read to-night, as he imagined, her secret thoughts of him. He loved

her. She would one day be his model—one day, perhaps, be his wife! He would realise his dream: he would reach fame after all.

'If an artist would become a great master he must worship his model,' was one of Millward's sayings.

Then the thought came to him she was not Millward's. He had no right to love her, perhaps—no right even to think of her while this mystery of her strange resemblance to the master's model remained unsolved.

He glanced round the studio. Had this interview been nothing but a dream? Now that the girl was no longer here, his brain was perplexed once more with the thought of Millward's wandering spirit. Had it been here to-night—had it begun to haunt him as it had haunted Millward for so many years?

ST ELMO'S FIRE.

ONCE, in mid-ocean, when the air was charged with electricity, it was our good fortune to be an observer of this beautiful form of Nature's electrical display, from which no damage ever directly results. A weird flickering flame, or luminous brush, was distinctly visible at the topmost extremity of each of our good ship's tapering top-gallant-masts, in consonance with the description of this natural phenomenon which Falconer has left us in his grand old nautical poem entitled *The Shipwreck*:

High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom, portentous meteors blaze.

Some say that such startling displays are not uncommon at sea during thunder-storms; but we are of opinion that mariners may be years afloat without witnessing one; so that when seen it is as well to make a note thereof, in accordance with Captain Cuttle's advice. Terrestrial objects when seen,

Bespangled with those flees of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright,

have never failed to arouse the superstitious awe of mankind in remote ages; but the cause of this lambent luminosity remained unexplainable until modern philosophers demonstrated that it was merely an example, on a more extended scale, of the brush discharge of an electrical machine.

It is said that flames played about the heads of Castor and Pollux during a violent storm which arose when the Argonauts set sail; and inasmuch as a calm followed this remarkable apparition, the two heroes were looked upon as securing divinities. Whenever these flames glowed upon a ship's spars at a later date, it was believed by the old-time navigators that Castor and Pollux had come to aid the toilers of the sea. They deemed it a forecast for favourable weather and a quick passage if two flames were visible at the same instant; but the omen was unpropitious if only one flame made its appearance; and the simple sailors viewing this solitary sign with displeasure, called it after Helen, that fair one whose frailty proved so

disastrous to the welfare of Troy. These natural electric lights are now spoken of indiscriminately as St Elmo's Fires, or Corporants.

St Elmo's Fire is not peculiar to ships: at sea, although Camoens in his *Lusiad* has termed it 'the living light sacred to the mariner,' for it has often been observed upon church steeples, branches of trees, and even on the projecting parts of men and beasts. Cesar has written that one night a dense cloud suddenly formed, followed by hail, and on the same night the points of the spears of the fifth legion commenced to 'glow spontaneously'—'*Eadem nocte legionis quintæ cæmina sua sponte arserunt.*' Shakespeare, in *Julius Cesar*, causes Casca to address Cicero in the following words:

A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.

Seneca affirmed that a star settled on the lance of Gyllipus while sailing towards Syracuse; Livy said that the spears of some soldiers in Sicily seemed to be on fire; and Pliny is even more explicit. He had seen stars rest upon the points of spears borne by soldiers keeping night-watch upon the ramparts. 'Corporants' had also been seen at sea upon the extremities of the yards and masts of a ship. They changed positions and emitted a rustling sound 'like the fluttering wings of birds.'

Coming down to more recent times, we find in the Philosophical Transactions for 1745 that a Roman Catholic priest marvelled that on several occasions, while travelling on the highest mountain peaks of Chili and Peru, both men and beasts shone with a bright light from head to foot. Lichtenberg in 1768 observed a vivid display of St Elmo's Fire upon the steeple summit of St Jacques at Göttingen; and ten years later many sacred edifices of Rouen were similarly illuminated during a violent storm. In 1822 the extremities of the branches of trees at Frey Viry glowed with a faint flame of a blue tinge. In 1825 some mountaineers became involved in threatening thunder-clouds at an altitude of eight thousand two hundred and fifteen feet. Their hair and the string of their caps stood on end like 'the quills of the fretful porcupine,' and a buzzing noise was heard around them.

The Rev. Mr Pindar, Principal of Codrington College at Barbadoes, in 1831 saw two negroes making the best of their way across the college garden during the height of an awful cyclone that devastated the sugar plantations of the island. Electric flashes were passing from the bodies of the negroes, whereto they evinced extreme terror. In that year, also, several officers of the French army, stationed at Algiers, were walking with uncovered heads in the open air on the terrace of the fort during a storm. Each saw the other's hair assume a perpendicular position, and every hair appeared to be tipped with a tiny luminous

tuft. The finger-tips also glowed when their hands were elevated.

Travellers have not infrequently evinced great concern at seeing their garments lit up by St Elmo's Fire. A French physician, surprised by a sudden storm of wind and rain, discovered that the stiff rim of his hat emitted a lurid light. Unthinking, but in haste, he jumped to the conclusion that his head-covering was on fire, and raised his hand for the purpose of quenching the flame. Straightway this member became luminous, and the doctor knew that his startling visitation was St Elmo's Fire. A cartload of straw has seemed to be the abiding-place of myriads of glow-worms, and the driver's whip was well illuminated with electric streamers. Like the bush seen by Moses, it appeared to the astonished rustics to burn with fire, but to remain unconsumed.

The electricity of the atmosphere varies with time and place. The late Professor Loomis, the well-known American meteorologist, read a most amusing paper in 1857 before the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association. It dealt with the electrical phenomena of the United States, and more especially treated on the curious experience which dwellers in New York houses have in the winter-time, when the rooms are heated by stoves to such a degree that the woodwork becomes dangerously dry and all the furniture shrinks and cracks. Electricity is so powerfully present that it is only necessary to shuffle across a floor which is covered with a woollen carpet of moderate thickness in order to convert the shuffler's body into an electrophorus or electrical machine, so that he may not touch a piece of metal without suffering a sharp shock of electricity.

La Nature has recently related the experience of a traveller journeying with a caravan in the vicinity of Teheran. The atmosphere was so highly electric that neither steel nor match was required to discover a pin or a piece of money dropped upon the ground, inasmuch as the metallic bodies became self-luminous. The glimmer which accompanied the dislocation of the fibres of a sheet of paper torn across slowly was sufficiently intense to cast a lively brightness around the spectators. While on the march one moonless night, sheaves of sparks flew from the tails of the long-suffering mules every time that they lashed their flanks with their caudal appendages. A curious crackling noise was also audible.

Columbus, in October 1493, during his second voyage in quest of a new world, was under the influence of a storm of wind, rain, and thunder, when, following the quaint diction of his translator, St Elmo appeared on the topgallant-mast with seven lighted tapers. Good churchmen that he was, his thoughts naturally reverted to the shrine at home. His mariners were convinced that this unwonted display proceeded directly from the saint's body, and they forthwith commenced to sing litanies and offer up thanksgivings, because these rude seamen held that the worst part of the storm had passed over their labouring caravel as soon as St Elmo appeared. Magellan's sailors were possessed with a similar superstition. Dampier has left a well-drawn word-picture of St Elmo's Fire that he observed during a storm near

Canton River in 1687. 'About 4 a-clock the thunder and the rain abated, and then we saw a "corpus sant" at our mainmast head, on the very top of the truck of the spindie. This sight rejoiced our men exceedingly, for the height of the storm is commonly over when the "corpus sant" is seen aloft; but when they are seen lying on the deck it is generally accounted a bad sign.' Such a belief is without foundation; and, moreover, their fond anticipations were not realised, for the gale subsequently blew harder than before the appearance of St Elmo's Fire.

In 1696 a ship sailing by the Balearic Isles was caught in a heavy thunder-storm, when more than thirty corposants were seen in full play at one time. An especially shining specimen, situated on the mainmast vane, was more than eighteen inches in length. This would seem to be within the limits of probability, for Mr Buchan, in his *Handy Book of Meteorology*, quotes an instance of a display at Orkney in 1837 when a flame one foot in length was seen steaming from an iron spike at the top of a mast. The ancient mariner referred to above was of a curious turn of mind. He sent a man aloft, who brought down the iron wind-vane; but the flame now shone at the masthead without any diminution in intensity, until it eventually died down when the electricity had ceased its influence. In January 1749 the newly-built wooden ship *Dover*, trading between Liverpool and New York, had three very brilliant corposants at her mastheads, which looked like very large torches.

The ship *Southern Cross*, Captain Howe, was in fifty-eight degrees south, seventy degrees west, one night in the month of September, when the celestial concave was starless and intensely black. The crew were awe-struck witnesses of such a strange sight as seldom falls to the lot of man. The gallant ship was plunging heavily, burying her bows beneath the boisterous waves, caused by a savage storm which battled against her with all its fearful fury. Suddenly the *Aurora Australis*, or 'Southern Lights,' became visible. Ship, sea, and sky were illumined by a deep crimson glow, as though an awful conflagration was not far distant. The mysterious luminous balls of electric origin rested high aloft on the extremities of her spars. It was a panorama surpassing in its terrible grandeur anything that the most vivid imagination could depict.

In August 1881 the large iron ship *Oimara*, Captain Roy, when in fifty-eight degrees south, sixty-two degrees west, had a heavy gale, accompanied with snow-squalls. About two o'clock in the morning she was most brilliantly illuminated by corposants. St Elmo's Fires burned brightly at each masthead, looking for all the world like an artificial electric light of many candle-power, but softer and of a bluish tinge. All her yard-arms on the side nearer the wind, from the lower topsail upwards, along the lifts and footropes, up and down the topmast and topgallant rigging, together with the windward side of her massive masts, were closely covered with small star-like lights. Larger lights lingered on the ends of her gaffs; and the chains supporting the gaffs were literally lined with lesser lights. One of her seamen, in default of a more appropriate simile, asserted that the *Oimara* was as well illuminated as any music hall in London.

This remarkable display lasted for about the space of twenty minutes, and was the precursor of very bad weather.

About twelve months ago the large iron ship *Candahar* of Liverpool, under the command of Captain W. P. Hughes, experienced squally weather accompanied with rain and lightning in thirteen degrees north, ninety degrees east. She had St Elmo's Fires on all three of her mastheads, and they were distinctly heard to emit a loud tick similar to that of a large galvanic battery. We presume that the sound was likened to that given out by one of those electric machines which are often to be found at the street corners of our large cities.

The Cunard steamship *Cephalonia*, Captain H. Walker, when off Cape Cod, on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, had a terrific thunder-storm in the early morning of October 7, 1888. Lightning ran down her rigging and about the deck like molten silver. St Elmo's Fires at her mastheads and yard-arms were preternaturally brilliant.

We have known some shipmasters refer to St Elmo's Fire as *ignis fatuus*, thence which no two manifestations can have a more totally distinct origin. The former is an electric display; whereas the latter is due to the combustion of a gas, a compound of carbon and hydrogen, derived from the decay of vegetable matter.

THE CREEPING PLANT.

A STORY.

Poor Hammond managed to get a month's leave at the same time as myself. That was how we came to join hands and arrange for the trip to Formosa. I wish I had worked on for a year longer now, with all my heart.

We crossed from Amoy to Taiwan, a big town on the west coast of Formosa, and made our preparations for getting well into the wilds. You see, we had both been in China a matter of ten years, and could pass muster very well with our knowledge of two or three dialects of the dreadfully profuse language of the Empire. And so we expected to get along all right—I to shoot a variety of strange quadrupeds and feathered creatures, and Hammond to enlarge his already very copious collection of plants and grasses.

I never knew a man more enthusiastic about his hobby than was Hammond about his specimens. It cost him many a groan to leave them on the mainland. But for the infinite annoyance they would have cost us both, he would have carried them with him to Formosa. They filled eight boxes as big as American travelling trunks—what with their layers of wool and thick blotting-paper, and the camphor-wood cases in which the different species reposed apart from each other. Poor old chap! he might have pleased himself in the matter. I wish he had, for his interest in the things might have kept him from the craze that killed him.

For a week we had a very agreeable time in the bungalow of a certain Scotch missionary whose

name will be a familiar memory to every European who has stayed awhile in the island. He was—indeed is—a very remarkable man, and a credit to the Anglo-Saxon race. If every man had his due, he ought to be acknowledged as Governor-general of Formosa; though I doubt he would refuse the dignity. This by the way. And yet I ought to mention him if only for the earnest warning he gave us about the vermin and reptiles of the interior. We spent two days in journeying from his house to the woods in which we proposed to camp for a fortnight, as happy as Adam and Eve before the Fall.

The forest scenery was magnificent, but the brake of brambles and flowering creepers, which matted themselves between the tree trunks made progress very slow. We did not stick to the tracks: otherwise, of course, it would have been different. And we were repaid for our labour by the strange creatures I shot, and by many a grass and flower which Hammond was as elated over as a mother with her first child.

Two more days passed, and we pronounced our holiday a success. Then Hammond sickened of a fever or a sun-stroke, I could not determine which. He became delirious, and I feared he would die. I must say the native Formosans, for all their savage look—they were all but naked in this part of the island—were very kind. They brought me various juices and simples, which they urged me to use upon the invalid. But I was afraid to do that. I preferred to rely upon cold sponging and the quinine in our medicine chest.

On the seventh night of his illness, when he was so quiet and improved in tone that I thought I could leave him in charge of Wan Tan, our little native aide-de-camp, and get a good sleep myself, I was suddenly awoken by the boy with the words, 'He has gone!' True enough, Hammond had evaded his guard and run off into the woods in his 'pyjamas.' I was dreadfully alarmed. Without loss of time, however, the boy and I set out in pursuit; and after about half an hour we caught him up as he was returning with bent head and puckered brow, but looking as free from delirium as man could.

'Why, my dear fellow,' I said, 'what in the world led you to do so mad a thing?'

Hammond gazed at me indifferently for a moment. It was just as if he had not yet got his senses fully after a bad night. Then, with a good deal of excitement, he bade me congratulate him.

'Upon what?' I asked.

'Do you not remember,' he replied, 'how we two have talked about the possible existence of plants that move from one spot to another with the same freedom as we conceited bipeds? Well, I've solved that problem. They do exist. But I can't—I really can't—make out satisfactorily whether they do it by the exercise of volition, or whether they are transported in spite of themselves. It's not a bit of use troubling the British Association on the subject until we have settled that—is it?'

I was half disposed to laugh at him when he said this. But the mysterious and quite unusual kind of earnestness in his expression while he was speaking not only deterred me, but even again made me feel uneasy about him.

'You are not serious, Hammond?' I said. 'And besides, old fellow, it's very wrong of you to run away in this fashion. Not to speak of the fright you gave me, you'll catch a chill, and we shall have that fever business all over again.'

'Fever business! What do you mean?'

'Why, you know you have been ill, and you're not well yet; and so come right along to bed again.'

He said nothing to this, but allowed the boy and me to take care of him. I must say he looked a strange object wrapped up in the blue blanket which I had seized for the purpose when we went after him, and especially when the moon shone upon him through the teak-trees of the forest. The scurrying among the branches overhead seemed to imply that the monkeys also found him a spectacle too strong for their nerves.

He was better in the afternoon, and talked of the service and other matters in a perfectly rational manner. It seems he had written to Peking, begging to be removed from Amoy; and he discussed the chances of a favourable reply to his letter rationally enough, though with a disregard for the bereavement that I in that case should suffer which puzzled me. For he was naturally the most unselfish of men; and he had over and over again said he would never leave Amoy without me, and that he would never be left in it if I was appointed Vice-consul elsewhere.

Towards sunset he became excited. I did not like the metallic glitter in his eye. It recalled to me in an ugly manner a certain visit I had paid to a Chinese madhouse a little time previously. He was irritable, moreover, and would not let me touch his pulse. When I wanted him to come into the hut for the night, he objected.

'No, Randolph,' he said, 'not till the moon there also goes to bed in the antipodes. I particularly mean to be awake to-night.'

'Why?' I asked.

'Because I am as sure as I stand here that I saw one last night, and it was when the moon was high. I reckon it went at about the rate of a yard a minute. I mean to secure it; and I should very much like to photograph it before nabbing it.'

'What are you talking about, old chap?' I asked again, with the dismal fear at my heart that the fever or sun-stroke had affected his brain.

'The creeping plant, Randolph. It was, as well as I could guess at it, nine feet long, with flowers all the way along it—the calyx a bright blue. I never saw anything so odd since I was born. Do you know, I almost lost my senses in a sort of excitement over it; and I suppose it got away in the meantime, for when I tried to find it again, I couldn't.'

I could only stare at him in bewilderment. He was certainly not joking; and yet the idea of a plant of this description was to my unobservant intelligence perfectly ridiculous.

But poor Hammond did not like my incredulous look. 'You don't believe me, I see!' he exclaimed pettishly. 'That's ever the way with you practical fellows. I am thankful I'm not practical. Anyhow, too, I mean to get it this night, alive or dead—that's a clear thing.'

'No, no; please, don't think of it,' I entreated. 'Wait till you're a bit stronger, and then if you

like, we'll do nothing else but hunt this crawling beanstalk, or whatever it is.'

'I am as strong as ever I was, if I may judge by my feelings, and so you may as well make up your mind to my going. Remember, Randolph, that I'm your senior in the service, and I won't put up with dictation from you or any other man of your time of life.'

I could only shrug my shoulders, and suggest to him as casually as possible that of course I had no right to interfere with his movements, but that for his own sake he ought not to go off in 'pyjamas' again, as he did before.

'Yes, that was indiscreet,' the dear old fellow observed with a smile.

We humoured him for the rest of the evening, and at length he fell asleep in his bamboo couch-chair, and we covered him lightly and arranged the mosquito curtains to protect him as much as possible.

But I had no intention of going to bed. Somehow or other, I fancied he would wake and start off into the woods, just as he had done before. At the back of my mind I confess, too, there was a thin phantom of curiosity about the shape nine feet long, with flowers upon it, which had fitted so well with Hammond's ideal of a creeping plant.

Accordingly, I lit my pipe and read the *North China Herald* until I began to feel drowsy. The paper had dropped from my hands, and I was pondering weakly about the likelihood of some good-natured senior in the service resolving to retire or to die for the good of his juniors, when I heard a rustling. My eyes opened sharply. Yes; it was as, with electrical promptitude, I had surmised: Hammond was bolt upright, staring at the moonshine outside, and pushing the curtains away from him. I did not move, but watched him between my half-closed eyelids.

Consciousness seemed to come upon him all in a moment. He bounded from the chair and made for the door. Then, with a look I shall never forget, he turned back and snatched up the same blue blanket I had wrapped him in before. He flung it over his shoulders and sped into the open. I followed him. And I had to be brisk, or else I should soon have lost sight of him; for the dark limbs of the trees were thick enough to hide him for a quarter of a minute at a time. It was a strange chase, this in the murmurous night, with ever and anon the startled cry from a parrot or a monkey resounding in the air. A barred tailed pheasant shot over my head with a whirr that would have made a man unused to such noises wonder what was happening. Bats, too, went to and fro in the moonlight, now and then eclipsing the planet completely.

I don't know how long I followed the poor fellow; I know only that I was much torn by the thorns on the rose-bushes which impeded my movements. How sweet was the perfume of these blossoms in the cool, humid night-air, I can recall at this moment distinctly.

It was almost by accident that I at length came upon Hammond. He was stooping and peering here and there about a small spot of common grass with holes in the ground and a thicket of bramble and clematis at one side. I did not notice it at first; but there was a woof

of passion-flowers hanging from one of the boughs of a tree just over him. One of the flowers was a superb specimen with a dazzling corolla.

Standing in the shade, I watched him. He began to poke among the brambles with a bit of stick. Then there was a movement, and with an exclamation of 'Did I not say so!' Hammond stepped tenderly aside while—a great snake crept forth with an angry hiss and a poise of its head. I had time to see that its body from the shoulder was beautifully marked much as Hammond had described his plant; but time for no more. The poor fellow had bent down and made a snatch at the reptile; at the same instant the snake had darted at him and bitten him over the eye. And when I had rushed to the place, the snake had gone, and Hammond was holding both hands to his face and looking about him with an awfully dazed expression. The shock had brought him wholly to his right mind!

On our way back, he commented on his folly as if it had been the action of some one else. But the pain of the venom in him had already begun to tell. Between us we had done what we could as precautionary measures, though this was little enough.

He was prepared for what followed—so much prepared that he made me write his will for him the moment we re-entered the hut. I did it on a piece of common tissue-paper, the only available material. The swelling all the time was getting worse and worse; nor was his agony in the least abated by the fat and oil which Wan Tan rubbed upon it.

The poor fellow died at eleven o'clock, after suffering fearfully. Almost his last words were these, with an attempt at a smile that nearly set me crying: 'What an ass I was, to be sure, old fellow!'

Before I left the place, and when he had buried him, I made my way again to the spot where he had met his doom, and pulled down the spray of passion-flower which had drooped over him when he was bitten. This flower, dried, and under glass, is one of various articles that serve as mementoes of incidents in my career—incidents, I am glad to say, not always so tragical as this.

THE WESTMORLAND STATESMEN.

WESTMORLAND, though one of the smallest, is one of the most interesting counties in England. It is celebrated not only for its mountains and lakes, which attract tens of thousands of visitors every season from the Continent and America, as well as from Southern England and Scotland, but also for its antiquarian relics, such as Arthur's Round Table, and the Druidical Circle at Maybrough; its grand feudal fortresses of Brougham Castle, Brough, Pendragon, and Egremont, the strongholds of the great old families who ruled the north with almost regal authority; its picturesque Halls; the scenes immortalised by the finest poems of Wordsworth; and, not least, its Statesmen, or hereditary proprietors of land which they farm themselves.

The yeomen of Westmorland and the adjoining county of Cumberland receive the designation of Statesmen to distinguish them from the ten-

antry who rent the land which they cultivate. They occupy a position in society immediately below that of the Squires. Their estates vary in size at from eighty to two hundred and fifty acres, and they have also extensive common rights, which add largely to the value of their property. In the olden times—indeed, down to the union of the kingdoms, the defence of the Borders against the Scottish moss-troopers, who, as Camden says, 'had no measure of law but the length of their swords,' mainly depended upon the Statesmen. For this purpose, they had to be armed, horsed, and ready to fight. In the rental attached to a decree in the Court of Chancery, it is stated that the Statesmen had time out of mind 'held their several tenements by serving upon the borders of England, over against Scotland, at their own proper costs and charges, within the said West Marches.' In order that they might be ready to perform this service, each of them was required to keep 'such a nagge as is able at anye tyme to beare a manne twentie miles within Scotland and backe againe without a baite.' They were to be provided with 'a jacke, steale-cap, sword, bowe, or speare'; and were to be ready 'to serve the Lord Warden or their officers upon sixe houres warning, in any place where they shall be appointed to serve.' They were also required to appoint a watch over their farms by day and by night.

The Scottish freebooters, however, were not the only assailants against whom the Statesmen had to defend their property. Shortly after the union of the Crowns, King James, with his characteristic unscrupulousness and greed, set up a claim to the lands of the Statesmen on the plea that they were merely the tenants of the Crown. They met, however, to the number of two thousand at Ratten Heath, between Kendal and Stavely, where they formally resolved that 'they had won their lands by the sword, and were able to hold them by the same.' The monarch, on hearing of this meeting, made no further claim to the lands of the Statesmen.

As might have been expected from the condition of the country while England and Scotland were separate kingdoms, the houses of the Statesmen were constructed for defence as well as for residence. They were protected by strong doors and gates, and had small windows crossed with bars of iron. Adam Pringle, in his 'General View of the Agriculture of the County of Westmorland,' published in 1794, says: 'The principal structure is a barn, which, while it has a stable and cowhouse on the ground-floor, is frequently large enough to contain the whole produce of the farm.' These securities against assailants have of course been long dispensed with, and the subsequent dwelling-houses of the Statesmen usually consisted of four rooms on the ground-floor, and two on the second story. The front door was covered with a low porch, from which a passage, nearly four feet broad, led to the back door on the other side of the building. Beside it stood

the 'down-house,' which was open to the rafters. Here the baking, brewing, washing, and other domestic work were performed. The dwelling-house, properly so called, was lighted by two small windows in front and one behind, and was the common apartment of the family at meals and in the evenings. On the ground-floor there was also a pantry, and a chamber called the Parlour, in which the master and mistress slept. The children and servants slept in the loft, which was unceiled. The fire was lighted on a hearth slightly raised from the ground, as was the custom in Scottish farmhouses of the same class. The buildings, which were of stone, were covered with thatch of heath or straw, and, in the western mountains, with a sort of heavy blue slate. With the exception of a few modern conveniences, no change has taken place in the houses of the Statesmen for at least a century.

The furniture was solid and substantial. The chairs were of heavy oak, with high arms, and carved on the back, but narrow, upright, and uncomfortable. Three-footed stools were, however, the most common movable seats. The bedsteads, too, were of oak, with carved testers of the same wood. There were large presses or 'aumries,' in which the food was kept; and strong clumsy chests, the fronts of which were ornamented with carved borders, for the custody of the family clothing. The general sitting-room of the family, which was known as 'The House,' contained a long oaken table, with a bench on each side of it, where the whole family, master, children, and servants partook of their common meal, as was customary in Scotland a century ago. 'Come in,' said a tenant to his landlord one day. The landlord went in amongst the family, the servants, and the labourers, who were about to 'set to.' Near the end of the table was a large hot-pot containing beef or mutton cut into pieces, and put into a large dish, along with potatoes, onions, pepper, and salt. The farmer, after helping himself, thrust the dish towards the landlord and said: 'Noo ye man help yersel, and *hock in!* There's plenty meat at bottom, but it's myther het!' The Statesman's household subsisted entirely on the produce of his farm. Porridge and milk, oat cakes, cheese, and potato-pot, formed the staple of their food, varied in winter by salt beef, or mutton and bacon. Wheaten bread was used only on special occasions. Each family brewed its own ale from a species of barley called 'bigg.' 'The clothing of the men,' says an old county historian, 'was of the native fleece of the county, homespun, and woven by the village weaver; the wool of a black sheep, slightly mixed with blue and red, was the favourite colour of this cloth, which was thick and heavy, and of which the coat and waistcoat were made; the breeches, if not of the same, were of leather, generally of buckskin. The women's apparel was of the finer sort of the native wool, woven into a kind of serge, dyed of a russet, blue, or other colour, and, like the man's, made up by the tailor at the weaver's own fireside. Clogs or wooden-soled shoes still continue in common use, and are well adapted to a mountainous and rainy country.' The linen worn by the family—shirts, shifts, sheets, and towels—was made of the flax grown on almost every farm in the county. The close resemblance of this

state of domestic affairs to that which existed among the farmers and minor gentry of Scotland a century ago is very striking and instructive.

The intrusion of manufactured goods into these districts has produced a certain amount of change in the apparel and living of the Statesmen, but much less than might have been anticipated. This change is most apparent in the lower and more cultivated districts, where the inhabitants come more immediately into contact with the outer world. At the same time, they are regarded as of a sturdier character, with more mother-wit and backbone than their more secluded brethren. The Statesmen of the mountain districts are still a very primitive class of people. Their chief occupation is tending their large flocks of sheep, which are never taken into the farmyard. Their land is seldom entailed, but it is a point of family honour that it should descend from father to son. Hence, not a few estates have been held by the same families for four centuries, and in several instances, men are now in possession of the very farms which their ancestors cultivated eight hundred years ago. It has been said of them by one who knows them well that 'they know nothing of the rate of discount, or the price of gold. They have enough of this world's gear to serve their purpose. They are uncorrupted by modern luxury. They are content and happy to enjoy the golden mean of *Agrar*. They pass a simple and inoffensive life amongst the lonely hills that surround them. Their hospitality to strangers is open-handed and liberal. "Go," said one of these Statesmen to a tourist whom he had entertained for several days—"go to the vale on the other side of you mountain; you will find a house belonging to a Statesman; enter it, and say you came from me. I know him not; but he will receive you kindly, for our sheep mingle upon the mountains."

These men have no inclination to change, either in their life and customs, or in their sheep-farming. An old farmer who was asked why he did not take any steps to improve the very bad breed of sheep on his estate, answered: "They were such as Providence had put on the land, and it was not for the likes of him to change them." With regard to the Statesmen of both districts, it can be said with truth, that they are not only satisfied with their social position, but proud of it; and though not rich in money or land, they are rich in character and healthful contentment. They are still as they have always been, a sturdy, outspoken, independent race. The late Sir James Graham, the well-known statesman, justly said of the cavaliers of mounted Statesmen who accompanied Mr. Blainie into Carlisle on his appointment as High Sheriff, that they were 'a body of men who could not be matched in any other part of the kingdom—that they were the finest and purest specimens of a set of men who in all periods of its history had been the strength and pride of their country.' It is a singular fact, mentioned by Bayley, that the courtesy titles in use among Statesmen differ widely from those employed in ordinary society. The mistress of the house is termed a Dame; the eldest son of a Statesman is the Laird, or Lord, or, where there is no son, the eldest daughter enjoys the title of Lady.

Thus, while the Statesman himself was at the plough, the Laird was driving the cattle to market, or attending it with vegetables, and the Lady was working at the churn.

In respect to education, however, a change has taken place for the better among the Statesmen. In the olden time, there were three excellent grammar-schools in Westmorland, which sent to Oxford and Cambridge a number of learned divines, conspicuous among whom was the great Biblical scholar, John Mill; but with these seminaries the Statesmen had, of course, nothing to do. The local schools in which the children of the agricultural population were educated were of the most unsatisfactory kind. Any man who was physically disabled from earning his bread by manual labour, or too indolent to do so, was thought quite fit to be a teacher. Not a few of them were intemperate in their habits. A clergyman who had experienced the lifeless teaching in one of these schools at Bolton- Gate, enforced by caning and whipping, says: "Dull tradition and immobility are very conservative in isolated country-places like Bolton. The curriculum consisted of the three *R's*, with spelling. I have no recollection of learning anything like grammar or parsing. One other thing, however, was carefully taught—the Church Catechism. In Lent, every year, we spent much time in committing it to memory, and on the afternoon of Easter Sunday we were publicly examined in it by the clergyman in the church, in presence of the largest congregation that assembled on any day of the year; for the parents were there, wishing to hear their children acquit themselves well."

Now, however, thoroughly educated and well-trained teachers are to be found among the hills as well as in the dales of Westmorland; and the influence which they are exercising on the manners and customs of the rising generation, as well as in giving efficient instruction in the elementary branches of education, is highly satisfactory. In no county in England is so small a number proportionately unable to write. The gratifying result is that while the eldest son becomes a Statesman like his father before him, the younger members of the family are fitted for the duties of business life, and not infrequently rise to eminence as clergymen or merchants and manufacturers. Professor Sedgwick, the eminent geologist, was the son of a Statesman, and prided himself on that distinction more than on being a Cambridge Don; and so was George Moore, the successful merchant and celebrated philanthropist.

At the beginning of the present century, about two-thirds of the land in the shire was held by what is called 'customary tenure' in properties which at that time were worth from fifteen to thirty pounds of yearly rent, and had been in the possession of the same families for centuries. During the course of the last fifty years the number of these small proprietors has considerably diminished, but the value of their farms has greatly increased. Much regret has been justly expressed that these small holdings have been passing out of the old families, and been absorbed in large estates more rapidly than formerly. As Dr Lonsdale has said: "Many 'a canny house' whose yeomen had for centuries

kept their rule, taught their sons and grandsons the traditions of their home, no longer shelters the "wool-kent folk of other days." But in not a few instances the sons of Statesmen, who have been successful in business, have returned to spend their closing years in their native dales, so that the number of small properties in the country has not been materially diminished.

A KNOT OR NAUTICAL MILE.

How much is a Knot? This question is asked, we believe, in every sea-passage by some passenger or other, and never meets with a clear reply. Sailors themselves do not describe it distinctly, and books of reference differ as to its dimensions. We purpose to answer the question here.

A knot is one-sixtieth of a mean degree of the earth's meridian. This definition requires explanation, and also numerical computation. The earth's meridian is commonly described as any circle whose centre is the centre of the earth, and whose circumference passes through the Poles. This is not exact, because the meridian is not a true circle. Evidently, it would be a true circle if the earth were a true sphere; but the earth is not a true sphere—it is a spheroid, its diameter measured on the axis being less than its diameter at the equator. Hence the circumference of a section of the earth by a plane passing through its centre and the Poles, which circumference is a meridian, is not a true circle, but an oval. Bearing this in mind, it will be easy to understand the meaning of a *mean* degree of the earth's meridian.

If three hundred and sixty separate degrees be set-off from the centre of a perfect circle, it is evident that the circular measure of each degree measured on the circumference of the circle will be the same. But if they be set-off from the centre of an oval, the measurements on the circumference of the oval will not all be the same. That this is the case any one may demonstrate for himself by drawing an oval and its minor axis, and then, from the centre of the oval, with radius equal to its semi-minor axis, inscribing a circle in the oval. If, now, degrees, or rather, for convenience, equimultiples of a degree, be set-off from the common centre, the geometry of the figure will show at once the variation in the circular measurements on the circumference of the oval.

Now, a *mean* degree of the earth's meridian is the average length of these three hundred and sixty unequal measurements, and it is obtained by dividing the length of the meridian by three hundred and sixty. Astronomers have measured the earth's meridian and found it to be 131,259,287 English feet. Dividing this by three hundred and sixty we get 364,609.13 feet as the length of a mean degree of the meridian. One-sixtieth of this, then, is a knot; and thus, by division, a knot is found to be 6076.818 feet, or 2025.6 yards, or one mile 265.6 yards.

It will now be convenient to notice that a knot being 6076.818 feet, and a mile being 5280 feet, the proportion of a knot to a mile is very nearly as 6076 is to 5280, or, dividing by four, as 1519 is

to 1320, which is very nearly as 15 to 13. So that, for ordinary purposes, knots may be converted into miles by taking thirteen knots as equal to fifteen miles, and *vice versa*.

A SUMMER THOUGHT.

DAZZLING the landscape lies;
Blue, gold, and green—
Even to tear-stained eyes
Beauteous, I ween.

Blue sky, wide-spreading trees,
Green, still, and tall;
Sunshine in golden ease
Slanting o'er all.

Happy hearts wandering,
Sun on them too;
Streamlets meandering
Fair meadows through.

Presently sinks the sun
Crimson to rest;
After his work is done,
Seeks he the west.

Homeward the happy hearts
Stroll o'er the lea;
Silent the stream departs,
Bound for the sea.

Hushed stand the lordly trees,
Sentinels strong;
Whispers the evening breeze
Gently along.

Gray-tinted shadows creep
Over the sky;
Deep in a dreamless sleep
Soon all things lie.

Sorrow seems lost in rest,
Care in repose—
Wrapt in oblivion blest
Earth and her woes.

Only I linger still,
Loth to depart
From these calm scenes that kill
Pain at my heart!

ETHEL IRELAND.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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A SUMMER DAY IN THE ISLE OF AVALON.

THE Isle of Avalon, like the Isle of Ely and many another geographical misnomer, is endeared to the lovers of the picturesque not a little by the charming inconsistency of its not being an island in sober fact at all, but a peninsula formed by the tiny river Irue, in conjunction with a still smaller rivulet which is nameless. It is truly a region of enchantment and mystery, for on this historic soil stand the crumbling walls of Glastonbury Abbey, the noblest ruin in all England. The history of Glastonbury is a curious instance of the survival of legendary lore interwoven with long-established traditions, and with the recorded facts of a most eventful and romantic chronicle.

The story of the renowned abbey reaches back to the very early days of the Christian era, when a walled church stood upon the site, and when Joseph of Arimathea (according to the legend) visited the isle and struck his staff into the ground near Glastonbury. This saintly staff—most ancient of croziers—took root, and grew into the Holy Thorn, which bloomed miraculously every Old Christmas-eve for many hundred years afterwards. The fact remains, in local archives, that a very ancient tree of the medlar genus was cut down in the yard of the abbey church at the time of the suppression, and slips of it were planted in the neighbourhood of Glastonbury; and the trees grown therefrom continue to put forth bloom in early winter whenever the circumstances of the season are favourable. A mild winter is almost invariable in this most interesting district, for it is to be noted that the climate of Somerset is the most equable in the kingdom, as the county is one of the fairest.

It is a beautiful story, this early legend, and it lends additional grace and charm to the singular topography of the Isle of Avalon. Pity it is that ever a doubt should arise as to fact or fiction in the matter—to dissipate the glamour of the monkish tale rather than to think it 'An old and

moving story, that suited well that ruin wild and hoary.'

The ecclesiastical tradition of the abbey is older than the history of the town, Glastonbury market-town being of Saxon origin. It was the 'Glestingaburh,' or Glestings' borough of the West Saxons. The Isle of Avalon itself, a central spot in an eminently fruit-producing county, may possibly be named from the British 'Avilla,' signifying apples. But whatever story of saint or sinner may linger around the sacred precincts of Glastonbury, the most striking of all is the tradition, apocryphal or not, of the burial of the great early British monarch, King Arthur: Arthur of Lyonesse, the great Pendragon of splendid fame, and of many an old-world romantic tale. It has been told that his body was borne hither after the great battle 'among the mountains by the winter sea,' and reverently laid in earth by his faithful Round-Table Knights.

In later times, it is stated, the stone coffin was exhumed by the direction of Henry II., who, according to a quaint description in an old book, caused a deep excavation to be made, laying bare a tombstone with a large plate of lead fixed upon it, which showed the following inscription: 'HIC JACET SEPULTVS INCLIVVS REX ARTVRIVS IN INSVLA AVALONIA.' Nine feet below this stone was discovered a coffin made from a hollowed oak-tree containing human bones, which on being examined—so runs the story—were identified as those of the Christian king. What more fitting resting-place could have been found in all the land for the mortal remains of British Arthur!

The magnificent abbey which was subsequently built upon the hallowed ground had already, at the time of Henry II. and Thomas à Becket, attained great repute. It seems to have increased century after century in influence and power, the community of Dominican Friars becoming the wealthiest monastic institution in the kingdom, the head of the house being specially styled Lord Abbot, with a seat in parliament, second in rank only to the Abbot of Westminster. The abbot's rule in Avalon was well nigh supreme, spiritual

and temporal; and no one might enter the isle except by his special permission.

This immense acquisition of wealth and power conducted at last, as with so many others, to an ultimate downfall at the Reformation, when Abbot Richard Withering stoutly refused to acknowledge the king's supremacy or to surrender the abbey and some £3311, 7s. 4d. per annum.

This courageous abbot, so worthy of a better fate, was tried for his high offence before King Henry's commissioners at Wells, and condemned with two of his monks to be hanged—a ruthless sentence. At this sad and significant audit it was shown that these unhappy churchmen had concealed a vast amount of abbey treasure; and when that terrible day of reckoning came, had utterly declined to account for it. This triple execution took place on the summit of an adjacent hill—the Torr—in the presence of a concourse of sorrowing people, sadly bewildered, no doubt, at the turn of events. Upon this hill stand the ruins of an ancient church, and sculptured on the front of its lofty tower is a singular representation of the Archangel Michael weighing in a pair of scales a copy of the Holy Scriptures against the Evil One, and showing Satan to be greatly wanting when thus tried in the balance. From this historic Torr is to be viewed one of the finest landscapes in England.

At the period of the Reformation the beautiful abbey, in addition to the disruption of all else, was unroofed and otherwise dismantled, remaining in picturesque decay a memorial of misdirected or over-carried zeal. The grand proportions and beauty of the Gothic stonework are still in evidence in the ruins; but the greater part has gone for vulgar building purposes, much of it actually being used to form a roadway some two miles across a morass to Wells—a sacred way, truly.

To Wells Cathedral went the old abbey clock, which was one of the wonders of Glastonbury and of Europe. In a transept of the cathedral it is still to be seen in good working order. This very curious piece of antiquity is placed some thirty feet high in the interior of one of the lofty side-aisles; and close at hand in an alcove sits a painted effigy of a manikin with its feet dangling over a silvery-tongued bell upon which the manikin's heels ring out the chimes. As the moment for striking the hour approaches, a premonitory clicking is audible from within the clock, and presently a remarkable spectacle is beheld. From behind the old dial emerges a procession of armed knightly figures on horseback, moving two and two in stately military fashion upon a semi-circular platform; and as the foremost pair arrive at a certain point in their march, the outside knight raises his lance, and with trenchant blow strikes his comrade down to the saddle-bow. Instantly, within the clock a bell is struck and *one* is sounded. Thereupon, the stricken horseman quickly rears his crest aloft, and the procession passes behind the dial. This process is repeated until the required number of strokes has been given and the time of day is told.

The impression left on the mind of the spectator witnessing this performance, perhaps unexpectedly, is one of astonishment, and of admiration of the ingenious mechanical contrivance, the work pro-

bably of some devoted artist of the fifteenth century. Certainly a wonderful clock; telling its tale of fleeting time in the dreamy calm of the cathedral aisle, amidst the woful monuments of brief mortal life laid all around in graven brass or sculptured marble.

The silent streets of Glastonbury, with two or three fine old inns—one of them an ancient *hospitium*—a mediæval cross, and here and there a dim relic of domestic masonry, suggestive of the architecture of the abbey hard by, are of old world interest. It is a picture of still-life there, seeming more still than the hush of minster cities, because more melancholy; and not even the near approach of the railway can effect much change or rouse the old place quite to the ordinary standard of life, even where most secluded, of the nineteenth century. The noble ruins everywhere visible in the little town forbid the thought. Clad in a robe of kindly ivy, they appeal to the imagination like an endless sermon—in stone. Ivy-clad, but not concealed! Beauteous still!

Some little distance from the abbey is the Abbot's Kitchen, a stone-built edifice, remaining much as when the bustling cooks had left it, and reform had quenched their fires. An enormous smoke-stained cone it is, and a striking object enough in the village landscape. One thinks, in walking round its ample space, of the merry times that have been there—of the hospitality to rich and poor of which it is the token. Time was not out of joint then; and the world's work had scarcely begun. It is saddening, withal, to view this grotesque temple of the culinary art rearing its solitary sombre dignity in that fair Somersetshire meadow, with the gentle kine and wisful-faced sheep browsing or nibbling on a joyous summer morning around its frowning walls, and to think of all that has departed with the last wreath of smoke from its vanished fires!

The time-worn truism that good and evil are very much mixed in the world is surely abundantly exemplified by those old monkish relics of feasting and almsgiving. For the latter, modern society has substituted the workhouse; and that consummation, if nothing else, induces the regret that when necessary reform should, in the natural growth of events, become due, whatever of good may be coexisting with the abolished evil should be swept away also, and for ever.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—QUESTIONS OF INHERITANCE.

ABOUT the same time, Reginald Mansel, Esquire, of Petherton Episcopi, happening to be up in town on private business, had occasion to call on his father's old friend, that distinguished sailor, Admiral John Antony Rolt, of the Senior United Service.

'So the heiress lives down your way?' Admiral Rolt observed, puckering up his small eyes at the end of some desultory conversation—and always eager, after his kind, to improve every possible source of information. 'Miss Psyche Dumaresq, I mean: precious odd name, Psyche: rather pride myself, as an old salt, on knowing

how to pronounce it. There was a *Psyche* in the Navy List once, I remember, a wooden gunboat—on the Pacific station, when I commanded the *Skyhawk*; though she went to pieces at last in the China seas—poor M'Nab sank down to Davy Jones's locker in her—and was never put together again. Smart craft, very; and this Miss *Psyche*'s a tidy young lady, too, I'm told: taut, neat, and clipper-rigged. Well, she comes into all Charlie Linnell's money.

'Impossible!' Mansel answered with promptitude. 'I've never heard a word of it. She's a great friend of my wife's, and a very nice girl in her way, no doubt; and Linnell fell in love with her: but she wouldn't accept him. He's left her nothing. If he had, I'm sure we'd have been the first to hear of it.'

'Well, it's a very odd case,' the Admiral continued, pursing up his little pig's eyes even smaller than before—a very odd case as ever I heard of. She isn't to know of it for another year, but I'm sure I'm right. I've been talking it over to-day with Linnell's half-brother Frank—the parson in Northumberland: and Frank doesn't quite see his way out of it. Precious awkward for the parson, there's no denying it.'

Reginald Mansel started. 'Why, I thought the half-brother was dead,' he exclaimed in surprise. 'Killed in a railway accident. My wife certainly told me so.'

'Ah; that's just where it is,' the Admiral answered, rubbing his fat hands with profound gusto. 'As fine a mud-dle as ever you saw in your life. A perfect godsend for the Court of Chancery. Killed sure enough: so he was—in the newspapers: smashed to atoms in the Doncaster collision; they reported at first. You remember the accident—pig-iron and so forth. But you see, when they pick out a lot of bodies, pell-mell, from a jolly good smash, and stack 'em along in the hospital, they're not so very particular, just at the first beginning, whether any one fellow among 'em happens to be still breathing, or whether he doesn't. So they telegraphed up to London post haste, in the list of killed, "Reverend Francis Austen Linnell, Vicar of Thingmumb-cunn-Whattommaycallit, Northumberland." Correspondents are in such a precious hurry nowadays to supply the very latest news to their particular print, that you can't expect them to hang dawdling about in a ward, on the watch till the breath's well out of a man's body.' And the Admiral chuckled low to himself, misallusly.

'Then you mean to say the fellow isn't dead after all?' Mansel exclaimed, astonished. 'It was a mistaken rumour!'

'Dead! my dear sir; why, I tell you, he was luncheon with me at the Pothouse—you know the Pothouse?—my other club—not its official name—only this very morning. And a prettier mud-dle than those papers made of it you never heard. It was three whole days before they plucked up courage to announce their little error, and state that the Reverend Frank was not quite gone, only seriously wounded. Meanwhile, Sir Austen and the painter man went off in a hurry to Khartoum without seeing

the correction; and to the day of their death, never heard at all that the parson had turned up well and alive again. It was really most unfortunate. Frank Linnell believes those papers have done him out of all the Linnell money—Sir Austen's and the other man's. Only, you see, he doesn't quite know how he can go to work to get it all back again. It's a ticklish job, I admit; but I wouldn't give much, all the same—with a parson against her—for Miss *Psyche* Dumaresq's chances of the property.'

'Surely, though, if Linnell left his money by will to Miss Dumaresq, she'd get it, in any case,' Mansel objected incredulously.

The Admiral stared hard at him, and smiled a knowing smile. 'You don't understand the glorious uncertainty of the law,' he answered, enchanted. Then, with all the intense enjoyment of the male old woman, he proceeded to detail to his country acquaintance the whole long story of the Linnell family, and their various complications—*Bellerophon*, *Cockatrice*, Sally Withers, the Dean's daughter, and the rest of it—exactly as it all envisaged itself in full to his own lively and by no means too scrupulous imagination. Mansel listened with profound attention; but when the Admiral had finished, he ventured to put in cautiously: 'Still, I don't quite understand how all this can interfere with *Psyche*'s inheritance of Charles Linnell's money—if, as you say, he's really left it to her.'

'Why, here's the point, don't you see?' the Admiral answered cheerily, button-holing his listener and enforcing his argument with one fat uplifted forefinger. 'Charles Linnell, as I understand, came up to town from your place, Petherton, on the very day after his half-brother Frank was declared dead in the morning papers. So far, so good. But that same night, as I learn from one of the witnesses to the deed, he made his will, and Sir Austen signed it—said will leaving everything he died possessed of to the young lady, unknown, of the name of *Psyche*. Now, Frank Linnell's contention is that Sir Austen and Charles arrived at an understanding, *under the impression*, and the Admiral brought down his fat forefinger on his knee to enforce his point: '*under the impression* that he, Frank, was dead and done for; which of course in actual fact he wasn't. Therefore, he argues, the will is accordingly null and void, and he himself ought to come into the money.'

'But how can he,' Mansel inquired, smiling, 'if he's really illegitimate? By law, as I'm rightly informed, he and Charles Linnell are not considered to be even related.'

The Admiral shrugged his shoulders and pursed his mouth firmly. 'Well, I haven't quite mastered all the ins and the outs of it,' he answered with candour. 'It's a trifle confused for an old salt like me; but I believe the learned counsel who understand the law get at it something like this, I've seen. It all depends upon which of the two, Sir Austen or Charles Linnell, was killed first at Khartoum. If Charles was killed first, then the Reverend Frank asserts—you understand—this will being null and void, owing to unsound mind, errors of fact, want of proper disposing intent, and other causes—that Sir Austen, as next-of-kin and sole heir-at-law, inherited the pill-money. For that, he relies upon

Charles Linnell's legitimacy. But on the other hand, Charles Linnell being now well out of the way, and unable to prove or disprove anything, the Reverend Frank also goes in, as an alternative, for claiming that he's actually legitimate himself, and denying proof of Miss Sally Violet's marriage. On that point, there's nobody now who can bring up good evidence. So he stands to win either way. If he's legitimate himself, he's a Baronet anyhow, and he comes in to the reversion of Thorpe Manor. If he's not legitimate, he's no Baronet, to be sure, and the entail fails; but the fun of it is, he gets Sir Austen's personal estate for all that, through his mother, the Dean's daughter, who was Sir Austen's second cousin, twice removed, or something of the sort, and whose case is covered by Sir Austen's settlements. The old father did that—the Peninsular man, you know—after the bigamy came out. He insisted upon putting in Frank Linnell by name in the settlements, as heir to the personality, irrespective of the question of his birth altogether. And in the personality the Reverend Frank now asserts he reckons in Charles Linnell's pill-money.

Mansel drew his hand across his brow confusedly. 'It is a trifle mixed,' he answered with a puzzled air. 'But it's decidedly clever. I should think it ought to prove a perfect mine of wealth to the Inner Temple.'

'Mine of wealth!' the Admiral echoed with a snort of delight. 'I believe you, my boy. Golconda or Kimberley isn't it by comparison. The whole estate won't cover the law charges. For you see, there's the lovely question to decide beforehand, *did* Sir Austen or his cousin die first?—and till that's settled, nothing fixed can be done about the property. Well, Frank Linnell doesn't mean to let the question drop. He has a twelvemonth to spare, during which time he's going to work like a nigger to prevent the lady with the classical name from coming into the property.—Of course you won't mention a word of this to her? I tell it you in confidence.—That's all right. Thank you.—So Frank thinks of going to Egypt and up the Nile this very next winter, as ever is, to see if he can collect any evidence anywhere as to which was killed first—his half-brother Charles, or his cousin Sir Austen. And between you and me, sir—if only you knew these Egyptian fellows as well as I do—the Reverend Frank must be a much more simple-minded person than I take him to be if he doesn't get at least half-a-dozen green-turbaned, one-eyed sheikhs to swear by the beard of the Prophet, till all's blue, that they saw Charles Linnell with their own eyes lying dead at Khartoum, in any position that seems most convenient, while Sir Austen sat in a respectful attitude, shedding a decorous tear or two above his mangled body. An Egyptian, sir, the Admiral continued, blinking his small eyes even more vigorously than was his wont—'an Egyptian would swear away his own father's life, bless your soul, for a tin piastre.'

'Then you think whatever evidence is wanted will be duly forthcoming?' Mansel asked, dubiously.

'Think? I don't think. I know it, unless the Reverend Frank's a born fool. But even after he's got it, don't you see, there's a lot

more still left to prove. Yet even so, he stands to play a winning card either way. If he's legitimate, he's a Baronet of Thorpe Manor; and if he isn't, he's heir all the same to Sir Austen's personality.' And the Admiral chuckled.

Mansel looked at him with a curious air of suspended judgment. 'After all,' he said slowly, in his critical way, 'you're taking a great deal for granted, aren't you? How on earth do we know, when one comes to think of it, that either of the Linnells is really dead at all? How on earth do we know they aren't still cooped up in Khartoum, as O'Donovan was in Merv, you recollect, and that they mayn't turn up unexpectedly some day to defeat all these hasty surmises and guesses? You can't prove a man's will till you've first proved he's dead; and who's to say that either of the Linnells is dead, when one comes to face it?'

The Admiral threw back his head and laughed internally. 'Dead!' he answered, much amused. 'Of course they're dead. As dead as mutton! As dead as a door-nail! As dead as Julius Caesar! Do you think the Mahdi's people, when once they got in, would leave a Christian soul alive in Khartoum? My dear fellow, you don't know these Egyptians and Soudanese as well as I do—I was out for a year on the Red Sea station. They'd eat every blessed throat in the whole garrison. There's not a Christian soul alive to-day in Khartoum.'

CHAPTER XXIX.—FRESH ACQUAINTANCES.

It was with a feeling very nearly akin to relief that Psyche found herself, some six weeks later, in a pretty little bedroom in a Moorish villa on the sun-smitten hills of Mustapha Supérieur.

'Why, I know the very place for you,' Geraldine Maitland exclaimed with delight, when Psyche informed her on her return to Petherton that medical authority, two deep, had prescribed Algiers for their joint indispositions. 'A dear little *pension* on the Mustapha slope. It's as clean as a pin, and just like a home; and it's kept by an English officer's widow, a Mrs Holliday. It's not so very dear, either,' she hastened to add, seeing Psyche's face growing faintly incredulous. 'They'd take in friends of ours at special rates. Mamma has sent them such lots of boarders.'

And indeed the rates, as quoted to Haviland Dunaresq some days later, in Mrs Holliday's letter, were very special—very special indeed; for a reason which Geraldine Maitland knew best, and which she took care to keep to herself very strictly. 'I should feel *greatly* obliged, however,' Mrs Holliday wrote, underlining the *greatly* with two feminine bars, 'if you would have the kindness to refrain from mentioning these terms I quote to any other of the visitors at the villa, as they are considerably below our usual charges, to meet the wishes of my friend Mrs Maitland.'

Oh the journey south! The rest and change of it! The delight of getting away from the Wren's Nest, with its endless obtrusive memories of Linnell! The calm of travel; the momentary oblivion! Paris, Dijon, the Rhone, Marseilles! For twenty-four hours, Psyche, almost forgot herself.

The dear little *pension* on the Mustapha slope,

too, how thoroughly it deserved Geraldine Maitland's judicious commendation! It was very pretty and very home-like. After thirty hours' tossing on the fickle Mediterranean—bluest and most treacherous of all known seas—and then long drive up the dusty road through the vivid town from the quays at Algiers, Psyche was right glad to rest herself at last in that dainty little bedroom, at the Villa des Orangers, and to look out of the arched Moorish window at the palms and aloes that diversified the garden.

True enough, as Dr Godichan had confidently predicted, her eyesight came back to her for the nonce at a bound. Wisdom was justified of all her children. Psyche had seen everything all the way up through those crowded streets: she saw everything still with perfect distinctness in the arcades and gardens of that quaint old *pension*.

It was an antique Moorish country-house, all whitewashed walls and horse-shoe arches, planted on the side of a tiny ravine, near the very summit of an Algerian hill, some six hundred feet above a deep blue bay of that treacherous and all too beautiful Mediterranean. Through the jealously barred and grated windows of a deep-set chamber in what was once the harem of the old Turkish proprietor, Psyche's eye first caught faint glimpses eastward of a feathery date-palm, a jungle of loquat trees, and a rudely hillside of basking sandstone, red as the familiar South Hams of Devonshire. Beyond, the ravine displayed in further perspective a tangled cane-brake, a steep road down whose tortuous slope an old Arab countryman was defiling slowly cross-legged on his pummel-laden donkey, and a picturesque wine factory, whose snow-white archways and low stories were all gracefully pinked out along their constructive lines with decorative string-courses of Oriental tile-work. A peep of the dim blue Atlas to eastward across a misty plain completed the view from the windows of that quaintly pretty room—a view which hardly needed the domed and arched mansion on the hill-top behind, or the veiled forms of the Moorish women gliding noiselessly down the pathway opposite, to assure Psyche that this was indeed in very truth that wonderful Africa.

Without and within, to say the truth, to Dumaresq and his daughter the Oriental character of house and surroundings was everywhere most delightfully and undeniably apparent. The tiny round-topped slits pierced through the thickness of the massive wall; the floor covered with Damascus tiles and overlaid in part with pretty Eastern rugs; the pale-green dado and light-blue frieze of distemper on the sides, separated from one another by a verse of the Koran in breezy Arabic letters running round the room between them as a continuous border; the graceful hangings and delicately-coloured drapery—all charmed Psyche, weary and heart-sick though she was, with a delicious vague sense of Orientalism and novelty. As she lay on the crimson and blue divan by the open window, rich perfumed whiffs of the Japanese medallars in full flower floated in upon the cool yet sunnier-like breeze; and the hillsides opposite hummed with insects busy among the blossoms of the great African clematis that fell in catenets over the rocks and branches. For a moment she almost forgot her sorrow; the oculist was right; what she needed was a life of pure perception.

To Dumaresq, the charm of these novel surroundings was even greater and more striking than to his heart-broken Psyche. He admired throughout the house the infinite diversity and picturesqueness of the arches; here a semicircular doorway with richly-carved decorations in Arabesque patterns; there a pointed Moorish arcade of Saracenic type; and yonder, again, a flat-topped horse-shoe arch of peculiarly curved and bulging gracefulness, never to be seen anywhere else save here in Algeria. The long rambling passages, cool and gloomy for the hot African summer; the endless doors and nooks and niches; the grated windows and flat roof; the Oriental terrace; the up-and-down steps and uneven levels of the quaint little garden—formed a very ideal scene for an Arabian night's adventure of the fine old pattern. The gray old philosopher, startled into a momentary fit of imagination, almost expected to see Bluebeard's wife emerge unexpectedly from some darkling doorway, or the One-eyed Calender look in upon him unawares through the deep-set window-holes that gave upon the garden.

Yet it was pleasant to find, in spite of the persistent odour of Islam which pervaded the house, that the villa had been modernised and Anglicised after all in a way to suit the most luxurious English taste. It was four o'clock when they arrived at their temporary home, and at five a smiling little Swiss maid brought in a tea-tray with a steaming pot that reminded Psyche of dear old-fashioned Petherton. Tea and the Arabesque are too much all at once. So much modern comfort seems half out of place, side by side with such delicious antique Orientalism.

Psyche would have liked them to spend that evening by themselves in their own rooms; but her father overruled her wishes in that respect. It was best for her, he said, to go out to dinner: to mix at once with the world of Algiers; to conquer these morbid desires for seclusion; to throw herself as far as possible into the new situation. And Psyche, now clay in the potter's hands, yielded unwillingly to his wishes.

At the table-d'hôte they were seated to seats near the bottom of the table by a Swiss waiter with his hair cut short and a general expression of bland good-nature pervading all his stumpy features. The seats opposite them were already occupied by two tall and very stately girls, accompanied by a young man of an open and naïf but somewhat unfinished type of countenance.

The girls quite frightened Psyche at the very first glance; they looked so queenly and magnificent and awful. Geraldine Maitland herself was hardly half so grand. Their ears were thin and delicately pink; their complexions shone with a transparent lustre; their necks were high and exquisitely moulded; their hands might have come out of a portrait of Sir Peter Lely's. Altogether, Psyche made up her mind at once that the strangers were, at the very least, duchesses: ladies of the *ancien régime* to a certainty, so calm and clear-cut and dainty were their lineaments. They weren't English; she could see that at a glance: there was something very foreign in the cut of their figures and of their rich dresses. Psyche was sure she would never be able to say

a word to them: so much high-born stateliness fairly took her breath away.

Presently, a few more visitors came in, and sending themselves, began to talk across the table with perfect sang-froid to the magnificent strangers. Psyche envied them their boldness of address. How could they dare to approach such aristocrats? 'Well, did you have your photographs taken after all, Miss Vanrenen?' a lady opposite asked with a smile of recognition.

'No, ma'am, the tallest and stateliest of the beautiful girls answered promptly, with a polite nod. 'We went into the city and had a lovely time, but we couldn't agree upon the currency question. We asked the photographer his lowest cash quotation for doing us in a group under the doorway here in Arab costume, and he gave us an estimate for as much as comes to fourteen dollars. Corona and I don't mind expense, but we're dead against extortion; and we consider fourteen dollars for taking your likeness in an Arab dress downright extortionate. So we concluded to do without the pictures for the present and to save our specie for a better occasion.'

'I reckon,' the second queenly creature remarked with a graceful bow, 'we can be taken just as well on Vesuvius when we go along to Naples.'

'That's so,' the first divine efflorescence answered acquiescent. 'We don't stand out for the Arab dress in itself, you see, ma'am: we only want to be taken somewhere, with something distinctively European or African looting around in the background—a mosque, or a cathedral, or a burning mountain—so as we can take the picture home and let folks see we're not a fraud; we've really travelled up and down the world a bit.'

'Still,' the brother said, looking round at his sisters with a half-regretful air, 'I must say I wanted Sirena to go the fourteen dollars blind for all that.—You see, Mrs Prendergast, we might have been taken all in a group under the Moorish archway there; and Miss Maitland would have joined us to complete the picture in that elegant airy Arab get-up of hers.'

'You know Miss Maitland then? Psyche ventured to put in timidly, with the natural diffidence of the latest comer.

'Cyrus don't know anybody else, almost,' the taller girl replied with a smile. 'He was over here alone from Amurrica last fall, and spent the winter by himself in this city; and every letter he wrote us home was a sort of a bulletin about Geraldine Maitland. It was Geraldine Maitland went here; Geraldine Maitland went there; Geraldine Maitland says this; Geraldine Maitland thinks that; till we began to conclude at last for ourselves there weren't any other young ladies at all in Europe except Geraldine Maitland. So Corona and I—that's my sister—we said to ourselves we'd come along this year and inspect for ourselves what sort of a person this girl Geraldine was, before Cyrus brought her home anyway for a permanency.'

'Now, Sirena!' the young man interposed, looking very sheepish: 'I'm a modest man. Don't reveal my blushes.'

Psyche was fairly taken aback at this boldness of speech. She had met very few Americans before, and was little accustomed to so much

freedom in the public discussion of unfinished matrimonial projects; but her awe at the queenly young women outlived even the discovery of their Western accent, and she only said in a very timid tone: 'We know Miss Maitland, too. She's a very great friend of mine.'

'Then I guess Cyrus and you'll get on together,' Sirena said briskly, 'for whoever, likes Geraldine Maitland confers a private obligation, I conjecture, upon Cyrus.'

'We're going to have a very great honour here,' the young man Cyrus interposed sharply, with an evident desire to change the conversation. 'Have you heard, sir, that the great philosopher, Haviland Dumaresq, intends to winter in this city?'

At the words, Psyche coloured up to the roots of her hair; but her father, bowing his stateliest and most distant bow, made answer severely, without moving a muscle of that stoical face: 'Sir, my name is Haviland Dumaresq.'

He had scarcely spoken the word, when Cyrus Vanrenen rose from his seat and walked round the table with immense enthusiasm but great deliberation. 'Mr Dumaresq,' he said, seizing the old man's hand in his and wringing it hard, 'allow me the pleasure. Well, now, this is a very great honour, sir. I haven't read your books, Mr Dumaresq—at least to any extent, being otherwise engaged myself in business—but I know your name well; and in my country, sir, your works are much admired and highly respected. In the city where I reside—you don't happen to know Cincinnati? No; I thought as much—we set very great store by your valuable writings. The *Cincinnati Observer*, I recollect on one occasion, described you in one of its editorial columns as "the greatest metaphysician of this or any other age." That was high praise, Mr Dumaresq, from the editorial columns of such an influential print as the *Cincinnati Observer*.'

'I'm glad to learn that I have deserved the commendation of so critical an authority upon philosophical questions,' Haviland Dumaresq answered with grave irony.

But his delicate sarcasm was thrown away upon the honest and innocent young American. That any one could feel otherwise than pleased and flattered at the polite attentions of the *Cincinnati Observer* was an idea that could never for a moment have entered his good straightforward business head. 'Yes; it's a right smart paper,' he went on with friendly communicativeness. 'Largest circulation of any journal in the State of Ohio; and down the Mississippi Valley we go it blind on culture nowadays, I can tell you. Culture's on the boom in the West at present. No journal that didn't go it blind on culture and philosophy would stand a chance of success in the struggle for life in the Mississippi Valley. Survival of the fittest's our rule out there. We're down upon frands, but we respect live concerns. If ever you were to light out for Cincinnati, Mr Dumaresq, you'd find our citizens very appreciative: they'd be honoured to give you a warm welcome.'

'I am much obliged to them for their vivid personal interest in philosophy,' Haviland Dumaresq answered, going on with his soup, and smiling inwardly.

'And is this your daughter, sir?' Cyrus asked

once more, as he regained his place and glanced across at Psyche.

Psyche bowed, and faltered 'Yes' with very mixed feelings at being thus trotted out before a whole tableful of utter strangers.

'It must be a very great privilege, Miss Dumaresq,' Sirena remarked, in a clear unembarrassed American voice, right across the table, 'to pass your life and receive your education in the midst of such cultured European surroundings. Where did you make your recitations? I suppose, now, you've graduated?'

'I've what? Psyche repeated, very much at sea.

'I suppose you've graduated?' Sirena said once more with perfect self-possession. 'Completed the curriculum at some European academy?'

'Oh no,' Psyche answered, catching at her drift, and blushing crimson by this time, for the eyes of all the table were upon her. 'I'm not at all learned. I've been brought up at home. I never went away to school even anywhere.'

'Your Papa's been education enough by himself, I guess,' Corona put in with a friendly nod over the table towards Dumaresq; from which gesture Psyche concluded that the grand young lady meant to allude obliquely to her father.

'I expect you're a philosopher yourself by this time,' Sirena went on, glancing over at her curiously. 'Corona and I graduated at Vassar, and the philosophy class there read the first volume of the *Encyclopædic Philosophy* for their second year's recitation.—It's stiff, Mr Dumaresq, but our girls like it. Most of our students accept your fundamentals. They adopt your view of the cosmotheological substratum.'

Dumaresq twisted his gray moustache nervously. Criticism of this type was a decided novelty to him. 'It will be a pleasure to me to think,' he murmured, half aloud, 'as I approach my end, that my labours are approved of by the young ladies of the philosophy class at Vassar College. Few previous philosophers have been cheered by such success. Descartes and Leibnitz went to their graves unrefreshed by the applause of the young ladies of Vassar.'

'But in America nowadays we manage things better,' Sirena answered, dashing on, all unconscious still of his undercurrent of banter. 'Our women read and think some, Mr Dumaresq, I assure you. Your philosophy's very much studied in Cincinnati. We run a Dumaresquina Society of our own, lately inaugurated in our city; and when the members learn you're over here in Algiers with us, I expect the ladies and gentlemen of the club'll send along the pages out of their birthday books to get you to write your autograph on them. There's a heap of intelligent appreciation of literature in America: most all of us'd be proud to have your autograph.'

'That's what I admire at so much in Europe,' Cyrus interposed with a pensive air. 'It brings you into contact with literature and art in a way you don't get it across our side. Why, lots of our ladies'd give their eyes almost to be brought up in the way Miss Dumaresq's been. In the thick of the literary society of Europe!'

Psyche smiled and answered nothing. Fortunately, at that moment another member of the party intervened, and spared poor Psyche's blushes any further.

As they sat for a while in their own little room before retiring for their first night in Africa, Haviland Dumaresq remarked to his daughter with a slight shudder: 'Did you ever meet anybody so terrible, Psyche, as that awful American man and his unspeakable sisters? Such a quality as reserve seems utterly unknown to them.'

'But do you know, Papa,' Psyche answered half smiling, 'they're really such kind good girls after all. They almost made me sink under the table with shame at dinner, of course; but I've been talking with them all the evening in the salon since, and I find in spite of their terrible ways they're so sweet and frank and natural for all that. One of them—the one they call Sirena—told me I was a "real nice girl," and when she said it, I could almost have kissed her, she seemed so kind and sympathetic and friendly.'

'Oh, the women are well enough,' her father answered, with unassuming tolerance: most men will tolerate a pretty girl, no matter how vulgar. 'But the brother! what a specimen of Cincinnati culture! It almost made me ashamed to think so many of my books had been sold in America when I reflected that that was the kind of man who must mostly buy them. And then the fulsome-ness of the fellow's flattery! Why couldn't he leave poor philosophy alone? What had philosophy ever done to hurt him? I remember Mill's saying to me once: "A thinker should never go into general society unless he knows he can go as a leader and a prophet." That young man would go far to make one say the exact contrary; a thinker should never go at all, unless he knows he can pass in the crowd and remain unnoticed.'

(To be continued.)

NORRLAND AND ITS TIMBER TRADE.

NORRLAND is the northernmost and largest of the three great divisions of Sweden, and comprises with Lapland, which really belongs to it, more than one-half of the whole area of the country. It extends from the southern to the northern end of the western shore of the Gulf of Bothnia; and the northern part of it, which is within the Arctic Circle, is during the greater part of the year a cold and cheerless region. This territory contains a large proportion of the forest-land, and, if we include the adjoining *län* of Kopparberg and the district of Dannemo, nearly all the mineral wealth of the country. And the vast resources of the province find an outlet through the many seaports on the coast to all parts of the world. The population varies greatly, and ranges from the small percentage of about thirty-five inhabitants to the square mile in the south to a merely nominal one in the north, where the meagre fixed population is supplemented by tribes of wandering Lapps.

The timber industry assumes every year a more prominent place in the export list of Swedish trade. Gelle, Söderhamn, Hudiksvall, Sundsvall, Luleå, and other smaller towns on the western side of the Gulf of Bothnia, now annually export many thousand standards of wood to Great Britain, Germany, France, and other countries, including even distant Australia. The

greater part of this wood consists of 'deals' and 'battens'—simply dressed or finished planks of various lengths and sizes. But large quantities of doors, window-frames, and similar manufactured articles are also shipped to this and to other countries. The volume of trade in these goods increases largely every year; and last year the quantity shipped from Stockholm was five times that of 1888. The trade in wood-pulp has also made great strides of late years; indeed, so many factories have been erected for its manufacture that the consequent over-production has sent the price of the article down to a point which is scarcely remunerative to the producer. Gefle, a pretty little town near the southern end of the Gulf, alone exported some one hundred and fifteen thousand standards of wood last year, this quantity showing an appreciable increase over that shipped in the preceding year.

The wood is cut during the winter, and the logs are floated down the rivers in the spring, when the volume of water running seawards is augmented by the melting of the ice and snow. It is collected at the coast-towns, where it is sawn into planks of various lengths. It is then stacked and left to dry, and is exported during the summer and autumn. In Gefle and other timber ports the vessels usually anchor some distance from the town, and the wood is taken out to them in large covered lighters. It is wonderful how little space is wasted in stowing the wood on board. A vessel bound from some timber port with a deck-load of deals frequently ten feet high, which perhaps, owing to her empty bunkers, gives her a heavy list, is a common enough sight in our waters; and the practice of taking these large deck-loads is unfortunately an increasing evil. Each captain piles timber upon his ship in the hope of carrying a larger cargo than his predecessor. In many cases even the safety of the ship is jeopardised and the lives of the crew risked for the sake of a few pounds' extra freight. The owners are mainly responsible for this state of affairs, with which the legislature will sooner or later have to deal. Whether the recent Merchant Shipping Act will do much in this direction remains to be seen.

The forests of Sweden cover nearly half of the whole surface of the country. These forests, which are chiefly of pine and fir, are found in nearly all parts of the kingdom; but many of the finest tracts, extending in some cases continuously for eighty miles, occur in the southern districts of Norrland, the greater part of the forest-lands being situated below sixty-four degrees of latitude. The Government owns some thirteen thousand square miles of forest-land, and sets an excellent example to other owners in the management of this property. On many estates quantities of young trees are planted every year to fill up the ever-widening gaps among the mature trees. But sad inroads upon the forests have been made in the iron and copper districts of Dalecarlia and Dannemora, where the trees have been remorselessly cut down to provide charcoal for the smelting furnaces; and in these localities no effort has been made to continue the supply by replanting.

Sweden, besides its progress commercially, is every year becoming a more frequented 'hunting-

ground' for tourists who are tired of the orthodox routes of European travel; and there are few countries which more fully repay a visit. It is a land of vast lakes and countless islands, and, in the summer, a realm of almost perpetual day. The coast scenery is unsurpassed, whether we sight the sandy shores and numerous church spires of the south, or the wilder and more formidable coast of the Gulf of Bothnia. Here the coast-line is bold and striking; and the many islands which stud this rock-bound shore serve both to relieve its bleak appearance and to form natural breakwaters for the pretty little towns and villages which nestle calmly behind. The brush of a Turner or of a Constable could scarcely do full justice to the simple beauty of many of these little towns, with their picturesque white wooden houses peering timidly out of the dark foliage of the universal pine. The commercial value of this tree is responsible for the only disfigurement which occurs in the otherwise beautiful coast, for it has caused the erection upon every suitable spot of sawmills, the tall chimneys and large stacks of timber attached to which frequently mar an enchanting piece of scenery. But the picturesque, here as elsewhere, has to bow low before the necessities of commerce.

The majority of Swedish towns are still built of wood; but some few there are which, owing to the destruction of the old houses by fire, have been rebuilt in a more substantial manner. In the breadth of the streets of these new towns and in some other matters the Swedish architects have set an example which might with advantage be followed by more southern peoples. One cannot but regret the destruction of the old wooden houses with their strange gables and quaint little windows; but what the antiquary has lost the people have no doubt gained in improved sanitation and such-like things.

Gefle, the largest town in Norrland, and the third commercial port in Sweden, which was burnt in 1869, has been almost entirely rebuilt, and is now, for a modern town, as pretty a little place as one could wish to see. The partly land-locked bay, whose shores are covered with pine-trees and a luxurious undergrowth of ferns and moss, forms a natural harbour for the many vessels visiting the place. This bay, and, in fact, the whole of the gulf from here northwards, is usually frozen over in December, and is not open for navigation until May. The mails and merchandise are taken across to the opposite shores of Finland in sleighs, and skating is resorted to as a necessity, as well as a pastime.

Within an easy ride from Gefle, although not strictly in Norrland, is the purely mining town of Falun, in the district of 'Stora' Kopparberg (great copper mountain). It contains copper mines which the natives say are the oldest in Northern Europe, having been worked for upwards of six hundred years. The entrance to the mine is an immense abyss some twelve hundred feet across. The surrounding district is arid and the vegetation scanty, owing to the destructive nature of the fumes from the smelting furnaces. One of the local sights is the grave of a young man, who was lost in these mines so far back as 1670, and whose body was not found until 1719. Romantic tradition says that it was identified by an old woman, who had been the unfortunate

man's sweetheart, and that on being exposed to the air the body became to some extent petrified. It was afterwards placed in a glass case, but gradually crumbled to pieces, and was finally buried in 1740.

The old-fashioned and picturesque Swedish costumes are still to be met with, particularly in the districts of Dalecarlia and Dannemora. The former is probably the wildest and, in many respects, the most interesting part of Sweden, with its bold scenery and the old-world customs and pursuits of its inhabitants, who claim to belong to a race distinct from the more southern Swede. The Lapps, who are fairly numerous in the north, are also an interesting people. Their nomadic habits would cause distraction to the census-taker, whilst their primitive costumes of reindeer skin accentuate their claim to being the most uncivilised race in Europe. Not only is the Lapp's dress primitive, but his ideas about washing and many other civilised customs are also extremely lazy, and one who in a weak moment partook of his cookery would afterwards have ample cause for reflection. The Swedish Lapp is scarcely so civilised as his brother who lives on the Norwegian side, probably from more frequent intercourse with the Russian Lapp, who is the most uncouth specimen of the race extant.

The rural Swede is a contented creature, who pursues his way quietly, undisturbed by Labour Unions and other products of civilisation. In the seaports, on the other hand, the stavedores and labourers are now organised; and at most ports it is impossible to get a ship loaded except through the agency of the local Labour Association. But strikes have so far been averted. The stagnation in the timber trade has for a time checked the export of the staple product of the country, but with the enterprise and capital which are now opening up the many latent resources of Sweden, the commercial outlook is anything but a gloomy one.

THE OLD STUDIO.

CONCLUSION.—THE MASTER-PIECE.

FENWICK was suddenly roused from his reflections by the sound of old Gunning's voice; and as he hastened to the window with some sense of uneasiness, Millward came in and sank down upon the lounge with every sign of agitation.

'What is it?'

Millward looked at Gunning, and Fenwick followed his glance. The old boatman was standing near the window mopping his bald head with a red cotton handkerchief, catching at his breath, and glancing out of his small restless eyes from one artist to the other.

'Ask Gunning. Why doesn't he speak?' said Millward, still agitated.

Fenwick looked at the boatman, who still mopped his brow and rubbed his weather-beaten face.

'Ay, ay,' said Gunning cheerfully. 'But wait a bit, sir, till we get righted. Let's be quite clear what passed between us when going against the tide.'

'What can you mean?' said Millward with

increased impatience. 'Have I not made myself understood?'

Gunning nodded good-humouredly. 'Yes, yes; I'm with you,' said he; 'it's Mr Fenwick who doesn't see the bearings.—And we can't make much headway, sir,' he added, turning to the young artist, 'till it's made clear to you which tack we're on.'

Fenwick could not suppress a smile. 'I think, Millward,' said he, 'that I should be better able to follow Gunning if—when you feel equal to it—you would first give me a few words of explanation.'

Gunning's face beamed. 'That's my meaning,' said he. 'A few words of explanation from you, sir, and we shall make headway at once.'

It now became clear to Fenwick that a consideration for Millward was the secret of old Gunning's reserve. He was preparing the master, in his own honest way, for some startling news; and Millward was too absorbed in his trouble to comprehend the boatman's attitude towards him.

The master was standing, as he so often stood, before his latest work. 'She has never been absent from my thoughts,' said he, seemingly speaking to himself—seemingly forgetting for the moment Fenwick's presence and Gunning's too. 'And as I have seen her in my own mind, approaching womanhood, so I have painted her—yes, painted her as I know she would have looked if she had never gone out of my sight!—She is a woman now,' he went on; 'she has grown up under my hand and she has always been visible to me. Her image is here, as I should have seen it had she lived. I shall always see the face in my work, though I have given up all hope of seeing her.'

No one spoke, though Fenwick exchanged a furtive glance with Gunning.

Suddenly Millward crossed the studio with a quick step, and stopped before an easel that took up a great part of one side of the room. A quantity of drapery was thrown over it. 'I will show you a picture now, Fenwick,' said he, 'which you have never—no one has ever seen.'

Fenwick's curiosity was roused. He had not reflected that any work of the master's might lie hidden there.

'Another picture, Millward?' said he.—'But,' he added, 'is Gunning to wait? I thought you were going to tell me what passed between you.'

'So I was,' said Millward, recollecting himself. 'I am always attaching importance to the least sound upon the river: to a single word!—I was telling Gunning—and I intended telling you months ago—that I lost a child—my only one—before she was five years old. She had been left alone in a boat,' he went on, trying manfully to steady his voice, 'on the river bank below my grounds; and by some accident, or carelessness, the boat drifted from its moorings and disappeared. Whether it sunk or was stolen—whether my little girl was kidnapped or drowned, I don't know. I have had no tidings, and it's now sixteen years ago.'

Catching Fenwick's eye at this point, Gunning nodded to him, as if anxious to confirm Millward's statement.

'I told Gunning about this,' the master resumed, 'because he happened to mention, in a casual way, that he had saved some lives in his time.—But why,' Millward added—'why he suddenly turned the boat's head, almost before I had finished my story, and rowed home in such hot haste, I could not understand. I foolishly thought from his manner—I don't think so now—that he knew something about my child.—But look at this!' And as he spoke, the master detached the drapery from the easel and brought a large picture to light.

Meanwhile, old Gunning had taken a pair of spectacles from a wooden case and had with difficulty adjusted them. An exclamation now escaped him; for this painting had all the effect upon the boatman, and upon Fenwick too, that Millward could have desired had he premeditated a surprise. For a moment—with such magic power had the master painted every detail of the work—Gunning might well have imagined that Millward had drawn a window-curtain aside, instead of uncovering a picture, and had given them an actual glimpse of the Thames. Not only was the frame of the picture the size of the window-frames, but the whole subject was marvellously realistic. The scene was by moonlight; and in the foreground of the picture was the old terrace, just as it might be seen from one of the studio windows, with the decrepit notice-board, the mossy stonework, and the crumbling balustrade. In the background of the picture, out on the river, was a young girl on the point of drowning. An overturned boat was near at hand, drifting with the tide.

'Now, you know all,' said Millward, with his eyes still upon the painting. 'This is the picture that has haunted me all these years.'

'Ay,' Gunning now broke out in a cheery voice; and having wiped his spectacles with the red cotton handkerchief, he took up one of Millward's smaller pictures. 'But how's this, Mr Fenwick? Why, here she is—asking Mr Millward's pardon—here she is again! And yet he's telling us how she was drowned.' He shook his head incredulously, and selecting another picture went on, holding it at arm's length from him. 'Eight year old here; ain't she? A merry child!' said Gunning criticisingly. 'And like her too—like what she would have been, leastways, had she survived.—Dear me,' he added, 'what a pity it was, Mr Fenwick, no one was by to save her; no old boatman such as me, cruising about! What a pity!' He took up another painting while he spoke, and turned it about. 'Why, she's ten now,' said he—'or might it be eleven?'

'Eleven years old,' said the master, 'when I painted that.'

'And here she is when twelve!' exclaimed the boatman in the same cheery tone.—'And this is her, I'll be bound, at fourteen. Why, she has had her portrait painted, and unbeknown to her, on well-high all her birthdays, as it were!' A moment's pause, and Gunning added: 'How she would have enjoyed a glance at herself! Why, it's just like peeping into her own bright looking-glass!—But no,' he concluded, becoming sceptical again; 'she was never drowned.'

Fenwick had been observing Gunning closely.

His honest voice, with something pathetic in its pleasant tone, confirmed him in his surmise—if confirmation were needed. This girl, who was probably peeping at herself in pictures on the staircase, or in the corridor above, was Millward's daughter. And Fenwick now noticed that Gunning's eye had at last met the master's, and that the truth was breaking in upon him too. Seeing that Millward was too overcome to speak, and yet appeared anxious to question the boatman, he said: 'Now, Gunning, what do you know of this business? Let's hear all about it.'

'I will, sir. And it may seem strange to you,' said Gunning, 'and equally so to Mr Millward, that I should have never mentioned before what I'm going to tell you now. But I had a reason, as you'll soon see.' He looked at Millward and resumed. 'I've been a waterman, sir, plying in this reach these forty years. One evening, while rowing home after a day's fishing along with a customer, some sixteen years ago, I heard a child's cry. It came from the Surrey bank, as I reckoned, and I pulled alongside. It proved to be an infant, Mr Millward, of four year old or thereabout.'

'Did you,' Millward eagerly demanded—'did you ask the child its name?'

Gunning took off his spectacles, nodded at the master, and replied: 'I've no thought of deceiving you. Her name as she told it to me was Niobe. I rowed the child home in my boat,' he concluded; 'and my own daughter, who had lately got married, took her in tow. We've called her Niobe ever since.'

Millward sunk into a chair, and for a while Gunning's words seemed to deprive him of the power to speak. But he recovered himself at last, and rising, went towards the door. 'Take me to her,' said he, 'to your house, Gunning—wherever she is.'

Fenwick now interposed. 'Millward,' said he, 'stay one moment! The story which you began—which Gunning continued—I can finish. You will remember my asking you—and I even fear my thoughtless words must have pained you—to bring your model back with you to-night?'

'Yes; I remember.'

'She came of her own accord,' said Fenwick. 'She has been here since you went out, not an hour ago.'

Millward placed his hand upon Fenwick's arm. 'Where is she?'

'My dear Millward,' answered Fenwick soothingly, 'she's safe enough. Pray, let me go on.'

The master sunk back in his chair, and seemed indifferent to all that his friend now told him.

'I saw her resemblance to your picture the moment she came in,' said Fenwick, with a glance at the painting. 'It is like her; though nothing could be so beautiful as she is! She stole in here,' he added, 'knowing you were away. She came to look at your work. She has a passion for pictures; she has inherited your love of art.' And he related in a few words all that had happened during the master's absence on the river with old Gunning. But scarcely had he finished, when Millward hurried into the hall. There was a gleam of light on the staircase, and he hastened to the landing overhead. Here he stopped, and would have fallen had not Fenwick been at hand. A mist had gathered over the

master's eyes; but through the mist he saw a figure coming slowly down the corridor towards him, with the lamp raised above her head.

Fenwick glanced from this figure into Millward's face; and the far-off look which he had so often observed—the look that had suggested a spirit-model to the young artist's fancy—was a visionary look no longer.

'Is she not beautiful?' whispered Fenwick, with enthusiasm. 'Millward!—what a masterpiece you will paint!'

Millward stretched out his arms towards the figure. 'Bring my child to me,' said he, impatiently. 'I have done with art now.'

THE IDENTIFICATION OF CRIMINALS BY MEASUREMENT.

A VISIT TO M. BERTILLON.

MUCH has been said recently about 'Anthropometry,' but few people understand exactly either the system itself or its object. Let us explain the latter first. When the police lay their hands on a criminal or a suspect, it is obviously important to know his previous record, and whether or not he has been convicted before. Previous offenders make this as difficult as possible by giving false names and denying everything. Sometimes, no doubt, they are recognised; but this can only happen in comparatively few cases, and is never a really trustworthy means of identification, for personal appearance change and the memory is treacherous. Many people have been hanged and imprisoned through mistakes in recognition. Photographs, again, are open to the same objection, and further, they accumulate in such enormous numbers that it is impossible to look through them. At the Préfecture de Police in Paris, one hundred thousand have been collected in ten years. Now, supposing a man is arrested for theft and gives a false name; he may be an old offender, and his photograph together with particulars of former offences may lie there under another name in the pigeon-holes among all the rest. To look through them would take a staff of men eight days, and then it might be missed. But by M. Bertillon's system of measurement you can lay your hand on that particular photograph with absolute certainty in five minutes. Or, supposing that the man has not been up before, and that there is no photograph or record of him in the archives, you can establish this fact with equal certainty in the same short time. How it is done may be best explained by describing a recent visit to the Préfecture de Police.

The Measuring Room.—Escorted by an eminent French detective, we were shown up into the room where the measurements of prisoners are taken and the *fiches* are kept. The *fiche* is a card about eight inches by six inches, and on which are the prisoner's name, his measurements, any distinguishing marks about him, the particulars of his offences, &c.; and also his photograph in two positions—full and side face. The chief object of

the side-face is to get the shape of the ear, which of all features is the one most truthfully given by photography. These cards are disposed in small drawers, which stand on shelves, like those of a library, and are arranged in sections according to the measurements. Thus, one main section contains the cards of all individuals with a certain length of head. It is subdivided according to the breadth of head; the subdivisions are further subdivided according to the length of the middle finger; and so on. The measurements are written outside each drawer, so that they can be read at a glance. This will be further explained later on.

The Theory of the System.—Presently M. Bertillon, who had been informed of our visit, and kindly offered to expound his system in person, entered the room. He is still a young man, and the very type of an accomplished savant, speaking both English and German. The identification of criminals is carried out here under his direction by an able staff of assistants. The theory of the system is as follows: Certain bones can be measured in the living subject easily and with extreme accuracy. The dimensions vary in different persons within very considerable limits, and they do so in no definite ratio to each other. Consequently, if you take a sufficient number of them, you get an aggregate result which is true only of that particular individual measured and of no one else. During the eight years in which anthropometry has been used in Paris, it has been found that no two individuals have the same measurements throughout. The results obtained from a new subject in no case agree with any one of those previously taken, be they never so numerous. In fact, no two people are alike. Further, in the adult these dimensions are stable, changing little or not at all in the course of years. They therefore form a means of absolute identification at any time. The most important are the length of the head, its breadth, the length of the middle finger, that of the forearm, of the foot, and of the little finger. But to be of practical use the results must be classified. This is done by dividing each set into three groups—Small, Medium, Large. For instance, three sizes of the head lengthways are made thus: (1) Those less than 184 millimetres ($= 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches). (2) Those between 184 millimetres and 189 millimetres ($= 7\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches). (3) Those of 190 millimetres ($= 7\frac{3}{4}$ inches) and above.

Suppose, now, you have a man measured, and want to see if he has been up before: you have to find his card among, say, ninety thousand. Take the length of his head: a glance shows that it is 187 millimetres, and consequently comes under group 2. You at once put aside groups 1 and 3, or sixty thousand out of the ninety thousand. Then take the breadth of the head in the same way; this will reduce the remaining thirty thousand to ten thousand. And so on until you come down to a mere handful, when an examination of the minutest differences leads you with unerring certainty to the very one you are looking for. By the arrangement of the drawers in groups, already mentioned, the whole search is reduced to a matter of two minutes.

A Striking Illustration.—Having explained the

system, M. Bertillon proceeded to illustrate it. A young man, who had been arrested that morning for theft, was called up and measured then and there. The process is carried out by two men, one of whom applies the instruments and calls out the figures, which are entered on a card by the other, precisely as in a tailor's shop. The subject is barefooted and bareheaded. Ten measurements are taken in four minutes; they include those already mentioned, together with the height standing, the height sitting, the length of the arms extended, the length and breadth of the ear. This finished, M. Bertillon, card in hand, interrogated the prisoner:

'What is your name?'

'Albert Felix.'

'Have you ever been up before?'

'No, never.'

'Quite sure?'

'Perfectly sure,' with jaunty confidence.

As the young scoundrel was the leader of a band, this seemed highly improbable.

He was removed, and we proceeded to the search. Section after section of the drawers was rapidly eliminated by comparing the figures on them with those upon M. Felix's card. At last we came to a single drawer, and then down to two cards. If he was there at all, it must be one of these. A look at the first at once showed discrepancies of one or more millimetres under some of the headings, and as the bony measurements are accurate to a millimetre, it could not be this one. There remained one card. M. Bertillon took it up, hiding the photograph on it. All the figures corresponded exactly with those just taken of Felix. He was recalled, and again questioned. He repeated his former statements, but obviously with less confidence. M. Bertillon uncovered the photograph, and there the fellow was to the life, as he stood that moment before us. It was most startling. But the original of the photograph was called Alfred Louis Lemaire, and he had been in jail two years before. The card bore details of certain scars and marks on hand and body; they corresponded exactly with those on Felix. Our friend the detective edged up and watched the prisoner with professional delight. Again questioned, Felix stuck to his story; but his composure was gone; his eye was troubled, his lips trembled, and the muscles of his face twitched. The photograph was shown him. 'Who is that?'

'Not me, some one like me'—but very shakily.

'This is Alfred Louis Lemaire, and he was arrested, &c.'

The fellow was down in an instant, as limp as wet paper. 'Oui, c'est mon nom,' adding, 'I knew you would find it.'

The astonishing thing was that out of that great roomful of cards, not a single one corresponded, or anything like corresponded, with the measurements of the youth before us, except that particular one—his own. Mistake is impossible.

The system has been used in France for eight years, and found to be of infinite service. Russia and some other countries have adopted it; but its full value will not be apparent until it is employed everywhere, and especially in England and America—the two great refuges of criminals

—for of course measurements can be transmitted by telegraph, and thus identification of suspects established without trouble or delay—a thing impossible now.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, M.P., in a letter to the *Times*, dated May 13, states that on that day there had been consummated an event of far-reaching importance, in respect that mails from China and Japan had been delivered in London within twenty-five days of leaving Yokohama, and inclusive of three days' unnecessary delay at New York. 'The Shanghai letters,' says Mr Baden-Powell, 'have been actually thirty-two days and the Japan twenty-five days in transit; and, had there been an Atlantic steamer ready, they would have been delivered in twenty-nine and twenty-two days respectively. These mails were delayed three full days because, after arriving at Montreal, on Saturday, May 2, there was no fast steamer across the Atlantic from New York until Wednesday, May 6. The trip across the Pacific was most successfully accomplished by the new *Empress of India* in ten and a half days, although she encountered a cyclone; and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company ran the mail-train three thousand miles across the continent in ninety-one hours, a feat in long-distance railway travelling, I believe, quite unprecedented.' The effect of this marvellous shortening of the distance between the East and the West is of immense political and commercial importance. Japan is thus placed within three weeks of England, whereas it is distant five weeks by the next quickest—namely, the Suez—route.

Among the various schemes for cutting ship-canal which are now before the public is one for making an efficient waterway to connect the Forth and the Clyde. Most persons are aware that a Forth and Clyde Canal already exists, indeed, it is one of the oldest in the kingdom; but it is so small as to be only available for barges and vessels of limited draught. The original cost of this Canal was about half a million sterling, and for many years it paid a handsome dividend. To enlarge it so as to make it available for ocean-going ships and steamers would involve a cost of fourteen million, and this discovery has led to the consideration of alternative routes. There is no immediate prospect, however, of any decision being arrived at, and the promoters of the scheme would have some difficulty in showing how enough traffic could be relied upon to pay a moderate interest upon the enormous capital required for construction.

A novel form of lucifer-match has recently been patented, and it may to some extent be regarded as a safety-match; for the two elements necessary for ignition, and which usually are placed the one on the match, and the other on the box, are still kept separate. The chlorate

composition is at one end of the splint of wood, and the amorphous phosphorus at the other end, and before the match can be used it must be broken in half, so that the two prepared ends can be rubbed together.

Mr J. Heintzke-Hanton, who has always been an energetic champion of postal reform, now suggests that the parcel-post system should be extended and cheapened so as to enable householders in our cities and large towns to obtain direct from the producers fresh butter, eggs, poultry, and garden produce. The rate which he proposes is one penny per pound with a minimum of threepence. There is little doubt that if such a system were established it would be of incalculable benefit to a number of thrifty householders. In London, for instance, it is impossible to purchase a fresh egg, even in the early summer when eggs are plentiful, under three-halfpence, although in many remote country places their market price at the time is a shilling a score, or even less. A similar disproportion between the retail price paid in our towns and that paid to the producer is found in all garden stuff. We trust that the Post-office authorities will see their way to giving Mr Heaton's proposal a fair trial.

The Naval Exhibition at Chelsea is perhaps the most entertaining as well as the most instructive of all the great shows which London has devised within the past few years. The relics and pictures alone would reward a visitor, even if his visit had cost a long day's journey. But perhaps the chief charm to be found here is in the contrast between what was and what is. One can explore a full-sized model of the old 'Victory' as she was on that famous day 'in Trafalgar's bay,' and can then turn to the huge guns and other modern appliances in readiness for warfare at the present moment. It is difficult to realise that those guns, with their monster projectiles and huge charges of powder, are of such recent date, until one sees by their side the sixteen-pound bag of gunpowder which formed the maximum amount used for one discharge so lately as the Crimean War. The most cynical of mortals in passing through these wonderful galleries must own that there is some excuse for the boast about Britannia ruling the waves.

The destructive power exerted by a projectile from the one-hundred-and-ten-ton gun is shown by a full-sized diagram more than forty feet in length which traces the path of the huge conical bullet through various obstacles, the diagram professing to be a correct representation of an effect which actually occurred. The projectile itself is depicted embedded in a mass of brickwork into which it has penetrated three feet; but before finding itself at this end of its journey, it has made a hole first through a twenty-inch steel plate, then through eight inches of iron. It next tore its way through twenty feet of oak-timber, five feet of granite, and eleven feet of concrete, still having sufficient impetus to bury itself in the brickwork, as already described.

We know that the occupation of the fisherman is both a dangerous and uncertain one, and that many a toilsome cruise is undertaken with very meagre results. But sometimes the fisher is rewarded for his pains by extraordinary success, and he contrives to net so many fish that he

cannot find a market for them. Two such cases were lately recorded in the *Zoologist*. One was the capture of no fewer than twelve thousand gray mullet, the fish realising eighteen shillings per score, and the other a phenomenal catch of mackerel, forty-eight thousand fish, which sold for three hundred and sixty pounds. It is noteworthy that both these magnificent hauls were made off the Cornish coast; the first in that beautiful little bay near Land's End known as Semmen Cove; and the other a few miles south-west of the Lizard Point.

The pleasant and refreshing odour which is emitted by garden soil after a summer shower is one which most of us have learned to appreciate. This aromatic odour has lately formed the subject of scientific examination; and Dr Phipson has published the fact that twenty-five years ago he, too, endeavoured to solve the problem of tracing its origin. After a considerable number of experiments and examinations of soils of various kinds from different localities, Dr Phipson came to the conclusion that the odour is due to the presence of organic substances closely related to the essential oils of plants. He believes that the porous surfaces, in hot dry weather, absorb the fragrance emitted by thousands of flowers, and give it out again when rain penetrates the pores and displaces the various volatile substances imprisoned therein, which are only very sparingly soluble in water. In certain chalk rocks of Picardy the property described seemed to be so remarkable that Dr Phipson endeavoured by experiment to isolate the substance to which the odour was due, and by means of an aqueous solution of bromine he found that he was able to arrest it. Upon afterwards evaporating the bromine solution at a low temperature, he obtained a yellowish product soluble in alcohol, and having a strong odour of cedar-wood.

In a recent Report by the United States Consul at Barcelona, some interesting particulars are given concerning the cork industry. We first of all learn that the cork forests of Spain cover more than half a million hectares, the hectare being equal to about two and a half acres. The cork is better in localities where the trees are exposed to the north, and it is seldom found growing in chalky soils, preferring that in which felspar abounds. The plants are chiefly cultivated by sowing in ground somewhat manured, and they develop in soil having very little depth, the roots of the trees being frequently seen on the surface of the ground. The first growth of bark called 'virgin cork,' is not of any use for the manufacture of corks, but is devoted to other purposes. The secondary cork is the more valuable, and when removed from the tree is piled in heaps. It is then submitted to a boiling in water for about an hour, during which operation the tannin and other soluble matters are removed from it; it gains in thickness and elasticity, but loses from twelve to forty per cent. of its weight.

A correspondent of the *Illustrated Carpenter and Builder* gives a recipe for castings by means of a sawdust composition, which may be useful for decorative purposes when a light material is advantageous. The directions are as follows: Take equal parts of sawdust and common wheat-flour, and to every half-gallon of this mixture add half a cup of molasses; moisten this with a jelly-

paste made by combining equal parts of glue and rye-flour, and knead the whole into a stiff dough. The moulds should be treated with neat's-foot oil, and the composition well pressed into them and allowed to remain twenty-four hours in a dry place, after which the cast will easily separate. This should now be baked in a moderately hot oven, and when cold, painted or varnished. The result is said to be equal in effect to carved wood.

A new use for ramie fibre has been found in the manufacture of steam-pipes. The employment of a vegetable product for such a purpose would at first sight seem to be impossible; but the fibre has been rendered fit for the work by being previously subjected to hydraulic pressure. The material so treated is said to possess a tensile strength greater than that of steel.

A useful little appliance for artists has been invented by Mr E. P. Widell, of Portland, Oregon, and is called 'The Perfect Stretcher Key.' To understand its use and object, it is necessary to examine the back of a framed canvas prepared for oil-painting. At each corner of the woodwork, a mortise-hole is cut for the reception of a wedge of hard wood, and these wedges have to be tapped with a hammer to keep the canvas taut. With Mr Widell's arrangement, the wedges are dispensed with, and a little metal shoe which grasps the mitre of the frame on both sides takes their place. The invention is a distinct improvement on the older arrangement.

That our coinage is subject to a constant loss from abrasion in its transfer from hand to hand is a well-known fact, and we know, too, that the art of artificially removing some of the metal fraudulently has been practised, and is known as 'sweating the gold.' This is done by placing a number of sovereigns in a long bag and continually urging them from one end to the other, until by rubbing they part with an appreciable amount of gold-dust. It has been recently stated that careful experiments made at the United States Mint have disclosed the fact that every time one million dollars is handled five dollars' worth is lost by abrasion. For this experiment the gold was placed in bags containing each five thousand dollars, and it was found that the mere lifting to a truck of the two hundred bags making up the lump sum resulted in the loss stated. It is difficult to believe that the loss can be so great; but then it is equally difficult to understand how a coin in moving from pocket to pocket can in the course of a few years lose its superscription and half its original weight by mere wear and tear.

An American paper asserts that one of the best cures for the incrustation of boilers through the use of hard water is found in an Extract prepared from the leaves of the eucalyptus. This extract can be prepared in a very simple manner by boiling fifty pounds of the leaves in one thousand gallons of water. Three gallons of this Extract will keep a locomotive boiler free from scale for a trip of one hundred miles, leaving the boiler in such a condition that any deposit from the water can be readily washed out. The same solution will effectually soften the incrustation already formed in a boiler, and will cause it to soften and fall off in large pieces. The worst boiler can be cleaned in this manner with about two months' treatment.

It is said that cigar boxes as well as their con-

tents are now made the subject of adulteration. Spanish cedar-wood, which is the right material to use for cigar boxes, is somewhat scarce; and so West Virginia poplar, or other white wood, is employed instead after being dyed and treated with cedar extract to give it the proper colour and odour.

Since that very clean and pleasant vehicle called vaseline has come into use, doctors have largely employed it in the preparation of ointments, in place of the far less agreeable lard which was previously utilised for the same purpose. But the question has lately arisen whether absorption into the skin takes place in the same manner with two such different agents, and this inquiry has formed the subject of certain experiments upon animals, which are described in a French medical paper. By mixing lard with a given salt, having strongly-marked effects upon animals, and applying such a preparation to the shaved skin of a dog's head, it was found that the expected effects of the drug manifested themselves within a very short time after application. But when the same experiment was repeated with an ointment of similar strength, but made with vaseline as a vehicle in lieu of lard, the drug employed had no effect whatever. The authors of these experiments conclude that with vaseline ointments no absorption whatever takes place if the skin be intact.

It seems a curious fact that the clearer the water from a spring or well the more may its purity be suspected; but that is the inevitable conclusion which must be arrived at if certain experiments conducted by Major Powell of the U.S. Geological Survey can be relied upon. That gentleman tells us that these experiments were undertaken with a view to determine economic methods of precipitating the finely-divided clay contained in many waters supplied to cities. He found that there were many mineral substances which would cause precipitation if added in small quantities; but the one which produced the result by the most minute addition was sewage.

Professor Munroe, in a recently delivered lecture upon Gun-cotton, described that explosive as the safest to use, provided that it was correctly prepared and handled with intelligence. Gun-cotton becomes dangerous only when the materials composing it have not been thoroughly purified, or when the union between acid and cotton is incomplete. Proof was given that a workman can cut it with a saw or chisel, or can work it in a lathe while in a compressed state, with impunity. It was also stated that two thousand pounds of gun-cotton had been burned in a bonfire without explosion. Curious it is that letters stamped upon the blocks of compressed cotton are impressed upon an iron plate upon which the cotton may be exploded. If the marks on the block are in relief, their reproduction on the metal plate will be raised, and *vice versa*. Another curious circumstance is that if a delicate piece of lace or a leaf be placed between the gun-cotton and the metal, its delicate markings will be reproduced on the iron, although it will itself be annihilated by the explosion.

A critical examination of the weather which we experienced during the past winter formed the subject of a paper read before the Meteorological Society by Mr F. J. Brodie. First we have a reference to the prolonged frost which

lasted from the end of November to the end of January, in addition to which it was found that when the wind was not absolutely calm, it was sure to blow from a cold quarter. The barometric pressure for the whole winter was about a quarter of an inch above the average, while the rainfall over the greater part of the British Isles was less than half the normal amount. The number of foggy days with which Londoners were favoured was twice as many as are customary during the winter-time. It was further stated in this paper that almost every element in the British weather was influenced to an abnormal degree by the remarkable prevalence of high barometrical pressure.

POACHERS AND THEIR WAYS.

The Poacher resembles Prince Charles Edward in being surrounded by far more generous sentiment and imaginative glamour than any personal merits of his own have fairly earned. The popular mind is fascinated by the picture of the hard-working villager burning with a love of sport which the law forbids him to gratify, stealing forth from his cottage at the dead of night, and hurrying away to the haunts of the hare and the pheasant, regardless of the perils of assault at the hands of night-watchers, and weeks of cruel imprisonment in the county jail at the hands of partial magistrates. Still more powerfully is public sympathy excited by the appeal of the man who when charged in court with poaching represents that he was out of work; he would scorn to steal, but his children were starving; and seeing a rabbit, he thought there was no harm in taking it.

But, alas, most of this sentiment is misplaced. There may be cases where men take to poaching from pure love of sport, or are driven to it by destitution; but in general, poaching is a sordid occupation; and the poacher either an idle loafer or a designing thief. No doubt, there are poachers who do not figure in courts upon other charges. But no one with a knowledge of rural life will dispute that the poacher is seldom blameless touching all other matters, seldom a creditable member of the village community, seldom a sober, hard-working, God-fearing peasant. He may be above ordinary theft; but he is one of the most constant customers at the village public-house; his children are in rags, and he is seldom six months in the same employment. Even this is a favourable specimen of the poacher. All poachers are not thieves; but in a country district most thieves are poachers; and the miscellaneous-goods merchant who receives poached game, and the dealer who takes it to market, are generally ready when required to be equally obliging in the disposal of stolen property.

The poaching fraternity admits of classification with some particularity. One broad line of division is between the rural poacher and the urban poacher. The former, again, are of two classes—the amateur and the professional. The

amateur or occasional poacher is a farm-labourer, a miner, or other manual worker, engaged in more or less regular employment; but occasionally at night, and not seldom on a Sunday, he turns a penny by doing a bit of poaching either on his own account or in company with one or two friends. The professional or constant poacher, on the other hand, is in no regular employment. Occasionally he does a little work as a day-labourer, and he is engaged in the fields at harvest-time. But for a great part of the year he can give no account of himself. When an orchard is robbed, he is not far away; and reynard sometimes gets credit, which the beast hardly deserves, for the disappearance of sundry fowls from the neighbouring farmyards. The dog, the ferret, the bag-net, the gate-net, the trap, the snare, and occasionally the gun, are the stock in trade of these rural poachers, whether of the amateur or the professional class. Ground-game are their chief quarry, though nothing comes amiss. They destroy much game, but they seldom make a great haul at one time. They lack the numbers, skill, and organisation to use drag-nets and capture coverts of partridges or grouse or a dozen hares at a single cast.

This last is one of the favourite instruments of the urban poacher, who is altogether a much more skilful and more deadly enemy of game than his rural brother. Urban poachers, like rural ones, are of two classes—amateur and professional. The former is a masterful poacher, and depends for his escape not upon skill in eluding game-watchers, but upon *vis major* if he is encountered. This class of poachers, hardly known in Scotland, abounds in England. Great gangs of men accustomed to rude manual toil issue from some large manufacturing or mining centre, swoop down upon a well-preserved district of country, and sweep all before them. Proprietors, keepers, and policemen, hardly apprised of their approach until they are upon them, are powerless to stay their progress. They 'clean up the country.' It is singular that, whilst a band of this kind if encountered with force will show the most determined fight and not stop even at murder, yet a crowd twenty times as numerous and composed of roughs of the same class, when gathered on a Sunday morning to witness a prize-fight, will melt like mist on the appearance of a single policeman. Nets, both drag-nets and gate-nets, dogs and sticks, are used by these poachers. Their incursion is most fatal to hares and rabbits, for they have not time, and make too much noise, to 'negotiate' winged game successfully.

The professional urban poacher is the most skilful, and perhaps the most dangerous of all. In the game season, half-a-dozen of them will settle down in some market-town near the centre of a well-preserved country. These poachers proceed with great deliberation. They prospect the country carefully, not grudging a longish railway journey for the purpose when that is necessary. Often one of them is the owner of a horse and cart; or, failing this, they initiate into their gang some local cadger who is therewith provided. The drag-net and the lantern are the favourite instruments of these poachers. They seldom use the gun or the snare, for these are too tedious and too dangerous. Winged game suffer severely

from their depredations. A covey of grouse or partridges are slumbering in security, when a slow dog with a lantern round its neck makes a point within a few yards of them. The poachers make a detour, and draw the net up towards the face of the dog, probably netting the whole covey in this way with a single cast. Pheasants, again, are seen against the sky roosting on the boughs of pines, and are quietly lifted down with the hand. It is to this class of poachers that the public are indebted for the grouse which appear in the poulterers' windows early in the forenoon of the 12th, and for hosts of immature pheasants on the 1st of October. The only way to rid a country district of such a gang, as magistrates know, is to break their bank. Small fines upon individuals are of no account, for the party have a common purse, or make one on such an emergency. That purse, however, is not often a very heavy one; and a few rigorous five pounds with expenses will generally break up the band and rid the district of their depredations.

The protection of the law was first accorded to game in order to preserve it for the sport of the sovereign and his friends. But for several centuries the right to kill game, has been recognised as an incident of private property belonging exclusively to the owner of the soil. But for the protection thereby afforded to it, game would doubtless have been long ago extinct in this country, as is the case in those continental countries where no restrictions are placed upon the right of sport. There are many statutes dealing with the offence of poaching, some of them of very ancient date, as the old Scots Acts against killing hares in time of snow. But the Acts which in practice are generally appealed to are all of the present century. An important distinction is recognised by the law between day-poaching and night-poaching. The latter is a much more serious offence than the former, and on a third conviction the poacher is liable to penal servitude. It has been explained by the courts that the Night-Poaching Act is a measure not primarily for the preservation of game, but for the protection of the public peace and of the lives and limbs of the lieges. Experience has shown that night-poaching is often attended by scenes of shocking violence, and not unfrequently leads to murder. The law accordingly deals with this offence with a stern hand. Under the Night-Poaching Acts of 1828 and 1844, night-poachers, whether found upon the land or upon the roads during the night—namely, from one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise—may be seized by officers, or by the proprietor or his servants, and are liable to three months for the first offence, six for the second, and penal servitude for the third. Where weapons are used, or where three or more are armed with weapons, the penalties are much more severe.

Under the Day-Poaching Acts, 1831 for England, and 1832 for Scotland, the day-poacher is much more leniently dealt with than his nocturnal brother. If he give his name and address, he cannot be apprehended unless there be good grounds to believe these to be fictitious; and the penalty is only five pounds. Where five or more go out together, or where violence is used, the penalties are more severe.

These statutes were not found sufficient to check poaching, for, once the poachers got off the land unobserved, there was no means of apprehending them. It often happened that a policeman met men returning to town in the early dawn with a cart or bags which he was morally certain contained game taken by poaching; but he had not seen the men on any land, and he had no warrant to apprehend them, and so they could laugh in his face. To meet this difficulty, the Poaching Prevention Act of 1862 was passed, under which constables are empowered without a warrant to seize and search any persons, though found on the public highway, if there be reason to suspect them of carrying poached game or poaching instruments.

The game laws are not popular; but those who condemn them are seldom as severe in their logic as in their censure. Very few go so far as to profess a desire to see game extirpated in Britain. But this would certainly follow if all protection were withdrawn. Nor can it be said that the present protection is too stringent, for, in spite of it all, poaching still abounds. There is more reason in the argument that the exceptional character of the legislation is objectionable, and tends to foster the opinion that poaching is in a different category from all other criminal offences, and involves no moral turpitude. It has been suggested with some plausibility that the whole of the Acts against poaching should be swept away, and a simple enactment substituted providing that game is the property of the man on whose land it is found, and that the taking of it without his permission is theft. Such a law would have been harsh and oppressive so long as there were many wild unenclosed tracts throughout the country where game roamed at pleasure dependent upon no man's care. But now in this country, with its dense population, its advanced cultivation, and its numberless enclosures, game is an industrial rather than a natural product of the soil, and in any case is as dependent for its existence as are the flowers of his garden upon the care and protection of the owner or occupier of the soil.

TEARLESS GRIEF.

At last it is the peaceful night, and I,
Weary and fretted with the noisy fray
Of Life's incessant tumult, can allay
My spirit's thirst for peace. The moonlit sky
And shadow-circled Earth are still. No cry
Of passion-burdened hearts disturbs the gray
Impressive calm; and though the late gone day
Left me a Life's regret, my eyes are dry.

For tears are nought but Summer's healthful rain,
That, falling from storm-clouds, leaves far above
A clearer blue. I bear a deeper pain
Than can find ease in weeping; so, dear love,
Forgive my tearless grief. Perhaps you guess
My heart's unmitigated bitterness.

ETHER, IRELAND.

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